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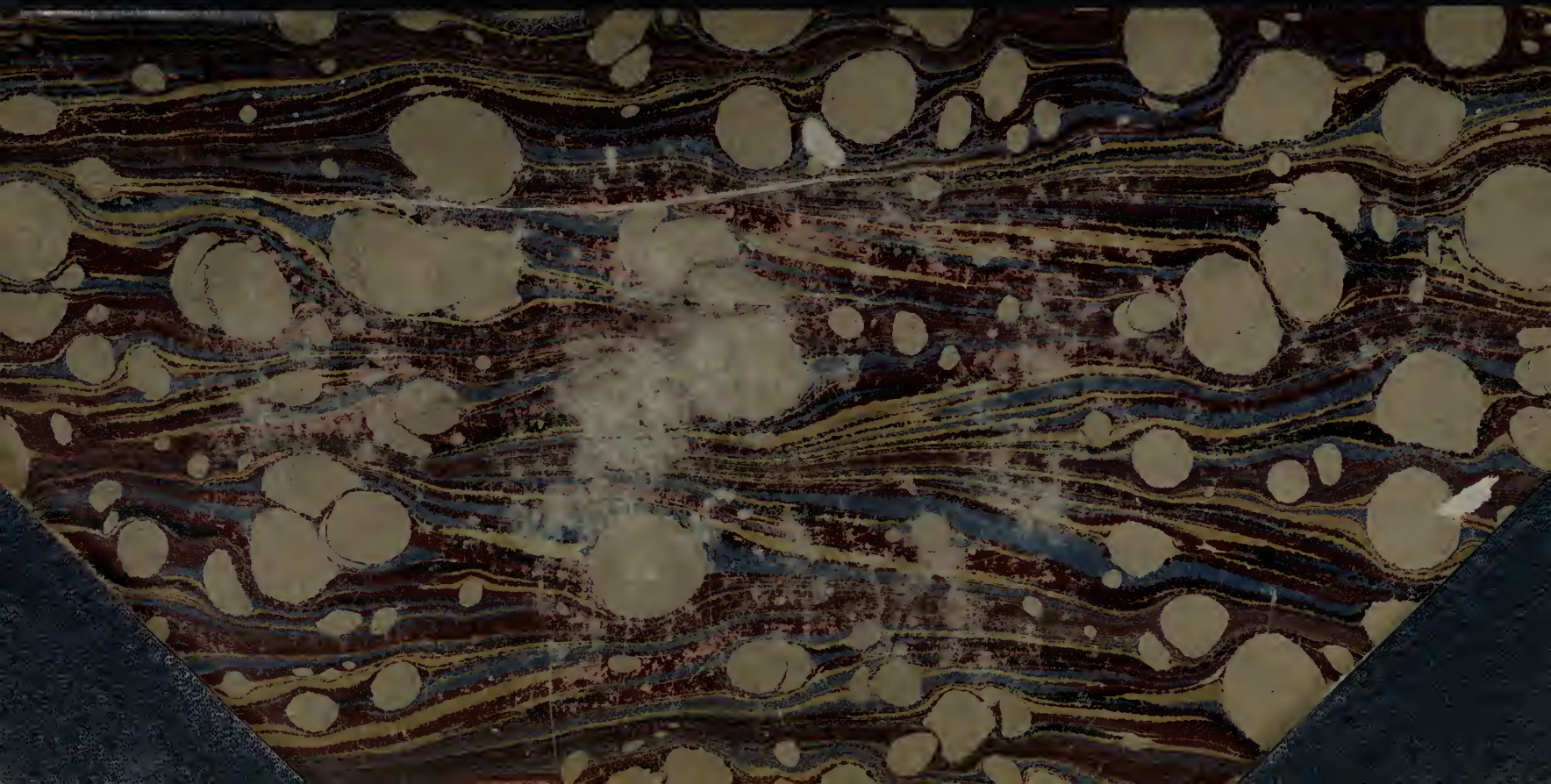

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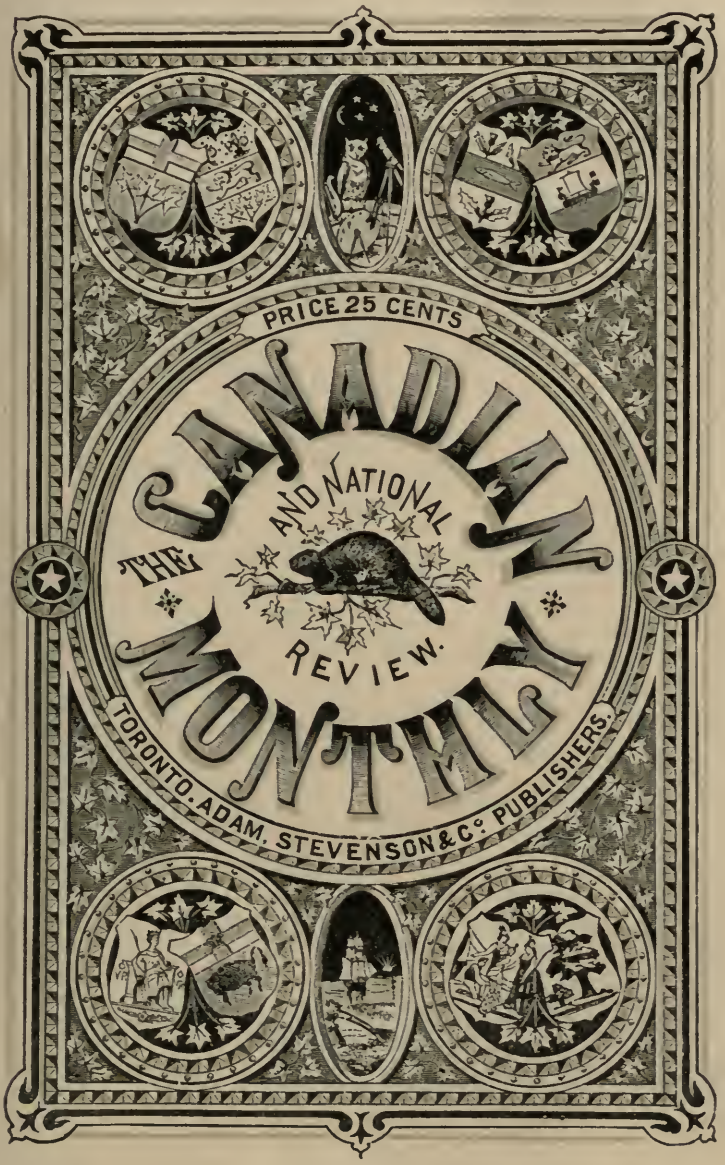

JULY DEC.

TORONTO:

ADAM, STEVENSON, & CO.

1872.

THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND

NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOLUME II.

JULY TO DECEMBER.

TORONTO:
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1872.

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THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 2.] JULY, 1872. [NO. 1.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE commencement of our second volume will be taken, we trust, as a proof that the *Canadian Monthly* is not destined to share the fate of those short-lived predecessors, the recollection of whose brief existence has been one of the chief obstacles to the progress of the present enterprise.

Without exaggerating our success, we may say that the position already attained by the Magazine, is such as fully to warrant our perseverance in the undertaking. The expense is heavy, but the circulation is large, and its tendency has been steadily upwards. Let Canadians be a little kind and helpful to the effort to establish a worthy organ of Canadian intellect, and we shall look forward with confidence to the result.

Contributions which were obtained with difficulty at first, and while the character of the Magazine was unknown, now flow freely in. Their number obliges us to decline many, to the authors of which our best thanks are not the less due for their proffered aid.

We note with pleasure the appearance among our contributors of members of both the political parties. It shows that our profession of neutrality is felt to be sincere, and that the Magazine is regarded as a suitable place for the impartial discussion of questions relating to the broad interests of our common country. To keep it so will be our earnest endeavour. We can truly say that those who guide it are entirely free from party connections and party bias, and that whether their cause be right or wrong, it can be dictated by no motive but regard for the common good. The national need of an organ devoted not to a party but to Canada is apparent already, and is likely to become more apparent still.

We continue to welcome contributions, especially such as are either amusing or practically interesting. Essays of a more general kind are not unacceptable, but we can afford them only a limited space. We prefer short tales to serials, but we welcome every description of fiction, from the domestic novel to the fairy tale. Humour in any form is as acceptable as it is rare.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year 1872, by Adam, Stevenson & Co., in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

THE IMMIGRANT IN CANADA.*

BY THOMAS. WHITE, JR.

THERE is an unofficial agency constantly at work in promoting or retarding immagration, which it would be very unwise to overlook in any general scheme for the promotion of this great national interest, and which should prompt us to remember that the work is scarcely half done, when we have provided the most ample and complete system of information bureaux in the countries whence immigrants may be expected. This unofficial agency is in the hands of immigrants themselves, and is not the less effective because it works silently and secretly. The letter from the friend in America is conned not only in the old homestead, by the English fireside, but it passes from hand to hand until all the village has read it; and it becomes the leading subject of conversation at the social gatherings for weeks after its arrival. Against its statements those of official pamphlets or official lecturers can make small headway; and unfortunately the natural tendency to exaggeration on the part of such agents, makes it all the more difficult on their part to combat the assertions of actual experience on the part of the immigrant himself. During the last three years the British weekly press has contained many letters from emigrant settlers in Canada. They have influenced to a considerable extent the direction of emigration; and unfortunately, as it is more easy to appeal to the fears than to the hopes of people, the letters which breathed a spirit of disappointment were invariably the most influential. I have known such letters, or extracts from them, cut out by agents interested in emigration to the United States, and sent to the provincial press throughout the kingdom. They are always, or almost always, inserted; while it is not so easy to procure the publication of letters written in a spirit of congratulation at the fact of the writer having emigrated, of contentment with the present, and of hope for the future. The disconsolate letters are almost always written within a few days or at most a few weeks of the arrival of the emigrant. The tedium of the ocean voyage; the intense heart-longing for the old faces, lost apparently for ever, and for the old haunts now memories of the past; the landing at the miserable quay at Point Levi, as forbidding a spot as ever a poor stranger faced in a strange land; the tedious and novel ride by rail, in cars not always as comfortable as they should be, to the western destination; the strangeness and newness of everything; the delay in obtaining employment, and the fact that it was perhaps not that which had been expected; the first full realization of the truth that the new world like the old is, after all, but a work-a-day world, subject, like other places, to the curse —was it not rather a blessing?—which fell upon our first parents, "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread;" and the revulsion of feeling when the castles in the air which he had been building vanished into dim distance—all these prompted him to write home to warn his friends against facing the disappointments which had come upon him. It is these letters, written under such impulses, that are the most difficult stumbling-blocks in the way of a conscientious agent. And one of the problems to be solved is, how they can be rendered less frequent, and less justifiable.

The solution of this problem must be found on this, not on the other side of the Atlantic. The very complaints contained in those

* See article on "Immigration" in the No. for March, page 193, vol. 1.

letters, silent emissaries of mischief to the cause of immigration, suggests the method of that solution. It consists in a kindly provision for the reception of the emigrant on his arrival in the country, and such a system of labour registration as would enable the agents of the Government not to lose sight of him until he was in actual employment of some kind. Since the former article was written, the Government of Ontario have asked the Legislature for a larger appropriation for the promotion of immigration than has ever been voted before by any Legislature in Canada ; and have foreshadowed the policy which they propose to adopt in the expenditure of this liberal appropriation. It would be unfair to criticise this policy for two reasons: first because it is put forward avowedly as an experiment, and as such it should be accepted ; and second because the short time which the administration has been in office, and the circumstances under which they accepted it, during the session, justified their asking to be entrusted with the expenditure of this money as the experience and information of the season may seem to them best. It is to be feared, however, that they have not sufficiently considered the influence of this unofficial agency in the policy which they have foreshadowed. A liberal expenditure upon agencies at leading centres within the Province, and upon a system of internal transit for emigrants, would secure to the cause of emigration to Ontario the active co-operation of the emigrants settling in it. That co-operation is worth more, far more, than any system of agency in Great Britain, in view of the fact that already the agencies abroad have been amply, and on the whole ably, filled by the Dominion Government. It is worth more than any result that will flow from a system of subsidized immigration ; and it can be secured at very much less cost. Such centres of population as Brockville, Belleville, Peterborough, Guelph and London, whence emigrants could be distributed to the surrounding districts, should be supplied with agents ; the same policy being pursued in each of the other Provinces. These local agents should be charged with the duty of obtaining full information as to the labour wants of their respective districts, thus enabling them to do the double good of securing employment for the immigrant and labour for the employer. They should be in constant communication with the Dominion agencies at the larger centres, so that on the arrival of immigrants these latter would know where to send them; and in this way they would be made tofeel that they were at least welcome, and that the government and people were doing their best to tide over for them the first days of terrible lonesomeness and helplessness.

In order that this plan may be carried out successfully, that the unofficial agent may be prompted to work for, instead of against, emigration to the Dominion, it is essential that there should, as far as possible, be public works in progress at all times. It is true that the ordinary system of labour registration will always do much towards securing employment to the newly arrived emigrant, and under all circumstances it is of the very first importance that it should be kept up as an active and constant agency. Its importance is admirably illustrated in a pamphlet just issued by Mr. F. P. Mackelcan, of Montreal. He points out, what is at once a patent and a painful fact to all who feel an interest in the prosperity of Canada, that while fields have remained uncultivated and workshops partially idle for want of labour, emigrants who could have tilled the fields and laboured in the workshops, have passed through the country into a foreign land under the impression that there was no employment for them here. "The chief subject of anxiety that presses upon the new comers," the writer of this pam-

phlet points out, "is that of their own prospects. All however, that they can discern is an Immigration agent, and Immigration Societies, ready to plant them on wild land, or amongst the farmers; and minor places of information and aid, that are themselves institutions of benevolence or even of charity. This, to the new population flowing in, is a cause of deep, if not lasting, anxiety.—They have heard that they were wanted, that there was room for them, nay more, that prosperity awaited them, but the exact opening for the individual, who is all the world to himself, is not so easily seen." And then he proceeds to draw a picture, the correctness of which every one will at once recognize:—"Now the truth is, all the while, that employers exist here in abundance, farmers are restrained from cultivating the lands they possess for want of able and willing hands, and in almost all departments of industry commonly found in cities there is room for more, and many manufactures would spring up and flourish if the qualified skill could be found. The two great classes, the employer and the worker, the two great elements, capital and labour, are side by side, but they so exist as masses and in that state cannot combine; there is a process required of dividing and sorting and distributing; the ironfounder who needs moulders cannot in their place receive dry-goods clerks or printers, nor can the proprieter of a newspaper, who requires compositors, accept a ploughman or a shepherd, nor the farmer thrive with the aid of working jewellers and cotton spinners. Political economists write about supply and demand adjusting each other mutually, as though such things were fluid, and by some law of nature flowed together and became level. This doctrine will only be realised as a truth when the supply and demand become cognizant of each other, not in mass but in minute detail, for thus and thus only do they ever flow together and neutralize and satisfy each other; and to accomplish this great result is the object we have in view."

Although this is absolutely true, the promotion of public works in a new country like this is the most important incentive to immigration. It is curious to note the movements of population during different periods of the last quarter of a century. The ten years from 1847 to 1857 inclusive, were years of great activity in Canada. They saw the Great Western and the Grand Trunk Railways, the Northern and a considerable portion of what is to-day the Midland, indeed all the railways excepting those to which the last four years have given birth, spring into existence. They were years of great activity in the United States as well; and they witnessed the discovery of the gold mines of Australia and the consequent rush of emigration to that far off dependency of the Empire. Those ten years, therefore saw an enormous emigration leave the United Kingdom. It averaged over three hundred thousand annually; but Canada received, as its proportion 11.42 per cent. The next ten years the aggregate emigration fell off considerably, reaching an average of only about one hundred and seventy-five thousand each year. These were years, during which scarcely any public works were prosecuted in Canada, and the result is apparent in the falling off of the proportion of the aggregate emigration, which came to our shores, the percentage of this smaller aggregate being but 8·10 per cent. It is impossible to attribute this falling off to want of zeal on the part of the Government. Undoubtedly greater zeal would have produced during the whole twenty years a more gratifying result. But there was as much effort during the latter as during the former decade. It was due simply to the fact that there was no employment, that is no employment for gangs of men, visible to the emigrant on his arrival, and the Government had provided no system of registration of the

labour wants of the country, so as to counteract the evils resulting from the want of public works. Happily we have again entered upon a period of increased prosperity. The last four years have been marked by the greatest activity in the matter of railway construction. They have been years emphatically characterised by energy in the matter of public works, and the result is apparent in the increased immigration to the Dominion. Although the aggregate emigration which left the ports of the United Kingdom during the last four years has largely increased, reaching an annual average of two hundred and seventy-two thousand, the percentage to Canada has been greater than during any period for the last quarter of a century, being 12.64 per cent. Some of this increase of percentage must, of course, be credited to increased efforts on the part of the Ontario Government during that period. But these efforts would have availed little but for the increased prosperity of the Province, and the greater activity in the matter of public works which was at once the cause and consequence of that prosperity.

These considerations afford substantial encouragement for the prosecution of a vigorous policy for the promotion of immigration in the future. Active as have been the last four years, those in the immediate future promise to be still more active. With the railways in course of construction which are now projected, there need be no hesitation about inviting any number of hardy workers from the old world. The extent of mere local enterprise of this kind is apparent from the grants made during the session of the Ontario Legislature just closed. Here they are :—

	MILES	TOTAL
Toronto & Nipissing—Uxbridge to Portage Road	33½	$67,000
Portage Road to Coboconk	12½	37,500
Montreal & Ottawa City Province line to Ottawa	66	132,000
Wellington, Grey & Bruce—Harriston to Southampton	53½	107,000
Hamilton and Lake Erie—Hamilton to Jarvis	32	64,000
Kingston and Pembroke	151	400,550
Canada Central — Sand Pt. and Pembroke	45	119,250
Toronto, Grey and Bruce—Orangeville and Harriston	47	94,000
Orangeville & Owen Sound	68	136,000
Midland—Beaverton and Orillia	23	46,000
Toronto, Simcoe and Muskoka—Orillia and Washago	12	48,000
Grand Junction — Belleville and Lindsay	85	170,000
North Grey	21	42,000
Toronto, Simcoe and Muskoka	22	44,000
Total	672½	$1,507,300

All these railways are assisted by large local subsidies, and for the first time in the history of railway enterprises in Canada by large subscriptions to their share capital from private individuals. This latter fact is important as showing on the part of merchants and private capitalists an increased confidence in the permanent prosperity of the country. Nor is railway enterprise by any means confined to the Province of Ontario. In New Brunswick a private company, subsidized by a liberal land grant from the Governments of that Province and of Quebec, has undertaken the construction of a railway from Rivière du Loup to St. John. In Quebec, the North Shore Railway, between Quebec and Montreal has just been placed under contract, and work will, it is authoritatively stated, be commenced during the present season. The Northern Colonization Railway from Montreal to Ottawa, there connecting with the Canada Central, which has recently received a decided impulse by the accession of Sir Hugh Allan as its President, will also be commenced this year. While in the eastern townships of the Province, a perfect net-work of railways are projected, with such influential backing as to justify the belief that they will be prosecuted without delay. These are all private projects, the result of individual and muni-

cipal enterprise. But there are to be added to them the Intercolonial Railway, which, for the next two years, will afford employment to a large number of labourers, and the Canada Pacific railway, to the completion of of both of which the faith of the Government of Canada stands pledged. These railways do not simply afford employment to labourers during the progress of their construction, they open up new districts, and make remote ones more accessible, as permanent homes for the labourers after their completion. Thus, in this new country, the railway and the settlement aid each other; the former giving comfort and wealth to the latter, and the latter affording traffic for the former. Let any one travel through the splendid counties of North Wellington, North Huron and Bruce, counties opened up for settlement about the time the construction of the Grand Trunk and Great Western Railways invited the emigrant to Canada by affording him assurance of employment on his arrival, and he will find abundant proof of the fact that the navvy who works on the railway becomes ultimately the permanent settler in the country. Farmers by the score in those counties, with their well cultivated and well stocked farms, with their comfortable homesteads and well filled granaries, and some of them with investments in their own municipal securities, came to Canada twenty years ago to work on the railways, and carried the savings of their days' wages to the backwoods where they hewed out for themselves the competence which they now enjoy. Their lot, gratifying as it is, viewed simply as illustrative of the results of emigration, was a hard one compared with that of the emigrant of to-day and of the future. In spite of the splendid district in which they settled, they remained for nearly a score of years without the advantages of a railway: are in fact only this year coming into the enjoyment of those advantages. We live fortunately in a different atmosphere. The railway may now be said to be the pioneer of the settler; so that the navvy working upon it, can take up his lot within a few miles of a station, and start in his career with all the advantages which his less fortunate brother, the emigrant of twenty years ago, had to wait many weary years to obtain. In the railways projected and under construction we have therefore at once the warrant for a vigorous policy for the encouragement of immigration, and the assurance that the unofficial agency in the hands of the emigrant, will be used in our favour. And when to these is added the other public works which are projected by the Government, such as the enlargement of the canals, bringing with them employment for the labourer, and the greater development of every industry in the country, it is surely not too much to claim that, at this moment, if the Government will only organize a thorough system of internal agency and of labour registration, we have the justification for encouraging emigrants to come to our shores, and the ability to furnish them with employment and with assured prosperity when they arrive here.

There would be smaller grounds for encouragement in the labour of inducing emigration to Canada, but for the fact that the recent acquisition of the North-west territory opens up illimitable fields for settlement, and affords within our own territory the outlet for that inevitable hankering after western homes, which has done so much to build up the western states of America, far more than any special intrinsic advantages possessed by those states themselves. A "great west" has been the practical difficulty for years in the way of a successful policy of emigration. In spite of the advantages which this country presented, in common with the neighbouring republic, and in spite of the political advantages, to British subjects in particular, which it offered in excess of those offered by the neighbour

ing republic, undoubtedly many have emigrated to the west after a residence of a few years in Canada. Every such case has been cited as proof that the country possessed no inducements for settlers; and this argument has been made use of to our prejudice. In a debate which recently took place in the British House of Commons on the subject of emigration, Sir Charles Dilke, availing himself of the exaggerated reports of the efflux of people from Canada to the States, made the startling assertion that the emigration from Canada was annually greater than the emigration to it. To those who had read the young Baronet's "Greater Britain," the statement, coming from him, was possibly not very surprising; but when challenged to the proof of his assertion afterwards, he was compelled to abandon the controversy. Still it is impossible to overestimate the mischief that has been done in consequence of the reports to which this emigration of Canadians to the States has given rise. An examination of the principle of emigration within the United States themselves is the best answer to the arguments which have been based upon the presence of British Americans among our American neighbours. The details of the census of 1870 have not yet been published in such detail as to enable us to examine them on this point; but those of 1860 are sufficient for the purpose. By them it appears that of the native born population, leaving out of account altogether the migrations of the population of foreign birth, who after a residence of a year or two in one state removed to another, no less than 5,774,443 persons had removed from the state in which they were born. The migrations were almost exclusively to the western states,—as the following table will show, the states being those which had up to that time received a larger number of persons born in other states of the Union than they had lost of persons born within their own limits:—

Alabama,	196,080	Michigan,	303,582
Arkansas,	195,835	Minnesota,	78,863
California,	154,307	Mississippi,	145,239
Florida,	38,549	Missouri,	428,222
Illinois,	676,250	Oregon,	30,474
Indiana,	455,719	Texas,	224,345
Iowa,	376,081	Wisconsin,	250,410
Kansas,	82,562	Dist. of Columbia,	25,079
Louisiana,	73,722	Territories,	76,201

Six of these states have each received from other states of the Union a larger, in some cases a very much larger, number of persons natives of other states, than the entire number of British Americans resident in all the states combined. In the analysis of the emigration returns given by the American Census Commissioners the entire number from British America is stated at rather under a quarter of a million. This number is, of course, not confined to native British Americans. It includes all who, after a residence of a few months or years in this country, emigrated to the States. Yet how unfair is the use made of the fact of this emigration will be apparent when it is remembered that seven states of the Union, all of them having the reputation of being tolerably prosperous states, had up to 1860 lost a larger native population by emigration than British America had lost of native and foreign as well. The seven states were, Louisiana, 331,904; New York, 867,032; North Carolina, 272,606; Ohio, 593,043; Pennsylvania, 582,512; Tennessee, 344,765; Virginia, 399,700. With the exception of New York, all these states are greatly inferior in population to British America, so that the proportion of persons emigrating from them is much greater. Even the states which a few years ago were regarded as the far western states, the very paradise for the emigrant seeking a western home, have lost largely by migration to new states still further west. New York, in the short period of ten years, 1850 to 1860, lost no less than 332,750 of its native population, and Ohio in the same time 358,748. When the alleged emigration from Canada, even accepting the figures of American statists, is

contrasted with this internal emigration among the people of the United States themselves, the argument that it proves Canada an unfit country to live in, must surely vanish. It proves that we are not free from the spirit of unrest which is a special characteristic of the people of this continent; that our young men, like the young men of America generally, have imbibed the roving disposition, and are constantly looking out for the far off hills, which are proverbially the greenest. But it proves further that we have this spirit in a less developed state, and that Canada possesses a greater hold upon its population than does any one of the states of the neighbouring Republic. The mere statement of the emigration of Canadians to the United States makes us suffer in the estimation of the emigrating classes, because it points to a loss of nationality, and is therefore more marked. But this national tie has its restraining influence as well; and to it are we indebted for the favourable contrast which emigration from Canada presents when compared with migration from any of the older states. With a great west of our own, this emigration will cease, and migration will take its place. Instead of the departure of young, vigorous blood being regarded with regret, it will be hailed, as it is already in its incipient stages being hailed, as evidence of greater development and of increasing prosperity. The emigrant from the United Kingdom will find himself here, with every variety of soil and every class of industry; among a people not alien, but kindred in blood and sympathy; owning allegiance to the same great empire, and welcoming as a fellow subject of that empire the new comer. He will escape, what many a British workman has had to suffer in the workshops of the United States, the taunts and jeers at the nationality on which he prides himself, and the allegiance he holds most dear. To be "a Britisher" will not be a ground of dislike and opposition, but a ground of sympathy and respect. Thus, with an abundance of information circulated among the emigrating classes in the old world; with public works in progress affording employment to the hard-handed emigrant on his arrival; with local and central agencies giving to the new comer protection and advice; with a perfect system of labour registration which will supply the means of placing in employment the skilled mechanic, the artizan and the agricultural labourer; and finally, with a great west affording the outlet for those to whom the place of the setting sun has special claims; with these, and with free institutions honestly and fairly administered, we may look forward with confidence to our ability to secure a larger share of those whom straitened circumstances or a love of adventure prompt to seek homes on this continent.

I have but one word more to add. If we would achieve success in the new work which saw its inauguration day on the 1st of July, 1867, we must cultivate a spirit of self confidence and self reliance. The curse of Canada has been the tone of depreciation in which its own sons have been too apt to speak of it. If we would have a nation worthy of the name, we want a national spirit wherewith to build it up. Faith is wanted to create nations as well as to remove mountains. Let us have faith: faith in the country itself; faith in its resources; faith in our power to develop them; faith in the institutions we possess; and faith in the destiny that is before us. The Anglo-Saxon and Celtic races which have been planted on this northern half of this great continent have surely a destiny to work out. Let us be true to that destiny and we may look the future in the face with the utmost confidence in the blessings which it has in store for us as a people.

TECUMSETH.

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

BOAST of the old Virginian stock,
An untaught Cicero for ease,
And power to convince and please;
Born to command, to lead the way
In calm debate, in bloody fray;
The brother and the friend of BROCK,
The greatest of the Shawanese.

In Britain's earliest career,
Flushing her dawn of glory then,
There stood apart heroic men
That represent the race. Not he
Alone of princely memory,
The noble, mild, brave knight sincere,
King Arthur, pride of Spenser's pen.

But men of flesh and blood, whose arms
Were potent as the stroke of Fate—
Caractacus, the truly great,
And Caledonia's hero, brave
Galcagus, he who could not save
His country from the Roman swarms
That harassed and o'errun the State.

All great in arms, and, when subdued,
As great in exile or in chains.
But whether, Britons, Romans, Danes,
No chief that ever raised a spear,
TECUMSETH, but thou wert his peer,
In courage, mind, and fortitude;
Manhood ran rife through all thy veins.

The soul of honour, and the soul
Of feeling, too, though savage-bred.
The grateful heart, the thinking head,
In war, in Council, bold and wise,
As if from out the fabled skies
One of old Homer's heroes stole,
And the fierce tribe in triumph led.

Where was true Valour, if not there?
Where true integrity, if he,
Who left his hunting lodge to free
His dusky brother, had it not?
True valour without flaw or blot?
True to the end, this Champion rare,
This chief of rustic chivalry.

Well for the land for which he died
If in each senatorial breast
The same stern virtues had found rest
As those that rank his name so high,
'Mongst nature's own nobility,
That never lip was known to chide,
Or Council doubt his wise behest.

Well for the land if all her peers
Were such by nature or by blood;
If like this savage chief they stood
As far removed from common men
As eagles from the sparrow's ken!
Vainly they strive, the toiling years,
No greater on the scroll appears
Than this wise warrior of the wood.

OTTAWA.

DINAH BLAKE'S REVENGE.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

CHAPTER XVI.

OVERTAKEN BY THE TIDE.

THE sea shore was a favourite resort of Isabel Crofton's and, though it was more than a mile from Elm Lodge, she often walked there to wander along the beach, listening to the wild music of the waves as they came and went upon the yellow strand, or dashed up foaming against the rocks. Very often she met Max Butler in these lonely rambles, who invariably joined her and escorted her home through the mountain gorge leading to the Lodge. One evening late in the month of November, as she was returning home from visiting a sick woman living near the shore, she was overtaken by a heavy shower of rain and obliged to seek shelter beneath some beetling cliffs which projected sufficiently over the path she was pursuing to keep her from getting wet by the pelting rain; but the delay this caused was followed by alarming consequences, for when the shower ceased and she pursued her way homeward she saw to her dismay that the rising tide was fast covering the broad belt of sand over which it lay. To retrace her steps would have

been of no avail as the same danger lay in that direction: the waves were rolling in all along the coast and lofty grey cliffs presented an impassable barrier to her escape. Her only hope was to outstrip the coming tide and with the speed of terror she rushed onwards towards a distant bend in the line of coast where it receded a little, and where the cliffs being much lower a zig-zag path led up from the strand. A voice calling to her arrested her flying steps showing her she was not alone in her peril. She looked eagerly round and perceived Rose Kavanagh with a crab-basket on her arm hastily following her.

"We'll have to run for our lives, Miss!" she said, panting for breath as she joined Isabel, "but faith I'm afeard the tide will win the race, in spite of us." "We must try and reach the place where the path leads up the cliffs: that is our only chance of escape!" was Isabel's hurried observation as she again fled onward. "It's too far! we'll never get there afore the wild waves bar the way!" rejoined Rose, "but we can try, anyhow." For several minutes the two girls ran on in silence, their rapid motion preventing any conversation. At length Miss Crofton's pace slackened. "I cannot keep on at this rate," she said, gloomily pressing her hand against her heart which throbbed violently rendering her breathless and unable to make any more exertion to out-run the threatening waves. Yielding to her wild despair she stopped suddenly and gave way to an agony of grief. "Oh! don't, Miss Isabel, don't cry and sob that way," entreated Rose with tender sympathy. "Keep up your sperits and we'll be saved yet, with the help of God."

"There is no hope for me!" wildly exclaimed the weeping girl, "I cannot run any farther; I feel quite exhausted now and every moment of delay increases our danger."

"I knew it was no use thrying to reach the low cliffs beyant there, and the big waves coming in so fast tumbling over one another like mad," remarked Rose, "but the Saints be praised there is another chance left, if you only have courage to do it, Miss."

"Do what?" asked Isabel, raising her white face and fixing her tearful eyes in eager inquiry on Rose Kavanagh. "Just to climb the cliffs up there," was the startling answer. "Climb those perpendicular cliffs! impossible!" burst from Isabel, as she eyed them in despair. "Faix that's just what you'll have to make up your mind to do, if you don't want to be dhrowned. It's not so hard as you think," Rose added encouragingly. "I can never do it," wailed forth Isabel. "Nobody ever did such a thing. It is actually impossible." "It's nothing of the kind for I done it meself," rejoined Rose, with a little flash of pride in her brown eyes as they met Isabel's confidently.

"You did that," exclaimed Isabel, in amazement.

"Of course I did, onc't upon a time, about two years back, when I was overtaken by the tide as we are now. One does not know what they can do till they thry. You see, Miss Isabel, there's steps cut in the rock and hard, rough pieces of it jut out, that you can hould fast by. So the danger afther all isn't so great as you think. And besides we won't have to climb up to the top only half way to where there is a big hole or cave, where we'll be quite safe till the tide goes out. Come on with a brave heart, Miss, and put your thrust in God!"

Isabel Crofton raised her eyes with a look of blank dismay to the tall cliffs. Rosa urged her to climb, then turned her despairing gaze upon the mighty ocean dashing its masses of white crested waves almost at her feet. There was no alternative but to try the difficult mode of escape, Rose Kavanagh proposed. Still she hesitated and hung back from the perilous ascent. "Mount the steps quick for the love of Heaven, Miss Isabel!" pleaded Rose, im-

patiently. "See that big wave, coming in so fast, will dash right over us and carry us off wid it in no time."

The sight of that crested billow gave Isabel resolution to attempt the dangerous ascent and, with an awful terror clutching her heart, she followed her young companion as she sprang up the cliff out of the way of that whelmning wave. The steps cut in it and the rude projections afforded a good foot-hold as well as something to cling to. Half way up the wall of rock Rose stopped and crept into a small opening leading into the cave she spoke of, Isabel followed and the next moment lay white and senseless on the rocky floor, her death-like swoon being the consequent re-action of the excitement of terror she had experienced.

"Och! murther! where's the use of fainting now when the danger is over," observed Rose, fretfully, as she regarded with dismay the young lady's death-like face. To her strong nature the fright had not been so overwhelmning and she could not understand the more delicate organization of her companion. Isabel, however, soon recovered and she thanked Heaven fervently for her escape, feeling that it was providential, else how could she have climbed those cliffs; but wonderful things have been done by timid women under the influence of strong excitement.

"Do you think we are quite safe here, Rose," she asked, looking timidly down upon the sea of boiling foam, as it dashed against the base of the cliffs and sent up against their dark grey sides showers of salt spray.

"Safe enough Miss, don't be afeard, the tide seldom rises so high, and if it did we could creep back farther into the cave."

"How fortunate it was for me that you were on the shore, Rose. I must have perished if I had been alone. You have been the means of saving my life."

"Och! no, Miss, it was the good Lord that saved us both! Glory be to him," said the girl reverently.

The shadows of twilight were now gathering over the ocean, but as the darkness deepened, a streak of light was thrown across it from the crescent moon, seen clearly shining in the western sky. One hour passed away, spent by the two girls watching anxiously the still rising tide, whose waves broke against the cliffs, hissing and foaming in the moonlight. At length it reached the mouth of the cave, compelling them to retreat some paces in alarm, but there it ceased to rise, to their great relief, and half an hour afterwards it began slowly to recede.

"I suppose we'll have to spend the night here," said Rose, moodily, "and it'll be such grief to them at home, not knowing what's become of us."

"My father is not at home at present, so he will be spared anxiety on my account. He went to Westport a few days since, and will not return until to-morrow. But how are we to leave this cave, Rose?" Isabel continued, anxiously. I do not think I ever could venture to descend those steps when the excitement of terror is over. It makes me shudder even to think of it."

"Och! don't fret about that, Miss. Sure if you feel so frightened intirely I'll go meself to the Lodge at the first light of day, and the men sarvants there will find some way of getting you down, never fear. It'll be a good long while before the dawn breaks," Rose continued, sadly, "and poor ould granny will fret her life out, thinking I'm dhrowned. But it can't be helped, anyhow. She'll only have to bear it, the craythur."

Some hours passed slowly away; the moon had set, and the darkness of night brooded over the waters. The silence was unbroken, save by the booming of the waves. The girls had ceased talking, and were busy with their own thoughts, when suddenly the

murmuring sound of voices broke upon their ears, not proceeding from the shore below, but coming from the interior of the cavern.

"What noise is that?" Isabel asked in astonishment.

"It sounds like people talking. The saints be good to us! Where are they at all, at all?" was Rose's whispered answer, in sudden alarm.

"There must be another outlet to the cavern," Isabel remarked, in the same low tones.

"There must be, sure enough, though it was unknownst to me."

The murmur of voices continued, but it did not approach nearer. Rose's curiosity was aroused.

"Bedad, I'll see what it is!" she said resolutely, and she moved noiselessly farther into the cavern, Isabel following timidly. Before long a light gleamed in the distance.

"I never knew the cavern went so far back," observed Rose, stopping a moment, as if afraid to advance farther. The voices now sounded more distinctly, and the tones seemed strangely familiar to her ears.

"I wondher who they are!" she said, under her breath, "but faix I'll find out;" and curiosity again prevailing, she proceeded cautiously forward.

A strange sight soon met the eyes of both girls. Round a rude wooden table sat a party of men talking eagerly, the light from a flaring torch of bog wood—fastened in a large iron sconce—revealing their faces, in which the working of fierce passions was but too evident. Some of the men were not unknown to Isabel Crofton. She had seen them before on the lawn at Elm Lodge, in that hostile interview with her father. All the party were known to Rose Kavanagh, and among them she was startled by the sight of her brother Dermot.

"The Lord save us!" she whispered in trembling accents. "It's Captain Rock and some of his men!"

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE CAVERN.

THAT was a strange scene on which Isabel Crofton now gazed in silent alarm. Those men, her father's enemies, for what purpose had they met in this subterranean den? In their hard passionate faces she read the startling answer, — the gloomy purpose to avenge the blow recently dealt by Lord Arranmore's agent. Intuitively she felt this, and the first words that distinctly came to her ears from the rude council table confirmed her worst fears.

"As he is from home it ought to be done to-night. We have waited long enough for our revinge. More nor two months, and that's long enough, anyhow."

"It'll be all the sweeter when it comes boys!" was the remark of Captain Rock, an athletic elderly man, with a hard, determined countenance,—a stranger both to Rose and Isabel. "When did you say Crofton was expected?"

"Not till to-morrow," was the answer of one of the party.

"I heard he was coming to-night," put in another eagerly, "and, begorra, it'll be a beautiful bonfire to welcome him," he added, with a discordant laugh.

"It's only what he deserves," bitterly observed Captain Rock; "the villain that's so fond of burning the roof over other people's heads should not have his own left standing."

"Bad luck ever follow him! it is'nt punishment enough for the like of him," broke in a third speaker, with fierce vehemence.

This man Isabel recognize das Flannagan. His face once seen could not easily be forgotten.

"They are going to burn the lodge!"—whispered Rose Kavanagh, in a voice of terror. "Blessed Mary, if they knew we were here listening they'd be the death of us!"

"They cannot see us," answered Isabel, in assuring tones, "that light throws no brightness farther than their own circle, the place where we are is in deep gloom."

"It's a bullet Crofton deserves, through his black heart," Flannagan resumed, a savage hate gleaming in his restless grey eyes.

"No! no! Larry, not that! we'll not go so far as to take his life," broke from several voices.

"And why not, boys? isn't he a tyrant, and havn't we sworn to be revinged on all oppressors?" retorted Flannagan, his voice quivering with vindictive passion.

"Remember his wife, so good to the poor and his purty young daughter, so ready to help every one," pleaded Dermot Kavanagh.

"I'll remimber nothing but me burned home, and houseless wife and children," said Larry, vehemently, a malignant light flashing over his sinister face, upon which Isabel Crofton's eyes were fixed with the fascination of terror. If he only knew she was so near, listening to his wild threats, she felt that her life would not be safe. Unable to support her trembling frame, she sank down, half dead with terror, on the rocky floor of the cavern. Rose, no less frightened, placed herself beside her, and with terrible anxiety both awaited the end of this unexpected adventure.

"To think of his turning us out of our own homes and burning them to the ground!" resumed Larry, with gloomy exasperation. "Shure nothing is too bad for him afther that!"

"And aren't we going to lave his grand place that he spent such a power of money building, a blackened heap of ruins, too?" observed Terrance Carroll.

Isabel looked at this man's face in surprise, so great was the change the last few weeks' suffering had wrought in it. The features, haggard and care-worn, had lost the quiet, kind expression natural to them. The blighting influence of a desire for revenge had scathed his nature. Still he did not steel his heart against every better feeling like Larry Flannagan: he shrank from the perpetration of murder, and only wished to mete out to Mr. Crofton the same wrong he had received at his hands.

"I tell ye what we had betther do, boys," remarked Dermot Kavanagh, eagerly, after a gloomy silence, "we'll get up a petition to have the Agint removed on account of his grinding us so hard and send it to Lord Arranmore."

A mocking laugh from the lawless group interrupted the young fisherman.

"Are ye a born nathral, Dermot Kavanagh?" asked Larry Flannagan with a savage grin. "Don't ye know be this time that the young lord doesn't care a brass farthing how his tenanthry is sarved so that he gets the rints reg'lar?"

"No, we'll send no petition," broke in Captain Rock, loftily, "but we'll look to our own strong right arms for all the help or revenge we need."

A hearty cheer marked the men's approval of their captain's lawless determination.

"And now we may as well be going," he resumed, rising from the council table; "we have no other business on hand to-night, and we are agreed about what is to be done before morning. Meet me, all of you, about half an hour after midnight on the lawn at Elm Lodge. The neighbourhood will then be quiet and we can proceed to fire the premises undisturbed."

"Mr. Crofton will be home by that time," remarked Terrance Carroll.

"No, the Westport coach won't reach Carraghmore till after one o'clock, and then he has to ride the rest of the way home."

"We'll light a bonfire to show him the way, boys! Hooroo for our revinge!" exclaimed Flannagan, brandishing his shelalah with wild excitement, in which the others shared.

The party now broke up, and soon the glaring light of the torch vanished in the distant gloom. What a discovery Isabel Crofton had made! The men her father had evicted were about to execute their threatened vengeance by burning their beautiful home. Could nothing be done to avert this terrible evil? If information of the meditated outrage could be carried to the constabulary force at Carraghmore, Elm Lodge might be saved from the torch of Captain Rock and his reckless, defiant band.

"Rose," she said, with sudden determination of doing all in her power to save her home, "we must find our way out of this cavern by the entrance that admitted those men."

"That's aisier said nor done, Miss Isabel. How are we to do it in the darkness? Sure we can't see where we're going widout a light."

"We can try, however," persisted the young lady. "I cannot remain quietly here and let Elm Lodge be burned."

"Sure it isn't there you are going afther what you just heard," remonstrated Rose.

"No; but if I could get to Carraghmore and tell the police they would save it from the flames. Oh, to think of its being burned! My beautiful home!" Isabel added with a burst of grief and indignation.

"And where would be the good of that?" asked Rose. "If it was saved this night they'd burn it some other time. They would watch their chance and do it if they had to wait for years. There is no escaping their revinge when they make up their mind to have it, and that you'll learn to your cost. And sure it's meself that's sorry for you, Miss, and I'd do all I can to help you."

"Then help me to find my way out of this cave, Rose," pleaded Isabel, earnestly. "If I only could get out and reach Carraghmore all would be well."

"Sure, let us thry anyhow!" said the good-natured girl, and she moved eagerly forward, but the next moment stopped suddenly on perceiving a light gleaming in the distance. "Blessed Mary, if there isn't the light again! Somebody is coming back!" she said in accents of alarm.

Again the girls retreated into the deep gloom, for they had advanced as far as the council table, and watched with beating hearts the advancing light. Soon the sound of steps echoed in the silent cave.

"Holy Timothy! if they search the place and find us here listening to what they said they'll murder us without judge or jury. They'll pitch us headlong into the sae," remarked Rose Kavanagh in a hoarse whisper, as she watched with intense anxiety the figure of a man seen indistinctly by the flickering light he carried. As he came nearer a cry of relief escaped her. "It's Dermot, me own brother, the saints be praised!" she exclaimed, and she rushed eagerly forward.

Her sudden and unexpected appearance took the young fisherman by surprise. "Holy Biddy! is it yourself, Rose? How did you get here?" he asked in amazement.

"Meself and Miss Crofton was nearly dhrowned and we climbed up the cliffs into the cave."

"Miss Crofton!" repeated Dermot, and his face blanched with the fear that name suggested. "How long are ye both here? Did ye see or hear anything?"

"Of coorse we did. Sure, we're neither deaf nor blind," was the girl's ready answer.

"Then both of ye must take a solemn oath never to tell to mortial man what ye heard 'the boys' say here this blessed night. Sure our lives is in your hands."

"You needn't be afeard. We'll never dare to speak of it—don't we know what we may expect in case we did?"

"But you must swear upon the Blessed Cross, I tell ye," persisted Dermot, vehemently, "nothing else will satisfy me."

Isabel Crofton now came forward. "I am willing to swear eternal secrecy," she said in trembling accents. "Here by this

sacred symbol of our common faith," and she took in her hand a golden cross depending from a chain round her neck—"I swear never to reveal the names of those men I saw here to-night. Will that satisfy you?"

"Yes," Dermot answered moodily, "and now Rose, you swear the same. It's well Captain Rock isn't here, or you wouldn't get off so easy," he muttered.

"I swear," said Rose, kissing the Cross reverently, "and now, Dermot, your mind will be at rest. How lucky it was you came back, for now you can show us the way out of this cave. We don't want to stay here all night. But what brought you back?" she asked with eager curiosity.

"I forgot my mask," said Dermot, with a gloomy smile, taking up a piece of black crape from under the council table, where it had fallen. You will have to wait a while afore you can lave the cave," he added, as he turned to go away.

"What for?" asked his sister impatiently.

"Bekase some of 'the boys' is outside, and might find out ye were here. Follow me to the foot of the stairs, anyhow, and I'll lave the big stone that covers the enthrance partly aside so that ye can move it asy yerselves."

Silently Isabel and Rose followed Dermot Kavanagh along the subterranean passage, both rejoicing in the prospect of leaving the cave so soon, Isabel still hoping to be able to save Elm Lodge from the torch of Captain Rock and his lawless men. At length they reached a stone stairs terminating the narrow passage.

"Stop here a quarther of an hour afore ye attempt to lave," whispered Dermot. "If it was known ye were in the cave to-night and that I let you off me own life wouldn't be safe."

"Didn't we swear upon the Holy Cross to keep the saycret, and never tell upon one of ye?" asked Rose impatiently. "Sure Captain Rock himself couldn't ask more."

"I'm not so sure of that," was Dermot's reply as he ascended the stairs.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

"I WONDER where them stairs leads to," observed Rose, as her brother disappeared at the top. "Into the Friary of St. Bride, you know it is near the cliffs, and such old places have subterranean passages."

"Och, murder! and maybe its the burying ground we are undher!" said Rose, pressing closer to her companion as if for protection, in the superstitious fear that this information called forth.

"Very likely, but why should that trouble you? You are not afraid of ghosts, I hope."

"Faix then, I am mortally afeard of them," replied the girl, shivering with the powerful dread of the supernatural, so common to the Irish peasantry,

"You have more reason to dread the lawless men who are abroad to-night."

"Och, no! Miss Isabel," interrupted Rose; "shure they are flesh and blood, like ourselves. I'd rather meet Captain Rock and all his men, any night, than one of them wandhering sperits from another world," and the girl's teeth chattered with superstitious terror.

"We won't meet any of them, don't alarm yourself," said Isabel encouragingly. "I think we may now venture to the top of these stairs," she continued, after an interval of some minutes. "Everything seems quiet outside."

"They then ascended the stone steps, and listened, but no sound was to be heard. Cautiously putting her head through the aperture, which a large stone partially covered, Isabel peered into the darkness without. The outlet from the cavern opened

into the cemetery of St. Bride, the stone concealing it was made to look like a tombstone, and could not be distinguished from the other gravestones around. No one was to be seen, and the two girls ventured to leave the subterranean passage.

The night was starless, and stumbling in the darkness over the humble graves of the poor, Isabel Crofton and her trembling companion tried to make their way out of the cemetery. As they reached the roofless cloister, a deep sigh was heard from a distant recess. Rose uttered a cry of terror and clung to Miss Crofton.

" It's a ghost ! the saints be good to us," she exclaimed.

Again the sigh, or rather groan was heard, sending a thrill of horror to the heart of Rose Kavanagh. Isabel was no believer in the supernatural, and in a voice a little tremulous, however, she asked :

" Who is there ?"

" Miss Crofton ! can it be possible !"—came from the recess, in accents of astonishment.

" It's Parson Butler himself that's in it !" exclaimed Rose, joyfully, the dread of a ghost suddenly vanishing.

" What's the matter ? are you ill ?" asked Isabel, anxiously, approaching the place whence the voice of Maxwell Butler proceeded.

" Not ill ! but bound hand and foot, unable to move !" was his startling assertion, uttered in tones of strong indignation. " Some fellows wearing crape masks, seized me as I was riding past the Friary, and rendering me helpless, left me to pass the night in these gloomy cloisters."

" Why did they treat you so unceremoniously ?" asked Isabel, in surprise.

" To prevent my visiting Elm Lodge. I was going there to inform your father of a meditated outrage, which had just come to my knowledge. Those men he evicted are going to commit a desperate act of revenge this very night. I had the information from one of ' the boys '—as the lawless villains call themselves—whose death-bed I attended two hours ago. Unfortunately, I was riding by the Friary as some of the gang set apart for this work were issuing from their place of meeting,hidden somewhere in these ruins. But how is it you are here, Isabel ? have you fled from your home to escape the midnight incendiary ?"

In a few words Miss Crofton explained how she had been overtaken by the tide and saved from a watery grave, by taking refuge in the cavern, but she said nothing of the scene she had witnessed there.

" Good heavens ! what an escape, and I knew nothing of your danger ! If I had gone to the Lodge and there heard you were missing, what an agony of suspense I should have endured !"

" If I only had the luck to have a knife about me I could set your riverence free," was Rose Kavanagh's abrupt observation.

" So you could, my good girl !" answered Max, joyfully, " and in my vest pocket you will find one with a strong blade."

Rose soon possessed herself of the parson's pen-knife, and in a few minutes the cords that bound him were cut, and he sprang lightly to his feet, with the exclamation :—

" Now if I can find my horse, I shall baffle the villains yet, and inform the police at Carraghmore of their intended outrage !"

" I am afeard they took the horse with them," remarked Rose.

" I think not, for I heard the animal neigh not long since, he is grazing some where near us, I hope," and Max peered eagerly through the gloom.

" There is something white yondher," said Rose. " It is aither a ghost or the parson's horse."

" It's my horse !" said Max joyfully, and advancing towards the white object Rose

pointed out he soon returned, mounted on the animal.

"The attack on the Lodge will begin before one o'clock. It is now past midnight, but I hope to reach Carraghmore in time to bring a constabulary force to prevent the outrage. But where are you to take refuge Isabel," Max added anxiously. If I only had time to conduct you to the parsonage. Where shall you spend the night?"

"With Rose Kavanagh, her cottage is close by. I shall be quite safe there till morning. Do not waste any more time, I beg of you," Isabel continued, eagerly. "Ride in all haste to Carraghmore, and leave me to the care of my kind friend, Rose. She has been my good angel this eventful night."

"And shure it's proud I am to be of sarvice to ye, Miss Isabel, and proud we'll be —ould granny and myself—to have you spend the night undher our humble roof. Don't be afeard, I'll take the best of care of her, your riverence, and be off wid ye in hot haste, and ride for the bare life if ye want to save the Lodge from them ruffians. But sure that's a hard word for me to say, and me own brother one of them," Rose added under her breath, and a keen feeling of regret thrilled her heart as she thought of Dermot connected with such lawless men. "They are the curse of Ireland, them White boys or Ribbonmen!" she resumed indignantly, as she and Miss Crofton walked quickly to her humble dwelling, after parting from Max. "Shure no one's life or property is safe from them burning and murdhering in their revinge, and the worst of it is the people is afeard to inform agin them. Could not Miss Isabel or myself hang a dozen of them now, if we dare to spake out. But there's that solemn oath upon us both, binding us to saycrecy the rest of our life. Och, my grief! and to think our Dermot is one of them! It would kill ould granny if she only knew!"

The appearance of Rose at the cottage relieved her grandmother's mind from the deepest anxiety on her account, and she listened eagerly to the account of how she and Miss Crofton had escaped being drowned. Their adventure in the cavern was, however, concealed from the old woman, although she was informed of the intended burning of Elm Lodge.

Eagerly did Isabel Crofton watch for the crimson light in the sky, which was to announce the work of destruction begun. At length it came, that bright glow in the grey heavens, and Isabel knew that Max. Butler had been too late to save her beautiful home. That crimson light gleaming on the beetling crags, impending over the narrow defile leading into the glen, was seen by Mr. Crofton, as he rode hastily homeward from Carraghmore. "Whence came it," he asked himself, in sudden alarm, and a startling suspicion of what had occurred made him gallop madly forward. Soon emerging from the narrow defile he came in full view of the Lodge, wrapped in a vivid sheet of flame, the red light streaming on the lake and steeping the lawn and trees in brightness.

CHAPTER XIX.

A STRANGE DISCLOSURE.

THE stillness of death reigned in that secluded glen, where the work of destruction was quickly progressing. Not a creature was to be seen about the Lodge. All the inmates had fled in terror from the scene of the fire unmolested by Captain Rock and his men. What a storm of passion swept over the master of Elm Lodge, as he gazed upon his home wrapped in the fire-sheet, and felt assured that this cruel blow was dealt by the hands of those men he had evicted.

"They shall hang for this!" he fiercely

exclaimed, almost choked with the rage that distorted his stern features. Elm Lodge was his pride, he had spared no expense to render it a pleasant residence for his old age. He had hoped to spend the evening of his days there in quiet happiness, and now it maddened him to see it destroyed by the torch of the incendiary. He thought no eye but his witnessed his emotion as he stood there leaning for support against a tree, his strong frame quivering with rage and grief, but other eyes looked with very different feelings upon that burning mass, while they glared from time to time upon the hated agent.

After setting fire to the Lodge, the incendiaries had fled from the glen, but one of them returned to see the end of his revenge, unmindful of the danger he incurred, and now lying on the grass beneath the shade of some trees, concealed by their hanging branches, Larry Flannagan watched with fiendish joy Mr. Crofton's agony of rage, and gloated over his misery at the wreck of his property.

"They shall hang for this night's work! I shall hunt them to the death!" again burst, in a perfect howl of rage, from the frantic agent.

The words were borne on the calm night air to the reclining figure beneath the trees. He sprang to his feet in a paroxysm of fury, and seized a musket lying on the grass beside him. "That threat fixes your doom. It'll be the last ye'll ever spake with yere cruel tongue," he hissed forth, his eyes blazing with hate and fury. "To let the likes of ye live is a sin agin mankind. Betther to put an end to such a tyrant at onct! And here goes!" he added, with a demoniac laugh, pointing the murderous weapon at his unconscious victim. The bullet whizzed through the air, and the next moment Mr. Crofton fell upon the grass weltering in his blood.

"That shot done for him!" and with fiendish satisfaction Flannagan drew near to look upon the dying agony. The eyes of the agent glared on the well-known face, as he stooped over him, and his hand feebly grasped a revolver, but strength to use it was denied, the bullet had done the work of death, and the spirit of the murdered man passed to its account.

"He has money about him—the rint he was collecting!" was the thought that next flashed through the mind of Flannagan, and he stooped with joyful haste to rifle the agent's pocket, but soon a startling sound interrupted his lawless work. The galloping of horses was heard in the glen, and the mounted constabulary force from Carraghmore appeared upon the scene. With a cry of terror the murderer fled at their approach, but the hand of retributive justice had him in its grasp, and escape was impossible.

The glare of the fire attracted many persons to the scene of the outrage. Among others Sir Gerard Trevor, who joined the Rev. Max Butler, as he was returning with the police from Carraghmore. The sight of the murdered man lying on the lawn before his burning house excited general indignation against the perpetrators of the outrage, and the police were scouring the country in pursuit of them.

"Is he really dead? Can you do nothing for him, Doctor?" asked Sir Gerard, addressing an old physician, who had just arrived upon the spot, and was anxiously examining the wound of Mr. Crofton.

"Nothing, Sir Gerard, I see he has been dead some minutes. No medical skill could bring him back to life. That bullet was well aimed, and caused immediate death. Thank Heaven, we have got the murderer! I hope the other wretches will also be brought to justice. This kind of work is too common in our unhappy country."

At this moment a tall woman, wrapt in a blue cloak, approached the spot where Mr. Crofton's body lay weltering in his blood, and silently regarded it for some moments.

She then exclaimed very bitterly: "It is dead ye are, sure enough! and, bedad, it is few will break their hearts afther ye!"

"Why, Dinah Blake! have you turned up again. Where have you been hiding yourself? I haven't seen you for an age."

These words were addressed by the old physician to the new comer.

"Faith then it would be hard for you to see me, Docther, dear, and I kep a prisoner all this time."

"Kept a prisoner, Dinah! Where and by whom?"

"By that same villain lying there dead afore ye. He kept me under lock and kay up in the garret of his house, sure. It's well for me it was burned down anyhow!"

"Dinah, this story is incredible! What motive could Crofton have in keeping you a prisoner?"

"Just to prevent me telling the thruth, as how the girl who calls herself Miss Barrington has no right or title to the estate."

"Bless my soul! have you taken leave of your senses, Dinah Blake? You must be crazed to assert this. I don't wonder at Crofton shutting you up. He thought you mad, no doubt."

"He thought nothing of the kind, Docther Holmes, but he done it to plaze Miss Barrington, as she is called. But she is not the rale heiress at all, she is Norah's child, and Major Barrington was her father."

"Norah Blake's child!" exclaimed the physician, in astonishment.

"The same and no other! You remember Norah, Docther dear, and how her child was born a few hours afore the young heiress of Barrington Height."

"I remember the birth of both children well," observed the astonished physician, "but until now I did not know that Major Barrington was the father of Norah's child."

"He was, then! I tell it now, for the thruth must all come out. Sir Gerard Trevor, you're a magisthrate, and you hear my confession."

"Can this woman's assertion be true?" asked the baronet, turning with a bewildered look to Dr. Holmes.

"I am afraid it is, I do not think Dinah would assert a falsehood. But where is the missing heiress?" the doctor asked, suddenly turning to her, with eager curiosity.

"Och, she is not far off! She is up at the Parsonage, living with Parson Butler's aunt all these years. That's good news for you, Sir Gerard, for now your lady mother wont object to the girl you have set your heart on. She'll be a rich wife for you."

"She means Josephine!" exclaimed Max., who heard this explanation with less surprise than the others did. It was what he had already suspected.

"How did you effect the change of children?" asked Dr. Holmes,

"Asy enough. I stole into Barrington House when the misthress was dying and everything in confusion. You were there at the time yourself, Docther. I saw you, and the rest of them, standing beside the poor lady's bed. She asked to see the infant afore she went, and sure it was Norah's child they brought her instead of her own, for I had changed the children then."

"Was there no one in the nursery? Had the servants left the infant alone?" asked Dr. Holmes.

"They had then. Nurse Lynch was with her misthress, and Letty the nurse-girl had gone to get her tay, letting me have a good chance to do all I wanted, and to escape without being seen."

"There is no proof of what this woman asserts," observed Sir Gerard, "her evidence——"

"There is evidence enough," interrupted Dinah, hastily, "the mark that is on the real heiress, behind her ear, will prove her rights anywhere."

"By George, there was such a mark!" exclaimed Dr. Holmes, eagerly. "Nurse Lynch and I noticed when the little heiress was born."

"Ask Nurse Lynch if that same mark was on the baby she nursed. She'll tell you no, but she was cute enough to say nothing about it, lest she might be blamed."

"Josephine has the mark of a strawberry behind one ear. You must have noticed it, Sir Gerard," remarked Max. Butler.

"Then she must be the legitimate daughter of Major Barrington, and this woman's assertion is correct," said Dr. Holmes, and my evidence in this matter would go far to establish her claims to the inheritance. Nurse Lynch could also prove the same."

"This affair must be enquired into," remarked Sir Gerard. Poor Eva! what a disgraceful revelation awaits her! How will she bear this cruel change of fortune!"

"She knows it already. She has been told the whole story, standing beside the grave of her misfortunate mother in the Friary of St. Bride." There was a quivering motion about Dinah Blake's stern mouth, which showed the emotion the remembrance of that scene caused.

"And how did she bear the painful disclosure," asked Max Butler.

"It nearly drove her mad, the craythur, and no wonder, sure, when she thought of the disgrace attinding her birth. She is mighty proud, entirely."

"How did Crofton come to hear of this?" asked Dr. Holmes. "Did you tell the story to him also."

"He happened to come into the Friary when we were there discoursing, and heard all about it. He tould me to come to his house that same night to talk the matter over, and so I did, and I incensed him into all the particulars, so that he saw I was spaking the thruth. And then, on account of her taking on so about it, it come into his head to keep me out of the way. So he deludered me into spending the night at his house, bekase I wasn't feeling at all well. His sister, the ould maid, showed me up into a comfortable little room in the garret, where I slept that night, but the next morning I found meself a prisoner, and so I remained from that day to this. The confinement was fast killing me, but what did they care. They were well paid, no doubt, for keeping me shut up, and if I died, nothing would plaze them better."

"Do you think Eva knew of your imprisonment," asked Sir Gerard, anxiously. It grieved him to think she could be so unprincipled.

"Of course she did, and she paid them well for it. And small blame to her, the craythur, when such disgrace and ruin was hanging over her head."

"You do not seem to cherish resentment towards her. I am glad to see this change for the better," observed Max Butler, in pleased tones.

"I cannot cherish resintment towards poor Norah's child anyhow, although it's my nature to feel resintment for any wrong done me or mine most bittherly, your riverence. It was that same vindictive sperit that made me revinge meself on Major Barrington for what he done. And sure I had the satisfaction of telling him all about it afore he died," Dinah added, with a gleam of exultation in her dark sunken eye.

"How did you gain access to Major Barrington on his death-bed," asked Dr. Holmes, curiously.

"Asy enough. All the servants fled from the house on account of the faver he had except the nurse left to attend him, and she was a friend of mine. She gladly let me take her place beside the dying man, while she slept awhile, for she was worn out with watching and nursing. It was then I tould me story to the Major, and imbitthered his last moments, but, sure, I had my revinge."

"You have not told us how you escaped from the burning house, Dinah," said Dr. Holmes, anxious to hear all the particulars of this woman's strange story, for the good Doctor was as curious as any daughter of Eve. "Did Miss Crofton set you free when she knew what was going to happen?"

"Not she! She fled, with all the servants, and never gave a thought to me, I'll be bound. She was as hard-hearted as her brother himself. But the Lord was good to me, and it happened that one of 'the boys' heard me shouting for help up in the garret, for I knew, by the bright light shining around, that the house was on fire—so he came and let me out, and took me down stairs safely."

"You would know this man again, I suppose," said Sir Gerard, eagerly.

"No, I wouldn't," she answered bluntly, "he wore a black mask."

"Did you not recognise his voice? You might convict him if you wished," resumed the Baronet.

"I'll do nothing of the kind! Do you think I could turn informer, especially agin the man that saved me own life?" Dinah observed, with a look of intense scorn.

"It is your duty to try and bring one of these ruffians to justice if you can, Dinah," said the clergyman, persuasively.

"If I could bring them all to justice I wouldn't," she replied, doggedly. "Not that I don't think they desarve it, but it is n't Dinah Blake that will turn informer what none of her people was afore her."

"That is the reason that outrages are so common," observed Sir Gerard, with asperity. "The people will not give information against the cowardly perpetrators of such deeds."

"You cannot persuade them to do it, Sir Gerard," said Dr. Holmes, gravely, "they shrink from incurring the ignominy attached to the name of informer, and in some cases they dread the enmity of the friends of those men who commit the outrages we deplore."

I shall not attempt to describe the grief of Isabel Crofton when she heard of her father's murder. The loss of home was nothing to this affliction, but she did not want or kind friends to comfort her in her trouble. Mrs. Dormer received her into her house, and showed her all the tender affection of a mother. Flannagan was convicted and hanged for the murder of Mr. Crofton, but none of the others were brought to justice. Isabel and Rose Kavanagh could have convicted several of them, but dared not move in the matter—bound to secrecy by their solemn oath. Although the Lodge was destroyed, a considerable fortune still remained to Isabel Crofton, which she lived many years to enjoy as the happy wife of the Rev. Maxwell Butler. Eva Barrington quietly resigned her claims to Barrington Height, as soon as she found that Dinah Blake had published the disgraceful fact that she was not the rightful owner. Josephine Dormer, herefore, stepped without any trouble into the possession of the estate. She bestowed upon her illegitimate half-sister a sufficient income to maintain her in the position of a lady, during the remainder of her life, which was not a happy one, for the unmerited disgrace that had fallen upon her embittered the proud girl's existence. Lady Trevor no longer opposed her son's marriage with the heiress of Barrington Height, and in due time Josephine became the bride of Sir Gerard Trevor.

Dinah Blake did not live long after the burning of Elm Lodge. Her previous confinement had injured her health, but while life continued she was well cared for by Josephine, who forgave the injury she had done her in carrying out her revenge, and did all in her power to brighten the evening of her sad lonely life, embittered by vindictive feelings. Dinah Blake died penitent for the wrong she had done, and was buried beside Norah in the Friary of St. Bride, where she sleeps the long sleep of death, with the ivy-covered ruins around, and the wild roar of the Atlantic coming up from the shore below.

THE END.

DROWNED AT THE FORD.

BY E. W. THOMSON.

BURKE was my chum at Richmond.
Didn't know him :—you say.
Is he dead? Yes, dead and buried,
Many and many a day.
Drowned at the Appomattox,
Trying to cross the ford
In the night, when the tossing river
With fury raged and roared.

How was it? We two together
Were posted on vidette.
How well I remember us chatting,
While shivering in the wet.
His wife, he said, was lying
Weak as the child she gave birth;
Not dead, but as surely dying
As a blossom floats to earth.

You see these two had married
Only a year before,
When he was at home on furlough,
For a month, or maybe more.
Their parting was all that wakened
Them from their dream of bliss;
Love had lost none of its glory,
Nor the rapture of a kiss.

Well, we talked in the rain together,
As quiet our horses stood.—
I tried to make him more hopeful,
And cheered him all I could.
The only noise, when we listened,
Was the falling of the rain;
And sounds from the forest near us,
As if the trees were in pain.

Now and then, through the darkness,
Out toward Hatcher's Run,
We could hear the sullen booming
Of some far distant gun.
Nothing was heard to alarm us,
But danger seemed to be near,—
When suddenly both of us fired,
At the sound of an oath in our rear.

Before our reins we could gather
Our fire was returned,
Just here upon the shoulder
I seemed to have been burned.
Fifty of them were on us;
Each of us drew our sword,
Struck right and left among them,
And galloped for the ford.

We never thought of the torrent,
Caused by a week of rain,
Till we were close upon it,—
Too late then to draw rein.
We were swimming before we knew it,
And the swollen water's force
Bore horse and rider together
Downward with its course.

Off went carbine and sabre,
We cut away our boots;
Threw ourselves from the saddles,
And left the shrieking brutes.
Burke was a mighty swimmer,
But I had lost my strength,
For the bullet in my shoulder
Was troubling me at length.

He just kept me from drowning,
Till, as we passed a tree,
He seized a branch and held it,
And helped me to get free.
But while I stood in safety,
I heard him give one gasp,—
A root had struck and torn him
Suddenly from his grasp.

We found him, two days after,
  Clasping firm in his hand
A long, bright tress of woman's hair,—
  Yellow as golden sand.
His body was frightfully mangled,
  But the smile on his lips was so plain,
That I think before he closed them
  He saw his wife again.

ALMONTE.

JESSIE'S LAW SUIT.

A TALE OF THE BAY OF QUINTÉ.

BY C. W. COOPER.

CHAPTER I.

THE RETAINING FEE.

THERE was no shadow of doubt that Edgar was "over head and ears" in love with my cousin Jessie, and was regarded by all the family as her lover, but what Jessie's feelings in the matter were was not so generally known; there had been a whisper that she had refused him, but his visits were still continued, apparently on the same footing as ever. This was the state of matters at the time of my first visit. Now, of course, my advent led to a good deal of conversation on family matters and connections, and I then learnt Jessie's little history. Her father, the brother of my host, Mr. Hermann, had formerly owned and occupied a fine farm on the shores of the Bay, not far distant from Mr. Hermann's, and was looked on as a prosperous well-to-do yeoman. He married a young and pretty girl of more than ordinary attainments for those times, and Jessie was their only child —but whilst Jessie was still young, but not before she had trained her young heart and mind after the model of her own, the mother died. Her loss was to poor Jacob Hermann a blow from which he never recovered—she had been his good angel, and when she was gone he became aimless and dispirited, and after a time negligent of his business, and finally became addicted to the ever-baneful whiskey. Just then came the so-called Canadian Rebellion, and Jacob's restless spirit led him to lend himself to some extent to the designs of the discontented leaders of that insane movement, not that he committed himself to any overt act of treason, or stood in any danger of loss of either life or property; the chances being that if he had staid quietly at home no notice would have been taken of him, as he was known and admitted to be a harmless inoffensive man, but this Jacob would not do; and when the disturbance broke out Jacob borrowed a few hundred dollars of a neighbour of the name of Rogers, and left for the States. To secure the repayment of this money, Jacob made over to Rogers his farm, sold it him, as Rogers always asserted, and considering the disturbed state of the country, and the anxiety of Jacob to leave, such a transaction

was, in one of Jacob's habits, not at all improbable. The farm was now worth from $6,000 to $10,000, and even at the time referred to, the sum received by Jacob was scarcely a tithe of its value; nevertheless, such sales had, under similar circumstances, been made by others, and Rogers kept the farm. Little Jessie accompanied her father, and for a short period after their settlement in the States things went well with them—Jacob denied himself the bottle, the change of life affected him favourably, and he often spoke to Jessie of some day returning to Canada. Jessie says that at this period he saved money, and sent some to Mr. Rogers, but she was too young to understand the transaction. Jacob's evil propensities again beset him; that is, his weakness for drink, for it was his only failing, and he at last died poor and almost friendless, leaving his orphan daughter to the care of strangers. His brother sent for the little girl, who had lived with him ever since, almost in sight of the old homestead, her birth-place and childhood's home—the now well tilled farm of Squire Rogers.

"If every one had their rights," said Mr. Hermann, after recounting the fate of his brother, "I believe that the Rogers' place would belong to Jessie."

"Oh! stuff, Uncle, that's what you have often said, but it is only putting nonsense into your little niece's head. It is gone, and it can't be helped, and it is too late now to think about it, it would be far better to forget it was ever in the family, though I, for my part, should find that a little difficult, as I sometimes catch myself peeping over the fences at some familiar tree or spot that calls up old times, but I intend breaking myself of the habit, as I know it does no good."

"Well, nothing will ever persuade me your father intended to sell Rogers the place for some $300, he always told me he had mortgaged it to him, and you know he often spoke to you of returning to it."

"That is true, Uncle, but you have yourself seen Mr. Rogers' deed for it, and a deed is a deed we all know, even without the aid of Edgar," she said, half playfully, but with a mixture of sadness in her tone, as she looked in his face.

"Well, I wish you had it, it would only be your right."

"I wish so too, Uncle, for your sake, after all the trouble I have given you."

"Tush, child, wish it for your own sake, or for some one else's."

"Well, I do, Uncle," muttered Jessie, lowly, and blushing, but the words reached Edgar, and he thought he had found a clue to some little difficulties he had experienced in the course of his wooing.

Mr. Hermann left the verandah to replenish his pipe, and Edgar's arm stole round Jessie's waist as they disappeared among the green vine leaves.

"Jessie, there may be more in this than you seem to think, but I don't know whether if you owned such a property I dare ask you to be mine. You would be quite a little heiress." This was said jokingly, but there was something in the tone that induced Jessie to reply.

"There you know you wrong me, Edgar, it is useless to talk about it, or distract our minds about what might be, in so improbable a case, but I do certainly wish it was, Edgar, just to be able to show you how little you understand me," and a tear stole from beneath the dark eyelashes.

"Jessie, dear, you are far too wise, and too good, and too gentle. I understand your scruples now."

"Hush, Edgar, let us talk about the wonderful farm that is to make me so rich."

"Well, I really think the circumstances worth enquiring into. May I talk to your uncle farther about it, and have your sanction for anything I may deem it necessary to do?"

"Certainly, if Uncle thinks it right."

"And now my fee," said the young lawyer, as he drew fair Jessie closer to his side.

"That will do, sauce-box!"

"Oh! a retainer is a fee, a reward, a gift given and proffered by the client, now, that was not given me at all, I took it."

"There! there! now say good night. I never will have anything to do with lawyers again."—

And Jessie became Edgar's client.

CHAPTER II.

THE DEFENDANT.

I'll tell the truth. He was a man
Hard, selfish, loving only gold,
Yet full of guile.
Rosiland & Hellen.

THERE was scarcely a prettier farm along the whole of the shore of the Bay of Quinté than the Rogers', or as some persisted in calling it, the old Jacob Hermann place. The old original homestead stood on a slight rise, a little inland. The ground fell in front of the house, and then ran out into a point of level land some distance into the Bay, and formed what is still known as Hermann's Point. The trees had been thinned away on this point, which had now the appearance of a fine park. An avenue of flowering acacias, of large size, led up to the house, which was surrounded by quite a wilderness of lilacs and syringas, and flanked by an extensive orchard. The old place had still a pleasant home-look about it, though long neglected. The park was kept clear of the fallen limbs and rubbish, for it made a capital sheep-walk, and the orchard was not entirely neglected, for it still afforded a fair yield, but the long avenue was grass-grown, and the lilacs and syrangas grew unpruned into a thick copse. The old place was uninhabited save occasionally by some farm-servant of the present proprietor, and he had built himself a new residence on the portion of the property nearest the neighbouring village, and where the road ran near the bank, leaving him just room for his residence and garden between the road and the water. Here he had erected a large white house, with green venetian shutters, and surrounded it with a garden within a tall white picket fence, unornamented and unrelieved by shade or ornamental trees. The staring white building was conspicuous from land and water. It was sprucely kept, and clean, and well painted, and looked new, and hard and bare like its owner, who now sat on the painted verandah in the enjoyment of the calm of an autumn afternoon. The view from Mark Rogers verandah was very fair—the waters of the Bay glinted in the purple rays of the declining sun, the distant woods and islands were clothed in the autumnal shades of changing yellow and red of the maple and other trees, the trading schooners spread their white sails that idly flapped in the falling breeze, the distant steamer left a snake-like ruffled wake behind her as she drew near on her trip up the Bay, and the late flowers that still bloomed in the somewhat trim garden around still linked the early autumn with the receding summer. Mark Rogers' eye rested on the pleasant scene, and fell on the well stocked barns around the old frame-house, and the numerous stacks of grain that filled the stock-yard, and he mentally calculated what their value would be before spring. The beauties of the evening did not distract Mark Rogers thoughts from that practical consideration—for Mark was not sentimentally inclined—a practical man was Rogers, and his practical character had stood him in good stead, for he was the richest merchant and landholder in the neighbourhood; that is to say, he kept a country-shop or store in the neighbouring village, which though very unpretentious in its outward appearance, made Mr. Rogers "a merchant" in local parlance; and the Government had

made him a Magistrate; and the Court of Queen's Bench had made him a Commissioner for taking affidavits; and nature and his own heart had made him a hard, shrewd, money-getting, unscrupulous, grasping man; and fortune and his own untiring energies and some not over-scrupulous mortgage and loan transactions had made him a rich one.

Mark drove a good business in his dingy looking store, and would haggle over and perhaps cheat a farmer's wife in a deal over a basket of eggs with as much avidity as in his earliest days. Mark was not proud or above his business, not he, he looked after everything himself—but still Mark was disturbed this evening; he had caught his eldest boy robbing his till, and strongly suspected that sundry depredations that had been committed lately in the village Post-office and elsewhere might be traced to the same source. It now occurred to him that whilst looking after everything himself he had found no time to inculcate in the boy's mind the necessity of honesty—it never struck him that his own example, and his boastful chuckling over some successful piece of "extra" shrewdness on his own part, might possibly have a somewhat opposite tendency to teaching the youth a high moral lesson. He was vexed and annoyed, and his pride hurt, lest the matter should get wind, and his own respectability suffer thereby, and he was muttering threats of what he would do to the young vagabond, when a horseman stopped at his gate. I have written horseman, for the man had a horse; but he drove him as every traveller here seems to do, in a buggy, or, as in this case, in a "sulky." The roads in the neighbourhood are good, and people appear to prefer this easier and lazier, but less healthy mode of locomotion to the saddle. The visitor was well known to Mr. Rogers, being the sheriff's bailiff from the neighbouring town, and had often been employed by Mark in the course of his numerous transactions. But no seedy-looking Israelite is he, but the son of one of the earliest settlers, and owner of a good farm in the neighbourhood, who has adopted his present calling because he can make money at it. But Mark's brow darkened as he appeared, for somehow he connected his visit with the conduct of his boy.

"Well, Mr. Lowe, what news?" the Squire asked.

"Nothing new, Squire."

"Has that stuck-up English doctor in Fredericksburg paid off his execution yet?"

"Can't say, Squire, it warn't in my hands; you'd best enquire at the office."

"Oh! well, I will. I know he's a long-winded customer; and if I don't look after it, it will lie as long in your sheriff's office as in the debtor's hands. You're a pretty set, you all are."

"But what's up," resumed the speaker "you havn't got any writ agen me, I suppose." And Mark drew himself up in the dignified consciousness of owing no man anything.

"Well, not exactly, Squire, but I was directed to hand you this. It is not a writ, but some paper out of Chancery."

"Well, let's see," answered the Squire, as he took the document with feigned indifference, but with a good deal of secret misgiving. "What's all this? Hermann, plaintiff; Rogers, defendant; and who the devil is Edgar W. Paul who figures on the back?"

"Oh, he's the lawyer employed against you. Don't you know him, a young fellow, comes out to Frank Hermann's a good deal?"

"Yes, I know the fellow; some petty-fogging scoundrel. He wrote me a letter; I suppose this is about the same matter,—the Jacob Hermann property. But I took no notice of him. I suppose they want to squeeze something out of me to buy them off; but they can't come that game over me. I've got my deed, and I've paid for the place, and the devil himself can't shake my title."

"Who claims it, Mr. Rogers,—old Jacob's daughter?"

"Yes, I suppose so; and I guess the lawyer is spoonying after her or the place; for if I know Frank Hermann, he's not likely to fool away money in any such a way. I reckon he's enough to do to take care of himself. He mortgaged his farm to repair the old barn he lives in; and," musingly continued Rogers, "I fancy the mortgage could be bought cheap. I tell you what, Lowe, you might do worse than look after old Jacob's daughter yourself, and not let that half-alive fellow come sneaking after her. If you can get her, I'll give her £50 to buy wedding fixings; and you can get her to confirm the old man's deed, and drop all this silly nonsense of a suit. It will all amount to nothing, as you can very well see by looking at the deed. You can call on Mr. Chooks, my lawyer, whom you know very well, and he will tell you the same."

"I'm afraid that would not work, Squire."

"What? — about the girl? Well, but whether or no, you could see Frank Hermann, and give him to know you've seen the deed, and what Lawyer Chooks thinks of the matter; and you can tell them that, just for peace sake, and out of regard to the Hermann folks,—nothing else,—I'll give Jessie a hundred dollars to buy herself dresses. If you manage this, I'll make you a present of the other hundred dollars."

"Well, Squire, I'll try, as you wish it; but I don't think we can come it. It strikes me they have taken good advice, and know what they're about. This same Edgar Paul is a smart man."

"Hang him," muttered Rogers.

"Take something, Lowe, before you go."

"I don't care." And the spirit bottle was produced, and Lowe took a tumbler of whiskey and water strong, and departed.

CHAPTER III.

L—A—W—LAW.

"If you're fond of botheration,
Or sweet procrastination,
You're just in a situation
To enjoy a suit at law."

A VERY nasty and disagreeable thing is a law-suit; and no law-suit can come in a more nasty and disagreeable shape than that of "a Bill in Chancery." The very name conjures up protracted miseries, endless litigation, interminable costs, and tedious vexations. This tribunal of Dame Justice is not a popular one evidently in Canada, any more than in England. Men like Rogers dislike it particularly,—they "don't see any necessity for the court at all. If a man is dragged into it, he don't know what may happen before he gets out. If a man pays for a place, and gets his deed, what more can be wanted? One can't even foreclose a mortgage in it without all sorts of questions cropping up, about usury, or the amount advanced, or something or other, as if a mortage did not show on the face of it what was due without all that fuss." Thus mused Rogers, as he sat alone at Lowe's departure, with the unopened paper in his hand. He sat sometime thus, but what his thoughts were none may say. At length he called for lights, and opened the document that had set him thinking. It was not very long nor very formidable-looking,—a few pages of manuscript, in a large, clear, clerkly hand, and a printed back, all neatly tied at the corner. But if the statements therein are true, it may cost Mr. Rogers Hermann's Point. What says it? Did the reader ever see such a document? Does he suppose it to be written in Norman-French, in bad Latin, or in incomprehensible legal phraseology, which none but the initiated can comprehend? If so, he is greatly mistaken. Jessie has preserved a copy of this (to her) inter-

esting document. It will help my story along to give it verbatim, and the reader can read it as a curiosity, and perhaps find interest in it too. We beg that he or she will not skip it. Apart from the entitling in a certain court, and the "style of the cause," this formidable bill simply "states" thus:—

"That some time in or about the year 1837, Jacob Hermann, then of the Township of Fredericksburg, since deceased, being seized in fee simple in possession of certain lands and premises known as (and here follows a brief description of the Herman Point Farm); and being indebted to the defendant Marcus Rogers in the sum of $300 for money loaned and advanced to him, the said Jacob Hermann, on the security of the said lands and premises, made and executed to the said defendant a deed of conveyance of the said premises, which said deed purported to convey the said premises absolutely, and the said defendant made and executed to the said Jacob Hermann a bond of defeasance, bearing even date with said deed of conveyance, whereby he undertook and covenanted to reconvey to the said Jacob Hermann, his heirs or assigns, the said above-described-premises, on payment by him, his heirs, executors, or administrators, of the said sum of $300 and interest, within —— years from the day of the date thereof. That the said defendant entered into possession of the said premises (on a certain date), and has since continued, and now is in possession of the same, and has received the rents and profits of the same to a large amount, and far more than sufficient to pay off the mortgage debt and interest. That the said Jacob Hermann left the Province on or about ——, and resided in the U. S. of America, without the jurisdiction of the Court, until on or about the ——, when he departed this life, leaving the plaintiff, his heiress at law, him surviving.

"That said Jacob Hermann, in his lifetime, and plaintiff since, has frequently applied to defendant to be permitted to redeem said premises, and offered to pay the balance, if any, due on said mortgage; but defendant has always refused to allow the said premises to be redeemed, fraudulently claiming, and pretending that he has an indefeasible title in fee simple to the said premises, under the said deed.

"That the said premises are now worth the sum of ——, and were at the time of the execution of the said deed well worth the sum of ——."

And the plaintiff prayed to be allowed to redeem the said premises, on payment of what, if anything, was due to defendant, &c.; and for certain accounts to be taken with that object. And that was all! Mark Rogers' face rather brightened as he perused this specimen of chancery pleading. "I guess," muttered he, "they don't know much about the matter. They can't prove it, anyhow; and if that's all it amounts to, I don't know that I would much care about investing that $200." And Mark took a glass of grog in apparent good humour, and went to bed considerably relieved.

I don't intend to inflict on the reader all the details of the progress of Jessie's suit. We will only glance at the leading facts as far as it is necessary to the development of our narrative. A good deal of interest was evinced in the neighbourhood in the result of the case. Jessie, on the one hand, was a favourite, and had many friends who heartily wished her success; whilst, on the other, Roger's position and influence brought around him many who professed to sympathise with him under the vexation and annoyance of what they professed to look on as an unfounded and absurd claim; and many of these were very sincere, inasmuch as they had some cause to dread being defendants in similar cases.

Edgar never had the slightest doubt of the strict justice of Jessie's claim. From what he had learnt from Mr. Hermann and others, he felt convinced that Jacob Her-

mann had been imposed upon, and that some fraud had been practised upon him in the acquisition of the property by Rogers. He felt sure, too, that Jacob Hermann had never acquiesced in the absolute title assumed by Rogers, and looked on the remittances of money on account to Rogers as strong evidence of that fact. Jessie had been a minor since her father's death, and brought her suit immediately on coming of age. But it was one thing to be quite certain of these facts, and quite another to be able to establish them. All knowledge of the real circumstances appeared to be confined to the parties themselves. The account of the transaction being other than a sale was altogether derived from Jacob Hermann, and would amount to nothing in the mouth of a witness. No admission could be traced to Rogers, who had carefully kept his own counsel. As yet, no discovery had been made of any papers belonging to Jacob Hermann shewing that the transaction was a mortgage, or even any to shew the payment of the money alleged by Jessie to have been remitted to Rogers. The land could easily be proved to have been worth a much larger sum than that advanced; but this inadequacy of price, although gross, Edgar well knew would not of itself be sufficient to set aside the sale, or establish the case set up on Jessie's part. Rogers' defence or answer had been put in denying distinctly that the tranaction was other than an absolute sale; denying also the receipt of payments; negativing, in fact, the plaintiff's bill altogether. Edgar might be pardoned if he began to question whether he had not proceeded somewhat hastily, and on insufficient grounds, and brought an action he should fail to establish. His anxiety knew no bounds; and Jessie had often to banter him into a more hopeful humour. She was apparently the least concerned in the matter. She had yielded to the wishes of her friends, and sanctioned the suit, but was certainly not going to break her heart if it failed. She did not think her uncle was tired of her, she told Edgar, or would turn her out of doors if the suit was lost, at which her uncle laughed, and Edgar half frowned; and so animated to fresh exertion, but very fearful of the ultimate results, he would go back to his briefs. He spared no pains, however, to supply the required links in the chain of evidence. He took a journey to the neighbourhood where Jacob Hermann had died. He found there an old man, named Simmonds, with whom Jacob Hermann had lived, and in whose house he had died. Simmonds had lived in Canada, and knew Jacob Hermann before he left there. He was a strange old mortal, and had not left a very good character behind him; not that any one could say more of him than that he preferred hunting, shooting, and trapping to steady work, and loved whiskey, and a good deal of it. But he was looked upon as a shiftless, ne'er-do-well fellow; and Edgar did not think that much could be made of the evidence of such a man. Simmonds could only say that Jacob Hermann always told him he had mortgaged his place to Rogers for $300; that he remembered paying him money to remit to Rogers; that he understood and believed he did remit it; did not mail it or see it mailed himself; told him he had sent it; and he denied having any papers belonging to Jacob Hermann. This was the extent of the information Edgar obtained by his journey; but he determined to send for Simmonds when the examination of witnesses came on, trusting to eliciting something fresh from him.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRIAL.

"Speak truth and shame the devil."
"Do you confess the bond?"

THE eventful day fixed for "the examination of witnesses" arrived, and Edgar had not obtained any further evidence.

It was a dark blustering day in November when the Court opened, at the neighbouring county town. The Court-house, a massive stone building, overlooks the bay, and the "white caps" on the waves were seen from the large windows of the Court-room, as the storm dashed over the waters; those within were too anxious to heed the weather, but the dreary day did not tend to enliven their spirits. Other proceedings occupied the time during the morning, and the hours dragged slowly on, until at last the case of Hermann v. Rogers was called —more than usual interest appeared to be created by the cause. Jessie had insisted on being present, and Mr. Hermann and most of his family had accompanied her, they had fortunately come the day previous; many friends and acquaintances had joined them, both from town and country. Mr. Rogers was, of course, there, with his acquaintances and persons with whom he had dealings, who flocked to hear the issue of the suit.

The evening was setting in when the cause was called. The numerous jets of gas were burning dimly (not having yet been turned on in force) and the Court room wore a gloomy appearance, as Edgar rose to open his case. I had not before seen Edgar in his gown, and I thought it became him well. I instinctively looked towards Jessie; I have no doubt the same idea was passing in her mind, her eyes were earnestly bent on her lover and advocate, and I really think she felt more interest in the proceedings on his account than on her own. The whole scene to my mind was deeply interesting; the quiet impassive, dignified judge sat in his silk robes, in almost solemn state, and his calm and unmoved air contrasted markedly with the suppressed eagerness and anxiety of contending counsel. The counsel in the cause, four in all, drew their black gowns round them, and prepared for business; the sheriff of the county in formal cut uniform of black with silver scabbarded sword, sat sedately, and looked as grave as if he was something more in the group than an automaton figure. Jessie's heart fluttered as she heard her name called by those sage looking men. Edgar read the plaintiff's bill, a copy of the interesting document which Mr. Lowe had served on Rogers, and then quietly sat down. The opposing counsel read the answer or defence of Mr. Rogers, a statement on oath denying the allegations by the plaintiff, so far as it was alleged that the transaction was a mortgage, and then he resumed his seat.

THE COURT—"The only question appears to be mortgage or no mortgage."

EDGAR—"Exactly, my Lord, our case, I may say, rests altogether upon that."

THE COURT—"How do you propose to prove it? Is this the only exhibit?" (The deed.) Do you rely on parole evidence?"

EDGAR—"Yes, my Lord."

THE COURT—"Do you think that is admissable in such a case to vary a written instrument?"

EDGAR—"I do, my Lord, I think it competent for me to show that this instrument, apparently a deed, was so made through fraud on part of the defendant, and is in fact a mortgage."

THE COURT—"And to establish that fact by parole evidence?"

THE OPPOSING COUNSEL—"I was about to take the same objection. I object to the reception of any evidence except documentary to alter the character of this deed."

THE COURT—"Is the execution of the deed admitted?"

OPPOSING COUNSEL—"No, my learned friends have declined to admit its execution and we have the subscribing witness in Court."

THE COURT—"Well, the case had better proceed, subject, of course, to your objection, which must be disposed of at the hearing. Proceed, Mr. Paul."

EDGAR—"I call the subscribing witness to this deed, James Gleason."

The witness stepped into the box.

"Look at this paper,"

"I do."

"Have you seen it before, and is this your name."

"Yes, that is my signature."

"Whose signature is this?"

"Mr. Jacob Hermann's."

OPPOSING COUNSEL—"You are proving our case, Mr. Paul."

EDGAR—"Wait awhile; witness did you see Mr. Hermann sign his name, and when and where?"

"Yes, on the—— day of ——, 1837, the day of the date of the deed, and it was at Fredericksburg, in Mr. Roger's back store."

EDGAR—"Who were present?"

"Mr. Rogers, Mr. Hermann, Mr. Hart, who is since dead, and myself, I don't recollect any one else, there might have been, however."

EDGAR—"Was there any other instrument signed by them at that time."

OPPOSING COUNSEL—"If my learned friend is going to prove any bond or other document, let him produce it. I submit the question is not a proper one."

THE COURT—"I think the question is a fair one, of course he cannot go into its contents without producing or accounting for it. Go on witness."

WITNESS—"I think there was another paper signed. It was signed by Mr. Rogers, Mr. Hart and myself witnessed it."

EDGAR—"What became of that paper? Did Mr. Rogers get it?"

"I don't know."

Opposing Counsel rising with a smile.

"It may save my learned friend some trouble, perhaps, and also save the expenditure of unnecessary time, for me to say, that the paper referred to, was merely the memorial of the deed, it is registered on the affidavit of Mr. Hart, and this witness and Mr. Hart, are the subscribing witnesses to it."

THE COURT—"That appears probable. Witness, do you know what description of document it was? Was it the memorial of the deed?"

WITNESS—"I don't know, my Lord, I only happened into the store, and they called me into the back room to witness the signatures."

THE COURT—"Was it a written or a printed paper?"

WITNESS—"Printed I think, my Lord, with the blanks filled in, something like this, only smaller."

THE COURT—"Evidently the memorial. Well proceed."

EDGAR—"Did you see any other paper executed at that time?"

"No."

"Did you see any other papers at all?"

"There were papers on the table, but I went away after putting my name to the two I have mentioned."

THE COURT—"Any further questions?"

"None, my Lord."

The witness went down, Edgar could not completely conceal his chagrin, for he felt that the case was breaking down under him, he had hoped to have wormed something out of the witness.

"One moment, witness, go into the box again. Was anything said by either of the parties about the effect of the deed or about redeeming the land, and if so what?"

OPPOSING COUNSEL—"I object again."

THE COURT—"Never mind, Mr. ——, we will consider the objection at the hearing, it amounts to nothing if the witness answers in the negative,and it may save time. Well was anything said?"

"Nothing, my Lord, that I heard."

The witness left the box, Edgar kept his eyes on his Brief, he conferred a few minutes with his senior.

"There is no other course," he muttered, "I call the defendant, Marcus Rogers."

THE COURT—"Has notice been given?"

"Yes, my Lord, here's the affidavit of service."

OPPOSING COUNSEL—"We admit the notice, Mr. Rogers go into the box."

EDGAR—"Mr. Rogers, at the time of the execution of the deed, was there any other document executed between you and Mr. Hermann, besides, of course, the memorial to the deed?"

OPPOSING COUNSEL—"I submit, my Lord, that my learned friend must produce any document he asks the witness to prove or admit."

EDGAR—"Do have patience, perhaps I may trace it to your possession, of course, I should not then be called to produce it."

THE COURT—"I think the question admissable; answer witness."

And the judge turned and looked the defendant full in the face; at that moment the gas was turned on fully, and Rogers visibly paled as the glare fell on his features.

EDGAR—"Answer on your oath, were the deed and the memorial the only writings between you and Mr. Hermann?"

"They were," slowly and firmly answered the witness.

OPPOSING COUNSEL—"He has already sworn so in his answer."

EDGAR—"Was there any and what verbal agreement between you and Mr. Hermann about the land: any agreement as to its redemption?"

OPPOSING COUNSEL—"I submit the defendant is not bound to answer: it is no evidence under the pleadings and would not show any agreement this Court would enforce."

THE COURT.—"I agree with you that a verbal agreement contrary to the tenor of the deed would not be enforced; but there may be other circumstances, such as part performance or fraud, which the defendant is bound to disclose, the witness therefore must answer.

ROGER—"There was no verbal agreement of any kind between us."

EDGAR—"What was the consideration money for the deed?"

"Three hundred dollars."

"Did you ever receive any portion of that money back? Was any of it repaid you, and why?"

The defendant freely answered, "No, never."

Edgar sat down.

The opposing counsel cross-examined Rogers as to what he considered the value of the land at the time of the sale, the amount of improvements he had made, &c.; and Rogers left the box.

Jessie's friends were despondent, poor Jessie herself was still in Court, casting encouraging glances at her anxious counsel, and looking the most cheerful of all the parties concerned, though she understood enough to know the hopelessness of her case, if she had not read it in Edgar's eyes.

"Call Jacob Simmonds."

Jacob, or Jake Simmonds, a tall, stooping, high-shouldered, sharp-featured, slouching old man, took the stand, the counsel of Rogers looked enquiringly at each other and whispered with their client, he looked puzzled but by no means alarmed.

EDGAR—"You formerly lived in Canada?"

"Wa'al, ye'ss."

"Where do you live now?" The witness told him, and that he left Canada about 1837; had known Jacob Hermann well, intimately; when he came to the States, he and his daughter lived for a while at witness' house.

"Do you know of Jacob Hermann's ever sending money to Mr. Rogers, and on what account?"

"Yes, the first year or two he was over he wrought hard and steady and put by money; he sent some to Mr. Rogers in the fall of '39, on account of money he got of Mr. Rogers to come away with."

Cross-examined—"How much was it?"

"Can't remember me for certain, between $100 and $200."

"Did you see the money?"

"I did and helped make it up and direct it."

"Did you see it mailed."

"I did not; the Post-office was a mile or two from my place, and Mr. Hermann took it down himself."

"How do you know he mailed it?"

"He told me so himself, I'm sure enough of it."

"Did you ever hear Mr. Rogers say so?"

"No, I did not, but I know wa'al it was sent."

"You can't know that unless you saw it sent." "You've come a long way to tell us very little, you may go down." Jacob Simmonds left the box in very evident ill-humour.

After some general evidence as to value, the Judge asked bluntly, "Is that the case for the plaintiff?"

"I am afraid I must say yes, My Lord," Edgar answered, trying to look unmoved, and to assume an air of professional indifference.

THE COURT—"I fear it is but a bald one, and perhaps you will scarcely deem it necessary to carry it to a hearing. I thought at one time you were about to give evidence of a bond of defeasance, but in the absence of any proof of such a bond——" The eager counsel were holding their breath, perfect stillness prevailed, broken only by the calm measured tones of the Judge.

"Hold on, Mister Judge! let me address the congregation," exclaimed Jake Simmonds, suddenly raising his tall, gaunt figure from the bench whereon he sat. The Judge stopped and looked a little surprised, but with difficulty suppressed a smile; the most anxious present hardly forbore to laugh at this somewhat unseemly interruption. Edgar eagerly stepped over to Simmonds and begged him to be still, and then led him aside and conferred with him for a short minute, he then turned and addressed the Court.

"Before your Lordship proceeds I beg to ask permission to recall the witness Simmonds, at the same time I beg on his part to apologise for his rather rude interruption, I am quite sure he meant nothing improper."

THE COURT—"What do you say, Mr. —."

"Well, my Lord, I can't reasonably object I suppose, but it is a little unusual."

THE COURT—"Witness, go into the box again. Well, Mr. Paul."

Edgar's eyes glistened with excitement, but he calmed himself by a mighty effort, though he did not trust himself to look towards where Jessie sat.

EDGAR TO THE WITNESS—"I omitted to ask you, when under examination before, if Jacob Hermann left any papers when he died."

"Wa'al, he did."

"Have you them?"

"Wa'al, yes, I found these here two papers, and some others that did not seem of much account, but these looked as though they were of some use in this same business, so I fetched them along."

"What are they? Produce them."

And the witness, with great deliberation and very slowly, drew from the inside breast pocket of his coat two soiled papers; every breath was hushed, and you could have heard a pin drop in that large Court-room during the few minutes (to Edgar ages) he was going through this process. Even his Lordship appear to catch the excitement, and watched the witness intently.

The Judge took the papers.

"Why did you not produce these before?"

"I wasn't axed to, your Honour."

"Did you tell the counsel you had them?"

"On the contrary, my Lord," interrupted Edgar, "he told me he had no such papers."

"Why was that, witness?"

"I wasn't on oath then, your Honour,' quietly answered Jake, with a leer.

The Judge eyed him severely for a mo-

ment and then proceeded :—"One is a letter from the defendant acknowledging the receipt of $150—the other appears to be a bond of defeasance by Rogers, with the usual covenants to recovery; it bears date the —— day of —— 1837, which, I think, is the same date as the deed. It will, of course, be necessary to prove this, Mr. Paul. It is witnessed by Hart, the witness to the deed since dead I understand, and"——

Opposing Counsel—"Permit me to see the instrument, my Lord. This is quite new to us, we will submit it to our client, and crave your Lordship's indulgence for a few moments."

But their client was not at hand, no one had noticed Mr. Rogers' departure; but he had quietly withdrawn at the first mention of the bond.

The opposing counsel looked very much crest-fallen, and, addressing the Court, remarked :—"I trust the Court is satisfied that this is the first knowledge we have had of the existence of any such bond. I shall have to leave my learned friend to prove it in the usual way, although I am satisfied, on looking at it, that the signature is Mr. Rogers', but I can make no admissions, having concluded with the learned gentleman who is with me to withdraw entirely from the case."

The Court—"You must judge yourself of your proper course. I can only say that the defendant's conduct is most extraordinary, and I shall consider the propriety of proceedings before another tribunal."

But I have no patience to write the dry details that had still to be gone through before the case was completely closed. Every one present understood enough of the proceedings to know that Jessie had virtually won her cause; and an audible buzz of congratulation arose in the Court-room, which no attempts were made to suppress. Can my readers doubt that Edgar also won *his* suit. I have only to add that Rogers, who had evidently speculated on the chances of the bond being lost, or its existence being unknown to the present claimant, she being but a child at the time of her father's death, did not appear at his usual haunts after the trial, and the brightly painted white house on the Bay shore soon after passed into other hands.

A CHAPTER OF FRENCH HISTORY.

BY JOHN READE.

FEBRUARY, 1848.

"VIVE la Republique !" We stand on Tyranny's grave ;
The days of the Kings are o'er, and Freedom sits on her throne :
In the broad, fair fields of France there is no more room for a slave ;
And the only despots now are those that are carved in stone.

DECEMBER, 1848.

Hail to our President-prince ! Hail to the people's choice !
Hail to him who alone can make us a nation of men !
We are sick of this weak Assembly, that hasn't a ruling voice ;
Back to our hearts, Napoleon ! Let France be France again !

1851–1853.

"Coup d'état!!" "Ce n'est pas sa faute." Hail to the lord of France!
His spirit is great as his name, and a Bonaparte sits on the throne:
How bravely he rides his steed, as his legions renowned advance!
"Partant pour la Syrie," now Britain and France are one.

1859–1867.

"La gloire!" who won it for us? Who but our cherished lord?
Who tamed Austria's pride, and made Italy wild with glee?
Who made Mexico— Bah! they are but a barbarous horde—
Where such a nation as France? and where such a ruler as he?

JULY, 1870.

"Mais ces Allemands"—it is true they are strong, but they must be cowed:
"Les bêtes!" when we cut their throats they will sing no more of the Rhine!
Who but our lord shall lead us to death or victory proud?
Send the word back to Paris—*we* have drank German wine!

SEPTEMBER, 1870.

Napoleon is taken, they say. "Eh bien," then never again
Will he spoil, and fine, and imprison, and hold our lives in his hand.
Now, let us fight for France, since France is a nation of men.
"Vive la Republique!" *Our* France is a glorious land.

MARCH, 1871.

"A bas les faux tyrans!" They have sold us like oxen or sheep;
And the hoofs of the strangers' steeds have trampled our little ones down.
'Vive la Commune!" Ha! ha! how the fiery serpents creep—
Hungry and mad like ourselves—through the blood-wet streets of the town!

Down with the gilded pride of the palaces built with our blood!
Down with the columns raised on the starving orphan's tears!
Death to the lying priests who steal in the name of God—
Who live on the fat of the land through an abject people's fears!

JUNE, 1871.

Do we wake from a hideous dream? Thank God! it is over at last.
Thank God for what he has left us, and let us be modest and wise:
Let us work each one for the good of the whole, and not like the past,
When every one grasped for himself, and the basis of all was lies.

MONTREAL.

THE GREAT DUEL OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.*

AN EPISODE OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

THE Thirty Years' War is an old story, but its interest has been recently revived. The conflict, between Austria and German Independence commenced in the struggle of the Protestant Princes against Charles V., and, continued on these battle-fields, was renewed and decided at Sadowa. At Sadowa Germany was fighting for unity as well as for independence. But in the Thirty Years' War it was Austria that with her Croats, the Jesuits who inspired her councils, and her Spanish allies, sought to impose a unity of death, against which Protestant Germany struggled, preserving herself for a unity of life which, opened by the victories of Frederick the Great, and, more nobly promoted by the great uprising of the nation against the tyranny of Napoleon, was finally accomplished at Sadowa, and ratified against French jealousy at Sedan. Costly has been the achievement; lavish has been the expenditure of German blood, severe the sufferings of the German people. It is the lot of all who aspire high: no man or nation ever was dandled into greatness.

The Thirty Years' War was a real world-contest. Austria and Spain drew after them all the powers of reaction: all the powers of liberty and progress were arrayed on the other side. The half-barbarous powers that lay between civilized Europe and Turkey mingled in the conflict: Turkey herself was drawn diplomatically into the vortex. In the mines of Mexico and Peru the Indian toiled to furnish both the Austrian and Spanish hosts. The Treaty of Westphalia, which concluded the struggle, long remained the public law of Europe.

Half religious, half political, in its character, this war stands midway between the religious wars of the sixteenth century and the political wars of the eighteenth. France took the political view; and, while she crushed her own Huguenots at home, supported the German Protestants against the House of Austria. Even the Pope, Urban VIII., more politician than churchman, more careful of Peter's patrimony than of Peter's creed, went with France to the Protestant side. With the princes, as usual, political motives were the strongest, with the people religious motives. The politics were to a sad extent those of Machiavelli and the Jesuit; but above the meaner characters who crowd the scene rise at least two grand forms.

In a military point of view, the Thirty Years' War will bear no comparison with that which has just run its marvellous course. The armies were small, seldom exceeding thirty thousand. Tilly thought forty thousand the largest number which a general could handle, while Von Moltke has handled half a million. There was no regular commissariat, there were no railroads, there were no good roads, there were no accurate maps, there was no trained staff. The general had to be everything and to do everything himself. The financial resources of the powers were small: their regular revenues soon failed; and they had to fly for loans to great banking houses, such as that of the Fuggers at Augsburgh, so that the money power be-

* In this sketch free use has been made of recent writers—Mitchell, Chapman, Vehse, Freytag and Ranke, as well as of the older authorities. To Chapman's excellent Life of Gustavus Adolphus we are under special obligations. In some passages it has been closely followed. Colonel Mitchell has also supplied some remarks and touches, such as are to be found only in a military writer.

came the arbiter even of Imperial elections. The country on which the armies lived was soon eaten up by their rapine. Hence the feebleness of the operations, the absence of anything which Von Moltke would call strategy: and hence again the cruel length of the war, a whole generation of German agony.

But if the war was weak, not so were the warriors. On the Imperial side especially, they were types of a class of men the most terrible perhaps, as well as the vilest, who ever plied the soldier's trade: of those mercenary bands, *soldados*, in the literal and original sense of the term, free companions, *condottieri*, lansquenets, who came between the feudal militia and the standing armies of modern times. In the wars of Italy and the Low Countries under Alva and Parma and Freundsberg, these men had opened new abysses of cruelty and lust in human nature. They were the lineal representatives of the Great Companies which ravaged France in the time of Edward III. They were near of kin to the buccaneers, and Scott's Bertram Risingham is the portrait of a lansquenet as well as of a rover of the Spanish Main. Many of them were Croats, a race well known through all history in the ranks of Austrian tyranny, and Walloons, a name synonymous with that of hired butcher and marauder. But with Croats and Walloons were mingled Germans, Spaniards, Italians, Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, outcasts of every land, bearing the devil's stamp on faces of every complexion, blaspheming in all European and some non-European tongues. Their only country was the camp; their cause booty; their king the bandit general who contracted for their blood. Of attachment to religious principle they had usually just enough to make them prefer murdering and plundering in the name of the Virgin to murdering and plundering in the name of the Gospel; but outcasts of all nominal creeds were found together in their camps. Even the dignity of hatred was wanting to their conflicts, for they changed sides without scruple, and the comrade of yesterday was the foeman of to-day, and again the comrade of the morrow. The only moral salt which kept the carcass of their villainy from rotting was a military code of honour, embodying the freemasonry of the soldier's trade, and having as one of its articles the duel with all the forms—an improvement at all events upon assassination. A stronger contrast there cannot be than that between these men and the citizen soldiers whom Germany the other day sent forth to defend their country and their hearths. The soldier had a language of his own, polyglot as the elements of the band, and garnished with unearthly oaths: and the void left by religion in his soul was filled with wild superstitions, bullet charming and spells against bullets, and the natural reflection in dark hearts of the blind chance which since the introduction of firearms seemed to decide the soldier's fate. Having no home but the camp, he carried with him his family, a she wolf and her cubs, cruel and marauding as himself; and the numbers and unwieldiness of every army were doubled by a train of waggons full of women and children sitting on heaps of booty. It was not, we may guess, as ministering angels that these women went among the wounded after a battle. The chiefs made vast fortunes. Common soldiers sometimes drew a great prize; left the standard for a time and lived like princes; but the fiend's gold soon found its way back to the giver through the Jews who prowled in the wake of war, or at the gambling table which was the central object in every camp. When fortune smiled, when pay was good, when a rich city had been stormed, the soldier's life was in its way a merry one; his camp was full of roystering revelry; he, his lady and his charger glittered with not over-tasteful finery, the lady sometimes with finery stripped from the altars. Then, glass in hand he might joyously cry, "The sharp

sword is my farm and plundering is my plough; earth is my bed, the sky my covering, this cloak is my house, this wine my paradise;" or chant the doggerel stave which said that 'when a soldier was born three boons were given him, one to find him food, another to find him a comely lass, a third to go to perdition in his stead.' But when the country had been eaten up, when the burghers held the city stoutly, when the money-kings refused to advance the war-kings any more gold, the soldier shared the miseries which he inflicted, and, unless he was of iron, sank under his hardships, unpitied by his stronger comrades; for the rule of that world was war to the weak. Terrible then were the mutinies, fearful was the position of the commander. We cannot altogether resist the romance which attaches to the life of these men, many a one among whom could have told a tale as wild as that with which Othello, the hero of their tribe, won his Desdemona, in whose love he finds the countercharm of his wandering life. But what sort of war such a soldiery made, may be easily imagined. Its treatment of the people and the country wherever it marched, as minutely described by trustworthy witnesses, was literally fiendish. Germany did not recover the effects for two hundred years.

A century had passed since the first preaching of Luther. Jesuitism, working from its great seminary at Ingoldstadt, and backed by Austria, had won back many, especially among the princes and nobility, to the Church of Rome: but in the main the Germans, like the other Teutons, were still Protestant even in the hereditary domains of the House of Austria. The rival religions stood facing each other within the nominal unity of the Empire, in a state of uneasy truce and compromise; questions about ecclesiastical domains and religious privileges, still open; formularies styled of concord proving formularies of discord; no mediating authority being able to make church authority and liberty of private judgment, Reaction and Progress, the Spirit of the Past and the Spirit of the Future lie down in real peace together. The Protestants had formed an Evangelical Union, their opponents a Catholic League, of which Maximilian, elector of Bavaria, a pupil of the Jesuits, was chief. The Protestants were ill prepared for the struggle. There was fatal division between the Lutherans and the Calvinists, Luther himself having said in his haste that he hated a Calvinist more than a Papist. The great Protestant princes were lukewarm and weak-kneed: like the Tudor nobility of England, they clung much more firmly to the lands which they had taken from the Catholics than to the faith in the name of which the lands were taken; and as powers of order, naturally alarmed by the disorders which attended the great religious revolution, they were politically inclined to the Imperial side. The lesser nobility and gentry, staunch Protestants for the most part, had shown no capacity for vigorous and united action since their premature attempt under Arnold Von Sickingen. On the peasantry, also staunch Protestants, still weighed the reaction produced by the Peasant's war and the excesses of the Anabaptists. In the free cities there was a strong burgher element ready to fight for Protestantism and liberty; but even in the free cities wealth was Conservative, and to the Rothschilds of the day the cause which offered high interest and good security was the cause of Heaven.

The smouldering fire burst into a flame in Bohemia, a kingdom of the House of Austria, and a member of the Empire; but peopled by hot, impulsive Slaves, jealous of their nationality, as well as of their Protestant faith—Bohemia, whither the spark of Wycliffism had passed along the electric chain of common universities by which mediæval Christendom was bound, and where it had kindled first the martyr fire of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, then the fiercer conflagration of the Hussite war. In that

romantic city by the Moldau, with its strange, half Oriental beauty, where Jesuitism now reigns supreme, and St John Nepemuch is the popular divinity, Protestantism and Jesuitism then lay in jealous neighbourhood,—Protestantism supported by the native nobility, from anarchical propensity as well as from religious conviction; Jesuitism patronized and furtively aided by the intrusive Austrian power. From the Emperor Rudolph II, the Protestants had obtained a charter of religious liberties. But Rudolph's successor, Ferdinand II, was the Philip II of Germany in bigotry, though not in cruelty. In his youth, after a pilgrimage to Loretto, he had vowed at the feet of the Pope to restore Catholicism at the hazard of his life. He was a pupil of the Jesuits, almost worshipped priests, was passionately devoted to the ceremonies of his religion, delighting even in the functions of an acolyte, and, as he said, preferred a desert to an empire full of heretics. He had, moreover, before his accession to the throne, come into collision with Protestantism where it was triumphant, and had found in its violence too good an excuse for his bigotry. It was inevitable that as King of Bohemia he should attempt to narrow the Protestant liberties. The hot Czech blood took fire, the fierceness of political turbulence mingled with that of religious zeal, and at a council held at Prague, in the old palace of the Bohemian kings, Martinitz and Slavata, the most hated of Ferdinand's creatures, were thrown out of a window in what was called good Bohemian fashion, and only by a marvellous accident escaped with their lives. The first blow was struck, the signal was given for thirty years of havoc. Insurrection flamed up in Bohemia. At the head of the insurgents, Count Thurn rushed on Vienna. The Emperor was saved only by a miracle, as Jesuitism averred,—as Rationalism says, by the arrival of Dampierre's Imperial horse. He suffered a fright which must have made him more than ever prefer a desert to an empire full of heretics. By a vote of the States of Bohemia the crown was taken from Ferdinand and offered to Frederic, Elector Palatine. Frederic was married to the bright and fascinating Princess Elizabeth of England, the darling of Protestant hearts; other qualifications for that crown of peril he had none. But in an evil hour he accepted the offer. Soon his unfitness appeared. A foreigner, he could not rein the restive and hard-mouthed Czech nobility; a Calvinist and a pupil of the Huguenots, he unwisely let loose Calvinist iconaclasm among a people who clung to their ancient images though they had renounced their ancient faith. Supinely he allowed Austria and the Catholic League to raise their Croats and Walloons with the ready aid, so valuable in that age of unready finance, of Spanish gold. Supinely he saw the storm gather and roll towards him. Supinely he lingered in his palace, while on the White Hill, a name fatal in Protestant annals, his army, filled with his own discouragement, was broken by the combined forces of the Empire, under Bucquoi, and of the Catholic League, under Count Tilly. Still there was hope in resistance: yet Frederic fled. He was in great danger, say his apologists. It was to face a great danger, and show others how to face it, that he had come there. Let a man, before he takes the crown of Bohemia, look well into his own heart. Then followed a scaffold scene like that of Egmont and Horn, but on a larger scale. Ferdinand, it seems, hesitated to shed blood, but his confessor calmed his scruples. Before the City Hall of Prague, and near the Thein Church, bearing the Hussite emblems of the chalice and sword, amidst stern military pomp, the Emperor presiding in the person of his High Commissioner, twenty-four victims of high rank were led forth to death. Just as the executions commenced a bright rainbow spanned the sky. To the victims it seemed an assurance of Heaven's mercy. To the

more far-reaching eye of history it may seem to have been an assurance that, dark as the sky then was, the flood of Reaction should no more cover the earth. But dark the sky was: the counter reformation rode on the wings of victory, and with ruthless cruelty, through Bohemia, through Moravia, through Austria Proper, which had shown sympathy with the Bohemian revolt. The lands of the Protestant nobility were confiscated; the nobility itself crushed; in its place was erected a new nobility of courtiers, foreigners, military adventurers devoted to the Empire and to Catholicism, the seed of the Metternichs.

For ten years the tide ran steadily against Protestantism and German Independence. The Protestants were without cohesion, without powerful chiefs. Count Mansfeldt was a brilliant soldier, with a strong dash of the robber. Christian of Brunswick was a brave knight errant, fighting, as his motto had it, for God and for Elizabeth of Bohemia. But neither of them had any great or stable force at his back; and if a ray of victory shone for a moment on their standards, it was soon lost in gloom. In Frederick, ex-king of Bohemia, was no help; and his charming queen could only win for him hearts like that of Christian of Brunswick, The great Protestant Princes of the North, Saxony and Brandenburgh, twin pillars of the cause that should have been, were not only lukewarm, timorous, superstitiously afraid of taking part against the Emperor, but they were sybarites, or rather sots, to whose gross hearts no noble thought could find its way. Their inaction was almost justified by the conduct of the Protestant chiefs, whose councils were full of folly and selfishness, whose policy seemed mere anarchy, and who too often made war like buccaneers. The Evangelical Union, in which Lutheranism and political quietism prevailed, refused its aid to the Calvinist and usurping King of Bohemia. Among foreign powers, England was divided in will, the nation being enthusiastically for Protestantism and Elizabeth of Bohemia, while the Court leant to the side of order and hankered after the Spanish marriage. France was not divided in will: her single will was that of Richelieu, who, to weaken Austria, fanned the flame of civil war in Germany, as he did in England, but lent no decisive aid. Bethlem Gabor, the Evangelical prince of Transylvania, led semi-barbarous hosts, useful as auxiliaries, but incapable of bearing the main brunt of the struggle; and he was trammelled by his allegiance to his suzerain, the Sultan. The Catholic League was served by a first-rate general in the person of Tilly; the Empire by a first-rate general and a first-rate statesman in the person of Wallenstein. The Palatinate was conquered, and the Electorate was transferred by Imperial fiat to Maximilian of Bavaria, the head of the Catholic League, whereby a majority was given to the Catholics in the hitherto equally-divided College of Electors. An Imperial Edict of Restitution went forth, restoring to Catholicism all that it had lost by conversion within the last seventy years. Over all Germany, Jesuits and Capuchins swarmed with the mandates of reaction in their hands. The King of Denmark tardily took up arms only to be overthrown by Tilly at Lutter, and again at Wolgast by Wallenstein. The Catholic and Imperial armies were on the northern sea. Wallenstein, made Admiral of the Empire, was preparing a basis of maritime operations against the Protestant kingdoms of Scandinavia, against the last asylum of Protestantism and liberty in Holland. Germany, with all its intellect and all its hopes, was on the point of becoming a second Spain. Teutonism was all but enslaved to the Croat. The double star of the House of Austria seemed with baleful aspect to dominate in the sky, and to threaten with extinction European liberty and progress. One bright spot alone remained amidst the

gloom. By the side of the brave burghers who beat back the Prince of Parma from the cities of Holland, a place must be made in history for the brave burghers who beat back Wallenstein from Stralsund, after he had sworn, in his grand, impious way, that he would take it though it were bound by a chain to Heaven. The eyes of all Protestants were turned, says Richelieu, like those of sailors, towards the North. And from the North a deliverer came. On Midsummer day, 1630, a bright day in the annals of Protestantism, of Germany, and, as Protestants and Germans must believe, of human liberty and progress, Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, landed at Peneműnde, on the Pomeranian coast, and knelt down on the shore to give thanks to God for his safe passage: then showed at once his knowledge of the art of war and of the soldier's heart, by himself taking spade in hand, and commencing the entrenchment of his camp. Gustavus was the grandson of that Gustavus Vasa who had broken at once the bonds of Denmark and of Rome, and had made Sweden independent and Lutheran. He was the son of that Charles Vasa who had defeated the counter-reformation. Devoted from his childhood to the Protestant cause, hardily trained in a country where even the palace was the abode of thrift and self-denial, his mind enlarged by a liberal education, in regard for which, amidst her poverty, as in the general character and habits of her people, his Sweden greatly resembled Scotland; his imagination stimulated by the wild scenery, the dark forests, the starry nights of Scandinavia; gifted by nature both in mind and body; the young king had already shown himself a hero. He had waged grim war with the powers of the icy north; he bore several scars, proofs of a valour only too great for the vast interests which depended on his life; he had been a successful innovator in tactics, or rather a successful restorer of the military science of the Romans. But the best of his military innovations were discipline and religion. His discipline redeemed the war from savagery, and made it again, so far as war, and war in that iron age could be, a school of humanity and self-control. In religion he was himself not an ascetic saint: there is one light passage at least in his early life: and at Augsburg they show a ruff plucked from his neck by a fair Augsburger at the crisis of a very brisk flirtation. But he was devout, and he inspired his army with his devotion. The traveller is still struck with the prayer and hymn which open and close the march of the soldiers of Gustavus. Schools for the soldiers' children were held in his camp. It is true that the besetting sin of the Swedes, and of all dwellers in cold countries, is disclosed by the article in his military code directed against the drunkenness of army chaplains.

Sir Thomas Roe, the most sagacious of the English diplomatists of that age, wrote of Gustavus to James I.:—"The king hath solemnly protested that he will not depose arms till he hath spoken one word for your majesty in Germany (that was his own phrase); and glory will contend with policy in his resolution; for he hath unlimited thoughts, and is the likeliest instrument for God to work by in Europe. We have often observed great alterations to follow great spirits, as if they were fitted for the times. Certainly, *ambit fortunam Cæsaris:* he thinks the ship cannot sink that carries him, and doth thus oblige prosperity."

Gustavus justified his landing in Germany by a manifesto setting forth hostile acts of the Emperor against him in Poland. No doubt, there was a technical *casus belli.* But, morally, the landing of Gustavus was a glorious breach of the principle of non-intervention. He came to save the world. He was not the less a fit instrument for God to work by because it was likely that he would rule the world when he had saved it.

"A snow king!" tittered the courtiers of Vienna, "he will soon melt away." He soon began to prove to them, both in war and di-

plomacy, that his melting would be slow. Richelieu at last ventured on a treaty of alliance. Charles I., now on the throne of England, and angry at having been jilted by Spain, also entered into a treaty, and sent British auxiliaries, who, though soon reduced in numbers by sickness, always formed a substantial part of the armies of Gustavus, and in battle and storm earned their full share of the honour of his campaigns. Many British volunteers had already joined the standard of Mansfeldt and other Protestant chiefs; and if some of these men were mere soldiers of the Dugald Dalghetty type, some were the Garibaldians of their day, and brought back at once enthusiasm and military skill from German battlefields to Marston and Naseby. Diplomacy, aided by a little gentle pressure, drew Saxony and Brandenburgh to the better cause, now that the better cause was so strong. But while they dallied and haggled one more great disaster was added to the sum of Protestant calamity. Magdeburgh, the queen of Protestant cities, the citadel of North German liberty fell—fell with Gustavus and rescue near—and nameless atrocities were perpetrated by the ferocious bands of the Empire on innocents of all ages and both sexes, whose cry goes up against bloodthirsty fanaticism for ever. A shriek of horror rang through the Protestant world, not without reproaches against Gustavus, who cleared himself by words, and was soon to clear himself better by deeds.

Count Tilly was now, in sole command on the Catholic and Imperial side. Wallenstein had been dismissed. A military Richelieu, an absolutist in politics, an indifferentist in religion, caring at least for the religious quarrel only as it affected the political question, he aimed at crushing the independence of all the princes, Catholic as well as Protestant, and making the Emperor, or rather Wallenstein in the name of the Imperial devotee, as much master of Germany as the Spanish king was of Spain. But the disclosure of this policy, and the towering pride of its author had alarmed the Catholic princes, and produced a reaction similar to that caused by the absolutist encroachments of Charles V. Aided by the Jesuits, who marked in Wallenstein a statesman whose policy was independent of theirs, and who, if not a traitor to the faith, was at least a bad persecutor, Maximilian and his confederates forced the Emperor to remove Wallenstein from command. The great man received the bearers of the mandate with stately courtesy, with princely hospitality, showed them that he had read in the stars the predominance of Maximilian over Ferdinand, slightly glanced at the Emperor's weakness, then withdrew to that palace at Prague, so like its mysterious lord, so regal and so fantastic in its splendour, yet so gloomy, so jealously guarded, so full of the spirit of dark ambition, so haunted by the shadow of the dagger. There he lay, watching the storm that gathered in the North, scanning the stars and waiting for his hour.

When the Swedes and Saxons, under Gustavus and the Elector of Saxony, drew near to the Imperial army under Tilly, in the neighbourhood of Leipsic, there was a crisis, a thrill of worldwide expectation, as when the Armada approached the shores of England; as when the allies met the forces of Louis XIV. at Blenheim; as when, on those same plains of Leipsic, the uprisen nations advanced to battle against Napoleon. Count Tilly's military genius fell short only of the highest. His figure was one which showed that war had become a science, and that the days of the Paladins were past. He was a little old man, with a broad wrinkled forehead, hollow cheeks, a long nose and projecting chin, grotesquely attired in a slashed doublet of green satin, with a peaked hat and a long red feather hanging down behind. His charger was a grey pony, his only weapon a pistol, which it was his delight to say he had never fired in the thirty pitched fields which he had

fought and won. He was a Walloon by birth, a pupil of the Jesuits, a sincere devotee, and could boast that he had never yielded to the allurements of wine or women, as well as that he had never lost a battle. His name was now one of horror, for he was the captor of Magdeburg, and if he had not commanded the massacre, or, as it was said, jested at it, he could not be acquitted of cruel connivance. That it was the death of his honour to survive the butchery which he ought to have died, if necessary, in resisting sword in hand, is a soldier's judgment on his case. At his side was Pappenheim, another pupil of the Jesuits, the Dundee of the thirty years' war, with all the devotion, all the loyalty, all the ferocity of the Cavalier, the most fiery and brilliant of cavalry officers, the leader of the storming column at Magdeburg.

In those armies the heavy cavalry was the principal arm. The musket was a heavy matchlock fired from a rest, and without a bayonet, so that in the infantry regiments it was necessary to combine pikemen with the musketeers. Cannon there were of all calibres and with a whole vocabulary of fantastic names, but none capable of advancing and manœuvring with troops in battle. The Imperial troops were formed in heavy masses. Gustavus, taking his lesson from the Roman legion, had introduced a more open order—he had lightened the musket, dispensed with the rest, given the musketeer a cartridge box instead of the flapping bandoleer. He had trained his cavalry, instead of firing their carbines and wheeling to charge home with the sword. He had created a real field artillery of imperfect structure, but which told on the Imperial masses.

The harvest had been reaped, and a strong wind blew clouds of dust over the bare autumn fields, when Count Tilly formed the victorious veterans of the Empire, in what was called Spanish order—infantry in the centre, cavalry on the flanks—upon a rising ground overlooking the broad plain of Breitenfeldt. On him marched the allies in two columns—Gustavus with his Swedes upon the right, the Elector with his Saxons on the left. As they passed a brook in front of the Imperial position, Pappenheim dashed upon them with his cavalry, but was driven back, and the two columns deployed upon the plain. The night before the battle Gustavus had dreamt that he was wrestling with Tilly, and that Tilly bit him in the left arm, but that he overpowered Tilly with his right arm. That dream came through the Gate of Horn, for the Saxons who formed the left wing were raw troops, but victory was sure to the Swede. Soldiers of the old school proudly compare the shock of charging armies at Leipsic with modern battles, which they call battles of skirmishers with armies in reserve. However this may be, all that day the plain of Breitenfeldt with the fierce eddies of a hand-to-hand struggle between mail-clad masses, their cuirasses and helmets gleaming fitfully amidst the clouds of smoke and dust, the mortal shock of the charge and the deadly ring of steel striking the ear with a distinctness impossible in modern battle. Tilly with his right soon shattered the Saxons, but his centre and left were shattered by the unconquerable Swede. The day was won by the genius of the Swedish king, by the steadiness with which his troops manœuvered, and the promptness with which they formed a new front when the defeat of the Saxons exposed their left, by the rapidity of their fire and by the vigour with which their cavalry charged. The victory was complete. At sunset four veteran Walloon regiments made a last stand for the honour of the Empire, and with difficulty bore off their redoubtable commander from his first lost field. Through all Protestant Europe flew the tidings of a great deliverance and the name of a great deliverer.

"On to Vienna!" cried hope and daring then. "On to Vienna!" history still regret-

fully repeats the cry. Gustavus judged otherwise,—and whatever his reason was, we may be sure that it was not weak. Not to the Danube, therefore, but to the Main and Rhine the tide of conquest rolled. The Thuringian forest gleams with fires that guide the night march of the Swede. Francfort, the city of Empire, opens her gates to him who will soon come, as the hearts of all men divine, not as a conqueror in the iron garb of war, but as the elect of Germany to put on the imperial crown. In the cellars of the Prince Bishop of Bamberg and Wurtzburg the rich wine is broached for heretic lips. Protestantism everywhere uplifts its head: the Archbishop of Mainz, chief of the Catholic persecutors, becomes a fugitive in his turn; Jesuit and Capuchin must cower or fly. All fortresses are opened by the arms of Gustavus; all hearts are opened by his gracious manner, his winning words, his sunny smile. To the people, accustomed to a war of massacre and persecution, he came as from a better world, a spirit of humanity and toleration. His toleration was politic, no doubt, but it was also sincere. So novel was it that a monk, finding himself not butchered or tortured, thought the king's faith must be weak, and attempted his conversion. His zeal was repaid with a gracious smile. Once more, on the Lech, Tilly crossed the path of the thunderbolt. Dishonoured at Magdeburg, defeated at Leipsic, the old man seems to have been weary of life; his leg shattered by a cannon ball, he was borne dying from the field, and left the Imperial cause headless as well as beaten. Gustavus is in Augsburgh, the queen of German commerce, the city of the Fuggers, with their splendid and romantic money-kingdom, the city of the Confession. He is in Munich, the capital of Maximilian and the Catholic League. His allies, the Saxons, are in Prague. A few marches more, and he will dictate peace at Vienna, with all Germany at his back. A few marches more, the Germans will be a Protestant nation, under a Protestant chief, and many a dark page will be torn from the book of fate.

Ferdinand and Maximilian had sought counsel of the dying Tilly. Tilly had given them counsel, bitter but inevitable. Dissembling their hate and fear, they called, like trembling necromancers when they invoke the fiend, upon the name of power. The name of Wallenstein gave new life to the Imperial cause, under the very ribs of death. At once he stood between the Empire and destruction, with an army of 50,000 men, conjured, as it were, out of the earth by the spell of his influence alone. All whose trade was war came at the call of the grand master of their trade. The secret of Wallenstein's ambition is buried in his grave; but the man himself was the prince of adventurers, the ideal chief of mercenary bands, the arch contractor for the hireling's blood. His character was formed in a vast political gambling house, a world given up to pillage and the strong hand, an Eldorado of confiscations. Of the lofty dreamer portrayed in the noble dramatic poem of Schiller, there is little trace in the intensely practical character of the man. A scion of a good Bohemian house, poor himself, but married to a rich wife, whose wealth was the first step in the ladder of his marvellous fortunes, Wallenstein had amassed immense domains by the purchase of confiscated estates, a traffic redeemed from meanness only by the vastness of the scale on which he practised it, and the loftiness of the aim which he had in view. Then he took to raising and commanding mercenary troops, improving on his predecessors in that trade by doubling the size of his army, on the theory, coolly avowed by him, that a large army would subsist by its command of the country, where a small army would starve. But all was subservient to his towering ambition, and to a pride which has been called theatrical, and which often wore an eccentric garb, but which his death scene proves to have been

the native grand infirmity of the man. He walked in dark ways and was unscrupulous and ruthless when on the path of his ambition; but none can doubt the self-sustaining force of his lonely intellect, his power of command, the spell which his character cast over the fierce and restless spirits of his age. Prince-Duke of Friedland, Mecklenburgh, and Sagan, Generalissimo of the armies of the House of Austria,—to this height had the landless and obscure adventurer risen, in envy's despite, as his motto proudly said; not by the arts of a courtier or a demagogue, but by strength of brain and heart, in a contest with rivals whose brains and hearts were strong. Highest he stood among the uncrowned heads of Europe, and dreaded by the crowned. We wonder how the boisterous soldiers can have loved a chief who was so far from being a comrade, a being so disdainful and reserved, who at the sumptuous table kept by his officers never appeared, never joined in the revelry, even in the camp lived alone, punished intrusion on his haughty privacy as a crime. But his name was victory and plunder; he was lavishly munificent, as one who knew that those who play a deep game must lay down heavy stakes; his eye was quick to discern, his hand prompt to reward the merit of the buccaneer; and those who followed his soaring fortunes knew that they would share them. If he was prompt to reward, he was also stern in punishment, and a certain arbitrariness both in reward and punishment made the soldier feel that the commander's will was law. If Wallenstein was not the boon companion of the mercenaries, he was their divinity; and he was himself essentially one of them,—even his superstition was theirs, and filled the same void of faith in his as in their hearts; though, while the common soldier raised the fiend to charm bullets, or bought spells and amulets of a quack at Nuremburg or Augsburg, Seni, the first astrologer of the age, explored the sympathizing stars for the august destiny of the Duke of Friedland. Like Uriel and Satan in Paradise Lost, Gustavus and Wallenstein stood opposed to each other. On one side was the enthusiast, on the other the mighty gamester, playing the great game of his life without emotion, by intensity of intellect alone. On one side was the crusader, on the other the indifferentist, without faith except in his star. On the one side was as much good, perhaps, as has ever appeared in the form of a conqueror, on the other side the majesty of evil. Gustavus was young, his frame was vigorous and active, though inclined to corpulence, his complexion fair, his hair golden, his eye blue and merry, his countenance frank as day, and the image of a heart which had felt the kindest influences of love and friendship. Wallenstein was past his prime, his frame was tall, spare, somewhat bowed by pain, his complexion dark, his eye black and piercing, his look that of a man who trod slippery paths with deadly rivals at his side, and of whose many letters not one is to a friend. But, opposites in all else, the two champions were well matched in power. Perhaps there is hardly such another duel in history. Such another there would have been if Strafford had lived to encounter Cromwell.

The market for the great adventurer's services having risen so high, the price which he asked was large—a principality in hand, a province to be conquered, supreme command of the army which he had raised. The court suggested that if the emperor's son, the King of Hungary, were put over Wallenstein's head, his name would be a tower of strength; but Wallenstein answered with a blasphemous frankness which must have made the ears of courtiers tingle. He would be emperor of the army; he would be emperor in the matter of confiscations. The last article shews how he won the soldier's heart. Perhaps in framing his terms, he gave something to his wounded pride. If he did, the luxury cost him dear: for here he trod upon the serpent that stung his life.

The career of Gustavus was at once arrested, and he took shelter against the storm in an entrenched camp protected by three hundred cannon under the walls of Nuremberg—Nuremberg, the eldest daughter of the German Reformation, the Florence of Germany in art, wealth and freedom, then the beautiful home of early commerce, now its romantic tomb. The desolation of her grass-grown streets dates from that terrible hour. The Swedish lines were scarcely completed when Wallenstein appeared with all his power; and, sweeping past, entrenched himself four miles from his enemy in a position the key of which were the wooded hill and old castle of the Altenberg. Those who chance to visit that spot may fancy there Wallenstein's camp as it is in Schiller, ringing with the boisterous revelry of its wild and motley bands. And they may fancy the sudden silence, the awe of men who knew no other awe, as in his well-known dress, the laced buff coat with crimson scarf, and the grey hat with crimson plume, Wallenstein rode by. Week after week and month after month these two heavy clouds of war hung close together, and Europe looked for the bursting of the storm. But famine was to do Wallenstein's work; and by famine and the pestilence, bred by the horrible state of the camp, at last his work was done. The utmost limit of deadly inaction for the Swedes arrived. Discipline and honour gave way, and could scarcely be restored by the passionate eloquence of Gustavus. Oxenstiern brought large reinforcements; and on the 24th August Wallenstein saw—with grim pleasure he must have seen—Gustavus advancing to attack him in his lines. By five hundred at a time—there was room for no more in the narrow path of death—the Swedes scaled the flashing and thundering Altenberg. They scaled it again and again through a long summer's day. Once it was all but won. But at evening the Nurembergers saw their hero and protector retiring, for the first time defeated, from the field. Yet Gustavus had not lost the confidence of his soldiers. He had shared their danger and had spared their blood. In ten hours' hard fighting he had lost only 2000 men. But Wallenstein might well shower upon his wounded soldiers the only balm for the wounds of men fighting without a country or a cause. He might well write to the emperor: "The King of Sweden has blunted his horns a good deal. Henceforth the title of Invincible belongs not to him, but to your Majesty." No doubt Ferdinand thought it did.

Gustavus now broke up and marched on Bavaria, abandoning the great Protestant city, with the memory of Magdeburg in his heart. But Nuremberg was not to share the fate of Magdeburg. The Imperial army was not in a condition to form the siege. It had suffered as much as that of Gustavus. That such troops should have been held together in such extremity proves their general's power of command. Wallenstein soon gladdened the eyes of the Nurembergers by firing his camp, and declining to follow the lure into Bavaria, marched on Saxony, joined another Imperial army under Pappenheim and took Leipsic.

To save Saxony Gustavus left Bavaria half conquered. As he hurried to the rescue, the people on his line of march knelt to kiss the hem of his garment, the sheath of his delivering sword, and could scarcely be prevented from adoring him as a god. His religious spirit was filled with a presentiment that the idol in which they trusted would be soon laid low. On the 14th of November he was leaving a strongly entrenched camp at Naumberg, where the Imperialists fancied, the season being so far advanced, he intended to remain, when news reached his ear like the sight which struck Wellington's eye as it ranged over Marmont's army on the morning of Salamanca.* The impetuous Pappenheim, ever anxious for separate com-

* We owe the parallel, we believe, to an article by Lord Ellesmere, in the *Quarterly Review*.

mand, had persuaded an Imperial council of war to detach him with a large force against Halle. The rest of the Imperialists, under Wallenstein, were quartered in the villages around Lutzen, close within the king's reach, and unaware of his approach. "The Lord," cried Gustavus, "has delivered him into my hand." And at once he swooped upon his prey.

"Break up and march with every man and gun. The enemy is advancing hither. He is already at the pass by the hollow road." So wrote Wallenstein to Pappenheim. The letter is still preserved, stained with Pappenheim's life-blood. But, in that mortal race Pappenheim stood no chance. Halle was a long day's march off, and the troopers, whom Pappenheim could lead gallantly, but could not control, after taking the town had dispersed to plunder. Yet the Swede's great opportunity was lost. Lutzen, though in sight, proved not so near as flattering guides and eager eyes had made it. The deep-banked Rippach, its bridge all too narrow for the impetuous columns, the roads heavy from rain, delayed the march. A skirmish with some Imperial cavalry under Isolani wasted minutes when minutes were years; and the short November day was at an end when the Swede reached the plain of Lutzen.

No military advantage marks the spot where the storm overtook the Duke of Friedland. He was caught like a traveller in a tempest on a shelterless plain, and had nothing for it but to bide the brunt. What could be done with ditches, two windmills, a mud wall, a small canal, he did, moving from point to point during the long night; and before morning all his troops, except Pappenheim's division, had come in and were in line.

When the morning broke a heavy fog lay on the ground. Historians have not failed to remark that there is a sympathy in things, and that the day was loath to dawn which was to be the last day of Gustavus. But if Nature sympathized with Gustavus, she chose a bad mode of showing her sympathy, for, while the fog prevented the Swedes from advancing, part of Pappenheim's cavalry arrived. After prayers, the king and all his army sang Luther's hymn, "Our God is a strong tower"—the Marseillaise of the militant Reformation. Then Gustavus mounted his horse, and addressed the different divisions, adjuring them by their victorious name, by the memory of the Breitenfeld, by the great cause whose issue hung upon their swords, to fight well for that cause, for their country and their God. His heart was uplifted at Lutzen, and with that Hebrew fervour which uplifted the heart of Cromwell at Dunbar. Old wounds made it irksome to him to wear a cuirass. "God," he said, "shall be my armour this day."

Wallenstein has been much belied if he thought of anything that morning more religious than the order of battle, which has been preserved, drawn up by his own hand, and in which his troops are seen still drawn up in heavy masses, in contrast to the lighter formations of Gustavus. He was carried down his lines in a litter, being crippled by gout, which the surgeons of that day had tried to cure by cutting into the flesh. But when the action began, he placed his mangled foot in a stirrup lined with silk, and mounted the small charger, the skin of which is still shown in the deserted palace of his pride. We may be sure that confidence sat undisturbed upon his brow; but in his heart he must have felt that though he had brave men around him, the Swedes, fighting for their cause under their king, were more than men; and that in the balance of battle then held out, his scale had kicked the beam. There can hardly be a harder trial for human fortitude than to command in a great action on the weaker side. Villeneuve was a brave man, though an unfortunate admiral; but he owned that his heart sank within him at Trafalgar when he saw Nelson bearing down.

"God with us," was the Swedish battle-cry. On the other side the words "Jesu-Maria," passed round, as twenty-five thousand of the most godless and lawless ruffians the world ever saw, stood to the arms which they had imbrued in the blood not of soldiers only, but of women and children of captured towns. Doubtless many a wild Walloon and savage Croat, many a fierce Spaniard and cruel Italian, who had butchered and tortured at Magdeburg, was here come to bite the dust. These men were children of the camp and the battle-field, long familiar with every form of death, yet, had they known what a day was now before them, they might have felt like a recruit on the morning of his first field. Some were afterwards broken or beheaded for misconduct before the enemy; others earned rich rewards: most paid, like men of honour, the price for which they were allowed to glut every lust and revel in every kind of crime.

At nine the sky began to clear; straggling shots told that the armies were catching sight of each other, and a red glare broke the mist, where the Imperialists had set fire to Lutzen to cover their right. At ten Gustavus placed himself at the head of his cavalry. War has now changed; and the telescope is the general's sword. Yet we cannot help feeling that the gallant king, who cast in his own life with the lives of the peasants he had drawn from their Swedish homes, is a nobler figure than the great Emperor who, on the same plains, two centuries afterwards, ordered to their death the masses of youthful valour sent by a ruthless conscription to feed the vanity of a heart of clay.

The Swedes, after the manner of war in that fierce and hardy age, fell at once with their main force on the whole of the Imperial line. On the left, after a murderous struggle, they gained ground and took the enemy's guns. But on the right the Imperialists held firm, and while Gustavus was carrying victory with him to that quarter, Wallenstein restored the day upon the right. Again Gustavus hurried to that part of the field. Again the Imperialists gave way, and Gustavus, uncovering his head, thanked God for his victory. At this moment it seems the mist returned. The Swedes were confused and lost their advantage. A horse, too well known, ran riderless down their line; and when their cavalry next advanced, they found the stripped and mangled body of their king. According to the most credible witness, Gustavus, who had galloped forward to see how his advantage might be best followed up, got too near the enemy, was shot first in the arm, then in the back, and fell from his horse. A party of Imperial cuirassiers came up, and learning from the wounded man himself who he was, finished the work of death. They then stripped the body for proofs of their great enemy's fate and relics of the mighty slain. Dark reports of treason were spread abroad, and one of these reports followed the Duke of Saxe-Lauenburg, who was with Gustavus that day, through his questionable life to his unhappy end. In those times a great man could scarcely die without suspicion of foul play, and in all times men are unwilling to believe that a life on which the destiny of a cause or a nation hangs can be swept away by the blind, indiscriminate hand of common death.

Gustavus dead, the first thought of his officers was retreat; and that thought was his best eulogy. Their second thought was revenge. Yet so great was the discouragement, that one Swedish colonel refused to advance, and Bernard of Saxe-Weimar cut him down with his own hand. Again the struggle began, and with all the morning's fury. Wallenstein had used his respite well. He knew that his great antagonist was dead, and that he was now the master spirit on the field. And with friendly night near, and victory within his grasp, he directed in person the most desperate combats, prodigal of the life on which, according to his enemies, his treasonable projects hung. Yet

the day was again going against him, when the remainder of Pappenheim's corps arrived, and the road was once more opened to victory by a charge which cost Pappenheim his own life. At four o'clock the battle was at its last gasp. The carnage had been fearful on both sides, and as fearful was the exhaustion. For six hours almost every man in both armies had borne the terrible excitement of mortal combat with pike and sword; and four times that excitement had been strained by general charges to its highest pitch. The Imperialists held their ground, but confused and shattered; their constancy sustained only by that commanding presence which still moved along their lines, unhurt, though grazed and even marked by the storm of death through which he rode. Just as the sun was setting, the Swedes made the supreme effort which heroism alone can make. Then Wallenstein gave the signal for retreat, welcome to the bravest; and as darkness fell upon the field, the shattered masses of the Imperialists drew off slowly and sullenly into the gloom. Slowly and sullenly they drew off, leaving nothing to the victor except some guns of position; but they had not gone far when they fell into the disorganization of defeat.

The judgment of a cause by battle is dreadful. Dreadful it must have seemed to all who were within sight or hearing of the field of Lutzen when that battle was over. But it is not altogether irrational and blind. Providence does not visibly interpose in favour of the right. The stars in their courses do not now fight for the good cause. At Lutzen they fought against it. But the good cause is its own star. The strength given to the spirit of the Swedes by religious enthusiam, the strength given to their bodies by the comparative purity of their lives, enabled them, when the bravest and hardiest ruffians were exhausted in spirit and body, to make that last effort which won the day.

Te Deum was sung at Vienna and Madrid, and with good reason. For Vienna and Madrid the death of Gustavus was better than any victory. For humanity, if the interests of humanity were not those of Vienna and Madrid, it was worse than any defeat. But for Gustavus himself, was it good thus to die glorious and stainless, but before his hour? Triumph and empire, it is said, might have corrupted the soul which up to this time had been so pure and true. It was, perhaps, well for him that he was saved from temptation. A deeper morality replies that what was bad for Gustavus' cause and for his kind, could not be good for Gustavus; and that whether he were to stand or fall in the hour of temptation, he had better have lived his time and done his work. We, with our small philosophy, can make allowance for the greater dangers of the higher sphere; and shall we arrogate to ourselves a larger judgment and ampler sympathies than we allow to God? Yet Gustavus was happy. Among soldiers and statesmen, if there is a greater, there is hardly a purer name. He had won not only honour but love, and the friend and comrade was as much bewailed as the deliverer and the king. In him his Sweden appeared for the first and last time with true glory on the scene of universal history. In him the spirit of the famous house of Vasa rose to the first heroic height. It was soon to mount to madness in Christina and Charles XII.

Not till a year had passed could Sweden bring herself to consign the remains of her Gustavus to the dust. Then came a hero's funeral, with pomp not unmeaning, with trophies not unbecoming the obsequies of a Christian, and for mourners the sorrowing nations. In early youth Gustavus had loved the beautiful Ebba Brahé, daughter of a Swedish nobleman, and she had returned his love. But etiquette and policy interposed, and Gustavus married Eleanor, a princess of Brandenburg, also renowned for beauty

The widowed Queen of Gustavus, though she had loved him with a fondness too great for their perfect happiness, admitted his first love to a partnership in her grief, and sent Ebba with her own portrait the portrait of him who was gone where, if love still is, there is no more rivalry in love.

The death of Gustavus was the death of his great antagonist. Gustavus gone, Wallenstein was no longer indispensable, and he was more formidable than ever. Lutzen had abated nothing either of his pride or power. He went forth again from Prague to resume command in almost imperial pomp. The army was completely in his hands. He negotiated as an independent power, and was carrying into effect a policy of his own, which seems to have been one of peace for the empire with amnesty and toleration, and which certainly crossed the policy of the Jesuits and Spain, now dominant in the Imperial councils. No doubt the great adventurer also intended that his own grandeur should be augmented and secured. Whether his proceedings gave his master just cause for alarm remains a mystery. The word, however, went forth against him, and in Austrian fashion, a friendly correspondence being kept up with him when he had been secretly deposed and his command transferred to another. Finding himself denounced and outlawed, he resolved to throw himself on the Swedes. He had arrived at Eger, a frontier fortress of Bohemia. It was a night apt for crime, dark and stormy, when Gordon, a Scotch Calvinist in the Imperial service, (for Wallenstein's camp welcomed adventurers of all creeds), and commandant of Eger, received the most faithful of Wallenstein's officers, Terzka, Kinsky, Illo and Neumann, at supper in the citadel. The social meal was over, the wine cup was going round; misgiving, if any misgiving there was, had yielded to comradeship and good cheer, when the door opened and death, in the shape of a party of Irish troopers, stalked in. The conspirators sprang from the side of their victims, and shouting, "Long live the Emperor," ranged themselves with drawn swords against the wall, while the assassins overturned the table and did their work. Wallenstein, as usual, was not at the banquet. He was indeed in no condition for revelry. Gout had shattered his stately form, reduced his bold handwriting to a feeble scrawl, probably shaken his powerful mind, though it could rally itself, as at Lutzen, for a decisive hour; and, perhaps, if his enemies could have waited, the course of nature might have spared them the very high price which they paid for his blood. He had just dismissed his astrologer, Seni, into whose mouth the romance of history does not fail to put prophetic warnings; his valet was carrying away the golden salver on which his night draught had been brought to him, and he was about to lie down, when he was drawn to the window by the noise of Butler's regiment surrounding his quarters, and by the shrieks of the Countesses Terzka and Kinsky, who were wailing for their murdered husbands. A moment afterwards the Irish Captain Devereux burst into the room, followed by his fellow-assassins shouting "Rebels, rebels." Devereux himself, with a halbert in his hand, rushed up to Wallenstein, and cried "Villain, you are to die!" True to his own majesty the great man spread out his arms, received the weapon in his breast, and fell dead without a word. But as thought at such moments is swift, no doubt he saw it all—saw the dark conclave of Italians and Spaniards sitting at Vienna—knew that the murderer before him was the hand and not the head—read at once his own doom and the doom of his grand designs for Germany and Friedland. His body was wrapped in a carpet, carried in Gordon's carriage to the citadel, and there left for a day with those of his murdered friends in the court-yard, then huddled into a hastily constructed coffin, the legs of the corpse being broken to force it in. Different obsequies from those of

Gustavus, but perhaps equally appropriate, at least equally characteristic of the cause which the dead man served.

Did Friedland desire to be more than Friedland, to unite some shadow of command with the substance, to wear some crown of tinsel, as well as the crown of power? We do not know, we know only that his ways were dark, that his ambition was vast, and that he was thwarting the policy of the Jesuits and Spain. Great efforts were made in vain to get up a case against his memory; recourse was had to torture, the use of which always proves that no good evidence is forthcoming; absurd charges were included in the indictment, such as that of having failed to pursue and destroy the Swedish army after Lutzen. The three thousand masses which Ferdinand caused to be sung for Wallenstein's soul, whether they benefited his soul or not have benefited his fame, for they seem like the weak self-betrayal of an uneasy conscience, vainly seeking to stifle infamy and appease the injured shade. Assassination itself condemns all who take part in it or are accomplices in it; and Ferdinand, who rewarded the assassins of Wallenstein, was at least an accomplice after the fact. Vast as Wallenstein's ambition was, even for him age and gout must have begun to close the possibilities of life; and he cannot have been made restless by the pangs of abortive genius, for he had played the grandest part upon the grandest stage. He had done enough, it would seem, to make repose welcome, and his retirement would not have been dull. Often in his letters his mind turns from the camp and council to his own domains, his rising palaces, his farms, his gardens, his schools, his manufactures, the Italian civilization which the student of Padua was trying to create in Bohemian wilds, the little empire in the administration of which he showed that he might have been a good Emperor on a larger scale. Against his Imperial master he is probably entitled at least to a verdict of not proven, and to the sympathy due to vast services requited by murder. Against accusing humanity his plea is far weaker, or rather he has no plea but one of extenuation. If there is a gloomy majesty about him the fascination of which we cannot help owning, if he was the noblest spirit that served evil, still it was evil that he served. The bandit hordes which he led were the scourges of the defenceless people, and in making war support war he set the evil example which was followed by Napoleon on a greater scale, and perhaps with more guilt, because in a more moral age. If in any measure he fell a martyr to a policy of toleration, his memory may be credited with the sacrifice. His toleration was that of indifference, not that of a Christian; yet the passages of his letters in which he pleads for milder methods of conversion, and claims for widows an exemption from the extremities of persecution, seem preserved by his better angel to shed a ray of brightness on his lurid name. Of his importance in history there can be no doubt. Take your stand on the battle field of Lutzen. To the North all was rescued by Gustavus, to the South all was held till yesterday by the darker genius of Wallenstein.

Like the mystic bark in the Mort d'Arthur, the ship which carried the remains of Gustavus from the German shore bore away heroism as well as the hero. Gustavus left great captains in Bernard of Weimar, Banner, Horn, Wrangel and Tortensohn; in the last, perhaps, a captain equal to himself. He left in Oxenstiern the greatest statesman and diplomatist of the age. But the guiding light, the grand aim, the ennobling influence were gone. The Swedes sank almost to the level of the vile element around, and a torture used by the buccaneers to extract confessions of hidden treasure bore the name of the Swedish draught. The last grand figure left

the scene is Wallenstein. Nothing remained but mean ferocity and rapine, coarse filibustering among the soldiers, among the statesmen and diplomatists filibustering a little more refined. All high motives and interests were dead. The din of controversy which at the outset accompanied the firing of the cannon, and proved that the cannon was being fired in a great cause, had long since sunk into silence. Yet for fourteen years after the death of Wallenstein this foullest, aimless drama of horror and agony dragged on. Every part of Germany was repeatedly laid under heavy war contributions, and swept through by pillage, murder, rape and arson. For thirty years all countries, even those of the Cossack and the Stradiot, sent their worst sons to the scene of butchery and plunder. It may be doubted whether such desolation ever fell upon any civilized and cultivated country. When the war began Germany was rich and prosperous, full of smiling villages, of goodly cities, of flourishing universities, of active industry, of invention and discovery, of literature and learning, of happiness, of progress, of national energy and hope. At its close she was a material and moral wilderness. In a district, selected as a fair average specimen of the effects of the war, it is found that of the inhabitants three-fourths, of the cattle four-fifths, perished. For thirty years the husbandman never sowed with any confidence that he should reap; the seed-corn was no doubt often consumed by the reckless troopers or the starving peasantry; and if foreign countries had been able to supply food there were no railroads to bring it. The villages through whole provinces were burnt or pulled down to supply materials for the huts of the soldiery; the people hid themselves in dens and caves of the earth; took to the woods and mountains, where many of them remained swelling the multitude of brigands. When they could they wreaked upon the lansquenets a vengeance as dreadful as what they had suffered, and were thus degraded to the same level of ferocity. Moral life was broken up. The Germany of Luther with its order and piety and domestic virtue, with its old ways and customs, even with its fashions of dress and furniture, perished almost as though it had been swallowed by an earthquake. The nation would hardly have survived had it not been for the desperate tenacity with which the peasant clung to his own soil, and the efforts of the pastors, men of contracted views, of dogmatic habits of mind, and of a somewhat narrow and sour morality, but staunch and faithful in the hour of need, who continued to preach and pray amidst blackened ruins to the miserable remnants of their flocks, and sustained something of moral order and of social life.

Hence in the succeeding centuries, the political nullity of the German nation, the absence of any strong popular element to make head against the petty despotism of the princes, and launch Germany in the career of progress. Hence the backwardness and torpor of the Teutonic race in its original seat, while elsewhere it led the world. Hence, while England was producing Chathams and Burkes, Germany was producing the great musical composers. Hence when the movement came it was rather intellectual than political, rather a movement of the universities than of the nation.

At last, nothing being left for the armies to devour, the masters of the armies began to think of peace. The diplomatists went to work, and in true diplomatic fashion. Two years they spent in formalities and haggling, while Germany was swarming with disbanded lansquenets. It was then that old Oxenstiern said to his son, who had modestly declined an ambassadorship on the ground of inexperience: "Thou knowest not, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed." The object of all the parties to the negotiations was acquisition of territory at the expense of their neighbours;

and the treaty of Westphalia, though, as we have said, it was long the public law of Europe, was an embodiment, not of principles of justice or of the rights of nations, but of the relative force and cunning of what are happily called the powers. France obtained, as the fruit of the diplomatic skill with which she had prolonged the agony of Germany, a portion of the territory which she has recently disgorged. The independence of Germany was saved; and though it was not a national independence, but an independence of petty despotisms, it was redemption from Austrian and Jesuit bondage for the present, with the hope of national independence in the future. When Gustavus broke the Imperial line at Lutzen, Luther and Loyola might have turned in their graves. Luther had still two centuries and a half to wait; so much difference in the course of history, in spite of all our philosophies and our general laws, may be made by an arrow shot at a venture, a wandering breath of pestilence, a random bullet, a wreath of mist lingering on one of the world's battle-fields. But Luther has conquered at last. Would that he had conquered by other means than war—war with all its sufferings, with all its passions, with the hatred, the revenge, the evil pride which it leaves behind it! But he has conquered; and his victory opens a new and, so far as we can see, a happier era for Europe.

THE SLEEPERS.

GRAND, O! grand is the mariner's grave,
Deep in the heart of the unreposing wave,—
Compassed around with marvellous things,
That the sea hath won in its wanderings;
Royaller far than the tomb of kings.

Sweet, O! sweet is the rest of him
Who is laid to sleep beneath the yew trees dim,
Where gather the village folk to pray,
And a solemn calm is night and day,
And the mounded grave is green alway.

But sweeter, solemner, grander far,
To be laid where England's royallest ashes are:
Carved in marble pure and rare,
With white hands clasped as if in prayer,
While the great anthem fills the air.

Ah me, what mattereth land or sea,
Rest or unrest to him who hath ceased to be?
And yet it were sweetly sad to know
That about the grave to which we go,
Worshippers worship, winds breathe low.

THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

BY A BYSTANDER.

A STRANGER enters the chamber of the Legislature at Ottawa under the influence of all the favourable prepossessions which architectural beauty and stateliness can produce. Criticism may no doubt find weak points in the Parliament buildings. But taken as a whole they are the finest thing on this continent, the University of Toronto being their only possible rival; and it would hardly be too much to say that the general view of them is one of the architectural glories of the world. Their situation is almost unequalled, and may well have contributed to attract the choice of the Government to Ottawa as the capital of the Dominion, especially if the tradition is correct that a lady had great influence in the selection. The sum laid out on them though large has not been ill spent. It is good that the majesty of the nation should be duly symbolized in the abode of its legislature; it is good that we should have before our eyes a stimulating example of high art; it is good that we should at once give to our nationality that element of stability which grand official buildings seldom fail to bring to an institution, and which the European cathedrals have so manifestly imparted to the religious system of which they are the fanes; it is good that the mansion of the community should rise in unapproached magnificence above the proudest dwellings of the wealthiest citizens. We have only to regret that Parliament delays expending the small additional sum necessary to put the grounds in order, for want of which the near view of the buildings loses half its effect.

Ottawa is pre-eminently an official capital. It will probably cease to be a place of much business when, in the course of time, the lumber trade departs, as there is nothing in its situation or climate to make it a pleasure city. The relegation of the seat of government to this spot was no doubt determined by the mutual jealousies of the great cities, combined, perhaps, with the military security, which, however, now that war is winged by science, cannot be very great. It is said, however, that it was politic to place the legislature beyond the influence of the populace of great cities. Paris no doubt affords a signal instance of the calamitous interference of such a populace with the independence of the national legislature, and a parallel on a small scale is to be found in the history of Montreal. It is very likely that evil consequences might have ensued if the legislature of the United States during the civil war had sat surrounded by the mob of New York. On the other hand it is a bad thing to remove politicians wholly from the tempering influences of general society, and to set them during the whole session to the exclusive and unmitigated pursuit of their own trade.

It is interesting to see in the Colonial Parliament the exact preservation of all the forms, ceremonies and paraphernalia of its Imperial prototype; all, at least, saving the Speaker's wig, which, though peculiarly dear to the imagination of the British Constitutionalist, could hardly be naturalized in the new world.

Unfortunately the colonies have reproduced British institutions as the Chinese ship-builder reproduced the British merchant's ship—dry-rot and all. In the very arrangement of the House at Ottawa the eye detects at once the sinister apparatus of party government. The framers of our con-

stitution indeed were the first to recognize what British law, and even the constitutional writers of England still ignore—"In such nomination (of members of the Legislative Council) due regard shall be had to the claims of the members of the Legislative Council *of the Opposition* in each Province, so that all political parties may as nearly as possible be fairly represented." This, it is believed, is the first formal acknowledgment of party as an element of the constitution and of party interests, as distinct from those of the country and the public good.

The Cabinet, which is the organ of party government, is still wholly unknown to English law. Its meetings are perfectly informal in every respect, nor is any record of them preserved. The only council known to the law is the Privy Council, a non-party body, which was the ancient government with the Sovereign of England, though it has long since become, except in respect of its Judicial and Educational Committees, a venerable shade. The system of party and cabinet government grew out of the fierce divisions between Whig and Tory generated by the civil war, which rendered it impossible for leaders of opposite factions to sit together in the royal council. William III. at first attempted to form his council without regard to party, but he was compelled to succumb to circumstances and accept a party cabinet. The contests of party during his reign brought fully into view the evils of the system. Patriotism and honour were trampled under foot; excluded aspirants to office intrigued with the foreign enemies of the country, and party malignity vented itself in the groundless indictment of an opponent for murder. George I., being ignorant of the English language, was unable to preside over the council of his Ministers. From that time the Sovereign was excluded from the sittings of the Cabinet, and the Cabinet itself became definitively a caucus, or to use the historic name applied to the first of these unconstitutional councils in England, a "cabal," of the leaders of the dominant party. The continuance of the system was marked by the prevalence of the same malignant and unpatriotic spirit which had predominated at its birth. Party drove Walpole into the causeless and calamitous war with Spain; and Chatham himself, under the influence of faction, was one of the chief participants in that crime. Nor was corruption any more than faction absent even at the very best of times.

Still, party in England has been saved from utter absurdity and vileness by the general presence of some dividing principle, such as might raise the struggle above a mere scramble for place, make party allegiance tolerably consistent with patriotism, and render possible, in the case of the better men at least, something like a realization of that ideal of Burke, to which reference was made in the last of these papers. The temporary absence or weakness of the dividing principle has, as was there remarked, always been accompanied by a reign of corruption, and by all the evils, moral and material, with which corruption in the government fills a nation.

Party without a dividing principle becomes faction. The aim of faction is place, its bond is selfishness, the means which it universally and inevitably employs to hold together its forces and attain its ends are intrigue, jobbery, and corruption; its deliberations are conspiracies; its patriotism is the sacrifice of country to cabal; its eloquence is slander of opponents. The tendency of government by faction is always downward; good men and intellects of the higher order are more and more repelled from politics; each generation of rulers is smaller and viler than the last; corruption grows ever more necessary and more familiar; the last twilight of honour fades away; and the end is a domination of scoundrels. In the meantime caucuses and wire-pulling have extinguished the freedom of the suffrage, and such public virtue as may be left in the na-

tion is left powerless even to move in the direction of reform. The public journals become organs of faction, and by their daily teaching leave little in the hearts of the people to which a high-minded statesman and a reformer can appeal. This may be a dark picture, but we know from experience that it is true.

Opposition leaders under such a system denounce with an indignation which at the time is sincere the jobbery and corruption by which the government unavoidably subsists; but when they have themselves obtained power, they find themselves obliged to subsist by the same means. Public writers come forth with professions, equally sincere, of superiority to the narrowness, the dishonesty, the slanderous malignity of the party press, but they soon fall into the common groove and sink to the general level.

In the colonies, where, saving the formal representation of monarchy in the person of the Governor, only the popular portion of British institutions has been adopted, and where, consequently, the questions between aristocracy and democracy which still agitate the mother country do not arise, parties are without any dividing principle. Their names, if they have names, are as unmeaning as Neri and Bianchi, or Caravats and Shanavests. Swift's picture of the Big-endians and Little-endians is far more applicable to them than it was to the Whigs and Tories of his time. Almost all the political leaders of Canada have been in every kind of combination. Apart from personal enmities and rivalries, there is no reason why any two of them, however opposed to each other at present, and however violent their mutual vituperation, should not sit together in the same national councils. The most discordant of them did sit together in the national councils at the time of Confederation, and only the personal animosities which had then become inveterate prevented the permanence of the conjunction.

Why, then, it may be asked, are we to be doomed for ever to the continuance of this party system, which, so far as we are concerned, is the servile imitation of a model alien to our case? Why should not the members of our Executive, instead of being nominated by party, under the mask of royal appointment, be elected by Parliament, which is now the real sovereign power, for such terms as may be deemed expedient, and with a proper rule of rotation, so as to preserve the harmony between the executive and the legislative? If the form of royal appointment were still deemed essential, in accordance with the general habits of British formalism, it might be preserved by terming the election a presentation or recommendation, to be ratified by the Crown. This simple change, though of course it would not extinguish factiousness or cupidity in the breasts of politicians, would cut up the root of party government and party corruption, which is the constant struggle of two organized factions for the offices and patronage of the State.

As matters stand, however, we must be content, in writing of politics, to descend to a comparatively low moral level, to accept the sinister code of party law, to acquiesce in types of political character such as a better age will repudiate, to bestow the name of statesmanship on the art which holds parties together, and to judge with leniency a party government which keeps evil influences within decent bounds, and does not utterly sacrifice to its party objects the great interests of the country. To "take care of Dowb" is the universal rule, though the frankness and succinctness of telegraphic expression are unfortunately rare. That Puritanism will not do in politics is the universal maxim; and "Puritanism" is the politician's epithet for honour. One of the best and most upright of Canadian statesmen owned that in the whole course of his public life he had never been able to appoint to any office the man whom, in his conscience, he believed to be the fittest for the place.

The basis, however, if not the principle, of party in this country, is obvious enough. The united mass of French in Lower Canada, welded together by a separate nationality, and, as peasantry of the France before the Revolution, greatly under ecclesiastical control, and steady in allegiance to the leaders who have the confidence of their clergy, could not fail to be the dominant power under a party system; for, under a party system, cohesiveness is force, independent intelligence is weakness. A government which has formed an alliance with this mass, has only to add to it a certain number of auxiliaries, of whom the smaller Provinces, since Confederation, have been the natural recruiting ground, and whom skill and address in the use of Government influence can hardly fail to secure. It may be pretty safely predicted that, even if the present Opposition were to come into power, it would be compelled to make terms with French Canada; indeed, its movements show a consciousness of this fact. The present Ministry derives additional strength from the British connection, which, being peculiarly a connection with the aristocratic and conservative party in England, is the channel of sentiments and influences congenial to the clerical conservatism of French Canada and to the traditional leanings of the principal members of our present Government.

Throughout the Session, the Ministry showed overwhelming strength; so overwhelming that the country might be said to be practically destitute of that essential security for tolerable government under the party system,—an effective opposition. Where, as in the present case, an opposition represents no antagonistic principles, the mere possession of power and patronage is a rampart almost impregnable, if the defence is conducted with ordinary skill. Grave errors on the part of Walpole at last opened a breach for the assailants who had pressed the siege in vain, in spite of all their ability and eloquence, for twenty years. In default of an antagonistic principle, the administrative acts of the Government may be criticized, and attacks may be made on it in cases of jobbery and corruption: but the merely administrative acts of a government will always be sustained by its majority; and with regard to jobbery and corruption, the moral fibre of the public under the party system is soon deadened, and indignant purity, thundering from the opposition benches, is heard with scepticism or indifference.

The Canadian Opposition is further weakened, and very materially, by the uncertainty as to its leadership, and the prevalence of the impression that it is really controlled by a leader outside Parliament, allusions to whose influence are constantly made by the hostile party, and appear invariably to tell. Its apparent narrowness may be partly traceable to the same cause. For a leader out of Parliament may indulge with impunity in his Shibboleth, while a leader in Parliament is compelled to attract recruits by greater liberality and toleration. The General Election, however, will probably set this right.

The Treaty debate was the great field-day of the Session, though the ground for decisive battle was ill chosen by the leaders of the Opposition. It had become manifest to all impartial observers before the meeting of Parliament that the Treaty was accepted by the fishermen, that it was approved by Montreal, and that the feeling against it in Ontario, though pretty general, was not intense enough to sustain extreme measures. It had even received the accession of the leading member of the Opposition at Montreal. The criticism of the Opposition press had failed of effect from its excessively party character, and the supporters of the Treaty, and the Minister by whom it was negotiated, were enabled to appeal to the broader patriotism which, in questions between our common country and foreign na-

tions, suspends the war of party, and rises to the national point of view. But the leaders of the Opposition were desperately committed to mortal combat on this issue before public opinion had been settled, and even before the facts were completely known. When the fatal hour arrived, they led their party, with the greatest gallantry and ability, to its certain doom; and the defeat which it encountered in what had been so long and so loudly proclaimed as the grand trial of party strength, broke its force for the session, and prevented it from giving battle with effect upon more auspicious fields. If the party system of government is to continue, it is essential, as was said before, that we should have a strong opposition; for, without a strong opposition, party government becomes a corrupt despotism, cloaked by a Parliament. But there cannot be a strong opposition without a parliamentary chief, having, so far as the circumstances of a voluntary combination will permit, the full control of his party, able deliberately to forecast its policy, to exercise reserve and reticence similar to those exercised by the head of the government till the field of action is fairly within his view, and to husband the energy and prestige of his followers for attacks upon those points where there is fair ground for hoping that an impression may be made.

The Minister, sure of his majority, made to an assembly, which hung upon his lips, a defence of the Treaty and of his own conduct in relation to it, rich in details valuable to history. Such was the importance attached to his words, and such the public expectation, that by an extraordinary effort of journalistic enterprise his whole speech was telegraphed from Ottawa to his leading organ at Toronto. He was pressed by the Opposition with the apparent contrast between the face which he had presented to the British Government in protesting against the Treaty with a view to exacting compensation for it, and the face which he presented in recommending the Treaty to the Parliament of Canada. To this charge, and the array of documentary proofs by which it was enforced, he did not care to reply. He knew, no doubt, that in the minds of those on whose votes he depended such criticisms would only enhance the admiration felt for the statemanship which had been able to secure at once an advantageous Treaty and an indemnification for accepting it.

Those who regard material advantages as insufficient, and in the end precarious, without regard for the national honour, and at the same time those who desire to have our relations with the mother country placed on a sound and honourable footing, will be grateful to the independent members who pressed the special consideration of the Fenian claim. No reparation has ever been obtained, or even sought, either by the British or by the Canadian Government for that great wrong. No doubt, so far as Canada is concerned, the guarantee of the Pacific bonds might cover, among our other material losses, the loss of our slain citizens, considered merely as contributors to our wealth; but it could afford no compensation for their blood, murdered as they were by a piratical force, openly organized, armed and drilled in the territory, and with the connivance, and worse than connivance, of a professedly friendly government, towards which Canada had, under the most trying circumstances, scrupulously performed all international obligations. Nor was any adequate security taken against a recurrence of the outrage; for members of our legislature who can believe that the Americans will feel themselves bound by merely inferential corollaries from the rule laid down in the case of the *Alabama*, have surely little reason for taunting Englishmen with ignorance of American habits. It seems not even clear as a point of law that the peculiar case of the Fenian raids would be covered by rules regulating the conduct of neutrals in time of war; and if any question should arise, the Americans

might plead with considerable force that the consideration of the Fenian case had been actually pressed and rejected at the time when the Treaty was made. Had the British and Canadian Governments conjointly insisted on the claim, it is at least possible that the point might have been yielded by the American Government, which, on financial grounds, was very anxious for a settlement, and was too conscious of the state of affairs at the South to push matters to extremities with Great Britain. But at all events we should have been true to international principle and to national self-respect; we should have kept the path of honour, which is the only path of peace, especially in dealing with the Government of the American Republic.

With regard to the merits and demerits of the Treaty as a whole, apart from the Fenian question, the bystander looking for an independent judgment amidst the conflicting tides of party assertion and invective, found it in the words of Mr. Holton, the seceding member of the Opposition. "He (Mr. Holton) supposed it would be admitted on all hands that this was not a Treaty to which Canada would have become a party as an independent country. It would also, he thought, be admitted that it was not a Treaty to which England would become a party if she had not these provinces as part of the Empire. This consideration elevated the whole question to the domain of the Imperial policy, and made the object to be gained not what was best for Canada or for England, but for the Empire as a whole. He thought, therefore, and the best consideration he was able to give the subject convinced him that, in the interest of the Empire at large, and of this country as a part of it, the Treaty should be accepted." In quoting Mr. Holton against his political friends, it is due to him to say that his speech was marked by the utmost respect for their feelings, and for the tie between himself and them.

The Treaty of Washington was a sincere attempt on the part of the British Government to bring about a reconciliation with the Government of the United States; and it might have succeeded had the Government of the United States simply desired a reconciliation with Great Britain, not a victory for electioneering purposes over British honour. But its vaunted importance as the inauguration of a new international era fell to the ground upon the rejection of the Fenian claim, after which it became not a signal submission of force to public law, but a signal assertion of the immunity of the American Republic from international responsibility, and a step backwards instead of forwards in the moral progress of humanity. All hope of its producing a better state of feeling between the two nations expired in the bickerings and recriminations consequent on the dispute as to its interpretation with reference to the indirect claims; and though it was Lord Granville's duty to labour as he did with temper and perseverance for its preservation, even he must have felt after such a taste of the "amity" of the opposite party to the arbitration that he might be saved by an early miscarriage from worse evils to come. It appears, on conclusive authority, that Mr. Bancroft Davis, in addition to his indirect claims, sent in inflated estimates (to use no harsher expression) of the direct claims; and even if the injustice of these estimates were admitted by the Americans themselves as openly as was the untenable character of the claim for consequential damages, the retractation of a wrongful demand would still be held, in the latter case as in the former, incompatible with American honour. We have learnt something as to the value of that transcendental morality, spouted from innumerable platforms, which in theory soars above angels, but in practice is unequal to efforts easy and familiar to every man of honour.

If the treaty dies the American case

will live a monument to the civilized world, and in all books on international law, of the temper and habits of the American Government. British statesmen also have now probably learnt what they were naturally and perhaps laudably slow to learn—the vanity of attempting by unreciprocated demonstrations of good-will and caresses which are invariably misconstrued, to gain the friendship of the one nation on earth whose friendship is not to be gained. The identity of language veils the fact that the people of the United States have become, under the influence of different institutions, and from the infusion of foreign elements, at least as alien to the British as any other foreign nation. Among the other leading features of British character they have lost the power of forgiving and forgetting an old quarrel; and while Washington is revered in England almost as a national hero, Americans still rancorously brood over the memories of the Revolutionary war. School histories, entirely made up of inflated and malignant accounts of the two quarrels with Great Britain, inoculate each rising generation with the ancestral hatred, and Irish and protectionist sentiment add their quota to the sum of bitterness. We may not be altogether misled by our vanity in supposing that some degree of envy, however strange on the part of so prosperous and powerful a nation, still mingles with the other causes of hostility; and Hawthorne may have been right in saying, as he did with singular frankness, that Americans would be able to regard England with cordiality when she had been compelled by some great calamity to implore their help. Be this as it may, the notion that beneath incessant and universal manifestations of ill-will there lurks a fund of affection fed by the memory of a common origin is unfounded, and if assumed as the basis of action, must lead to disappointment and humiliation. No political capital is so valuable to an American politician as the reputation of having injured or insulted Great Britain, and it was evidently felt by President Grant that to yield to her, even when every sane American admitted her to be undeniably in the right, would be absolutely fatal to his chance of re-election. Peace with the United States is to Great Britain and Canada an object of the very highest importance; but it will be best secured by a scrupulous observance of all obligations, coupled with a certain measure of reserve, at least with abstinence from anxious and overstrained demonstrations of friendship, and with a due maintenance of our own rights and of the rights of nations. The effect of the temperate but unanimous resistance of the British people to the recent attempt at extortion has been entirely good; and equally good, we are persuaded, would have been the effect of a courteous but manly and resolute adherence to the Fenian claim.

It is to be regretted that the beneficent principle of international arbitration should, upon its first grand application, have received so severe a blow; but there is no reason for despairing of its success in the case of nations different in their temper and habits from the people of the United States, and uninflamed by traditional animosity against the other party to the suit. Where actual submission to arbitration may seem perilous, it may perhaps be useful to take the opinion of impartial jurists as a guide to the parties, and by way of moderating the angry extravagances into which nations are hurried by their mutual excitement and the violence of an irresponsible press.

The debate on the Washington Treaty was further memorable as an epoch in the relations between the mother country and the colonies, since by the submission of the Canadian articles to our Parliament, England in effect abdicated almost the last remnant of authority which she had retained over the colony—the treaty-making power.

Had not the Opposition been suffering under the effects of their great defeat they

could hardly have failed to make a more vigorous stand, and to produce a greater public impression than they did on the question respecting the trial of controverted elections. This might well have been chosen by them as the field for a pitched battle. The claim of the House of Commons to act judicially in the matter of controverted elections is admitted in England to be obsolete, and a relic of that early period of constitutional history in which the functions of political assemblies had not yet been clearly distinguished from those of judicial tribunals, and when the House was not unfrequently tempted to usurp judicial authority in questions of a more general kind. The failure of justice, the electoral malpractices, the popular discontent, the aspersions on the honour of Parliament, which prevailed under the system of parliamentary committees, have been happily removed by the transfer of these trials to the judges, to whom all trials, whatever their subject matter, belong. At the same time, an end has been put to the enormous expense and inconvenience involved in bringing every election case to be tried at the capital, and which in themselves often constituted an effectual bar to justice and a complete screen for criminal tampering with the suffrage, by sending the judges to the constituency, and thus bringing justice home to the petitioners' door. Experience was hardly needed to prove that a trial is more properly conducted by those trained to sift evidence than by the untrained, that an impartial judge is preferable to a court made up, even in equal proportions, of the parties to the suit, or that cheap and ready justice is better than the reverse. But, if it were, the experience of England has been decisive; and Canada happily shares with England that greatest of political blessings, an independent judiciary, fully possessing the confidence of the people. To rebut any possible suggestion as to a difference between the circumstances of the two countries, Ontario has adopted the English law, and with equally good results. That the system of trial by the judges is favourable to the freedom and purity of suffrage, as the system of trial by parliamentary committees was to intimidation and corruption, is, in truth, established beyond the possibility of doubt. Yet the Minister, on the eve of a general election, resisted the reform, enumerating mechanical difficulties, which seemed not insurmountable, and appealing somewhat palpably to the pugnacity of his party. A government could hardly place itself in a more assailable position, or afford an opposition a better opportunity of coming forward as the champions of the honour of Parliament and of the rights of the people. Yet, mainly, it would seem, for the reason before mentioned, comparatively little impression was made.

The debates on the New Brunswick School Law afforded matter both for reflection and mirth. The Minister who, to the authority of his official position, added the reputation of an eminent constitutional lawyer, began by pronouncing that the New Brunswick Legislature, in passing the Act establishing secular education, had acted clearly within its constitutional jurisdiction, and that the Dominion Parliament "could have no voice or opinion in the matter." This, it would seem, ought to have closed the discussion. Yet, after several adjournments, the Government ended by supporting a resolution, which was, in effect, a vote of censure against the New Brunswick Legislature, and an injunction to repeal the obnoxious law. No logical process could have conducted from the legal opinion to the resolution; but the interval of time between them had been filled with a Cabinet agony caused by the pressure of Roman Catholic supporters on one side and of constitutional law and New Brunswick on the other—an agony, no doubt, replete with picturesque and touching incidents in interview and caucus. After boxing

the compass in search of an expedient, the Ministers were landed at last in a course which they, no doubt, judged rightly in deeming practically the easiest, though it was logically the most untenable of all. On the other hand, the Opposition was not in a condition to take advantage of the perplexities of the Government, which it watched for some time in silence with wistful eyes. It, as well as the Government, had its Roman Catholic supporters, the dread of whose anger ruled its movements, and was visible beneath all rhetorical disguise. The Roman Catholics spoke frankly and sincerely for their separate schools, the New Brunswickers for their local liberties; in all other quarters strategical considerations manifestly prevailed.

It will be interesting to see what course will be taken by the New Brunswick Legislature. The provincial right is admitted, subject, at least, to a reference to England on a special point; and it is admitted that had the right not been respected and assured, Confederation could not have been carried. Public education, moreover, is in itself a subject on which, as all who have studied the subject dispassionately will allow, it is desirable to grant as much liberty of local experiment as possible. The difficulties of the question, which divides and agitates almost every community, are caused, in a great degree, by forcing all parts of a nation, however different their circumstances, social, economical, or intellectual, to adopt the same system. The remark may be extended to national progress generally, which would go on more smoothly and more rapidly if we were not all forced to advance abreast.

In any event it is to be hoped that local liberties will not be sacrificed, nor Dominion party permitted more than is necessary to control Provincial Governments. Without strong local institutions democracy may become the worst of tyrannies. The Provincial Governments are likely always to be sounder than that of the Dominion, because they are more under the eyes of their constituents, and the means of corruption in their case are not so great. Under institutions such as ours every step away from the constituent is apt to be a step nearer to corruption.

One evening the galleries were filled with members of the civil service and their families, who had come to listen to a debate touching the disposal of a surplus fund formed out of the contributions of that body. They must have heard from one of the speakers some harsh sentiments harshly expressed, and which, it may be added, were fallacious as well as unkind. The interests of those by whom the permanent administration is carried on, and on whose character its efficiency and integrity depend, are at least as intimately connected with those of the country as are the interests of the Parliamentary politicians. Their salaries are fixed, generally, with a pretty strict regard to economy, and are constantly decreasing in real amount with the general rise of wages and the general decline in the purchasing power of gold. To tell an efficient and experienced civil servant, in contumelious and sarcastic terms, to take inadequate wages or to go about his business, is to misconceive the real circumstances of the case and the requirements of the public. Of course the civil servant cannot go; he has committed himself to the service, and, especially if he is at all advanced in years, is incapacitated for other callings; he must perforce keep his place, and take such wages as he can get. But though the civil servant will not go, the civil service will. Young men of good character will not enter a calling in which they cannot expect fair treatment and reasonable remuneration; and the faithfulness and efficiency of the service in course of time will cease. In ordinary cases justice is done, and the interest of the community is most surely promoted by leaving each man to make the best terms

that he can for himself; but a civil service must be dealt with collectively, and to keep it trustworthy Government must give its members what is just. Even great employers of ordinary labour, such as the Cunard Company, find the benefit of acting in some degree on the same principle, and attaching those in their employment to the service by making them feel that it is one of liberality and justice.

The Government measure for the assimilation of our law relating to unions and strikes to the English law was no doubt in the main right and necessary, though the English law, framed in a period of agitation, would probably admit of considerable improvement on a cool review. But the circumstances under which the measure was brought forward, and the point which had been given to it by supporters of the Government for electioneering purposes, would have warranted some grave words of warning as to the criminality of allowing party motives ever to influence the treatment of a question so fearfully important to the industrial life and the social happiness of our country. The only aim of the Opposition, however, appeared to be to bid a little higher for the working man's vote.

The debate on the Pacific Railway seemed to a bystander amply to confirm the saying of a leading authority on Canadian commerce, that the enterprise, however popular and beneficent, was a "leap in the dark." The same debate confirmed the misgivings which are beginning to be felt as to the fitness of numerous assemblies to deal with any but broad political questions. On such subjects as the details of a railway route the discussion is a mere babel; real deliberation is out of the question, weariness decides more than counsel, and only those who have some particular end in view press through the general confusion and indifference to their own mark. Parliaments, originally summoned merely to grant taxes and accept the measures framed by the sovereign, since they have themselves become the sovereign power, require much adaptation to qualify them properly for the work of legislation.

In Committee on Mr. Costigan's Dual Representation Bill, Mr. Blake, as the organ of the Opposition, moved as an amendment that "every person who is a shareholder in the Pacific Railway Company, which is to receive on terms to be fixed by the Government of the day $30,000,000 and 50,000,000 acres of land, shall be ineligible to a seat in this House; and any member of this House becoming a shareholder in such Company shall vacate his seat in the House." Mr. Blake's speech is ill reported, the gravity of the subject not having been appreciated by the public at the time, though it is probably one of more serious import to us as a nation than even the Treaty of Washington; an oversight due partly to the error committed, as it would seem, by the Opposition, in bringing forward a question, which might well have been made one of the great questions of the session, merely in the form of amendment in committee on a comparatively unimportant bill. Mr. Blake, however, urged in effect that it was the duty of the House to guard against a great danger. He referred to the formation of the company for the construction of the Railway, pointing out that the Government would have such a control over the members of the company that their prosperity would depend on its good will, and its ill will might effect their ruin. He believed that sufficient means had not yet been provided for the railway, and that further application for assistance would yet be made; in addition to which the company was deeply interested in getting the land and money as it wanted them. There had already been rumours of discontent on account of an amendment providing that the subsidy should be payable in proportion to the construction, as calculated to hamper the company. Everything was to be left in the hands of the Government, and under these circum-

stances he entertained the strongest opinion that it was essential to the independence of the House that they should exclude from it members of a company supported and sustained by the Government, and which would have to obtain its resources for the prosecution of its work from the Government of the day. He found that in the list of provisional directors there were twenty-five members of Parliament; and if these directors remained in the House the virtue of the Minister would not long resist the attack of twenty-five members saying to him: "We support you, but we can no longer do so if you are so niggardly of the public lands and monies; we want the lands and money faster, and a little more of them, or the next vote of want of confidence may find us on the other side." *

The debate unfortunately diverged at once into personalities of the most irrelevant kind, and no answer was given on the part of the Government to the very grave question raised by Mr. Blake's motion.

The principle of excluding from Parliament, as a necessary security for its independence, government contractors and others pecuniarily dependent upon Government, may be regarded as a fundamental part of British institutions, and it is one which it is still deemed essential, in the case of the British House of Commons, to guard with unabated vigilance. The principle that no man can act as a guardian of the public interest in matters in which his private interest is involved, though, like any other principle, it may be tampered with and obscured by casuistry, is indelibly engraved on the heart of every man of honour. The presence of leading commercial men in the councils of the nation, though most desirable, cannot compensate for the breach of principles so vital to the very existence of a council worthy of being called national. In the present case, however, if the facts are correctly stated in Mr. Blake's speech, we are presented with the picture of a Parliament actually swarming with members dependent on the favour of the Government, and able, in turn, by their united force, to compel the Government to grant what they desire. The apprehensions which such a prospect creates imply no disparagement to the character of any particular Government, or to the character of the Government more than to that of the leaders of the Opposition, who, as aspirants to power, will be subjected to the same pressure and the same temptation. The exclusion of the members of a particular company from the Legislature is certainly an awkward and invidious expedient, and fair exception might have been taken to that mode of providing a security. But unless some security can be provided a great danger seems to threaten the country. If the Minister has any regard for his fame, he will consider the subject more seriously than he appeared inclined to do in the debate.

More than one motion was made for the reform of the Senate, while that body was pursuing the even and decorous tenor of its way amidst those splendours of upholstery which, according to British tradition, seem to be the appanage and the consolation of legislative weakness. We will not be tempted to launch into the question of Second Chambers, and the mode of appointing them, or to dwell on the curious aberrations into which the framers of the Canadian Constitution, among others, have been led by taking the House of Lords for a Second Chamber, when, in fact, it is an Estate of the Realm; though the First Minister says that these are topics specially suited to magazines. There was, probably, an under-current of gentle irony in his own panegyric on the practical working of the Senate at Ottawa. On the other hand, if his nominations have not been above criticism, a writer in a magazine may put in for him a plea which he could hardly have put

* The best report is that in the *Mail*, June 4, which we have mainly followed.

in for himself. Under the party system of government, party must engross everything. For every vacancy in the Senate there is a claimant, who has done something, or expended something, for the party, and whose claims cannot be set aside. The Minister may feel as strongly as his critics how much the Senate would be strengthened, and his own reputation enhanced, by the introduction of some of the merit, ability, and experience which do not take the stump. But party demands its pound of flesh. The result, however, will probably be that, after a long course of nominations by the head of one party, the Senate will, upon a change of Government, be brought into collision with the elective assembly, and the end of the "Peers" will arrive.

The amount of public time expended during the session in the discussion of the Proton outrage and similar historic themes, was not unreasonably large, nor, upon the whole, did we much miss the moderating and refining influence of the Speaker's wig. Unfortunately, the dark presence of the Proton outrage once or twice clouded the scene when it was particularly desirable that the vision of members should be clear.

There is no lack in the Dominion Parliament of the oratory which rules the world in our generation, though future generations will perhaps regard its ascendancy as a singular phenomenon of the past. What may be the amount of those qualities in which the community has a more real interest, is a question on which a bystander cannot presume to form an opinion. Rare in any political assembly are those noble forms whose very bearing bespeaks integrity, truth, and single-hearted devotion to the public good. May the youth of Canada learn to aim high, and to remain, amidst parties struggling for place, loyal to honour and to our common country!

It would be ungrateful to close a paper on the session of the Dominion Parliament without noticing that, with that session, Lord Lisgar closed not only his rule in Canada, but a long period of service as the Imperial representative in Colonies and dependencies, in the course of which his discretion, urbanity, and experience in public business have removed difficulties, smoothed asperities, and taught the somewhat heady current of colonial politics to run more calmly, and not to overflow the fields.

REVERIE.

BY THE REV. C. P. MULVANEY.

TO-NIGHT my heart is lonely,
And sad as sad can be:
There is not one in the wide world
To look with love on me.
And wearily the wind blows,
And blindly falls the rain,—
It seems to strike upon my heart,—
Not on the window pane.

The weary wind will rest it;
The rain will slumber well,
Deep hidden in the rosebud's breast,
Or in the sweet blue-bell;
But still my heart is throbbing,
As sad as sad can be,—
There is not one in the wide world
To think with love on me.

Not always wave the branches
At the wind's imperious will;
'Neath the burning feet of summer
The tossing waves are still.
But for that sad-voiced prophet
Within the human breast,
And its dull, monotonous warnings,
There comes no hope, nor rest.

HUNTLEY, ONT.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

BY PROF. H. CORSON.

THERE is a growing suspicion in the educational world that the study of English grammar, as pursued in our schools, is not generally attended with the best results; that it is quite as often attended with bad results. It can be asserted, almost without qualification, that those whose education is confined to what is afforded by the common schools, end their school-days with no available knowledge of the general principles of language, and, what is still worse, no correct knowledge whatever, of the structure of their mother tongue. The English child who studies no other language than its own, is at a peculiar disadvantage in the matter of grammar, in comparison, for example, with the German child. For the German language is still highly inflected, and all whose vernacular it is can, through it alone, be exercised in grammatical relations. But the relations of words in an English sentence are for the most part logical, not grammatical, stripped as the language is of nearly all inflections, their place being supplied by separate prepositive particles, and by auxiliaries; in other words, English is almost exclusively an analytic language, ideas and their relations in thought being separately expressed. And yet our schoolmaster grammarians treat the language as though it were inflected, and talk about agreement and government; and about voices, moods, and tenses that have no existence, except in analytic forms. For example, (I, he, she, we, they, you,) "shall have written," is called the future perfect tense of the verb *write*, first and third persons, singular, and first, second and third persons plural, and equivalent to the Latin *scripsero*, *scripserit*, *scripserimus*, *scripseritis*, *scripserint*. That it is

equivalent to these Latin forms is true enough; but the pupil, in so learning the English verb, gets no idea of its peculiar structure. English grammar was originally based on Latin grammar, and has been ever since treated, except by a few German scholars, who have taken it in hand, analogically—*per aliud*, instead of *per se*, as it should be. Dr. Wallis, whose *Grammatica Linguæ Anglicanæ*, published as early as 1653 is still worthy to be ranked among the very best English grammars that have yet been written either by English or American grammarians, was the first to see the error of this analogical treatment of English grammar. Alluding to his predecessors, Gill, Ben Jonson, and others, he remarks:—"Omnes ad Latinæ linguæ normam hanc nostram Anglicanam nimium exigentes multa inutilia præcepta de Nominum casibus, Generibus, et Declinationibus, atque Verborum Temporibus, *Modis et Conjugationibus*, de Nominum item et Verborum Regimine, aliisque similibus tradiderunt quæ a lingua nostra sunt prorsus aliena, adeoque confusionem potius et obscuritatem pariunt, quam explicationi inserviunt." That is, "They all subject this our English tongue too much to the rule of the Latin, and deliver many useless precepts respecting the cases, genders and declensions of nouns, the tenses, moods and conjugations of verbs, the government of nouns and verbs, and other like things, which are altogether foreign to our tongue, and beget confusion and obscurity, rather than serve for explanation."

If his successors had profited, as they should have done, by what he has so succinctly set forth in this passage, we should have had English grammar, long ere this, placed on its own bottom, and the fact would have been recognized and acted upon that modern English is no proper medium for grammatical discipline; and, in the absence of the study of Latin and Greek, a resort would have been had to Anglo-Saxon, both as a means of exercising the young pupil in grammatical relations, and of tracing the origin of modern English phraseology. The writer of this article has frequently gone into country schools where they pretend to teach English grammar, and has heard both teachers and pupils talk about the agreement of adjectives and nouns, the government exercised by verbs and prepositions, none of which exist except to a very limited extent; and what is worst of all, when grammar is so taught, neither teachers nor pupils ever think, perhaps, what agreement and government really mean, so that a grammar lesson is made up of a set of meaningless, stereotyped expressions, whose idle repetitions leave the mind only the more vacant the more glibly they are gone over.

The study of grammar, if properly pursued, *ought* to be one of the most interesting of all school studies, revealing, as it does, the working of the ingenious and subtle organ the mind employs for the expression of its myriad impressions, thoughts and sentiments. As generally pursued, it is the driest, most barren, and most repulsive; as repulsive as what is called "composition"—an exercise which is generally hated with a holy hatred by all young pupils upon whom it is imposed, as it too often is, before they have any ideas to compose.

For some years past, the curriculum of study in our schools and colleges has been verging more and more toward the natural sciences. The great strides that these have made within the memory of living men, and their important bearing upon every-day life and the progress of civilization and refinement, render it difficult to resist their tendency to displace many of the time-honoured means of mental discipline. There is now a large class of educators in England and America, who look upon the study of Latin and Greek, for example, as a sad waste of time, when there is such an accumulation of useful knowledge in the world. This study, they argue, was all very

well when there was little else to be learned; but that we should now sweep from our halls of learning the mediæval dust and cobwebs, and let in the wholesome and invigorating light of science. This sounds very plausible, even to those who regard education in its true character, as an out-drawing and a discipline of the mental faculties, irrespective of the special outward direction their exercise may take in after life; and to those who regard it as identical with the acquisition of useful knowledge—and they constitute a numerous class—as perfectly conclusive.

Of one thing classical scholars are quite certain, that the study of Latin and Greek affords a certain kind of discipline such as no other study has yet been found to afford, and that, too, at an age when the mind is not prepared for much knowledge of any kind.

The science of comparative philology, which is little more than half a century old, has already quite as great a claim upon educators as any of the more developed sciences, bearing, as it does, upon ethnology, and claiming the attention not of the scholar only, but also of the historian, the mental and moral philosopher, and the theologian; and which, "though it professes to treat of words only, teaches us that there is more in words than is dreamt of in our philosophies."

For the study of this important science, there is no better preparation in early life than a thorough training in Latin and Greek, especially Greek; while the study of the development of the Greek verb affords of itself the best discipline to the young mind that has, perhaps, ever been devised. And then, as the foundation of a sound literary taste, the study of Latin and Greek may be said to be indispensable. Every Professor who has had any experience in conducting classes of young men in the critical reading of an English author, knows the great advantage enjoyed by those who have had a classical training over those who have not.

But if the old college curriculum must be departed from, the next best course to be pursued towards securing a similar, if not an equivalent, discipline, is to study our own language in its historical development. Any one who will take the trouble to examine all the more important and ambitious English grammars that have been written, must arrive at the inevitable conclusion that the English language cannot be studied, with any satisfactory results, on the basis of modern English. No man ever worked harder or more earnestly, "to do up" English grammar, than Goold Brown. He spent a third of a century on his "Grammar of English Grammars," the 6th edition of which contains 1,102 pages 8vo., of closely printed matter, painstakingly sifted from 463 grammars and 85 other works. And with what result? A great cartload of a book which, so far as an adequate exposition of the construction of the English language is concerned, isn't worth the shelf-room it occupies in a library. And the secret of the failure may be stated in very few words: The author did the best, perhaps, condensation apart, that could be done, on the principle adopted, namely, of sifting nearly 500 grammars, all of which, with few exceptions, were based on the assumption that English grammar could be treated on the basis of the modern forms of the language. The modern English is, as we have already said, almost entirely stript of inflection; but its syntax, and what is peculiar in its phraseology, have grown out of a highly inflected tongue, the Anglo-Saxon, which, more than eight hundred years ago, was brought in conflict with the language of a conquering people, with which it struggled for more than four hundred years, and came out of the struggle victorious, indeed, but shorn of all its inflectional trappings. Yet all the residual forms of its phraseology were explainable and still are, only through the forms it had cast off before the struggle was ended. Take, for example, the familiar use of the definite article before

comparatives, as in the following sentence: "For neither if we eat, are we *the* better; neither if we eat not, are we *the* worse." How could the formation of *the* before *better* and *worse* be explained to a class of young pupils knowing nothing of Latin nor of any other inflected language? Its explanation would be attended with some difficulty. But a mere smattering of Latin on the part of the class would enable the teacher to make this use of *the* before comparatives perfectly plain, by showing its correspondence with *eo*, the ablative neuter of *is*, *ea*, *id*, in the same situation. But if the class were to begin with Anglo-Saxon grammar instead of modern English, a resort to Latin would be unnecessary; *the* would be at once recognized as the ablative *the* or *thy* of the Anglo-Saxon demonstrative adjective pronoun, *se*, *seo*, *thæt*, (corresponding with the Latin *is*, *ea*, *id*), representing, in its old pronominal character, the two propositions, "we eat," and "we eat not," and as an ablative of cause or means, qualifying or limiting, adverbially, *better* and *worse*. "For neither if we eat, are we *the* (that is) on *that* account, namely, that we eat) better; neither if we eat not, are we *the* (that is, on *that* account, namely, that we eat not) worse."

Sometimes phrases occur in the most familiar, every-day English, which are totally unexplainable in any other way than by a resort to their original forms. Take, for example, the expression "a forty foot rope." No one would say "a forty feet rope," and yet how is the apparent inconsistency of uniting the numeral "forty" with "foot" to be explained? Only by going back to the original Anglo-Saxon construction, which required nouns denoting measure, weight, value, &c., and also when used after large numerals, to be put in the genitive. The genitive plural of nouns and adjectives in Anglo-Saxon invariably ended in -a, which, in the gradual dropping off of inflections, dwindled into an obscure -e, and this was finally displaced by the predominant ending -es or -s of the nominative and accusative plural (derived from Anglo-Saxon -as, of the 2nd declension), which became the common ending of all cases in the plural. But in the expression "forty foot," "foot" is the remains of the old genitive plural "fôta." There is a small class of nouns in Anglo-Saxon, to which fôt, *foot*, belongs, that, instead of inflection, undergo a vowel change in the dative singular and in the nominative and accusative plural; e.g., fôt, *foot*, bôc, *book*, gôs, *goose*, tôth *tooth*, lûs, *louse*, mûs, *mouse*, etc.; dative singular and nominative and accusative plural, fêt, bêc, gês, têth, lês, mês, respectively. But in the genitive plural, the vowel of the nominative singular is always retained; fôta, *of feet*, bôca, *of books*, gôsa, *of geese*, tôtha, *of teeth*, lûsa, *of lice*, mûsa, *of mice*. And this explains the apparently singular form of "foot," in the expression, "a forty foot rope," which is the genitive plural after "forty," with the ending dropt. The expression in Anglo-Saxon would be "râp feowertig fôta lâng," a rope forty of feet long, or "a forty of feet long rope, or, by an ellipsis of "long," a forty of feet (fôta] rope.

But to explain the modern English verb to a class of young learners is attended with still greater difficulties—difficulties not real, but resulting from the attempt to study the language at the wrong end; and that part of the verb which is generally the least understood is the infinitive. What is the infinitive form of a verb? It is its name or nominative form, that form by which an act is designated. It is, in fact, an abstract noun, being the name given to an act conceived apart from an actor. Hence we find it used in all languages as a noun, in the character of a subject of a proposition, and of a complement of a predicate. When we turn to the parent language, we find that our modern infinitive is derived from an oblique case of the old infinitive. The old infinitive ended invariably in -an, as bindan, *to bind*, dûfan, *to drive*, standan, *to stand*,

&c., and was used as a nominative and as an accusative. In addition to this, there was a dative form, preceded always by tô-, and ending in -anne, the final -e being the dative ending of nouns of the 2nd declension, the final -n of the nominative form being doubled in accordance with the rule that a single final consonant, preceded by a single unaccented vowel, is doubled when a vowel follows in the inflection; so that the infinitive or abstract verb bindan, *to bind*, was declined, nom., bindan, dat., tô-bindanne, acc., bindan. This dative form of the infinitive, as the prefix tô- indicates, was employed after adjectives to express the *drift* of the feeling or quality which they designated, and after verbs to express their purpose, while the distinctive ending -en, of the early English infinitive, derived from the Anglo-Saxon-an, was fading out (in Chaucer's day, already it had generally dwindled down to an obscure -e, which constituted a light syllable in his verse when followed by a consonant); this dative form was gradually taking its place, and the prefix tô- was as gradually losing its occupation as the exponent of a relation, and becoming the meaningless sign of the infinitive in the place of the old ending. This prefix tô- has become so inseparable from the infinitive, that it is difficult for the mere English scholar to think of an infinitive apart from it; so much so, that in the places where the pure infinitive is still used, as after the so-called auxiliaries *do*, *did*, *will*, *would*, *shall*, *should*, *may*, *might*, *can*, *could*, *must*, &c., of which it is the direct complement, and after a few verbs like *see*, *bid*, *dare*, *let*, &c., its true character is not always recognised. The same thing has happened with nouns and pronouns; dative and accusative forms have become *name* or *nominative* forms. For example, the modern English pronoun *you* was originally a dative and an accusative plural, Anglo-Saxon eôw, the nominative being *ye*, Anglo-Saxon ge. The Quakers are often accused of speaking ungrammatically, in their use of *thee* as a nominative "How does thee do?" But it is a case exactly similar to that of *you; thee* was in Saxon the dative and accusative singular of thû, *thou*. The only difference is, that the Quakers use as a nominative the singular of the old dative and accusative, instead of the plural, when addressing a single individual.

But while the old dative of the infinitive has become the *name* or *nominative* form, it still retains its dative force in many situations; as in house *to let*, he is *to blame;* eager *to learn*, wonderful *to tell;* they went *to scoff* and remained *to pray*. When the modern English infinitive is used as a nominative or an accusative, the prefix *to* cannot be parsed as an element of speech, as it is a meaningless sign of the infinitive; but when used as a dative, as in the above examples, and expressive of the *drift* of a feeling or quality, or the purpose of an act, the prefix has its old force. Now any attempt to explain our present infinitive to a class of beginners must, we are persuaded, result only in perplexity. And without a clear understanding of the infinitive, the analytic forms of the English verb cannot be understood; while to take those forms collectively, as is done by grammarians, gives the learner no idea of their structure. To learn from Goold Brown that "might have been loved" is the passive voice, potential mood, pluperfect tense, of the verb *love*, is of no use to the pupil as a grammatical exercise. In grammatical parsing, every word should be treated as a distinct part of speech, if we would have a clear understanding of the structure of language; but in the case of the English composite tenses, this would not be possible, except by studying them historically.

We did not set out to write a treatise on the study of grammar. Our purpose has been to make a few suggestions as to how that study should be pursued; and we maintain—

1st. That a thorough grammatical discipline in early life is the indispensable basis of a sound education.

2ndly. That the Latin and Greek languages are the best media through which that discipline can be secured.

3rdly. That the uninflected modern English is no proper medium for grammatical discipline, and that in the absence of the study of Latin and Greek, resort must be had to the parent language, the Anglo-Saxon, both as a means of exercising the young pupil in grammatical relations, and of tracing the origin of modern English construction and phraseology.

ON A DEAD FLY FOUND CRUSHED IN MY SCRAP-BOOK.

BY D. W.

OUT of a hundred thousand million flies
It chances that this one,
On this white page, here prone at last, thus lies,
Life's mummied shadow, thrown.

Here in this mausoleum of odd scraps
I mean to let him lie;
In sepulchre as decent as, perhaps,
Ere chanced a common fly.

And thus his epitaph in brief I pen:—
"Here lies a mean house-fly:
Was born, passed through the common lot, and then
Here 'twas his fate to die.

"He ate, he drank the best, like I or you,
Whene'er he had a choice;
And then this thoughtless fly, life's summer through,
Just buzzed and made a noise.

"What else he e'er accomplished, I don't know;
What useful purpose here;
What end or aim his life work had to show,
Does nowhere now appear.

"So wherefore such a thing of wondrous art
Was fashioned thus so well,
To sport one summer through life's little part,
I'm sure I cannot tell.

"But if it had no purpose to achieve,
So far as one can see;
The very same is true of many a knave,—
Perchance of you or me."

TORONTO.

CONCERNING THE RELATIONS OF SCIENCE AND ART.

BY GERVAS HOLMES.

"La vraie beauté est la beauté idéale, et la beauté idéale est un reflet de l'infini. Ainsi, l'art est par lui-même essentiellement moral et religieux; car, à moins de manquer à sa propre loi, à son propre génie, il exprime partout dans ses œuvres la beauté éternelle."—*Victor Cousin.*

"O Lord, our Lord, and spoiler of our foes,
There is no light but Thine: with Thee all beauty glows." *Keble.*

A LATE writer in the *Westminster Review*, in attempting to take the "Bearings of Modern Science and Art," has shown himself, we think, somewhat *overbearing* toward the latter. There is apparently no intentional injustice, but an evident misconception of the real dignity of Art pervades the whole article; while the future achievements of science in the domains of Art are described in a tone of amusing exaggeration, far more characteristic of a cockney house-decorator than of the reverential feelings of the true artist. Take, for instance the following passage:—

"It is surely not too much to say that our walls ought now to be delicately diversified with the inexhaustible patterns of polarized light; ceilings and roofs should sparkle with the beaming arabesques of the prism; underfoot we ought to be treading on a mosaic of chemical gems. But instead of this we potter on with the primitive brush and chisel. The other, however, is the finest style of Art, which Science must in the end give us; unmanual, mechanicalized, experimental, illustrative; enabling us to reproduce and amend the natural rainbow, not imperfectly to mimic it only."

Surely this writer's heart never did

"leap up when he beheld
A rainbow in the sky."

"The shades of his prison house" must have closed around him uncommonly early, or he would never have become so completely science-bound as to talk about "*amending the natural rainbow.*" In view of this artless confession our feeling would be one of profound sorrow for the misfortune of the essayist in being condemned to a residence in such a ruinous and imperfect world; but for his evident satisfaction in the coming millenium of "Scientific Art" which is to resuscitate it completely. Pity would therefore be thrown away upon this philosophical critic, who evidently enjoys the prospect of renovation which he pictures to himself as lying in the near future. He writes in the joyous spirit of an enthusiastic improver who, in buying an estate for a homestead, prefers one that, with manifest capabilities for amelioration about it, has been neglected, only half cultivated, and in many places, it may be, left wild and desolate, in order that he may have the pleasure of creating his own home, and evoking order and beauty out of uncultured wilderness. He dwells on the imperfection of "the old representative symbolical Art," and we are let into the supposed secret of its defectiveness, and told that it insufficiently exercises the senses; a grave fault, no doubt in the eyes of one whose philosophy is wholly of an experimental character. But, behold the remedy! in the good days coming, when Art under the tutelary direction of Science will reach perfection:—

"Scientific art will so habituate the senses to inexhaustible splendour of hue, and to accuracy of intricate form, that manual achievements must come to show a glaring rudeness. The polarizing mirror will spoil us for the noble child's play of Titian's yellows and Turner's scarlets; the crystal, with its pellucid severities of form, will train us to see hesitating crooks in all lines drawn or sculptured with the fingers."

It is further suggested that through the advance of science we are becoming so thoroughly *en rapport* with what have hitherto been the secrets of nature, that Manual Art, not being able to find symbols "for the subtler presentiments of cellular and crystalline organization," must cease altogether, not being "able to content the fully aroused organic appetites!"

Such appetites were indeed difficult to satisfy with the grand spiritual conceptions and teachings of High Art. It would be as rational to attempt to satisfy the appetite of a hungry boor with the symphonies of Mozart or Beethoven, as the soul of a positive philosopher with the feeling of ideal beauty.

But does it thence follow that all art that is not under mechanical direction and influence is of an inferior quality? Is the genius of the heaven-born artist to become powerless and fruitless unless it becomes the slave of science—a thing to be summoned by what this essayist has himself fitly enough described as a "mechanical spell"? Under such conditions art would indeed become effete, and, losing its divine strength, become a servant to the Philistines, condemned

> "To grind in brazen fetters under task."

This is a philosophy of very narrow comprehension,—"a reason very little reasonable, since it does not include all parts of human nature." And herein lies the source of the reviewer's misapprehension of the true function of Art. His range of view is narrow and incomplete, though an admirable one as far as it goes. He has dwelt with great ability on the advantages which Art may reap from her alliance with Science; and these we do not at all question. But we earnestly maintain if this alliance, which must and will grow closer day by day, is to be a happy one, Science must not attempt to play the *role* of dictator, but attend to its own business, and wait duteously upon the "imperial faculty" of the creative imagination of

> "those whose kingly power
> And aptitude for utterance divine
> Have made them artists." *

The truth is that Art has a nobler mission than to address the senses alone. She comes to us with "messages of splendour" from the grand unapproachable Central Source of light and beauty, † telling us of a larger and fuller life beyond and around this present one, and giving us glimpses, too swift and short, of its supersensual glories,—whisperings of things not seen, like those of the shell concerning which Wordsworth beautifully sings, whose "sonorous cadences" express

> "Mysterious union with its native sea,"

telling of

> "ever-during power
> And central peace, subsisting at the heart
> Of endless agitation." ‡

As the Prophetess of Nature, the Revealer and Expositor of her mysteries, Art takes up the same parable, and by her interpretations makes more widely and fully manifest the "invisible things" of the Creator. If the language of the artist-preacher is symbolical, it is not on that account either uncertain, or untruthful. The objection that the intellect is offended by "an imperfect and partially symbolical representation is simply absurd. The intellect can no more be offended by anything that enables it to grasp more firmly objects of mental conception (*intelligenda*)

* Dr. Holland's "Kathrina."

† Φῶς οἰκῶν ἀπρόσιτον." 1 Tim. vi.–16.

‡ The Excursion, Book 4.

than the eye can be offended by more distinct vision of physical objects. What, indeed, are words but symbols of the most abstract kind; and yet we all feel their inestimable value in the expression and interpretation of our thoughts far too deeply to be offended by their acknowledged inadequacy. How contracted our knowledge would be without the use of these signs or symbols of thought! How terribly imperfect the intercourse between mind and mind! Yet if inadequacy of expression is to be accepted as a reason for silence, most of us would be struck dumb. More especially would this be the case in regard to matters of the highest importance. The greatest of the prophets often spoke—"as little children lisp, and sing of heaven"—of things beyond their ken—of "thoughts beyond their thought."

Symbolical representation (understanding by that term any variation from the plain narration, or literal expression of any mental conception, facts, or external appearances), may then really be, as indeed we often experience, a fuller exponent of the idea, a more perfect representation of the truth—the soul of things, than the best attempt at literal exposition. Artists of the pre-Raphaelite or realistic school appear to miss this truth. Excellent in their aims, in their love of truth, and hatred of shams and conventionalisms, they succeed at times in the production of very fine pictures. Yet too generally they overshoot the mark, and in exaggerated efforts to be faithful, lose the truth and the life of their subject by too sedulous attention to the minute details of external form and finish. The life and spirit of their subjects evaporate under such laborious manipulation. The language of painting is synthetic in its character, and therefore inconsistent with the analytical effect of realism, which draws the attention too much to the consideration of details. In verbal description, on the other hand, this minuteness of detail is requisite in order to secure pictorial effect, as is finely exemplified in the works of Sir Walter Scott. But too often both writers and painters appear to do their utmost to stifle the spirit of their subject in the abundance of its rich and heavy drapery. Yet the highest development of even this excellence of expression is seldom to be obtained thus. "It is," as an able Art critic has well observed, "almost always combined with excellence of *thought*, expressed or spoken. But when it falls short of this it is foolishness and emptiness. It may be beautiful exceedingly—it may be rich in gorgeous colouring, and lovely with all the loveliness of effective light and shadow, but if 'the little bright drop from the soul' be absent, it is not the highest art." *

There are, doubtless, many branches or departments of the Fine Arts in which accuracy, delicacy and precision are specially needed, and in these the services of science are invaluable. In architecture, artistic metallurgy, and some kinds of textile fabrics, mechanical and other appliances are used very largely with great advantage; and hereafter they will become increasingly valuable in adding beauty and elegance to these and other kinds of artistic work. We go even further in this direction, and admit that we think it is quite possible for empirical and mechanicalized Art to rival, perchance to surpass the "Dutch Interiors" of Teniers, the fruit-pieces of Lance, beautiful as most of these are in their way, or even the exuberant bodily excellence of the Flemish type of humanity in which Rubens so much delighted. But the chief merits of such paintings as these is that of *expression*, that is to say, the effective use of the *material* employed to convey the idea. Such pictures are like popular orations, intended only to please by brilliancy of dress. Both are alike appeals to the senses, and both alike fail in reaching the heart, which indeed they were not intended to do. Many paintings of the schools referred to are undoubtedly good in their

* *North British Review*, February, 1862.

way, but they neither seek after, nor point to the highest good. Nay, some of them tend the other way, and fold the senses so

"Thick and dark
About the stifled soul within"

that it can hardly even "guess diviner things beyond."*

The difference between empirical and ideal art is finely illustrated by Mrs. Newton Crosland in two beautiful sonnets lately published in *Appleton's Journal*," which are here submitted to the reader:

PHOTOGRAPHY AND ART.

I.

"He who hath made the sun his serf can show
Man's life-leased house, each window pane and bar
With all the lines that beautify or mar
The human soul's palatial prison now;
And at the wonder still doth reverence grow;
For, sometimes lured by happy guiding star
Which even shines to prison homes from far
The Royal Captive looks through casement low.
But only thus we see—or we miss-see—
The soul's fine traceries, which seem so mean
Through the dull glass; we turn with childish glee
To dote upon the wall the panes between,
And marvel how its shapely forms agree,
And own the Prison has a lovely sheen.

II.

"The Artist labours in a nobler way;
He hath a mighty wand that subtly breaks
The hard, straight bar which every casement streaks;
And as he quickly opens to the day
The thick dim panes, he bids the prisoner stay
Full statured at the window; then there wakes
A fresh creation; which an art life takes
Diviner than the fairest thing Sun's ray
Can father! And forgiving we forget
If casement panes and bars less fact-like glow
Than those the Sun's sharp-pointed ray hath set,
More glad to have the Prisoner fairly show
With all the jewels of his coronet
Than perfect outline of his Prison know!"

This fine description reminds us of a painting we saw on exhibition at Boston, eight years ago, of St. Paul before Festus and Agrippa—a grand ideal face which has haunted our mind and memory ever since, as the most perfect conception of the great Apostle of the Gentiles that we have ever seen. The spare, attenuated form (truer to the Scriptural ideal than the superb creation of Raphael's pencil) was not above the middle height, but in the grand, heroic face, worn as it was with care and suffering, might be traced the lineaments of an ambassador of heaven. The noble expression of a highly cultivated intellect was suffused and irradiated with a calmer, diviner light which

"told that the soul within
Had tasted that true peace which never fails."

On the bema before which the Apostle stood, the Roman Governor sat in a half-averted position, a haughty scepticism, mingled with impatience, written on his face. On his left was "King Agrippa," his somewhat hard features wearing a perplexed, half-convinced expression; while near by the careless attitude and fair but disdainful features of his sister Berenice bore witness to her contemptuous indifference to all that was passing. In the back ground appeared a group of Jewish rabbis, their dark, malicious visages glaring at the dignified prisoner with implacable fierceness, as if only the strong leash of the military power of Rome, (indicated by the presence of a lictor, and one or two soldiers) kept them from tearing him to pieces.

Weak and feeble as was the bodily aspect of the prisoner, there was on his part no quailing in that august presence. Conscious of a better position, and a nobler heritage than any of his judges or accusers, he stood before them unmoved, save by a divine compassion. It was, as the Apostle knew, a supremely solemn moment in the lives of those present. Truth had been spoken which would never again reach their ears—truth on which hung everlasting things; and as he realized this, the grand soul within shone with heavenly brightness out of that worn countenance, and prompted the utter-

* Mrs. Browning.

ance (its expression touchingly aided by the uplifting of his fettered arm) of the earnest wish of his generous heart, in the well-known words to Agrippa, "I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day were both almost and altogether such as I am, *except these bonds.*"

In the creation of such a picture as this, empirical science can never have any share, save as a devout servant of the genius which evokes it into being. There is in these creations of mind a "grandeur surpassing all physics." They take us beyond ourselves, toward the Infinite. They teach us the important lesson that no beauty exclusively physical can fully satisfy the lofty æsthetic cravings of the soul of man, any more than the largest amount of scientific or literary acquirements can satisfy his intellect. "The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing."

> "Our longings are on larger scale
> Than lower worlds can grant us;"

and the best alchemy of earth can only produce phantom roses from the ashes of our brightest dreams, destitute alike of bloom and perfume.*

But there is a Divine Science by means of which we can place ourselves in harmonious relationship with that primeval beauty of which all true loveliness is but a more or less faint reflection; and to reach this is the highest wisdom. As an able living writer* has well observed, "No true reason is or ought to be satisfied with an echo, a type, a symbol of something higher which it cannot reach. If it finds transitory beauty in the type, it turns, by its own law, to gaze on the eternal beauty beneath; if it finds broken music in the echo, it yearns after the perfect harmony which roused the echo."

This is the conclusion we wish to reach, and with the beautiful antiphonal words of the Rev. Dr. Punshon, in a little volume (not so well known as it deserves to be) whose "Sabbath chimes" echo the peace-bearing music of the skies, we end our paper:

> "No light, no rest below!
> Our hearts are weary, and our voices falter
> Ah! whither shall our anguished spirits go?
> Lord, be Thy love our plea—Thy Cross our altar.
>
> "All, all we want is Thine!
> Greek beauty, Roman reverence in Thee blended
> And nature glows into a holy shrine
> And form is spirit—and doubt is ended."

* See Longfellow's fine poem "Palingenesis," which is touchingly suffused with that feeling of soul-weariness which characterizes most of his writings.

*Mr. R. H. Hutton, in the first of two volumes of "Essays," recently published by Strahan & Co., London.

TRANSLATIONS AND SELECTIONS.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GREAT DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

BY FRANCES (MINTO) ELLIOT.

(Authoress of "An Idle Woman in Italy.")

I live on a high hill in the charming boccage County of Berkshire—the royal county, as we love to call it, because Windsor Castle, that glorious legacy from our Norman Kings, half feudal, half palatial, lies within our limits.

From our garden terraces, towards the south —a kindly place for brightest flowers and ruddiest fruits—peaceful woodlands rise all around. Here and there higher and larger woods break the horizon, marking the loftier timber of neighbouring park and pleasure-ground. Every inch of country is rich, trim, and cultivated, realizing the Frenchman's notion that England is all a garden. To the right, plainly seen from our lawn, are the dark lines of the Strathfieldsaye woods—oak, spruce, fir, feathery ash, and spirey poplar, stretching along one side of a picturesque common, half heather, half woodland, and wholly sylvan, called Heckfield.

Looking out again from our garden terraces, towards the left, are certain vast forests of dark fir—nothing but fir ; no brighter colour or livelier green to gladden these sombre masses, covering a wild moorland district that stretches miles away towards the south. Those are the Bramshill woods, enshrouding one of the grandest Elizabethan mansions in England, built by an Italian architect for Henry, Prince of Wales, eldest son of James 1st, and brother of the ill-fated Charles. It is a kind of ditto of Hatfield, also built for the same prince, and now the great house of the Salisbury family. Only Hatfield lies flat and low, and Bramshill crowns an eminence like Windsor Castle, with an avenue of elms resembling the Windsor Long Walk stretching from the sculptured grand entrance —a magnificent avenue, falling in the middle into a valley, rising upwards to a second eminence, and finally losing itself in a purple distance of boundless heather. This place, called Bramshill, belongs to the Cope family, and is the glory of our country-side. The house (grey with age, and checkered by many-shaded lichen) has remained untouched since the day it was built. It is a happy architectural inspiration, blending the grand outlines of the Italian palace with the rich ornamentation of the Tudor period. Over the principal entrance, lavishly decorated with carved stonework, are the coat of arms and feathers of the Prince, while large latticed windows, mullions, and cyphers break the line of the brick walls with bold effect. A lovely stone cornice, rich, yet open, like guipure lace, ornaments the top. Stone terraces and delicate turf run parallel to long ranges of windows on the south front, and there is an orangery and a bowling-green under the shadow of the great house, broken by flights of steps, and balustraded with carved stone.

Beyond—a foreground of sylvan beauty one would gladly walk ten miles to see—lies the grand old chase, half grass, half heather, studded with oaks, that stand calmly surveying themselves in their shadows on the grass, as if sitting for their portraits as magnificent patriarchs. Prodigious lime trees scent the air with blossoms, and the largest, wierdest firs ever seen in England, frown over the margin of a placid lake. A lovely scene, bright in the summer sunshine, and fitly framing the stately mansion towering over the woods.

Within are spacious rooms laid out in large suites on the first and second floors, lined with ancient Flemish tapestry, and decorated with choice old china, pictures and marbles. A ghost is supposed to inhabit one very ghastly

looking room at the end of a long gallery—a gallery so long, indeed, that persons standing at the further end look quite dim and small.

Well, this glorious old place (historical without any special history but that of its own exceeding beauty) was selected by the nation as a fitting home for our Iron Duke, when just warm from the great struggle at Waterloo. But unluckily, the very merit of this grey, unaltered edifice was, in his practical eyes, its *demerit*, for it was much out of repair, and it would have required the expenditure of many thousands to secure its venerable walls against further decay. A large sum of money being voted by Parliament for the purpose of purchasing a residence for the Duke, his grace characteristically took the unromantic view of the matter, and, failing to appreciate the mediæval charm of this ancient mansion, preferred Strathfieldsaye—a good, fat, well-to-do, well-preserved house and estate, which the willing nation purchased for him from the Rivers' family.

How often I have driven through that flat, uninteresting park, traversed by that most sluggish of Berkshire rivers, the Loddon, celebrated by Pope as the "Fair Lodona!" It would not do, however. No poet could make anything but prose of that lazy, muddy stream, which drags its weary way through beds of bulrush and flags, under withes and aspen trees, until it drops fairly asleep, and is absorbed by the Thames. Never was any park so conventional, so dull. A stone bridge, of the most ordinary stereotyped pattern, spans the turgid river; a road runs here, and a road there; and then tufts of plantations, and single trees, and groups of timber, all, according to immemorial precedent, like any number of other English parks all over the kingdom. No one would care for the place but for the all-pervading memory of the great man whose shadow will ever linger among these woods, and up and down these roads where he rode, and walked, and hunted, and shot, and fished for so many years. He was keen at country sports, and loved to be thought the perfect country gentleman. He was kind to munificence to all his people, and when he died, not a servant or a keeper on the property but had a pension for life, and was remembered by name in his will.

Yet, driving through that park there is one feature especially to recall—an avenue of elms, very long and very high, closing overhead like an early English cloister, in the pointed style; a wonderfully symmetrical avenue, where the trees harmonize, and seem mutually agreed to grow up, and live and die simultaneously, to do honour to the hero who so loved their overarching shadow, and was so proud of their fine proportions. This avenue conducts to the house, which, with little divergencies, we are approaching.

The Duke was a great farmer, and his park being always full of cattle, was consequently obstructed by innumerable gates. These gates were a heavy affliction, for having no footman, it devolved upon me, then a child, to open them, causing thereby much injury to the beauty of my white frock, which I had desired to keep intact for the Duchess' eyes.

Now we are at the house—a low, brick building, with window-facings of stone, after the fashion prevalent in domestic architecture during the reign of Queen Anne. There are scores of these windows above and below, all of one unbroken pattern, very monotonous, and the building is surmounted by a sloping roof, like a long extinguisher. Opposite the house, and divided from it by an oval carriage-drive, are seen one or two blocks of square white buildings. These are the stables, and between them runs a road, ending in a bit of flat park. At a short distance is the church, a strange-looking building, in shape something like a cannon ball, with a little cupola, and two bits of wings tacked on each side, to keep it steady. But the Duke liked it, as he liked the house, and when any disparaging remark was ventured upon in his presence, always said it was "good enough for him," which, of course, as he was the greatest hero living, the modern Alexander, covered the bold critic with abject confusion.

That church was served by the Duke's nephew, the present Dean of Windsor, conscientious and zealous as a parish priest among country hinds and boors, as he is now, in a sphere where his duties lie exclusively within the precincts of a royal court. The Duke (a most regular attendant) sat in a large gallery pew, like a parlour, with a stove in the middle, and when the sermon became wearisome, or passed the prescribed limit of twenty minutes, the Duke would fall to poking and mending the

fire so vigorously that the preacher was fain to conclude, for he would scarce hear himself speak.

On entering the house we find ourselves in a handsome hall, hung with pictures, and from thence we pass into a long low gallery, overlooking the flat park, the sluggish river, and the conventional bridge. The gallery was papered all over with exquisite engravings—a fancy of the Duke's. The Duchess was sitting in a small room beyond ; she was the gentlest lady I ever knew, yet gentle with a dignity all her own. Her face was pale and sad, and slightly scarred with small-pox. She had a pensive, tender look, that made one love her even before her sweet manner had settled that matter altogether. No creature could approach her without feeling her influence. Her friendliness to her country neighbours was unfailing. At a great diplomatic reception at Apsley House, a somewhat rustic old squire led her, at her own desire, among her brilliant guests.

"Really, madam," said he at length, "I am unworthy of the honour you are conferring on me."

"Nonsense," said the Duchess, "everyone takes you for the Hanoverian Ambassador ; so hold your tongue, and do not undeceive them."

When we entered the boudoir, a great album and a case of drawing materials lay before her, and we found that she was finishing a collection of sketches illustrative of the history of Charles V. Now this was a work naturally suggested by her surroundings, for in the dining-room hard by hung many splendid portraits of that period. A Velasquez presented to the Duke by the King of Spain from his own gallery at Madrid, a sedate Margaret, Governess of the low countries, and replice of the well-known portraits of Philip le Beau, and Jeanne la Folle. Did the Duchess, I wonder, ever compare the adoring love she bore her absent hero, to the passion that turned this royal lady's brain? Perhaps in the course of her solitary life (for she was often alone) some vague sympathy may have grown up in her heart for the plaintive, anxious face looking out of that tarnished frame !

Luncheon over, a meal of unexampled magnificence to my young imagination, the Duchess proposed a walk. A basket was brought to her full of bread, to feed the Duke's favourite charger, Copenhagen, on whose back he sat for fifteen hours during the battle of Waterloo. Poor Duchess ! she found an outlet for her wifely, womanly love, in the daily feeding of this old horse, now turned out luxuriously to live and die in a paddock close by the garden. On through the shrubberies we walked—I a mere child, bearing the basket, and trotting by the Duchess' side—while my mother followed in silent fear of my untamed garrulity. By-and-by she heard with horror the following remark from her "*enfant terrible*."

"This is a beautiful place, Duchess, and these are beautiful gardens ; but if the Duke had not fought well on Copenhagen's back at Waterloo, you would never have had them, you know !"

"No," replied she, "we should not have had them ; neither would *you* have had your place, for the French and Bonaparte would have had it all."

The last time I saw this gentle lady was shortly before her death. She was lying on a sofa, ill with her last illness ; and soon after that she was taken up to town to die. Before leaving Strathfieldsaye she addressed a pencilled note (being too weak to hold a pen) to my mother, asking after her "dear little girl," to whom she sent her "best love." Such was the wife of the great Duke, a domestic saint, too modest and too refined to fill the large frame his glory had made for her ! All this time I had never seen the Duke.

Some three or four years afterwards it chanced that I was staying in a house to which he came one day, accompanied by lovely Mrs. Arbuthnot and Lady Stanhope, and the then Lady Salisbury, (*née* Gascoigne) to see a collection of pictures which he much admired. I was then a long gawky girl in short petticoats, and sat half hidden behind the sofas, terribly ashamed of my legs. No one noticed me. I ran home presently to tell my mother that I had seen the great Duke; and she piqued, mother-like, that her cub had been overlooked, sent him message to say the girl he had met that day, had been much loved by his Duchess. Her memory had now become very dear to him, and all she had loved he valued. A few days after the great hero came trotting down our park avenue in his own decided way, and after being received by my mother, specially begged to see me. Bold enough now, I advanced, held out

my hand, and fell to talking with such good will, that he was evidently amused. I asked him to look at our view from the garden terrace.

"There, sir," said I, (for everyone called him "sir," as if he were a royal duke) "that is your lodge, and there are your trees."

"How far off do you call it?" says he.

"Two miles, sir," I replied, "as a bird flies over the river."

"Yes," said he, looking hard at it, "it is more than a mile, and I will tell you why. Look at that white lodge of mine; it is but a white mass. If it were less than a mile, you would see an angle. This is a rule in distance which you should always remember."

A vision of the Duke peering with his keen grey eyes, over the barren Sierras of Spain, or the grassy folds of Belgian plains, flitted before me. How often must he have had occasion to put this rule into practice when calculating the distance from the enemy; arranging troops for battle, or looking out for his bivouac!

From this day forward, nothing could exceed his kindness. I was too young to dine out, but my mother was constantly his guest. He was one of the first who introduced the Russian mode of dining with only flowers and fruit upon the table; and this, perhaps, because he was proud of his garden and its fine produce. The dinner was always served to the minute. If any guests were but five minutes late, woe betide them! Watch in hand the Duke's keen eyes met them in no dulcet mood; nor did he fail to give them some verbal intimation of his displeasure. The house was always full, for he loved the society of beautiful, high-born ladies —loved to hear them sing, or to play with them at little games. Especially did he enjoy the song of "Miss Myrtle, the wonderful woman," which he would nightly call for, and nightly encore. It was Hercules surrounded by many Omphales—the warrior resting from his toils, and sunning himself in the rays of beauty. Still, now and then, the rough side would peep out, especially in his letters; and well as he liked my mother, Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington could, and did, write her many a curt epistle. Once she asked his intercession for lengthened leave for a young officer whose regiment was serving in India. "F. M., the Duke of Wellington," in reply, "assured his dear Mrs.——, that if he applied for leave of absence for all the young officers who wished it, he would have nothing else to do. F. M., the Duke of Wellington, must decline to make any such application on any pretext whatever."

But when asked by her to give an introduction to the brother of an old comrade he had much esteemed at Madras, and who was since dead, he furnished such a letter to the Governor General of India as assured that officer's advancement for life.

The Duke's correspondence occupied a large portion of his day; for, when out of office, he made it a point of conscience to reply to every note or letter he received. Hence the curious specimens of his style, which are extant in his own handwriting; for as his habits were generally known, every autograph-hunter provoked him to an immediate and characteristic reply.

In order to write undisturbed, he used to retire for several hours each day to his library—a pleasant, irregular room on the ground-floor, opening into a conservatory, and thence upon the well-trimmed gravel walks of the garden-plaisance. Adjoining was his bedroom, furnished with Spartan simplicity, containing only a shabby iron sofa-bedstead, and all the scanty appurtenances of his camp life. This love of simplicity in dress, furniture, and habits, was the outward index of his character.

His conversation was singularly straightforward, and his views on men and things presented a curious compound of dictatorial assertion and simple expression. The habit of command was always present with him, and the possibility of contradiction or opposition never entered his head for an instant. Ordinarily courteous, and really benevolent when unprovoked, he could, even in the most familiar converse, become exceedingly stern, both in look and manner; and it was thus, in a perfectly *naïve* assumption of infallibility, that the conscious supremacy of the Commander-in-Chief asserted itself.

Flattered, loved, consulted as an oracle, by every man, woman and child who came in contact with him, from his gamekeepers and gardeners to the Ministers and the Queen, it is only surprising that he should have preserved, even to extreme old age, his mental equilibrium, and escaped to the extent he did the pitfalls of vanity. As years went by, I en-

joyed more and more frequently the large hospitalities of Strathfieldsaye, and whenever he saw me, the great soldier, then grown old, and very white-haired and pale, with his head much bent to one side, and speaking with a loud, strident voice, always singled me out, and addressed me with an interest and kindness that I felt was accorded to me not for my own sake, but for the sake of the gentle Duchess long since passed away.

By-and-by his son, the present Duke, married the present Duchess, then the lovely Lady Douro, who quite engrossed him. She was, in truth, the daughter of his affection, and there was ever a charming mixture of paternal pride and chivalric admiration in his bearing towards her. At Strathfieldsaye they were always to be seen side by side, either in her pony-carriage, driven by herself, or on horseback. No meet of the hounds within any possible distance took place without the presence of that aged hero and that young and queenly beauty.

The Duke died at Walmer, on his soldier's bed, an exact duplicate of the shabby iron sofa at Strathfieldsaye. His early and industrious habits never varied until the hour when he lay down on his hard little couch, never to rise again, and passed away without pain or struggle, in his sleep.

BEOWULF.

From Cox's Romances of the Middle Ages.

[There can hardly be a more striking contrast than that between the German tales which have appeared among our selections and "Beowulf." The German tales are a characteristic product of the most refined civilization; "Beowulf" is an equally characteristic product of the rudest antiquity. Anglo-Saxon scholars are pretty well agreed that "Beowulf" belongs to the period before the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity, and that it was probably brought over by the race from Germany to England. Sleswig is the probable scene of the tale.

The following version of the tale is taken from "Popular Romances of the Middle Ages," by Mr. G. W. Cox and Mr. E. H. Jones. Mr. Cox is well known as the author of an *ingenious* work on Aryan mythology, in which he endeavours with great learning and ingenuity to prove that all the myths of the Aryan race, including the Iliad and the romance of King Arthur, are simply different versions of the same story, and that this story has its origin in the phenomena of the natural world and the course of the day and year! In the introduction to his present work he refers to Beowulf in illustration of the myths relating to "the ship or barge of the dead, which, while it carries the dead to their last home, also tells the story of their lives or proclaims their wrongs." "A clearer light," he says, "is thrown on the nature of this ship in the story of Scéf, the father of Scyld, in the myth of Beowulf. Here Scéf, whose name tells its own tale, comes, as he goes, in a ship, with a sheaf of corn at his head; and when his work among men is done, he bids his people lay him in the ship, and in the ship he is laid accordingly, with the goodliest weapons and the most costly of ornaments, and with all things which may gladden his heart in the phantom land. Here we have in its fairer colours the picture which in many lands and ages has been realized in terrible completeness. In all these instances we see the expression of the ancient and universal animistic conviction which ascribed to the dead all the feelings and wants of the living, and which led men to slay beasts to furnish them with food, and to slaughter their wives or comrades, that they might journey to their new home with a goodly retinue. For the ideal of the ship itself we must look elsewhere. All these vessels move of their own will, and though without oar, or rudder, or sail, or rigging, they never fail to reach the port for which they are making. They belong, in short, to that goodly fleet in which the ships may assume all shapes and sizes, so that the bark which can bear all the Æsir may be folded up like a napkin. The child who is asked where he has seen such ships will assuredly say, 'In the sky;' and when this answer is given the old animism, which, as Mr. Tylor well says, is the ultimate source of human fancy, explains everything in the myths related of these mysterious barks, which grow big and become small again at their pleasure, which gleam with gold and purple and crimson, or sail on in sombre and gloomy majesty, which leave neither mountain nor field nor glen unvisited, and

which carry with them wealth or poverty, health or disease, which, in short, are living beings. As such they have the thoughts and words of men, and can speak with those whom they carry across the seas of heaven; and thus we have the ship which bears Odysseus from the Pheiahian land to the shores of Ithaca, and carries the Argonauts to the coast of Colchis.]

SCEF and Scyld and Beówulf—these were the god-like kings of the Gar-Danes in days of yore.

Upon the sea and alone came Scéf to the land of Scâni. He came in fashion as a babe, floating in an ark upon the waters, and at his head a sheaf of corn. God sent him for the comfort of the people because they had no king. He tore down the foemen's thrones, and gave the people peace and passed away.

From him proceeded Scyld the Scefling, the strong war-prince, wise in counsel, generous ring-giver. When Scyld grew old and decrepit, and the time drew near that he should go away into the peace of the Lord, he would be carried to the sea-shore. Thither with sad hearts his people bare him, and laid him in the bosom of a war-ship heaped with treasure of gold and costly ornaments, with battle-weapons, bills and spears and axes, and the linked war-mail. Rich sea-offerings of jewels and precious things they laid upon his breast. High over head they set up a golden ensign; then unfurled the sail to the wind, and mournfully gave their king and all his treasures to the deep and solemn sea; to journey none knew whither. Upon the sea, and alone, went Scyld from the land of the Scâni. He went in fashion as a king, floating away in his good ship along the track of the swans, his war-weeds and his battle-spoils beside him. He gave the people peace and passed away.

From him came Beówulf the Scylding, glorious and majestic, strong of hand, the beloved chieftain. He gave the people peace and passed away.

After the days of the god-like kings, the Danes chose Healfdene for their leader. He ruled long and well, and died in a good old age, and Hrothgár his son reigned in his stead. To Hrothgár good fortune and success in war were given, so that he overcame his enemies, and made the Gar-Danes a powerful and wealthy people.

Now, in his prosperity, it came into Hrothgár's mind to build a great mead-hall in his chief city; a lordly palace wherein his warriors and counsellors might feast, they and their children for ever, and be glad because of the riches which God had given them. Biggest of all palaces was the mead-hall of Hrothgár; high-arched and fair with pinnacles. He named it Heorot, that men might think of it as the heart and centre of the realm; that, banded together in friendship at one common banquet table, they might talk of measures for the common good. With a great feast he opened Heorot the palace, with sound of harp and song of Skald, giving gifts of rings and treasure; so that all the people rejoiced and became of one mind, and sware fealty to him. Then Hrothgár's heart was lifted up because of Heorot which he had builded.

But far away in the darkness, where dwell the Jötuns and Orks and giants which war against God, there abode a mighty evil spirit, a Jötun both terrible and grim called Grendel, a haunter of the marshes, whose fastnesses were dank and fenny places. Grendel saw the lofty palace reared, and was filled with jealous anger because the people were as one, and because there was no longer any discord among them. At night he came to the mead-hall, where slept the nobles and thanes after the feast, forgetful of sorrow and unmindful of harm; he seized upon thirty men and carried them away to his dwelling-place, there to prey upon their carcases. Bitterly mourned the Gar-Danes for their brothers when awaking in the morning twilight they saw the track of the accursed spirit, and knew that mortal strength availed for nought against their enemy. Next night Grendel came and did the like, and so for twelve years thereafter came he oftentimes and snatched the Danes whilst they slumbered, and carried them away to slay and tear them, neither for any ransom would he be prevailed upon to make peace. The houses in the land became empty, because of the counsellors and warriors that were swept away to the death-shade of the Ogre of the misty marshes. But like a shepherd for his flock grieved Hrothgár for the desolation of his people. Broken in spirit he sat in the many-coloured mead-hall, watching among his vassals through the night; but Grendel touched him not. To right and left of him the monster seized strong-hearted

men, a helpless prey, but passed Hrothgár by. God set his finger on the king that the Jötun should not harm him. Hrothgár grew wearied that he was spared while his dear friends were taken; and when men came to him for counsel, he, the wise counsellor, had none to give but sat in silence, his head bowed in sorrow on his hands. Vainly the people prayed in the tabernacles to their idols that they would send a spirit-slayer down to save them.

Away to the westward among the people of the Geáts lived a man, strongest of his race, tall, mighty-handed, and clean made. He was a thane, kinsman to Hygelác the Geátish chief, and nobly born, being son of Ecgtheow the Wægmunding, a war-prince who wedded with the daughter of Hrethel the Geát. This man heard of Grendel's deeds, of Hrothgár's sorrow, and the sore distress of the Danes, and having sought out fifteen warriors, he entered into a new-pitched ship to seek the war-king across the sea. Bird-like the vessel's swan-necked prow breasted the white sea-foam till the warriors reached the windy walls of cliff and the steep mountains of the Danish shores. They thanked God because the wave-ways had been easy to them; then, sea-wearied, lashed their wide-bosomed ship to an anchorage, donned their war-weeds, and came to Heorot, the gold and jewelled house. Brightly gleamed their armour, and merrily sang the ring-iron of their trappings as they marched into the palace; and having leaned their ample shields against the wall, and piled their ashen javelins, steel-headed, in a heap, they came to where sat Hrothgár, old and bald, among his earls. Hrothgár looked upon the Geátish warriors, chief of whom Hygelác's servant, the mighty son of Ecgtheow, towered tall above the rest, god-like in his shining armour and the dazzling war-net of mail woven by the armourer. Seeing him, Hrothgár knew that the son of Ecgtheow was Beówulf, raised up of God to be a champion against Grendel the evil spirit,—Beówulf the mighty-handed one, in the gripe of whose fingers was the strength of thirty men. And while wonderingly he gave him welcome, Beówulf spake, 'Hail, O King Hrothgár! Alone and at night I have fought with evil-beings, both Jötuns and Nicors, and have overcome; and now, in order to deliver the bright Danes from their peril, have I sailed across the sea to undertake battle with Grendel the Ogre. And since no weapon may avail to wound the flinty-hided fiend, I will lay by my sword and shield, and empty-handed go to meet him. I will grapple with him, strength against strength, till God shall doom whether of us two Death taketh. If I should be bereft of life, send back to Hygelác the war-shroud which Wayland forged to guard my breast, but make no corpse-feast for me: bury my body, and mark its resting place; but let the passer-by eat without mourning; fate goeth ever as it must.'

Hrothgár answered, 'Well know I, O my friend Beówulf, of your bravery, and the might that dwelleth in your fingers! But very terrible is Grendel. Full oft my hardy warriors fierce over the ale-cup at night, have promised to await the Ogre with the terror of their swords and dare his wrath; but as oft at morning-tide the benched floor of the palace has reeked with their blood. But since your mind is valiant, sit down with us to our evening feast, where by old custom we incite each other to a brave and careless mind before night set in, and Grendel come to choose his prey.'

Then were the benches cleared and Beówulf and the Geáts sate in the mead-hall at the banquet with the Danes. Freely flowed the bright sweet liquor from the twisted ale-cup borne by the cup-bearer in his office, whilst the Skald sang of old deeds of valour.

Then said Beówulf, 'Full many a man of you hath Grendel made to sleep the sleep of the sword, and now he looketh for no battle from your hands. But I, a Geát, who in the old time have slain strange shapes of horror in the air or deep down underneath the waves, will encounter him, and alone; unarmed, I will guard this mead-hall through the night. Alone with the fiend will I await the shining of the morrow's sun on victory, or else sink down into death's darkness fast in the Ogre's grasp. Hrothgár, the old-haired king, took comfort at his steadfast intent, and Wealtheow the Queen, so fair and royally hung with gold, herself bare forth the mead-cup to Beówulf, and greeted him with winsome words as champion of her people. Beówulf took the cup from Wealtheow's hands saying, 'No more shall Grendel prey upon the javelin-bearing Danes till he has felt the might of my fingers.' Happy were the

people at his boldness, and blithe their joy over the well-served hall-cup.

Then King Hrothgár would seek his evening rest, for the wan shadows of night were already darkening the welkin. The company arose and greeted man to man, and Hrothgár greeted Beówulf and said, 'O friend, never before did I commit this hall to any man's keeping since I might lift a spear. Have now and hold this best of palaces. Be wakeful and be valorous, and nothing that thou mayest ask shall be too great a prize for victory.' So the king departed with his troop of heroes from the mead-hall.

Beówulf took off his coat of iron mail, loosed the helmet from his head, and from his thigh the well-chased sword; and having put aside his war-gear wholly, stepped upon his bed and laid him down. Around him in the dusk lay many well-armed Danes slumbering from weariness. The darkness fell, and all the keepers of the palace slept save one. Beówulf in a restless mood, naked and weaponless, waited for the foe.

Then in the pale night Grendel the shadow-walker rose up with the mists from the marshes and came to Heorot, the pinnacled palace. He tore away the iron bands, fire-hardened, wherewith the doors were fastened, and trod the many-coloured floor of the sounding hall. Like fire the anger flashed from his eyes, lightening the darkness with a hideous light. Terribly he laughed as he gloated on the sleeping Danes and saw the abundant feast of human flesh spread out around him.

Beówulf, the strong Wægmunding, held his breath to watch the method of the Ogre's onset. Nor did the fiend delay, for quickly seizing a sleeping warrior he bit him in the throat, drank the blood from his veins, and tare his limbs and ate the dead man's feet and hands. Then coming nearer, Grendel laid his hands upon the watchful champion. Suddenly Beówulf raised himself upon his elbow and clutched the Ogre fast; against the shoulder he fastened on the grim Jötun with his hands; and held him. Never before had Grendel met the gripe of hands so strong. He bent himself with all his might against Beówulf and dragged him from his bed, and toward the door; but Beówulf's fingers never slackened from their hold: he drew the Ogre back. Together they struggled upon the hall pavement till the palace rocked and thundered with their battle. Great wonder was it that the palace fell not, but it was made fast with well-forged iron bands within and without; yet many a mead-bench overlaid with twisted gold was torn from its place in the furious strife, and the ale spilled on the floor. But Grendel found the clutch of his enemy too strong; he could not loose it with all his wrestlings; and he knew that he must seek to flee away and hide himself in his marsh dwellings. But Beówulf griped him tight; and when the fiend would drag him down the hall he put forth all his strength into his clenched hands. Suddenly the Ogre's shoulder rift from neck to waist. The sinews burst asunder, the joints gave way, and Beówulf tare the shoulder and the shoulder-blade from out his body. So Grendel escaped from Beówulf's grasp and in his mortal sickness fled to the fens. There Death clutched him and he died.

Then in the morning many warriors gathered to the mead-hall; and Beówulf brought his trophy, Grendel's hand and arm and shoulder, and hung it high in the palace that all might see. So hard were the fingers and the stiff nails of the war-hand that no well-proven steel would touch them. Hrothgár thanked God and Beówulf for this deliverance, and having made the broken palace strong again with iron bonds and hung it round about with tapestry, he held therein a costly feast of rejoicing with his warriors and kinsmen, whereat many a mead-cup was outpoured. To Beówulf he gave rich gifts: a golden ensign and a helm, a breastplate and a sword, each wrought with twisted work of gold, together with eight horses whose housings shone with precious stones. And when the lay of the glee-man was sung and the wine flowed, and the jocund noise from the mead-benches rose loud, Queen Wealtheow went forth under her golden crown and bare the royal cup to Beówulf to drink. A ring she gave him of rare workmanship all aglow with carven gems, likewise sumptuous dresses, rich with broidered gold and needlework of divers colours. 'Be happy and fortunate, my lord Beówulf!' she said. 'Enjoy these well-earned gifts, dear warrior, for thou hast cleansed the mead-hall of the realm, and for thy prowess fame shall gather to thee, wide as the in-rolling sea that comes from all the corners of the world to circle round our windy walls.'

Then Wealtheow and her Lord King Hrothgár departed to take their evening rest, and

Beówulf went to a house appointed for him.—But the warriors bared the benches, spread out their beds and bolsters, set their hard-rimmed shields at their heads, and lay down to sleep in the mead-hall. In their ringed mail-shirts they laid them down, ready for war, as was their custom in house and field; ready, if need should befall their lord. Good was the people. So darkness fell in the hall and the Hring-Danes slept, nor wot they that any were fated to die. But at midnight Grendel's mother arose from her dwelling in the cold streams, from her home in the terrible waters, and fiercely grieving for her son's death came and walked the beautiful pavement of Heorot. Greedy of revenge she clutched a noble, very dear to Hrothgár, and tare him in his sleep. Then while the Danes, waking in tumult, were yet smitten with the terror of her presence, she seized from its hanging-place the well-known arm and shoulder of her son, and passed out quickly with the prize. A great cry rose in the mead-hall. Beówulf and King Hrothgár heard it, and came hastily to Heorot.

When King Hrothgár knew what had been done, he said, 'O Beówulf, my friend; still sorrow for my people bindeth me. Aeschere, my counsellor and war-companion, hath been foully torn to death, nor can we tell whose shall be the next blood with which this new wolf-hearted fiend shall glut herself. Scarce a mile hence is her dwelling-place, a stagnant lake within a darksome grove of hoary-rinded trees whose snaky roots twine all about the margin, shadowing it. A foul black water, whereon fire dwelleth at night, a loathely lake wide-shunned of man and beast. The hunted stag, driven thither, will rather part from life upon the brink than plunge therein. Darest thou seek this place, to battle with the monster and deliver us?'

The son of Ecgtheow the Wægmunding answered, 'Yea I dare. For to avenge a friend is better than to mourn for him. Neither can a man hasten nor delay his death hour. Fate waiteth for us all; and he that goeth forth to wreak justice need not trouble about his end, neither about what shall be in the days when he no longer lives.'

Then King Hrothgár gave thanks to the mighty God, and caused a steed with curled hair to be bitted and led forth for Beówulf. With a troop of shield-bearers he accompanied the hero along the narrow path across steep stone-cliffs overhung with mountain trees, till they came to the joyless wood and the drear water where Grendel's mother dwelt. Snakes and strange sea-dragons basked upon the turbid pool, and Nicors lay upon the promontories. Beówulf blew upon his horn a terrible war-dirge, and they sank and hid themselves. Then in his war-mail shirt which knew well how to guard his body from the clutch of battle, his white helmet, mail-hooded, on his head, and in his hand his hilted knife Hrunting, of trusty steel blood-hardened, Beówulf plunged into the slimy lake and the sea-wave closed above him. Long he swam downward into the dark abyss before he found the bottom. Grendell's mother lay in wait and grappled him in her claws, and bore him to her roofed sea-hall beneath the water, where gleamed a pale fire-light. Then Beówulf saw the mighty sea-woman, and furious, swung his heavy sword and brought it down with a crash upon her head. But the keen steel failed him in his need, for her hard skull turned its biting edge. So angrily flinging from him his twisted blade, and trusting wholly to his mighty hand-gripe, he caught the wolf-woman by the shoulders and bent her backwards to the floor. Fiercely she gave back his grappling, and wrestled him till from weariness he rolled and fell; then, drawing her brown-edged knife she sought at one blow to avenge her son. But the hard battle-net upon his breast hindered the entrance of the knife, and God who rules the firmament protected him, so that he gat upon his feet again. Then Beówulf saw hanging in the sea-hall a huge sword made by giants, a weapon fortunate in victory, doughty of edge, which none but he could wield. Hard grasped he the war-bill by the hilt, and whirled it savagely against the sea-woman's ring-mail in despair of life. Furious he struck, and the bone-rings of her neck gave way before it; so the blade passed through her doomed body, and, war-wearied, her carcase lay lifeless on the floor.

Long time with patience waited Hrothgár and his counsellors, looking into the dark lake where Beówulf went down. Noon-day came, and seeing the water stained with blood, they deemed their champion was dead, and sorrowfully gat them home.

But beneath the water was a great marvel.—Beówulf cut off the sea-woman's head, but so

hot and poisonous was her blood that the mighty sword which reeked therewith melted and burnt away, all save the hilt. So it wasted like the ice when the sun loosens the frost-chain and unwinds the wave-ropes. Then Beówulf swam upwards with his heavy burden, the sea-woman's head and the sword-hilt, and having reached the shore he saw the lake dry up. By its hair he carried the woman's head, awful and glaring, to the mead-hall, and showed the wondering Danes the golden sword-hilt wrought in fashion as a snake, and marked with Runic characters wherein the history of its forging was set forth. Beówulf said, 'God and my strong hand prospered me and gave me victory. Yea, in my strength I have wrested away the sword wherewith the giants before the Flood defied the Eternal God! I have overcome the enemies of God, who have battled with Him unsubdued for countless years! Wherefore fear not, King Hrothgár, for thou and thine may sleep secure in Heorot which I have cleansed!'

The wise and hoary king, the mingled-haired, gazed long in silence on the sword-hilt, reading of the wondrous smiths that made it after the fall of the devils. Then he spake gently, 'O my friend Beówulf, great is thy glory and uplifted high, and wondrous are the ways of God who through the wisdom of His great mind distributeth so much strength to one man, making him a refuge-city for the peoples. But suffer a kindly word of counsel, dear warrior. When all things are subject to a man, when the world turneth at his will, he forgetteth that the flower of his strength and his glory are but for a little while before he leave these poor days and fade away forgotten and another come in his place. But the great Shepherd of the Heavens liveth on, and raiseth up and putteth down whom He will. Dear friend, beware of pride, which groweth up and anon beguileth the heart so fast to sleep that the warrior remembereth not how Death will overpower him at the last. So gloried I, when with spear and sword having freed the Hring-Danes from all their enemies under heaven, I built this mead-hall in my pride and reckoned not upon an adversary. But God sent Grendel many years to trouble me, till my pride was humbled, and He brought me a deliverer in thee. Wherefore I give Him thanks and pray thee to be-like-minded, to bear thine honours meekly, and to choose eternal gains. Go now with gladness to the feast, and to-morrow we will give forth treasure, the dear meed of warriors.'

Great joy was there in many-windowed Heorot, and when Night covered the land with her dusky helmet the warriors laid them down in peace and slept beneath the lofty arches, various with gold: no foe came near the noble dwelling-place; for Heorot was fully purged.

After that, when Beówulf would make ready his vessel to cross the sea again to his kinsman Hygelác, lord of the Geáts, King Hrothgár loaded him with a multitude of gifts of gold and rings and battle-harness, and made a treaty with him that there should be peace for ever betwixt the Gar-Danes and the Geáts, and that the treasures of both peoples should be held in common. So Beówulf and his companions entered their sharp-keeled ship and sailed to their home across the wide sea-plain, the sea-gull's path. Hygelác welcomed him returning spoil-laden from the game of war, and Beówulf shared his treasures with his friends and kinsfolk. Yet was it for a long time a shame and reproach to the Geáts that they held the might and courage of Beówulf in but little esteem, neither made they him a ruler or a chief among them. During many years the son of Ecgtheow grew old in good and quiet deeds; for he, the fierce in war, was gentle of mind, and meekly held the might and strength wherewith he was endued of God. But the Swedes came up to battle against the Geáts, and in his time of need Hygelác went to his treasure-house and brought forth Nagling, the wound-hardened sword, old and grey-spotted, of Hrethel, Beówulf's grandfather, and gave it to the strong Wægmunding, and made him captain over seven thousand warriors and gave him a royal seat. So Beówulf went to battle and drave out the enemy. But Hygelác fell in the war-tumult. Thereby the broad kingdom came by inheritance into Beówulf's hand; and he was made king, and held it fifty years with a strong arm against all foes, ruling wisely as a prudent guardian of his people.

Now, in those days, a terrible flaming dragon began to rule in the dark nights, a fire-drake which long had abode in the cavern of a rocky cliff hard by the sea, along a difficult and stony path unknown to men. All his cavern

was full of ancient treasure in rings and vases and golden ornaments, which he had secretly stolen during a space of three hundred years. Folk missed their gold and jewels but knew not who the robber was, until one night a wayfarer by chance wandered into the cave and saw the precious hoard and the dragon slumbering by it, and snatched a golden drinking cup, from the glittering heap and fled. Hot burned the dragon's anger when, awaking, he missed the gold drinking cup, and saw that his secret treasure-hoard was known to men. He rose upon his flaming wings each night and sped to and fro seeking the man who had done him this evil; and where he went he consumed houses and people and scorched the land into a wilderness. The waves of fire reached the palace and destroyed that best of buildings, the fastness of the Geáts, and the people trembled for fear of the terrible flyer of the air.—Dark thoughts came into Beówulf's mind, insomuch that he was even angry with the Almighty because of the plague which visited the people, and in his bitterness he spake hard things against the Eternal Lord such as befitted him not. Then he commanded to make a variegated shield of iron, strong and well-tempered, to withstand the fire-breath of the adversary, and having put on his war-mail, he called together his warriors and said, 'Many a battle, O my comrades, have I dared from my youth up; many a warrior's soul have I loosed from its shattered house of bone with my biting war-bill. Now for the greater glory of my age will I seek this flaming war-fly alone. Be it yours to abide afar off on the hill and watch the combat, but take no part therein. The glory and the treasure and the war are mine alone. Would I might proudly grapple with nothing but my naked hands against this wretch, as of old I did with Grendel! But since the war-fire is so fierce and poisonous, I take my shield and byrnie and my sword. Not a footstep will I flee till fate make up her reckoning betwixt us.'

Then arose the famous warrior, stoutly trusting in his strength, and came to the hoary stone cliff whence waves of fire flowed like a rushing mountain torrent. Boldly and with angry words the lord of the Geáts defied the fire-drake to come out and face the thirsty steel of Nagling, his sharp-edged blade.

Quickly the winged worm answered to his challenge. Bending itself together for the contest, and darting furious flames, it closed in battle with the haughty warrior; and they who beheld afar off saw nothing but the fire which wrapped the fighters round. The good shield guarded Beówulf's body less truly than he had hoped from the beams of fire. Nagling, the hard-edged, bit less strongly than the champion, who knew so well to swing the war-bill, had need in his extremity: the keen sword deceived him as a blade of such old goodness ought not to have done. The fierce treasure-keeper, boiling with fury, flooded the plain in a sea of fire, so that the nobles which watched the combat turned and fled to the wood for safety. All turned and fled save one. Wigláf, son of Weohstán, a dear shield-warrior, only kinsman of Beówulf, saw his lord suffer in the bitter strife, and his heart could no longer refrain. He seized his shield of yellow linden-wood, and his old tried sword. 'Comrades,' he cried, 'forget ye all the gifts of rings and treasure we have received from Beówulf's hands at the daily out-pouring of the mead? Forget ye his past benefits and his present need?' Then he ran through the deadly smoke and the clinging fire to succour his dear lord. The flame burnt up his linden shield, but Wigláf ran boldly underneath the shield of his master and fought at his side. Then Beówulf, jealous for his single fame, though heat-oppressed and wearied, swung his great war-sword and drave it down mightily upon the head of the fire-drake. But Nagling failed him, and brake in sunder with the blow; for Beówulf's hand was too strong and overpowered every sword-blade forged by mortal man, neither was it granted to him at any time that the edges of the smith's iron might avail him in war. Wildly he spurned the treacherous sword-hilt from him, and furious rushed upon the fiery worm and clutched it by the neck in the terrible gripe of his naked hands. There upon the plain he throttled it, while the burning life-blood of the fire-drake boiled up from its throat and set his hands aflame. Yet loosened he never his gripe, but held the twining worm till Wigláf carved its body in twain with his sword. Then Beówulf flung the carcass to the earth and the fire ceased.

But the fiery blood was on his hands; and they began to burn and swell; and he felt the poison course through all his veins and boil up

in his breast. Then Beówulf knew that he drew nigh the end of this poor life; and whilst Wigláf cooled his wounds with water, he said, 'Fifty years have I shepherded my people, and though so strong no king dared greet me with his warriors, I have only fought to hold my own. Neither have I made war on any man for lust of gain or conquest, nor oppressed the weak, nor sworn unjustly. Wherefore I fear not that the Ruler of Men will reproach me with the doings of my life. But now, dear Wigláf, go quickly to the cavern and bring me of the gold and many-coloured gems that I may look thereon before I die; that so, feasting my eyes with the treasure I have purchased for my people, I may more gently yield up my life.'

So Wigláf hastened and came to the fire-drake's treasure-house; and lo! his eyes were dazzled with the glittering gold, the dishes, cups, and bracelets that were heaped within the cave and lightened it. Then he laded himself with gem-bright treasure, one trinket of each kind, and a lofty golden ensign, the greatest wonder made with hands, and a war-bill jewelled, shod with brass and iron-edged; and came again to his master. Fast ebbed the chieftain's life upon the sward. Senseless he lay, and very near his end. Wigláf cooled his fiery veins with sprinkled water, and the lord of the Geáts opened his eyes and gazed upon the golden cups and variegated gems. He said, 'Now give I thanks to the Lord of All, the King of Glory, for the precious riches which mine eyes behold; nor do I grudge to have spent my life to purchase such a treasure for my people. Bid them not to weep my death, but rather glory in my life. Let them make a funeral fire wherein to give my body to the hot war-waves; and let them build for my memorial a lofty mound to sea-wards on the windy promontory of Hronesnaes, that the sea-sailors as they journey on the deep may see it from afar and say, "That is Beówulf's cairn."

Then from his neck he lifted his golden chain, and took his helmet and his byrnie and his ring and gave them to Wiglaf, saying, 'Dear friend, thou art the last of all our kin, the last of the Wægmundings. Fate hath long swept my sons away to death. I must go and seek them!' So parted his soul from his breast.

Presently came the nobles which before had fled, and found Wigláf washing the body of their prince with water and sorrowfully calling him by name. Bitterly spake Wigláf to them. 'Brave warriors! Now that the war is over, have you in truth summoned courage up to come and share the treasure? You, who forsook the treasure-earner in his need; forsook in his extremity the high prince who gave you the very war-trappings wherein you stand? I tell you nay. You shall see the treasure with your eyes and hold it in your hands, but it shall not profit you. The Swedes beyond the sea who came against Hygelác and slew him, the same that Beówulf overcame and drave out, when they learn that our strong warrior has passed into his rest, will come again and snatch the land from your weak holding and carry you away into bondage, and seize the treasure. Let it be his who won it! Safer will he guard it in his sleep than you with feeble war-blades and weak javelins. Let the lord of the Geáts slumber with it in the cairn which we shall build for him; so shall men fear to touch the treasure as they would to snatch a sleeping lion's prey.'

So with one accord they bare the hoary warrior to Hronesnaes, and from the cavern drew out the twisted gold in countless waggon-loads.

Then for Beówulf did the people of the Geáts prepare a funeral pile, strong, hung round with helmets, with war-boards and bright byrnies; and weeping they laid their lord upon the wood. Eight chosen warriors walked with Wigláf round the pile with torches to kindle the bale-fire. The wood-smoke rose aloft, the noise of mourning of a people sorry of mood mingled with the crackling of the blaze, and the wind blew on the war-bier till the flames consumed the bone-house of the mighty-handed chief.

Then the Geáts wrought a great cairn beside the sea. It was high and broad, and easy to behold by the sailors over the waves. Ten days they wrought thereat, and built up the beacon vast and tall, and laid the ashes of their lord therein. Then they brought the rings and gems and ornaments and put them in the mound. No earl ever wore the twisted gold for a memorial, no maiden was made glad with the golden rings upon her neck, but the treasure sleeps in the earth with him who won it! Twelve nobles rode about the mound calling to mind their king in speech and song; praising his valour; even as it is fit that a man should

extol his lord and love him in his soul after his body has become valueless and only his deeds remain.

So mourned the people of the Geâts for their dear lord. And they said of him that he was the mildest and gentlest of all the kings of the world, the most gracious to his people and the most jealous for their glory.

BOOK REVIEWS.

COBDEN CLUB ESSAYS, SECOND SERIES, 1871–2. By Emile De Laveleye, the Hon. George Brodrick, W. Fowler, M.P., T. E. Cliffe Leslie, Herr Julius Faucher, Herr John Prince Smith, Joseph Gostick, James E. Thorold Rogers, the Hon. David A. Wells, LL.D., of the United States. Cassell, Petter and Galpin : London, Paris and New York.

A club was formed some years ago in England, to perpetuate the memory and propagate the principles of Richard Cobden, whose great friend, Mr. T. Bayley Potter, M.P., took a leading part in the movement. At first the Association was rather at a loss for a practical object, and seemed in danger of degenerating into an annual dining club, the very last thing which would have been desired as a tribute of respect by Cobden's shade. An annual essay prize was tried, but proved a failure. At last the club hit on the idea of an annual volume of essays, which has so far proved a success. The volume before us has passed very rapidly to a second edition, and seems fully to deserve that honour. The principles of the essayists, like those of the club, are of course Liberal and Free Trade ; but no opponent, we believe, can deny that these principles are advocated in a worthy and philosophic manner, with firmness of tone, calmness of reasoning, and fulness of information.

M. De Laveleye's essay "On the Causes of War, and the means of reducing their number," is worthy of a distinguished publicist, comprehensive, acute, and, though strongly pacific, free from millennial reverie. He has, however, fallen into the prevalent error with regard to the Treaty of Washington, which he celebrates as "an event on which all humanity may justly congratulate itself." Had he considered the question of the Fenian claim, he must have seen that, as we have said before, the refusal to submit that claim to arbitration while reparation was exacted for the escape of the *Alabama*, makes the Treaty a rampant assertion of the immunity of the United States from responsibility, and a repudiation instead of a vindication of international morality. The two most important essays in the volume, however, at least with reference to British legislation, are those of the Hon. George Brodrick and Mr. Fowler. Even the strongest Conservatives are beginning to be somewhat anxious with regard to the land question, and to perceive that it will be a dangerous state of things when the great bulk of the land of England is in the hands of a small number of wealthy proprietors, and the nation is reduced to the condition of a tenant-at-will on its own soil. All experience tends to prove that a numerous body of freeholders is the strongest support of national institutions. Both essayists conclude in effect in favour of the same measure, viz., such an alteration of the law that no tenure shall be recognized but a tenure in fee simple, so as to preclude the tying-up of land; and to some such policy British legislation probably points. "No new or startling change," says Mr. Brodrick in conclusion, "would be wrought by the new law in the characteristic features of English country life. There would still be a squire occupying the great house in most rural parishes, and this squire would generally be the eldest son of the last squire ; though he would sometimes be a younger son of superior merit or capacity, and sometimes a wealthy and enterprising purchaser from the manufacturing district. Only here and there would a noble park be deserted or neglected for want of means to keep it up and want of resolution to part with it, but it is not impossible that deer might often be replaced by equally picturesque herds of cattle ; that landscape gardening and ornamental building might be carried on with less contempt for expense; that game preserving might be reduced within the limits which satisfied our sporting forefathers ; that some country gentlemen would be compelled to contract their speculations on the turf, and that others would have less to spare for yachting or for amusement at Con-

tinental watering-places. Indeed, it would not be surprising if greater simplicity of manners, and less exclusive notions of their own dignity, should come to prevail among our landed gentry, leading to a revival of that free and kindly social intercourse which made rural neighbourhoods what they were in olden times. The peculiar agricultural system of England would remain intact, with its three-fold division of labour between the landlord charged with the public duties attaching to property, the farmer contributing most of the capital and all the skill, and the labourer relieved by the assurance of continuous wages from all risks except that of illness. But the landlords would be a larger body, containing fewer grandees and more practical agriculturists, living at their country homes all the year round, and putting their savings into land, instead of wasting them in the social competition of the metropolis. The majority of them would still be eldest sons, many of whom, however, would have learned to work hard till middle life for the support of their families; and besides these there would be not a few younger sons who had retired to pass the evening of their days on little properties near the place of their birth, either left them by will or bought out of their own acquisitions. With these would be mingled other elements in far larger measure and greater variety than at present—wealthy capitalists eager to enter the ranks of the landed gentry, merchants, traders and professional men content with a country villa and a hundred freehold acres round it; yeomen-farmers and even labourers of rare intelligence, who had seized favourable chances of investing in land. Under such conditions it is not too much to expect that some links, now missing, between rich and poor, gentle and simple, might be supplied in country districts, and that 'plain living and high thinking' might again find a home in some of our ancient manor houses; that with less of dependence and subordination to a dominant will there would be more of true neighbourly feeling and even of clanship; and that posterity, reaping the beneficent fruits of greater social equality, would marvel, and not without cause, how the main obstacle to greater social equality—the law and custom of primogeniture—escaped revision for more than two centuries after the final abolition of feudal tenures." This may seem to be a rather sanguine view; but there is nothing in it chimerical, much less is there anything savouring of communism or even of social revolution. Mr. Brodrick's essay has won great, and we think well-deserved, praise, even from opponents, by its ability and by the spirit in which it is written.

The essay of Mr. Rogers on the Colonial question is marked by his usual force and vigour. It is written from the "Manchester" point of view, of course, but no Colonist will be offended in it by anything anti-colonial, if by that term is meant a want of right and kindly feeling towards the Colonies. It is absurd to suppose that we can close a discussion which has been going on among the greatest and most revered masters of economical science for a century, merely by imputing to people sordid motives, and calling them hard names. Every man is a patriot who, whether on the right road or not, is sincerely seeking the good of his country. In this very volume M. De Laveleye protests strongly against the policy of retaining Algeria, that possession which France cherishes so passionately, and on which she has wasted so much money and so much blood without even a shadow of return, for even as a military training-place, it has proved the mere destroyer of her strategy. "I would suggest," says M. De Laveleye, "that France had a means of making Prussia pay dearly for the conquest of Alsatia; it was to give up at the same time Algeria, as a cause of weakness and ruin. Oh! Frenchmen, borrow compulsory education from the Germans, and give them Algiers in exchange, and you will be avenged." A total severance of the Colonies from the old country, Mr. Rogers holds, would be a misfortune. "The invitation to secede, so freely tendered to the colonists is, in my opinion, inexpedient as well as uncivil. It would be much wiser to tell them that we do wish to keep them not only in amity but in alliance, but that in treating on the terms of the alliance, we and they must act with equal independence." The least agreeable part of Mr. Rogers' essay, to many colonists, will be the discouraging terms in which he speaks of proposals for extensive emigration.

We believe we may say that all the essays in this volume, without exception, will be found instructive to the economist and politician, whether he agrees with them or not. Perhaps some day a Derby club may be instituted for the propagation of the principles of Lord Derby, and we may then have volumes of philosophic essays on the other side.

The presence of no less than four foreigners (though one of them is of English birth) among the nine essayists, is significant not only of the cosmopolitan character of political and economical science, but of the growth of European sympathies, and of the more European character which is being gradually assumed by political and economical as well as by religious and intellectual movements.

A Survey of Political Economy.—By John Macdonell, M. A. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

This work is based on a series of articles contributed to the *Scotsman* newspaper. We have read it with interest and profit. It is a comprehensive, sensible and well written account of the chief topics and problems of Political Economy, and is marked throughout by openness of mind and a desire to do justice to the different writers and schools whose theories are passed in review. Mr. Macdonell's candour is particularly shown in his treatment of the land question, which in England is one of such exceeding bitterness, not only on economical but on political grounds. While he repudiates, as might have been expected, Mr. Mills' extreme plans of exceptional dealing with rents, and vindicates private property in land; he combats with equal fairness the extravagances of the opposite school, enforces the special duties and restrictions which attach to the ownership of land, and condemns primogeniture and entails. He even goes so far as to look forward to a time "when the landlord shall be regarded as a public functionary or trustee entrusted with the care of certain portions of the soil of the State, and bound to use it to the common advantage, and when the last and greatest of sinecures shall be reformed." We confess that he does not make it clear to our mind why in this, which is the commercial, not the feudal era, investments in land should be treated so differ-

ently from other investments ; but this does not impair the service rendered by the discussion in an impartial spirit of a rancorous and dangerous party question. The same spirit is shown in dealing with Protectionism, though in this case we should desire more completeness, the disquisition closing with a string of secondary arguments, of a miscellaneous character, on the side of Protection, each of which, we believe, may be conclusively answered, but with regard to which Mr. Macdonell only says generally, that, in his opinion, all European countries and the United States have outgrown the necessities of Protectionism. It was also unnecessary to limit the history of Protectionism to the period subsequent to the rise of the mercantile theory, if such a theory ever really existed, which Mr. Macdonell doubts. Protectionism has existed whenever and wherever political power has been used in the commercial interest of a class. The mediæval baron who forced the people to grind their corn at the baronial mill, use the baronial ferry, and resort to the baronial fair-ground, was as much entitled to the high-sounding name of Protectionist as the monopolist of New England or Pennsylvania, though he did not frame moral and patriotic theories or construct imposing diagrams, like those of Mr. Henry Carey, in defence of his very natural proceedings.

The point on which, as at present advised, we differ most widely from Mr. Macdonell, is female labour. He imagines that by availing ourselves of this discovery, as he calls it, we should all but double the productive power of the human race without necessitating any increase in the amount devoted to subsistence. Such an expectation appears chimerical. Women cannot do any work requiring muscular strength or physical endurance ; they cannot even print a newspaper, because it involves night work. They could not, as a general rule, engage in any calling requiring permanent devotion, or the skill which can only be gained by experience, because the immense majority of them marry, and hardly any of them renounce marriage. All that they can do therefore, ordinarily speaking, is to take the place of the feebler and more delicate portion of the male sex in certain indoor callings of a light and easy kind. It may be a good thing that they should do so, but this is a limited source from which to anticipate the doubling of human wealth. This question, like many others, economical and of all kinds, appears to be ridden by a fallacious term. All useful occupations are *labour* in the only rational sense of the word. A woman is labouring to the very best purpose, and rendering to humanity the full equivalent of any male labour, when she bears children, rears them, and manages her household. Young women, if they look forward to being wives and mothers, are best occupied in the very needful preparation for that state, and even mothers-in-law and grandmothers on whom, at any rate, the female labour theorists think themselves entitled to lay their hands, may generally find more profitable employment in the domestic circle than they would find in the general labour market. The gain which would accrue to humanity from training the female sex to labour, would be pretty much the same as would accrue from training our feet to discharge the functions of a second pair of hands, and leaving us without anything to discharge the functions of the feet.

A great service will be rendered and a great fame will be won by the first writer who treats history economically or political economy historically. In this work political economy is to a certain extent treated historically, and the value and interest of the work are thereby greatly enhanced, but the amount of history is limited by the general brevity of treatment. Mr. Macdonell seems to have accumulated materials which would enable him to expand this element of his work or to write another book on an enlarged scale, and we should be very glad if he would use them for that purpose.

SECRET HISTORY OF "THE INTERNATIONAL" WORKING MEN'S ASSOCIATION. By Onslow Yorke. London : Strahan and Co.

The shadow of the terrible "International" is supposed by some to have fallen even on Canadian industry, and to have been visible in the recent strikes. Mr. Onslow Yorke's little volume may therefore have for us not only a general, but a practical, interest. So far as it goes it confirms us in the belief which we had before entertained, that the shadow of the International, as is the case with the shadows of other objects, is much larger than the substance.

The name, which now sounds like a menace to all nations of industrial revolt and political communism, originally at all events had no such signification.— Two French artisans, Tolain and Fribourg, we are told, having come over to England at the time of the International Exhibition of 1862, carried back to France a seductive account of the English Trade Unions. The French artisans wished to found an organization on the same model, but found themselves precluded by the law forbidding associations of workingmen in France. A sharp lawyer hinted to them that they might evade the law by affiliating themselves to a foreign society. A society was accordingly formed in London, with Odger, Cremer and a German domiciled in England named Eccarius, at its head, to which the Frenchmen were affiliated, and which was called the International. This society ramified, became European, and held a Congress at Geneva, at which the English delegates advocated practical measures for raising wages and reducing the hours of work, while the French delegates advocated aerial schemes for the regeneration of the industrial world. If Mr. Yorke may be trusted the French Empire coquetted to a considerable extent with the leaders of this industrial movement. The policy of the French Cæsars, like that of their Roman prototypes, was a mixture of despotism and demagogism ; and while they "saved society" with their bayonets, they carried on intrigues in the lower strata of society with the view of gaining allies against the liberal middle classes, and beneath a surface of military order charged the mine which exploded in the insurrection of the Commune. The French artisans, as might have been expected, soon grew jealous of English ascendency, and a dispute, in which the French were victorious, ended in the practical transfer of the headquarters of the Society to Paris.

At the Geneva Congress the Polish question had been introduced, and the red flag had been displayed on an excursion steamboat. But during the earlier period of its history the society was essentially industrial. Gradually however, by a natural affinity, there mingled with it a political movement, at the

bottom of which, darkly and fitfully, appear the sinister features of Karl Marx, a wandering Jew, whose personal aims appear to be enveloped in mystery, but who no doubt expected by troubling the waters of society to take some kind of fish. This worthy we are told spent his days in studying politics and economy at the British Museum, and his nights in studying the working-men at their places of social resort. Armand Levi, another Jew, in the secret service of the French Empire, attempted to give the movement an Imperialist direction, but was cut short in his machinations by his master's fall. A predominating influence seems to have been at last excited by Bakounine, a gigantic Russian savage, and a type of the extravagant socialism and atheism to which the ill-balanced mind of the semi-barbarous Slave rebounds from the extreme of paternal despotism and superstition. Cluseret, politically if anything a Fenian, but who was above all things a military adventurer, opening the world oyster with his sword, also gained an influence which of course increased when, from organizing and speech-making, affairs began to tend towards fighting. Ultimately Tolain, the French chief of the industrial movement, was thrust aside, and the secret history of the International merged in the secret history of the Commune, at which point Mr. Onslow Yorke's work terminates.

In spite of the uneasiness felt, and not very wisely betrayed, by the European governments, we are disposed to think that the mine has been pretty well emptied of its explosive contents in the Parisian insurrection. The military circumstances of Paris after the siege, and the antagonism between the Parisians and the Assembly which represented the power of the despised and detested "rurals," furnished the Communistic leaders with forces such as they are not likely again to command. Whether the International plays any important part in the industrial conflicts which still rage in Europe, and are unhappily extending themselves to this country, we are unable to say; but these conflicts present no feature at present which they did not equally present before the International came into existence.

FAIR TO SEE.—A novel. By Lawrence W. M. Lockhart. New York: Harper Brothers.

A good novel, with well drawn characters, and an interesting plot fairly woven out of character and situation, without assistance from the stores of the sensation scene-painter. The subject of the story is a shooting party in the Highlands, out of which grows a love affair between Bertrand Cameron and Eila McKillop who is "fair to see." The weak part of the novel is that Eila can hardly be said to be fair even to see. Her false and hateful character is visible from the beginning. The ultimate marriage of Eila with old Sir Roland Cameron is rather a repulsive incident, and there is a flatness in the way in which Bertrand, after his misadventure with Eila, falls back on Morna Grant. Mr. McKillop's end, perhaps, should have been excepted in saying that the tale was free from sensationalism; but it was necessary for the happy winding up of the piece to get rid of him. The author is a military man, and, like most of his profession, a strong Tory; and he cannot help mingling his politics with his fiction. When will literary artists learn that art and controversy are incompatible with each other? It is true that the author, being a Tory of the good old type, is tolerably impartial between parties as they are, and abuses them pretty handsomely all round. Indeed, in his indignation at Conservative backslidings he is forced to confess that the Radicals are the best of the lot, which "is enough to break a gentleman s, not to say a patriot's, heart." Of the leaders of the two great parties he says, perhaps with more point than clearness, that "one (Mr. Gladstone) has a spasmodic conscience and a twisted brain, and the other (Mr. Disraeli) has a spasmodic brain and no conscience at all." Mr. Gladstone's army reforms are however unwittingly justified in the most forcible manner by the character of Coppinger, one of the best things in the book, and the true portrait of a large number of the wealthy triflers to whom the lives of British soldiers and the honour of the empire were entrusted under the old system. After Sadowa and Sedan it was high time to replace these men by soldiers professionally trained and devoted to their calling, who need not on that account be any the less gentlemen. The "Kicker" is no more a gentleman than he is a soldier.

DEAD MEN'S SHOES.—A Romance by Jeannette R. Hadermann, author of "Forgiven at Last." Philadelphia; J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This is decidedly a lively novel. The scene is laid in Louisiana. The plot runs through two generations of two families, but the interest centres in the attempt of Dr. John Reynard to dispose of his step-son and step-daughter, the first by a course of dissipation and absinthe, the second by marriage to a tool of his own in the person of his rascal brother. Like the evil spirit in a novel generally, Dr. Reynard makes all the fun, and we are really very sorry when his schemes are foiled by the virtuous and heroic Miss Bertha Lombard, and when he is ultimately drowned in a flood of the Mississippi. The bad characters, Dr. Reynard himself, his brother James and his wife, are well drawn; the good characters are rather flat, as is too apt to be the case. Miss Bertha Lombard, who is the angel of the piece, gets beyond the range of our sympathies from the moment when, being stabbed in the arm with a knife by her beloved, but demented cousin, she does not feel the stab, but only the word of reproach by which it was accompanied. There is something of the rawness of Louisiana in the scenery, moral and domestic as well as physical; and the ladies and gentlemen have a decided tinge both of the plantation and of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. "Deuced fine girls; star of the first magnitude; diamond of the first water; pearl without price; pretty as a pink; dances like a fay; face piquant; worth going in for; charming little witch; first class prize; sharp as a needle; manners of a little princess;" the world in which such phrases as these are current may safely be said not to be highly refined. Slavery is in the background, but has little to do with the tale. We must protest against many of the constructions and expressions, if they are tendered as English and not as the language of Louisiana. "From this out," "given up to be beyond comparison," "kissed him good-night," "hush talking nonsense," "would rank middling fair," "would have gone *a*

long ways," "*equally as* devoid," "to *go on* (for to *go*) after a person," "to go aglee," "that calm a face,"—if the fashionable Mrs. Reynard's teeth are set on edge by being asked what country she "hails from," our teeth are not less set on edge by such phrases as these.

ANTIDOTE TO THE "THE GATES AJAR," by J. S. W. Sixth thousand. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

"The Gates Ajar" was nonsense, though nonsense of a most marketable kind, as its success and the sum realized by it proved. We can understand its having an enormous run in the States, among the people who erect sentimental monuments in the Rose Walk of the Jeffersonville Cemetery, and bury their dead friend in a glass case, dressed in a blue surtout with a flower in his button-hole. Probably people did not really believe that Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps had any special information about the occupation of the blessed in the other world; but they bought her book with the sort of half curiosity, half credulity, with which the simpler sort of mortals buy an astrological almanac or an infallible cure for all diseases. The best antidote to nonsense is our own sense. But it seems that in the present case there is a large demand for another "Antidote," which has run through six thousands—probably by this time still more. We have read it, and can sincerely declare ourselves convinced that Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has no special information about the occupations of the blessed in the other world. It is something, in this age of doubt and perplexity, to have distinctly arrived even at a negative conclusion.

LIFE AND LABOURS OF THE REV. WM. MCCLURE, for more than forty years a minister of the Methodist New Connexion. Chiefly an Autobiography. Edited by the Rev. David Savage. Toronto: James Campbell & Son, 1872.

This tribute to the memory of a good and earnest minister of the Gospel is very creditable both to the Editor and to the Conference of which he was a member. There are many in Toronto, not belonging to the New Connexion Church, who will remember, with deep respect, the subject of this memoir. A tall figure, slightly bowed, though it scarcely appeared to be by age—the neck enveloped in one of those extraordinary white neckerchiefs, admirably drawn in the portrait prefixed to this volume, to get into or out of which seems a mystery to us of this generation—the face always beaming with meekness and good-nature, which were distinguishing marks of his character. Few of those who saw him in those latter peaceful days knew of the struggles through which he had passed, and the severer sufferings of his father before him. Much of the volume under review is made up of the religious experiences of Mr. McClure, into which it is not our province to enter; there is also much of permanent interest in anecdotes of the Repeal movement under Daniel O'Connell, and of the state of Ireland in the early part of this century, which we can only collect from the journals of acute observers like Mr. McClure. A true Irishman, the rev. gentleman possessed a full measure of the humour of his race, and although it was chastened by the essentially spiritual tone of his nature, it usually asserted itself in a quiet way on every social occasion. Yet, withal, he was a man thoroughly in earnest about the work he believed to be set before him in the Gospel; an active apostle of total abstinence; an energetic friend of the University of Toronto, on the Senate of which he sat as a member. Without great brilliancy or superior talent, his earnestness, his unaffected meekness, his genial and kindly disposition, endeared him to those with whom he came in contact, and, therefore, we think with Mr. Savage that it is well that some memorial of his laborious life should be placed on record.

NOTES ON ENGLAND. By H. Taine, D.C.L., Oxon. &c. Translated with an Introductory Chapter by W. F. Rae. London: Strahan & Co. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

The popularity of M. Taine's Notes on England is already established, and that the work should be made accessible to all Englishmen in a translation was a matter of course. The translator, it appears to us, has done his work remarkably well, preserving to an unusual extent the vivacity and piquancy of the original, with little sacrifice of English idiom. In this respect, indeed, Mr. Rae's work equals, perhaps, any translation from the French which we know, and is singularly happy in giving, to those who do not read French, an idea of the French mind as reflected in the forms of expression. Here and there, perhaps, one feels a little inclined to smile at the skittishness to which our staid language is stimulated, and to wonder what old Johnson would have thought of this or that phase or construction. But as a whole the work could hardly have been better done.

Mr. Rae's introductory chapter is also judicious, and most people will agree with its criticisms on the method of observation which M. Taine prides himself on having invented and professes to follow. Happily, when travelling in England, he observed with his eyes and not with his method.

It is superfluous to repeat the praises which have been bestowed on M. Taine's Notes by the British journals and reviews. The best part of the work, in our judgment, is that which relates to national character, especially in its social aspect. It is true that M. Taine's point of view is rather that of the French *salon*, and that the worst of all social phenomena in his estimation appears to be a lady ill-dressed and with prominent teeth. But with this qualification the remarks are acute, subtle, sometimes profound. They are always candid, discriminating, and if not free from national bias, perfectly free from national antipathy. John Bull, seeing himself in the glass held up by M. Taine, will sometimes wince a little, but generally he will not be displeased, and he will admit that in intention at all events the critic is always just. The general descriptions of the country are also graphic, and in the main correct, though M. Taine is a little under the influence of conventional comedy on the subject of the British climate, the perpetual humidity of which must be broken by an occasional gleam of sun, or it could not ripen an immense crop of cereals every year. The weak portion of the Notes, as might have been expected, is the political part, which consists mainly of hasty and not very consistent generalizations, and is, moreover, written under the fatal influence of a manifest bias derived from the recent course of events in France.

LITERARY NOTES.

Senator Ryan's Copyright Bill received the Royal assent at the close of the late session of the Dominion Parliament. This new Act ought to prove satisfactory to all the parties interested—the British author, the Colonial publisher and the reading public of Canada. The subject was so fully discussed in the April number of this Magazine, that we are spared the necessity of referring to it at any length on the present occasion. The injustice inflicted upon Canadian industry and enterprise under the old system was manifest to every one who gave the subject a moment's consideration. The English publisher issued his works at a price beyond the means of the mass of Colonial readers. The American publishers reprinted these works, in many cases, without remunerating the author. These reprints were published at a cheaper rate; but, in addition to the publishing price, the Canadian reader had to pay the *ad valorem* duty, ostensibly as a royalty to the author, although, in fact, it seldom, if ever, found its way into the author's pocket. The Canadian publisher, with superior facilities, cheaper materials and a lower rate of wages, was virtually shut out of the competition. If a work of general interest issued from the English press, negotiations with the author were necessary before he could venture to undertake its republication. Meanwhile, before a "form" of the work could be put in type, he found the market fully supplied by an American reprint. All our publishers asked therefore was, not to be protected against foreign competition, but that foreign publishers should not be protected against them. The chief credit of the recent change in the law belongs of right to Mr. John Lovell, of Montreal. He proved, conclusively, by a *reductio ad absurdum*, that he could do in exile what, as a Canadian, he was not permitted to do at home. The provisions of the new law may be briefly stated as follows:—Any publisher, having a license for that purpose from the Governor-General, and having deposited $100 as security for the payment of an excise duty of 12½ per cent. on the wholesale value of the work when printed in Canada, may within one month of securing the copyright, republish any British copyright work. The period of one month may be extended, for sufficient cause; the importation of foreign reprints of such works as are published under the Act is prohibited; and the excise duty is to be paid, not nominally but actually, to the party or parties beneficially interested in the British copyright. The question still remains whether our Parliament has not acted *ultra vires* in passing the new law. It is true that the B. N. America Act gives the Dominion legislature jurisdiction over the subject of copyright (30 & 31 Vic., c. 3, sec. 91), but it does not appear that any power was intended to be granted thereby in addition to that possessed by the old Province of Canada. The Imperial Copyright Act extends to the colonies, and it would seem, therefore, that Imperial legislation is necessary to give validity to the new Act. According to the Hon. Mr. Campbell, our Government is satisfied that the Act is constitutional; but as it only comes in force after a proclamation by the Governor-General, it is probable that the opinion of the law officers of the crown in England will be taken upon the point. In any case, there is no occasion to doubt the ultimate confirmation of so necessary an enactment.

As the summer advances there is a noticeable falling off in theological literature. We do not regret this, as it enables us to devote more attention to a few works of merit now lying before us. The latest instalment of Lange's Commentary—The Books of the Kings (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.), is the work of Dr. Karl Bœhr, of Carlsruhe, translated by competent American scholars. Like its predecessors, this volume is a monument of the critical power, thorough scholarship and unwearied industry of German theologians. Without attempting a general review of the work here, we may take a crucial example, which will at once occur to the student of Scripture—the sign given to Hezekiah on the sun-dial (or more properly, the steps) of Ahaz (2 Kings xx. 9--11 and Isaiah xxxviii. 8.) The commentator and his American editor (an Episcopalian) are far from being Rationalists, although they do not seek to cloak the difficulties in the text. It is admitted that there is an inconsistency in the statements—(1) that Hezekiah had recovered, and (2) that, after his recovery, he desired a sign "that the Lord would heal" him; and further, that the parallel account in Isaiah is "disjointed," and attributes a different reason for the giving of the sign. On the other hand, the opinion of Bosanquet, Adams, one of the discoverers of the planet Neptune, and other astronomers—that the recession of the shadow on the stairs of Ahaz can be fully accounted for by a partial eclipse of the sun—is summarily repudiated. To those who think it a sound canon of biblical criticism that no phenomenon explicable by natural causes should be attributed to causes ultra-natural, we commend an article in the June No. of the *Sunday Magazine*, on "The Eclipses of Scripture Times." "Paul of Tarsus, by a Graduate," (Boston: Roberts Brothers) is an American reprint of an English work which has attracted considerable attention. It is a book which may be earnestly recommended to the general as well as to the theological reader. The author evidently possesses considerable acquaintance with classical, rabbinical and patristic literature, and he is at the same time master of a lucid and attractive style. We do not know any work which, within the same compass, contains so accurate and life-like an account of the apostle and his surroundings, of his enemies within and without the church, and of the heroic energy by which he overcame them all, and thus, humanly speaking, saved Christianity from the fate which seemed to await it—that "Judaism, the cradle of Christianity" did not also "become its grave." We are bound to confess, however, that some of the author's views, notably those on the Sunday question, the atonement, and dogmatic theology generally, will scarcely pass muster in orthodox quarters.

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CLIVE WESTON'S WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

CHAPTER I.

IT was in every sense of the word a brilliant wedding. Montreal, the fair city that reclines at the foot of Mount Royal, had not for many months witnessed anything like it. Every embellishment that wealth could purchase had been procured—every rule prescribed by taste or fashion followed—till the whole affair might have been safely pronounced a perfect success. Season and weather, often chary of their favours on similar occasions, were both propitious. The sunshine of a glorious October day bathed in golden radiance the new reaped field and meadow, the mountain with its glowing scarlet and yellow foliage, and the broad, sparkling St. Lawrence beyond. Brightly too it lit up the grinning gurgoyles and rich architectural ornaments of Christ Church Cathedral, where amid breathless silence the bride had just pronounced in a sweet, perfectly audible voice, the solemn words that united her life and destiny with those of another. The sacred edifice was crowded with fair and fashionably attired women, and a bevy of bewitching young bride's maids distracted the heart and attention of the one masculine supporter or sympathizer to whom fashion now frequently restricts the bridegroom. The latter personage was tall, gentlemanly and intellectual looking. But the chief object of attraction was of course the bride herself, who stood there fair, pale as a lily, stately as a young princess. She needed not the softening aid of glimmering pearls, misty clouds of tulle, nor of the flowing bridal veil, that invest with a certain charm even the plainest of Eve's daughters. No, Virginia Bentley was beautiful in form and feature, and rarely bride had borrowed less from art. But what excited remark even more than her statuesque loveliness was her wonderful self-possession. Knowing as she did that every eye in that

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year 1872, by Adam, Stevenson & Co., in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

vast edifice was bent either in criticism, curiosity or admiration, on herself, her superb serenity never varied. No nervous tremour ran through her slight frame—no tinge of colour flushed the creamy white of her cheek, and when she at length walked slowly down the crowded aisle, she looked indeed a marvel of womanly stateliness and grace.

As the bridal procession drove off, many and varied were the comments passed on the newly married couple. "Superb!" lisped a faultlessly attired exquisite, as he adjusted his eye-glass to obtain a fuller view of the departing carriages.

"Never saw anything like it since Ristori."

"Weston is a fortunate man!" sighed another fop whose dark eyes and hair, and slightly foreign accent, bespoke him a French Canadian.

"'Tis very well for you two gentlemen, who were, as every body knows, thoroughly bewitched by her, to prate about Weston's luck," interrupted a third, "but I, for one, pity him from my heart. Why she will not let him call his soul his own!"

"Tut, Stone, you are jealous, man!" interposed another. One act of Virginia Bentley's goes far to prove that her heart is not unworthy of her face. She delayed her marriage till she had attained her majority, that she might place her large fortune, unrestricted by any conditions, in her husband's hands, a thing strenuously opposed by her guardians."

"Ah! had I not reason to say Weston was a lucky man?" reiterated a former speaker.

"Who is she?" queried a fair haired, sleepy eyed man in military garb, who had been leaning listlessly against the church door during the preceding dialogue.

"Our leading belle and beauty, and an heiress to boot," replied one of the group, secretly wondering how the last speaker could possibly be ignorant on so interesting a topic. Captain Dacre, however, had only arrived in Montreal two days previous, to join his regiment, and whilst strolling past the church had been induced to enter by the crowd already gathered in front of its portal.

"Ah, Dacre, how do you do?" cried a frank, ringing voice, and another military man joined the little knot. "You were just in time to catch a first and last glance of the most bewitching beauty and accomplished coquette I have ever met."

"Rather young, I should think, to have fairly earned as yet the latter title," rejoined Dacre, slightly raising his eyebrows.

"I do not know that. If you had been exposed to the artillery of her charms as we have been for some time past, you would have a higher opinion of their power."

Again Captain Dacre raised his eyebrows, more sarcastically this time than before.

"Beauty, belle, and heiress—how did you all permit so rare a prize to escape you?"

"Because Miss Bentley, like most of such feminine paragons, has a will and mind of her own. Besides, she and her husband have been engaged for many months past."

"But what qualities does this invincible bridegroom possess that he succeeded where so many failed?"

"Nothing out of the common. Honourable, moral, steady, and all that sort of thing; money-making, cleverish too, I believe."

"Well, I do not exactly look on myself as a prophet, but I would venture to predict," and here the speaker, Colford Stone, smiled disagreeably, "that this time next year Clive Weston will not look as triumphant as he does to-day."

After a few more words of idle talk the group separated, and the space in front of the church was left vacant.

Meanwhile the wedding breakfast went gaily enough. There was a magnificent display of silver and rare china; all the delicacies of the season; everything that fashion

could suggest. Through this second ordeal, with its wearisome felicitations, toasts, and laboured attempts at wit, the bride bore herself with the unruffled composure that had distinguished her in the church. At the proper time she withdrew, and in her dressing-room, amid the smiles and gay ministrations of her bride's maids, changed her Honiton lace and satin for the plain brown suit in which it was her will to travel.

The first bride's maid, a pretty, rosy little creature, very youthful in appearance, though in reality a year or two older than the bride, was the one who placed the tiny hat with its long ostrich plume on the bride's head, and as she did so, she drew her to a deep bay window apart from their companions, and tenderly kissed her.

"I can scarcely believe, my darling, that you are really married—that all is over. Do you feel very happy?"

"A singular question, Letty! Have I not married the husband of my choice?"

"True, very true. Well, let us hope for the best, but listen to a parting word from Letty Maberly, a friend who loves you dearly. I have known Clive Weston longer than you have, and warn you that he is one to hold the reins tightly if he once gets them into his grasp."

A slight smile wreathed the new-made wife's delicate lip as she rejoined: "To carry out your simile, Letty, I am not afraid that Mr. Weston will seek either to drive or rein me in. In any case, I can take care of myself."

Here an elderly lady, frail and shadowy in appearance, entered, and approaching the bride, tearfully said:

"I must bid you goodbye, my love, here, for my heart is too full and sorrowful to do it before all those people in the drawing-room."

"Why should you be sorrowful, dear aunt? You have known Clive a long time and like him well?"

"But I am losing you, my pet; the house will be very large and empty without you. And, oh, the trouble I have had with you, my darling, between one thing and another. Watching that you wore overshoes in wet weather, warm woollens in winter, and guarding you from fortune hunters at all seasons."

"You have nobly fulfilled your charge, good Aunt Jane, and an onerous one it has been. Kiss me now, and say that you pardon all my obstinacy and waywardness during the fifteen years you have watched me with such patient care?"

Miss Jane Ponton burst into tears, and throwing her thin arms around the girl's neck whispered: "God bless you, my pet, you were never obstinate or wayward with me."

"Poor Aunt Jane, because you always gave me my own way; but kiss me again!"

When Mrs. Weston raised her proud young head there was a suspicious brightness in her large dark eyes, the first token of emotion she had given that day.

Miss Ponton sank sobbing on a chair whilst the attendants and bride swept lightly down the broad stairs. The latter received farewells as calmly as she had done felicitations, and when Clive Weston sprang forward with joyous smile and eager face to assist her into the carriage, whispering at the same time some tender word, the slight smile she vouchsafed him was no warmer than the one she had just bestowed on a comparative stranger who had officiously moved the door an inch farther back for her egress.

"Does she love him?" asked more than one of the guests as they noted that cold look and smile.

"Does she love me?" asked Clive Weston of himself, as another word of tender inquiry on his part as to whether she felt fatigued, won nothing more for him than a careless: "Not in the least, I am used to crowds."

And yet Virginia really loved her husband, though her indomitable pride prevented her showing it, and Clive Weston was scarcely

the man to make the continual advances that the spoiled child of fortune was likely to exact.

CHAPTER II.

FOUR weeks after their wedding day the newly married couple returned from their trip, and installed themselves in a handsome and elegantly furnished villa residence on Sherbrooke street. The bride joyously entered on her new duties, which consisted, according to her idea, principally in paying and receiving visits, attending concerts, balls and matinées, entertaining on a large and fashionable scale at home, and presiding over the selection and fashioning of the elaborate and costly toilettes which distinguished her as much as her rare beauty in all those scenes of fashionable amusement. It was truly sad to see a woman whom God had endowed with intellectual qualities of a high order, calculated to render her in every way friend and counsellor of her husband, or to enable her to exert a marvellous influence in elevating and ennobling those of her own sex with whom she came in contact, devoting hours of deep thought to the fashioning of a dinner robe or the trimming of a ball dress.

Mr. Weston, on his side, devoted himself as closely to business pursuits as ever, and toiled unceasingly in his dingy office in St. Paul street. Scion of an old and respected English family, he had emigrated at an early age to Canada, and after passing some years in a leading mercantile house in Montreal, had entered into business for himself, meeting with rare and brilliant success. Clever, wealthy, gentlemanly in appearance and manners, he was greatly courted in society, and many bright eyes had smiled encouragingly on him. Foremost in showing her preference was Letty Maberly, and when it became evident that Virginia Bentley was his choice, Miss Maberly's love, at best a selfish feeling, turned to dislike. It was this sentiment that prompted the equivocal advice given by her at the hour of parting to the young bride, who, by the way, did not seem to stand in need of such strengthening counsel.

Left an orphaned heiress at an early age to the care of a kind but weak-minded female relative, Virginia Bentley reached the age of womanhood without ever hearing the accent of reproof. Indulged in every whim when the thing was possible, when not, condoled with and petted, it was not wonderful that the noble qualities of her nature were smothered by the evil ones, even as the grains of wheat in the parable were choked by the thorns.

By deferring her marriage till she had attained her majority she gained her point, that of bestowing her fortune on Mr. Weston without reserve or stipulation, and her baffled guardian, a quiet, punctilious old gentleman, shook his head, and secretly pitied the new-made husband, thinking he would in the end pay dearly enough for the fortune thus given him.

The domestic sky at Weston Villa was still cloudless, however, and Clive, devotedly fond of his beautiful wife, indulgently overlooked occasional caprice or waywardness. He seemed tacitly to admit that the mere butterfly sort of existence she led was quite correct; and never remonstrated or reasoned with her on the subject, satisfied that she met him with a smile on his entrance, even though she seldom had anything more serious to ask him than his opinion on a new toilette, or on some frivolous item of feminine gossip.

An uneasy fear at times haunted him that his own absorbing love was but feebly returned, and Virginia's careless, undemonstrative manner, served to confirm him in this unfortunate impression. Still he cared not to go deeper into the question, and was contented, or strove to be so, with things as they were.

"Who do you think is coming to stay

with us on a visit, Clive ?" asked his wife one morning, as they stood together in the hall, awaiting the sleigh which was to convey Mr. Weston to his place of business.

"I can scarcely guess, for the name of our friends and acquaintances is legion."

"Then I will tell you. My, or rather our, old friend Letty Maberly. You remember, she returned to Kingston, where she lives, shortly after our marriage, and has been starring it there ever since."

"She is really a beautiful little creature," was Weston's reply, "but empty-headed. Never thinks of anything beyond dress and pleasure."

"For the matter of that, sir, neither do I."

"But then, my wife," and he laid his hand gently on her graceful young head, "is capable of better, nobler things, which I do not think Letty Maberly is."

"All very well to say so now, Mr. Weston, but you cannot deny that you once made love to her."

"It may seem sadly foppish to say such a thing, but it really was she who made love to me."

"All men say such things of women, Clive."

"Would that I could say it of my wife !" and he bent towards her with a look of earnest appeal in his dark eyes. "Ah, Virginia, you have never made love to me yet."

"Nor do I intend to either, so a truce to such sentimental nonsense." She laughed lightly, throwing off the hand that still tenderly rested on her head.

A look of pain contracted her husband's features, but it instantly passed, and in a quick, matter-of-fact tone he said :

"Here is James at last. My time is more profitably spent down at the office than in love-making here. Don't you think so, Virginia ?"

Now she thought nothing of the sort, but pride would not allow her to make the admission, and with a gay laugh she rejoined : "Of course it is."

So husband and wife parted, each with a feeling of dissatisfaction, Virginia resolving for the first time to be less jealously guarded in concealing her affection for her husband. Her reception of him on his return to dinner was probably influenced by this resolve, for as they sat together before the grate fire in their pleasant sitting-room, the proud, fond look of the morning again rested on Weston's face. Very lovely Virginia looked in the dark violet dress she wore, and which, despite the absurd frillings and furbelows covering it, could not conceal the grace of her slight figure. Seated in a low chair, she gaily laughed and chatted, alternately teasing and caressing the while a tiny spaniel that lay on her lap.

"Is he not a beauty ?" she questioned, during a pause in the conversation. "Two of my former admirers wanted to shoot him, they were so jealous of my curly darling. You can afford to tolerate him, Clive, as he is your only rival."

"Promise me that it will always be so, and I will love the little fluffy, glossy heap as well as you do yourself," and he tenderly bent towards her as he spoke.

At that moment Miss Maberly, looking fresh and pretty as a rose, entered the room. The meeting between the two friends was very cordial, and quite demonstrative on the new-comer's part, so much so that when the latter turned to Mr. Weston, the smile it had awakened yet lingered on his lip. Of course conversation flowed freely, for both ladies were adepts in the conversational art. Quebec and Montreal gossip were animatedly discussed, and when, after a time, Weston under some plausible pretext withdrew, his absence seemed unnoted. Suddenly Miss Maberly paused in the flow of her light chit-chat and abruptly questioned.

"Tell me, Virginia, are you quite happy ?"

"Yes, very."

"I thought as much. You cannot imagine what a charmingly complete picture of connubial felicity you both afforded when

I entered to-night. But are you not tired of love-making yet?"

Virginia winced. She greatly disliked ridicule, and hastily replied: "Love-making, Letty! Why it was only a rehearsal of your usual interviews with your gentlemen friends after you have known them for a couple of weeks."

"Exactly, darling, and, blameable in me, in you, a wife, it is admirable. The only thing is I thought you might find it insipid, tiresome, after a time. You used to pique yourself so much on your utter freedom from sentiment, and smile so contemptuously at graduates of the gushing school."

"Well, leave that question now, Miss Letty, and speak to me about yourself. Have you made many new conquests in Kingston, or have you been conquered yourself?"

"Lost my heart a dozen times, but regained it, and have it now in safe keeping. Virginia, dear, nothing less than a millionaire or something of that sort will ever induce me to give up my liberty. I had two offers. The first was young and handsome, but with limited means; of course I refused him. The second was old and plain, and in a similar financial position, so I need not tell you I rejected him also."

"I suppose you acted wisely, Letty; at least you have acted up to your principles. The young girls of our set always looked on you as a model of feminine prudence in that respect."

"Yes, thank Heaven, I am not troubled with sentiment or nonsense of any kind, and intend to have as little love-making after as before marriage."

"Quite right, Letty, and if you can only meet a congenial spirit, enjoying a suitable financial position, your mutual lot will be supremely happy. But come with me now, I have so much to show you that I scarcely know where to begin."

Miss Maberly threw her arm round her friend's waist, and they moved off gaily together.

The above dialogue may serve to give a correct idea of Letty Maberly's character, and of the unfortunate influence she was likely to exert on Clive Weston's young wife. Never were two friends more inseparable. They rode, drove, walked together, and all the while the new-comer was steadily influencing for evil her beautiful friend. The latter, fearing Letty's playful satire or mock felicitations, grew daily more careless or reserved towards her husband, and he, quick to perceive the unwelcome change, after endeavouring awhile to combat it by increased tenderness and devotion, finally resented it, and entrenched himself in a quiet courtesy and careless indulgence which was but a pale, faint reflection, of the deep absorbing love he really felt for his young wife. The long pleasant evenings passed alone with her, the quiet walks or drives enjoyed together, became things of the past. When the drawing-rooms were not filled by company, Letty was always there to represent the outer world; and Mr. Weston saw, with deep pain, that the train of his wife's thoughts and aspirations became day by day more petty and frivolous.

Bent on being voted a queen of fashion, she dressed, talked, acted, with no other end in view; and her light phæton and two spirited horses, driven by herself, were to be seen at nearly every review, band rehearsal or cricket match. Letty, of course, was her constant companion, and contrived with wily art to render herself indispensable.

CHAPTER III.

AT one of the gay re-unions where Mrs. Clive Weston and her friend shone stars of the first magnitude, the latter approached Virginia and whispered:

"Congratulate me, he is here! You know I hinted to you last week that my inconstant heart had again found an idol. Would you like me to introduce him?"

"By all means, and at once."

"Well, be civil to him for my sake, and invite him up for to-morrow, like a darling, so that I may meet him again under favourable circumstances."

Letty glided off and soon returned leaning on the arm of the tall, light haired officer who had formed one of the group congregated near the door of Christ Church Cathedral on Virginia's wedding day. This gentleman she introduced as Captain Dacre.

"I have had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Weston before, on the morning of her marriage," he said with a low bow.

"And I should hope you saw myself, the first bride's maid also, though you have not seen fit to allude to the circumstance in my case."

Captain Dacre imperturbably smiled—nothing could disconcert or discompose him. "You are really too severe, Miss Maberly," he languidly rejoined. "Pray be merciful!" Virginia, with more curiosity than politeness, studied at her leisure the new idol that ruled her friend's fickle fancy, somewhat wondering at her choice. Regular but expressionless features, large, light, sleepy looking eyes, drawling voice and intonations, such was Henry Dacre; but what she saw not at first sight was a fund of astuteness—a gift of delicate, insidious flattery, all the more dangerous that it was generally concealed beneath a veil of listless indifference and apathy. The invitation bespoken for him by Miss Maberly was after some moments of gay conversation accorded, and he then moved off with his partner in the direction of the dancers, having first asked and obtained the hand of his hostess for her next disengaged dance.

Partly through Letty's management, partly through his own tact, Captain Dacre soon found himself received at Weston Villa on the most intimate footing. Thrown off her guard by the knowledge that he was her friend's admirer, Virginia soon granted him more privileges than she extended to any other of her gentlemen visitors, a circumstance speedily observed and in many cases misinterpreted. Wealthy, fastidiously particular in his dress, horses, indeed in all his belongings, he was to a certain extent a valuable addition to the fashionable circle of which she formed one of the leaders, and soon no project of gaiety was started at Weston Villa in which he was not included.

His first introduction to the master of the house was not propitious. Having called by appointment at a certain hour for Mrs. Weston and her friend, he was leaning against the drawing-room window and looking out on the lawn, inwardly thinking what unpunctual creatures women were, when Mr. Weston entered. The latter, on seeing a stranger standing there in a wearied attitude, courteously enquired if he wished to see the ladies of the house. Without discontinuing the monotonous rapping of his cane on the window sill, he shortly rejoined: "Thanks. The ladies know I am here."

Irritated by the visitor's supercilious manner, Weston threw himself on a lounge, and taking up a magazine, endeavoured to occupy himself with it.

Soon gay voices and rustling silks sounded in the passage, and the lady of the house and her friend entered, ready equipped for walking. The ceremony of introduction was gone through, the gentlemen favouring each other with almost imperceptible bows, and after a few gay words from Mrs. Weston to her husband, the three went down the steps. Clive stood looking after them a moment, and as he noted the intimate terms on which this supercilious stranger seemed to be with his wife, his brow darkened, and with a short sigh he turned away. He had returned to bring Virginia to town with him for the purpose of selecting some ornaments that he had promised her, but pride had kept him silent in this obtrusive visitor's presence, and now there seemed nothing for him but to retrace his steps to the office, which he accordingly did. He

returned home half an hour later than usual, and, wonderful to relate, found his wife alone in the drawing-room. She was cutting the leaves of a new novel, and carelessly asked his opinion of the author as he entered. He gave it in the briefest terms possible, and then said:

"May I ask what you have done with your very unapproachable friend of the morning?"

"Sent him home to dinner, but he will call to-morrow afternoon, to bring Letty and me to Mrs. Kempt's kettle-drum. Will you join us?"

"Thanks, I have no time. A word more about this Captain Dacre. You know, Virginia, I rarely interfere with your plans or friendships, but his society will probably prove so distasteful to me, to judge by our first interview, that I must beg to be spared it as much as possible."

"Singular! He is invited everywhere, known by everybody."

"It may be so, but I do not like him.—Will that reason for once prove sufficient?"

"Scarcely," was the cold reply. "He is a particular friend of Letty's, and very useful to us both, so you see it would be quite a sacrifice to give him up."

A compression of the lips, a slight frown, followed by a victory over self, and the husband spoke again.

"When I came in yesterday it was to ask you to accompany me to Hill's to choose those new vases you were asking me about some time since. You were engaged, however. Can I claim my turn now and ask you to go with me there to-morrow morning?"

A smile on the speaker's face, an inflexion of tenderness in his voice, and she would have yielded, but his gravity seemed to her a sort of menace, and she carelessly rejoined: "Out of the question. Letty and I have some indispensable shopping to do, so you must choose the vases without me."

Weston's first impulse was to leave the room, but his passionate love for his wayward young wife proved stronger, and he calmly said:

"Do you not think I have a just claim to a short portion of your time, that a wife"—

"Pray, Clive, dont talk old-fashioned nonsense! Such ideas belong to the days of our grandmothers, when those greatly overrated ladies used to pass their lives in pickling, preserving and spinning, doing all the while with one new dress in a year, and one silk in a lifetime. We belong to different times and must conform to them. It is actually unfashionable for husband and wife to be too much together."

"Then you think our obeying fashion will render our married lives happier?"

Had Virginia looked up and met the earnest, eager gaze bent towards her, she would perhaps have replied differently, but hearing only the calm, unmoved tones, she replied, examining as she did so, the wood-cuts in her new novel,—

"Of course. Besides we cannot do otherwise."

A moment after the door closed and she was left alone. A slight uneasy feeling flashed across her, and she half regretted her wilfulness, but resolving to atone for it later, she turned to her book and soon forgot all unpleasant reflections in its pages. Most unfortunate had this interview proved for the young couple, laying the foundation of a wall of separation between them, which Mr. Weston's reserve and his wife's thoughtlessness was likely to widen and strengthen day by day.

Two nights after, a gay and brilliant party met at Weston Villa, and as the host, fulfilling his part with perfect ease and courtesy, seemed to enjoy the gay scene equally with his guests, and the young wife moved gaily among her visitors, followed everywhere by admiring glances, more than one observer pronounced them a happy couple. Notwithstanding their late unpleasant discussion, Clive felt himself won to softer feelings as his glance fell on Virginia, ra-

diant in beauty and happiness, but such kindly thoughts were promptly put to flight by the appearance of Captain Dacre, who approached the hostess, and after a moment of gay conversation, moved off with her to join the dancers.

It was not so much the bright smiles Virginia vouchsafed her partner that annoyed Weston; he was accustomed to her gay, coquettish ways, and knew that they meant nothing. But there was that in the devoted manner of Dacre, in the rapt attention with which he, usually so apathetic both with women and men, listened to the airy nothings of his beautiful partner, that filled Weston with anger and vague alarm. Time wore on, the revel reached its end, and as the last guest descended the steps, Clive entered his dressing-room and flung himself on the sofa with a heavy heart.

Ah! where would it all end? Would he, could he speak to her; and if he did what would it avail? Look at the estrangement a word of remonstrance had caused between them already. Still, if she entered the room now, he would kindly meet her, and freely, openly renew his warnings about this new military acquaintance. But she came not. Miss Maberly had waylaid her, and under pretext of talking the party over, had drawn her into her own cosy room, where nearly two hours where spent in the important discussion.

Mr. Weston left for his office the following morning, long before Virginia was up, and the latter was still sleeping when Letty entered with the intention of sitting on the foot of her bed, as she often did, and planning the programme of the day. Her glance, in carelessly wandering round the room, fell on a tiny note placed in a conspicuous position on the toilet table, and she took it up. Imperfectly fastened, it almost opened of itself, and after a glance at the quiet sleeper she walked towards the window, intending to seal the note more carefully after reading it, and to put it back. It contained but these lines:

"My Dear Wife,—I feel assured you will not set me aside to-day for Captain Dacre or anyone else! I shall return at two this afternoon, and despite the tyrannous laws of fashion, hope to have a pleasant drive with you, for once without the *inevitable* Letty or any other of your followers. Yours fondly.

"Clive."

Moved by a sudden impulse of anger, Miss Maberly tore the paper in two, and then, startled at her own act, cast an alarmed glance towards the bed, but Virginia still slept on. Her resolution was at once taken. Thrusting the note into her bosom, she stole from the room and rapidly regained her own. "Thank fortune!" she murmured, committing the fragments of the note to the fire, "none of the servants saw me leaving Virginia's chamber, and the disappearance of the letter will be attributed to their carelessness. Ah, Clive, the inevitable Letty will yet pay the debt she owes with interest!" And then sinking into the easy chair in front of the fire, she gazed into its depths, an angry light yet gleaming in the deep brown eyes that could look so dove-like when she willed it. "Yes, you will be set aside for Captain Dacre to-day, and your wife will not go out with you, despite your tender entreaty. Letty Maberly is not to be slighted with impunity."

CHAPTER IV.

THE two friends met, gay and talkative, at the breakfast table, and during the course of the meal Miss Maberly requested Virginia to accompany her and Captain Dacre to town that afternoon, for the purpose of selecting some new waltzes. A remembrance of the conversation with Mr. Weston, in which he had so

plainly expressed his dislike to that gallant officer, here flashed across the young wife's mind, and she answered :

"I am sorry, Letty, but I cannot go with you. Yourself and Dacre must for once do without me."

"Indeed, dearest, we cannot, unless at the risk of giving food for gossip to all the ill-natured people we may chance to meet. Frankly, Virginia, if you are so unfriendly as to refuse us the shield of your patronage, I will remain in the house, and thus, perhaps, offend that over-susceptible Dacre."

"Why, you are growing wonderfully scrupulous, Letty, all at once. 'Tis something new for you to mind what ill-natured gossips, or indeed any one else may say."

"And 'tis something new for you, Virginia dear, to refuse me any request, however trifling, without a good reason. Your affection has spoiled me."

Mrs. Weston had not the courage to brave her friend's ridicule by acknowledging the real cause of her unwillingness to accompany her, so after a few more coaxing words and pathetic entreaties on Miss Letty's part, she promised to be of the party.

Captain Dacre was punctual to the moment, and, thanks to Letty's generalship, the ladies for once were ready, so that the party had just left the grounds when the master of the house entered and hastened up to his wife's room.

Much had it cost him to write that note the night previous, but the deed accomplished, he had congratulated himself more than once since. It would dispel the coldness between them, which was increasing day by day, and would perhaps restore them to the old affectionate intercourse from which they were so rapidly drifting. Yes, he, man of the world, knew better than his thoughtless, girlish wife, the danger that lay in such conjugal estrangements, and was it not for him, even at the expense of a passing humiliation, to do away with—to end them? How pleased he felt that the kind, conciliatory tone of the noted ensured her compliance with the request contained in it.

But the dressing-room was empty. Perhaps she was in the parlour or conservatory. An imperious ring at the bell brought up Virginia's maid, Cranstoun, who, to his enquiry for Mrs. Weston, informed him that she had gone out a few moments before with Miss Maberly and Captain Dacre.

No hasty movement or angry look betrayed to the woman the storm of indignation her answer had awakened in her master's breast, and he quietly dismissed her. Ah, he had never for one moment anticipated anything like this. Pettishness or irritability he was prepared for, and would have borne patiently, as he had already often borne them, but this open defiance, this reckless disregard of his wishes, evinced so remorselessly, just after he had bowed his pride to make concessions and entreaties, which should more justly have come from her, was surely trying him too far. And yet what could he do? Stronger than wounded pride and anger, stronger even than the jealousy that began to burn so fiercely within him, was the deep, passionate love for her that filled his very being, and covering his face with his hands, he groaned: "Would to God I loved her less!"

The prayer availed him nothing. His heart was hers, hers to torture, wound, trample on as her wayward, cold, coquettish nature prompted; hers to sting with mockery or ridicule, and to turn into a jest the holy, sacred feelings cherished therein, feelings which such as she could neither return nor comprehend. Well, men had suffered before, and from the same cause, yet the world had quietly gone on, so all that remained for him was to endure bravely, and preserve at least his self-respect by hiding from his idol the pangs which would only awake her mockery or impatience.

He went back to his office, and with a dreary feeling of satisfaction entered its narrow, dark precincts, hoping that its matter-

of-fact duties might shut out the bright mocking vision that brought such mental pain with it. But it was not so. Mechanically he turned over ledgers, letters, and accounts, seeking to concentrate his attention as usual on them, but with indifferent success.

"It will soon come," he wearily sighed. "This pain is new, but when I have grown used to it, I will bear it better."

A tap at the door was followed by the entrance of his head clerk with an open telegram in his hand.

"What is it, Reeves? You look troubled."

"With cause, Mr. Weston. Darrel and Co., of Quebec, have just failed, with no assets to speak of, and you know how heavily they are in our debt."

This intelligence would, a day previous, have almost overwhelmed Clive Weston, but to-day it seemed to fall on a dulled ear and heart. Taking the paper from the clerk's hand he glanced over it, and after a moment's reflection, rejoined:

"Telegraph immediately to find out as closely as possible amount of assets, and file our claim."

The clerk bowed low and withdrew, impressed beyond measure with the sublime self-command of the man who could receive such news in such a manner. In the passage he encountered the book-keeper, who with himself had been in Mr. Weston's employment almost since the latter had entered into business.

"Well, how did he take it?" was the anxious enquiry.

"Wonderfully easy! Thirty thousand dollars gone at one slap, and he seemed no more troubled than if he had lost a game of sixpenny points. I can't understand it, unless that he is so happy now he's married."

"That's just it, Reeves. His wife is a real beauty, and he seems uncommonly fond of her."

Ah, it was just the reverse! The secret of Clive Weston's philosophy lay in his unhappiness, which steeled his heart against the assaults of ill-fortune in any other form than the one which had so cruelly wounded him. As he sat there alone in his office, before him the paper announcing the loss of so large a portion of the wealth accumulated by steady industry, he was conscious that the intelligence had scarcely added a pang to those that had previously gnawed so fiercely at his heart. It only seemed to give him an incentive to turn in reality to the work before him, which he at last succeeded in doing.

That evening, as he slowly walked back to his home, having sent away, despite the fast-falling rain, the carriage that had as usual called for him, he made up his mind to repress, as far as lay in his power, all outward tokens of the deep love which he feared would henceforth prove but a source of anguish to him. He would also interfere as little as possible with his wife, her plans or pleasures, but should she ever in her wayward coquetry, seriously compromise his name—a dangerous light gleamed in his eyes as the thought presented itself—he would avenge his honour in a different manner to that in which he was now doing his outraged love.

It so happened that the object of his thoughts had just been revolving, with something like remorse, her late disobedience to his wishes in the matter of Captain Dacre—of his letter to her she had of course no knowledge whatever—and had formed the resolve of making some atonement for it. So when he entered the hall, careless of Letty's remarks or ridicule, she hurried out to meet him.

"Clive, let me help you off with your coat. Why did you walk home? You are quite wet," and her tiny white hands stole up to unfasten his coat collar.

Gravely he looked down on her as she stood there, smiling, unconscious, wondering that she could meet him thus after her

late daring disregard of his wishes; and as the thought of it rose upon his memory, he shortly said:—

"Stand back, Virginia, you will take cold. I shall go to my room at once;" and with a quick step he passed up stairs.

"The cut direct, my fair friend!" and a silvery laugh rippled from Letty Maberly's lips. "Just what you deserved for your folly, in risking your exquisite amber silk in the neighbourhood of his uncomfortably damp coat. Ah, Virginia! have not novelists, moralists, essayists, all united in assuring us, poor women, that man's love rarely outlives the honeymoon?"

Deeply mortified by the unexpected rebuff she had received, administered too, as it was, in the presence of her friend, the young wife disguised her real feelings under a light laugh, and as she returned to her position near the piano, philosophically rejoined:

"Why, some have asserted it did not last even that long; but come over here and try our duett again?"

After dinner, which proved a very wearisome meal, the hostess all petulance and irony, the host calm courtesy, the latter rose, and politely pleading an engagement, left the house.

Evening callers soon dropped in, and if Virginia still smarted under a sense of injury, she showed it only by increased gaiety, and a shade more friendliness of manner towards the chief cause of the trouble, Henry Dacre.

Matters now remained for some time on this uncomfortable footing, and all the while the estrangement between husband and wife was widening. Mrs. Weston's entertainments, toilettes, movements, became more and more subject of public talk; whilst closely as a shadow, her evil genius, Letty Maberly, followed her. Ever there to prevent confidential meeting, show of affectionate feeling, or kindly intercourse that might have bridged over the gulf that pride had made between the newly-married pair, she fully carried out the promise of vengeance made by her heart, if not her lips, the day Clive Weston became the husband of another.

But it must not be supposed that Letty all the while was bent only on prosecuting, with the fidelity of a Corsican, her meditated revenge. Anything but that. Determined rather on enjoyment, she danced, dressed, flirted and carried on unflaggingly the siege she had laid to Henry Dacre's heart—wondering at times if he possessed such an organ. Of the progress she made in her love affairs it was difficult to judge. The gentleman was, in general, devotion itself—apparently on the point of laying heart and fortune at her feet, but occasionally he would become unaccountably apathetic and reticent, till she despairingly felt herself far as ever from the wished for goal. Yet hope generally whispered all would end as she desired. Rarely a day passed without his presenting himself at Weston villa, and a half mention of any plan or a proposed excursion, whether to church, town, or even for the prosecution of that masculine aversion—shopping—was followed by an earnest petition on his part to be permitted to join it. Did he not pass whole afternoons learning, under her direction how to crotchet, or assisting in winding off her wools and floss, when, as she well knew, he had been invited to gay parties elsewhere. And what did not his eyes, his voice, his insidious flatteries reveal? Ah, something more than a mere idle flirtation! yes, yes, he must, he did love her!

What Letty found the most deplorable circumstance connected with this new entanglement, was the consciousness that this sleepy eyed, slow moving cavalier, had obtained an ascendency over her heart such as no man save Clive Weston, in days gone by, had ever yet done. Less and less frequently her thoughts recurred to his wealth and social position, till she finally arrived at a point which to herself seemed little short

of insanity, that of feeling she could brave for and with him that fate which to her vain luxurious nature had heretofore seemed intolerable—poverty.

CHAPTER V.

ABOUT this time a short check was given to the gaieties at Weston Villa, by the sudden indisposition of its young mistress. Prolonged exposure to a strong draught resulted in a violent cold, feverish pulse and sore throat. Notwithstanding her apparent bodily fragility, Virginia rarely suffered from sickness, and so chafed and fretted under her present illness like a wayward child.

Mr. Weston had left in the morning before his wife awoke, and was consequently unaware of her illness. Unexpected as well as unpleasant business had prevented his returning till evening. Greatly pre-occupied, for the day had been an unusually trying and unfortunate one for the business firm of Clive Weston, the latter, on his arrival at home, had shut himself up at once in the library, to pore over some papers he had brought with him.

Miss Maberly had purposely retreated into a side room on hearing his latch key in the door, so as to avoid the necessity of acquainting him with his wife's indisposition, rejoining her friend shortly after.

Meanwhile Virginia, who longed for his presence, longed in the hour of sickness for that tenderness on which she apparently set such light store whilst in health, lay back on her pillow, restless but silent, and wondering when he would come."

"Letty."

"What is it, darling?" and the young lady addressed, raised her head half an inch from the deep cushioned chair in which she reclined.

"Is Mr. Weston home yet?"

"Long ago."

"Does he know that I am ill?"

"Why of course he must. Some of the servants doubtless told him."

A short sigh, suppressed almost in its birth, involuntarily escaped the sick wife's lips. Miss Maberly's quick ear caught the sound, and leaving her seat she approached the bed. Bending tenderly over its inmate, she pressed her lips to the latter's flushed cheek, whispering softly:

"Virginia, love, do not fret. Such neglect is in the order of things. Just as the Arab prefers his horse to wife and child, so do our civilized husbands rank ledger or profession before both."

"Please do not lean so closely over the bed, Letty, you smother me," was the pettish reply.

"Just as you will dear," and Miss Maberly philosophically went back to her easy chair.

Another half hour of silence, Letty, with half closed eyes dreaming of Captain Dacre, her companion tossing ever and anon from side to side:

"Letty."

"Well, dearest?"

"Would you mind going to Mr. Weston and telling him I am ill?"

"Most willingly. Shall I request the pleasure of his presence up here?"

"Just as you like."

Softly down the stairs sped the daintily-shod messenger. Fires and lights blazed unheeded in the large drawing room, but Clive was not there. The light streaming from between the library door, which was slightly ajar, revealed at once his whereabouts, and Letty drawing near, silently gazed on him. With head resting on his hand, and eyes bent down as if studying the pattern of the rep cloth covering the table on which he was leaning, he sat as if carved in stone.

Long as Letty had known Clive Weston, and she had known him before he had ever met Virginia, she had never yet seen on his

face that harassed, wearied look, and it fairly startled her. What could be the secret care or sorrow over which he was brooding? Was it the estrangement between himself and Virginia?

"Good evening, Mr. Weston;" she at length said, in her usual gay tones.

He started, and an expression of annoyance, indeed of dislike, passed across his features. The look came and went rapidly as a flash, but the girl had seen it, and it effectually dispelled the touch of compassion his careworn look had just awakened within her breast.

"Ah, good evening, Miss Maberly! I thought you and Mrs. Weston were spending the evening out."

"No, Virginia is not very well to-day."

He started and anxiously asked what was the matter.

"Nothing serious, she has taken a slight cold, and is in bed now."

"Do you think I had better go up?" he hesitatingly questioned, uncertain whether his presence would be welcome to his wife.

"Just as you like, Mr. Weston. She has not slept all day and requires rest greatly."

"Perhaps it would be wiser to defer my visit then," and Mr. Weston, anything but disposed for a *tête-à-tête* with his present companion, took up a newspaper, and commenced studying the fashions with great intentness.

How angrily the dove-like brown eyes gleamed as their owner turned away, and retraced her steps to the sick room.

"Did you tell him Letty?"

"Yes love."

"What is he doing?"

"Reading the paper. Thinks it better to defer his visit till later."

Ah! another pair of beautiful eyes flashed angrily from their covert amid the pillows. but the young wife felt too humbled and sick at heart to make reply.

"I really think our civilized husbands are worse than their wandering Bedouin prototypes," was Miss Maberly's consoling remark.

"Please leave me Letty, I will try to sleep," came from the sick bed.

"The best thing you could do, dearest; you require rest. Shall I send Cranstoun up to sit with you?"

"No, thank you, I require nothing."

After affectionately kissing the invalid and arranging her pillows, Miss Maberly withdrew, not one moment too soon, for as the door closed behind her, Virginia burst into a perfect storm of angry weeping. How cold, how shamelessly neglectful had this husband of a few months become! Surely she had not merited such treatment at his hands. Well, she would repay him, and that before long for it all. Oh, if she could only sleep—forget for a while the dull pain that throbbed in head and heart. It was insufferable to be lying thus hour after hour, so lonely—neglected and uncared for. With such thoughts did she fill up the time, and when at length a cautious step stole up the passage, and entered her room, she could not have been in a more unfavorable mood for an interview with the unfortunate Clive.

"Virginia," he gently whispered, as he bent over her, "do you feel better?"

There was no reply beyond the angry and almost audible beating of the young wife's heart.

Tenderly, as he would have touched the brow of a sleeping infant, he laid his hand on her forehead, but she turned from him with a violence that caused him involuntarily to recoil, ejaculating the one sentence, "Let me sleep!"

Mingled annoyance and sorrow looked from the depths of Clive's sad eyes as he turned away. "My very presence is unwelcome to her," he thought. "However, I can at least free her from it;" and he left the room as noiselessly as he had entered.

Destiny seemed determined on playing into Miss Maberly's hands as far as

estrangement between husband andw ife was concerned, and when Virginia was restored to health after her short indisposition, she threw herself into gaiety with a feverish restlessness and recklessness which she had not before exhibited. In her intercourse with her husband a cold, icy reserve now completely replaced her former pettishness, and proved far more repellant.

Quietly—almost mechanically—Weston went about his daily business, but care was marking deep lines on his forehead and round his mouth. His days, and indeed a great portion of his nights, were spent at his office, still few suspected that a business established on so solid a basis was passing through a terrible crisis. Its master was not one to take many into his confidence.

Meanwhile young Mrs. Weston queened it in fashionable life more despotically than ever, and her real friends remarked with regret that she was growing more reckless in her wild pursuit of pleasure, less feminine and gentle than she had been. How this change was interpreted by some of her friends may be inferred from an interview which took place with one of them during the time Miss Maberly was out purchasing some flowers and toilet paraphernalia for a large ball at Weston Villa, the invitations to which had been already issued.

Virginia was sitting alone in the drawing-room, some silken netting in her fingers, her eyes absently fixed on the dripping trees and rain-beat flowers without. Quite in unison with the dreary aspect of nature was the vein of thought in which she was indulging, and as the contrast between her present life and that she had led in the early days of her marriage presented itself, more than one impatient sigh escaped her. How tired she was becoming of the endless round of fashionable folly in which she was steeped, so to speak, till it seemed that not a minute remained to herself! How indifferent to, how wearied of the flattery and homage which had for a time gratified her vanity, but which had now nearly lost all charm. Yes, *he*, her husband, had once said she was capable of better and higher things, and she felt herself that such was the case, but why had he not striven to lead her into that nobler path ;—and her pencilled brows met in an angry frown. Simply because, like many others, he had grown tired of wife and fireside, and found more charms, as Letty had often hinted, in money than in love-making.

Plainly nothing was open to her but to go on in the frivolous path upon which she had entered, and whatever might be the result, Clive Weston would be alone to blame. If he could never spare her an evening, nay an hour, she must fill up her time, drown thought in some other way. No consciousness of her own countless shortcomings, of the unreasonable devotion to pleasure on her part, that had in all probability helped to estrange Weston from his home, recurred to her. In her own one-sided judgment she stood not only self-acquitted, but worthy of all compassion as a victim of conjugal indifference and neglect.

Just at this stage of her reverie a visitor was announced, and Captain Dacre entered.

(*To be completed in our next.*)

AT THE GATE.

BY M. A. MAITLAND.

OPEN the casement wide, mother,
Open the casement wide;
Lay by your work a little while,
And sit here by my side.
I love the scented air that comes
Up from the new-mown hay;
And there is something, mother dear,
That I would like to say.

I'll lean my head upon your breast,
You know I am not strong;
And let me clasp your hand, mother,
I shall not hold it long.
I thought that in the years to come,
Your form should lean on *me*;
But now I know, my mother dear,
That this can never be.

I've thought of what my father said,
And often laid the plan
Of all that I should be and do,
When I was grown a man.
I've thought how nobly I would strive,
How bravely I would toil—
How gladly I would bear the load,
That you might rest awhile.

And oh! I'm loath to part from you,
And leave this world so bright,
But something whispers to my heart
That I must go to-night.
You will not fret for me, mother!
It will be hard to bear;
But then—'twill not be *very* long
Till we shall meet—up there!

And Harry will come by and by,
He'll learn to read and pray:
Methinks 'twould not be perfect bliss
If one should be away.
He is too young to miss me much:
He is too young to weep;
But you will sometimes speak of me,
And show him where I sleep.

He shall have all my toys, mother,
My kite, and top, and ball,
The knife that Uncle Jacob bought,—
Give little Hal them all.
And he will learn to feed my birds,
And weed my garden-plot;
And sometimes water, for my sake,
The blue forget-me-not.

Now lay me down to rest, mother,
And kiss me yet once more;
'Tis growing *very*, *very* dark—
The day will soon be o'er.
There, take my hand, I cannot see,
My eyes have lost their sight:
I scarce can speak,—bend down your ear,
Sweet mother—say—good-night.

St. Catharines, June, 1872.

THE UNSETTLED BOUNDARIES OF ONTARIO.

BY CHARLES LINDSEY.

WHEN the different nations of Europe which planted colonies in America first set up trading posts, or established feeble and scattered settlements, they clutched with avidity at territories they had never explored, and of the extent of which they had only the most imperfect ideas. Sometimes a claim to the ownership of a country several times as large as a first class European power, was set up on the strength of a trading vessel having sailed up the mouth of a river on a coast frequently visited before by the vessels of other nations, though the existence of that particular river had not been discovered. Raising a cross, burying a bottle, and attaching an inscription to the trunk of a tree, have each, in turn, been pleaded as conveying a title to immense tracts of territory, and the right to control the destinies of thousands of natives, whose freedom had not been filched from them by actual conquest. Circumstantial accounts of voyages that were never made, and discoveries that had no existence, added to the complexity of rival claims, till the imposture was detected. Such was Maldona's account of the discovery of the Strait of Anian, published in 1620, in which the author related a pretended voyage from the Labrador coast across the continent to the Pacific. The rivalry in discovery, for trade and colonization, among European nations, on this continent, raised questions of boundaries on all sides; between the French in New France and the English in New England; in the valley of the St. John, in the east; in the valley of the Ohio, in the north-west; on Hudson's Bay, in the north. The disputes over the latter led to many contests of arms, before the end of the seventeenth century, sometimes when the countries, by whose individual subjects they were carried on, were at peace with one another. The territorial dispute over the limits of the two powers in the Ohio Valley, led to the seven years' war in which Canada changed owners. And the North-Eastern boundary question was reserved for England and the United States to wrangle over until the Ashburton Treaty put an end to it. Nor was this the only boundary question that survived the ownership of Canada by France. There are still left two questions of boundaries between the Dominion and one of the Provinces of which it is composed. The boundary on the north and the boundary on the west of Ontario are alike undetermined. On the west the disputed territory covers some five degrees of longitude, and comprises lands of great known and supposed metallic richness. On the north, it may perhaps be said, the boundary is unsettled rather than disputed; at least the dispute has not taken so definite a shape. The determination of this boundary may raise the question whether Ontario or the Dominion shall grant certain lands on the eastern section of the Pacific Railway in aid of that work. It is a question whether that road can be constructed at some points much south of the northern water-shed; and it may, in this view, become a question of some importance whether the Height of Land be the northern boundary of Ontario.

The northern boundary question presents less difficulty than the western. There seems no reason to doubt that this boundary is that laid down by the 10th article of the Treaty of Utrecht; but it may be necessary to a clear comprehension of the subject to trace the question from the beginning to the close. The early commissions granted by the French kings, in which boundaries were given, have little or no practical bearing on

the question. Of this nature is the commission of Sieur de Monts, dated Nov. 8, 1603; since it extended only northward to the 46° n. lat. Even for the purpose of discovery De Monts was not authorized to go beyond that parallel. Six weeks later, all the king's other subjects were forbidden to traffic in furs or other things, and the letters patent containing this *Défense du Roy*, extended the limits to the whole water-shed of the St. Lawrence. The northern boundary of his grant was described as "* * * *Tadousac et la rivière de Canada* (*the St. Lawrence*), *tant d'un côté que d'autre, et toutes les Bayes et rivières qui entrent au dedans de dite côtés.*" This extends as far north as the Treaty of Utrecht extended Canada; and yet of the extent either of the St Lawrence or its tributaries no European could, in 1603, have any other idea than what might be derived from the descriptions given by Indians. Champlain's commission, dated October 15th, 1612, was essentially one of discovery. He, as the king's lieutenant, representing the royal authority in New France, was to build fortresses, and to extend as far as he could into the country above Quebec; and into rivers which discharged into the St. Lawrence, with a view of finding a passage to China and the East Indies. When his commission was renewed in 1625, no description of boundaries was given.

In the *Acte pour l'établissement de la Compagnie de cent associés pour le commerce du Canada*, April 29, 1627, there is a specific description—*jusqu'au cercle Arctique pour latitude*—but it is quite certain the French had made no discoveries to entitle them to claim any such extent of territory. Of all the maritime nations of Europe they had least to claim on the score of Arctic discovery. Nearly a century before, Spain had made an attempt to discover a northern passage from the Atlantic to the Mollucca Islands. But among the nations which had attempted to discover a north-west passage, and which had made important discoveries on the east and the west coasts of America—England, Holland, Denmark, Russia—England was the foremost. Her voyages had been the most numerous, and her discoveries the most important. Sir Thomas Button, who went (1615) in search of Hudson the navigator, whose name has been given to a strait and a bay, was the first European who reached the east coast of America, on the west side of Hudson's Bay. The master of the ship, who lost his life on this voyage, perpetuated his name in Nelson's river, in spite of subsequent attempts of the French to supplant it by the once ubiquitous Bourbon. This discovery shows how untenable was the French claim to make the Arctic circle the boundary of Canada, in 1627. If that nation had in the meantime, and in the absence of continuous occupation by the English, taken possession of the country any where near the line of boundary claimed—even at the head of the rivers which run northward—they might have had some pretext for their pretension. But they had done nothing of the kind. Champlain had been as high as Lake Nipissing, and in virtue of that discovery a claim might be set up to the whole country which drained into the St. Lawrence. Individual Basque fishermen had probably been far up these northern seas; but they had been in the service of the Dutch Republic, and could not claim anything on the score of national discovery. A company which obtained from the United Provinces, in 1614, an exclusive right of fishing from Nova Zembla to Davis Strait, comprising Spitzberg, Isle of Ours, and Greenland, stated, in making application for this privilege, that they had employed large numbers of Basque fishermen in pursuit of the whale and other large fish. They claimed to have ascended to 83° north latitude, and to have there found a vast sea free from ice. * But these discoveries

* *Histoire des Pêches dans les mers du nord.* Translated from the Dutch, at the expense of the French government.

whatever they were, were due to the energy and enterprise of the Dutch. The French made no claim to discovery in these high latitudes, even when they described the Arctic circle as the northern boundary of Canada.

The Hudson's Bay Company was incorporated in 1670. Their charter gave them the exclusive right of trade and commerce in seas, straits, bays, rivers, lakes, creeks, and sounds, which they might find to be in possession whether of British subjects or those of any other Christian Prince or State. How far south did they occupy territories in this condition? Where did they meet the subjects of the King of France? Where was the southern boundary of Hudson's Bay territory in 1774, when the Quebec Act recognizes it as having an undefined existence? Was it ever settled by competent authority? These questions involve the whole ground of any possible dispute about the northern boundary of Ontario. Frenchmen from Canada had travelled overland to Hudson's Bay before Hudson's Bay Company was in existence. As early as 1656, Jean Bourdon reached James' Bay, and went through the ceremony, usual on such occasions, of taking possession of the country, in the name of Louis XIV. In 1663, Després-Coutres arrived, overland, at Hudson's Bay, where he constructed several forts; but Dussieux, (*Le Canada sous la Domination Française*) after reading all the documents relating to Canada in the Marine and Colonial Departments, tells us the English had even then several fortified trading posts on that coast. Other French accounts represent the English as having arrived at the bay only in 1677, whither they were conducted by the French Huguenot refugees, Degrossilliers and Radison. Certain it is there was a contest, extending from 1678 to 1694* between English and French subjects for the possession of Forts on the Hudson Bay, including the southern extension known as James' Bay. Colbert is said to have sent Father Chas. Albonel along with Jean Bourdon and Després-Coutres to Hudson's Bay, to enter into a treaty with a dozen tribes whom they invited to go, in future, to Lake St John to trade. This attempt to carry the centre of the Indian trade so far south may have arisen from either of two causes: a doubt in the minds of the French whether they should be able to maintain their position on Hudson's Bay, or a desire to draw the fur trade of the north so far south as to be safe from the competition of the English.

The establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company at the mouth of the Nelson River seems to have incited, at this early day, a desire of rivalry in the merchants of Quebec; and the Compagnie du Nord was formed to compete for this trade. Degrossilliers and Radison acted as their guides, with as little compunction as they had performed the same service for the English. An English fort, at the mouth of the river Ste. Thérèse, fell into their hands. The English afterwards retook it, with a large quantity of furs. The Compagnie du Nord obtained from the Marquis de Denonville eighty men, nearly all Canadians; and this force, under command of Chevalier du Troye, undertook a land journey from Quebec, (March, 1686,) to carry on the contest against the English for the trade of Hudson's Bay. They succeeded in taking the square fort on the river Monconis, which mounted four pieces of cannon, Fort St. Anne, with forty pieces of cannon, and Fort Rupert, on the southern extremity of James' Bay.† The two nations whose sub-

*While this contest was going on Baron La Hontan (*Histoire de l'Amerique Septentrionale*, 1686) was certainly wrong in contending that Canada extended to the 65° north latitude. *Tout le monde sçait qu'il* (*Canada*) *s'étend depuis le* 39 *degré de latitude jusqu'au* 65 *degré c'est à dire du Sud du Lac Erie jusqu'au Nord de la Baye de Hudson; et en longitude depuis le* 284 *degrè jusqu'au* 336, *à sçavoir du fleuve de Mississippi jusqu' au Cap de Rasc en l'Isle de Terre Neuve.*

†Governor Pelly of the Hudson's Bay Company, in a letter to Lord Glenelg, February 10th, 1837, says, —"For many years prior to the conquest of Canada

jects were at war in this distant part of the world concluded a treaty, making piracy the carrying on of war by private persons, not acting under commission, in the isles and continent of America. But the sceptre was fast passing from the feeble hands of James II., and he could not prevent his subjects attacking Fort St. Anne. Iberville repulsed the attack.

In the wars that followed the English revolution of 1688, some of these forts changed hands several times. Iberville, in 1695, making an attack by sea, completed the conquest of Hudson's Bay, which was temporarily ceded to France by the Treaty of Ryswick. But it was restored to England by the Treaty of Utrecht, with all the gulfs and rivers connecting with it. Of the war of the Austrian Succession Canada was made to feel the shock. Louisburg was lost to France: otherwise the boundaries between the British and French possessions in America, which a commission was to settle, remained unaltered. This throws us back on the 10th article of the Treaty of Utrecht for a definition of the boundary between the Canada of that day and Hudson's Bay territory.

In an official report signed by M. Cauchon, as Commissioner of Crown Lands, and laid before the Legislature in 1857, the ground is taken that the English were intruders on the shores of Hudson's Bay when first the fur trade was entered into, after the granting of the Company's charter, because Canada had been relinquished to the French, after the first British conquest of Quebec, in 1632, without a particular designation of limits. Even if the pretensions of France respecting the extent of Canada or Nouvelle France could have been sustained, though it is plain they could not, the Treaty of Utrecht, by guaranteeing Hudson's Bay and its dependencies to England would have rendered any stipulations of the treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye, over ninety years before, of no account as against the new international agreement covering the same ground.

Up to 1748, when the war of the Austrian Succession closed, the Height of Land may be taken to have been the boundary between Canada and Hudson's Bay Territory. That boundary was not afterwards altered, by treaty or otherwise, till the conquest of Canada. It must have continued to be the boundary recognized by the Quebec Act of 1774, since there was no possible process by which it could have been altered.

It is one thing to describe a line of boundary on paper and another thing to run it on the ground. To agree upon a paper line, without an actual survey for its basis, is to do what is almost certain to lead to difficulty. When the determination of a boundary depends on striking a mean line between the upper branches of rivers, which run on different water-shed and frequently overlap, it must be impossible to do the work accurately anywhere but on the ground. The sources of a number of rivers, flowing in opposite directions, are often on marshy grounds of little value for any possible purpose. For this reason, it is conceivable, a common line may sometimes be agreed upon between the two parties interested, without an actual survey. They may agree to accept it, on the supposition that the difference of territory to be gained or lost would not equal the cost of the necessary field operations. But in any case, a line drawn on paper must be an uncertain line, unless where it is hydrographical or traced to certain recognized points; and if it ever becomes necessary to establish a line not so distinguished, the work would have to be done on the ground, with the chance of disagreement on some point of the definition

French subjects had penetrated by the St. Lawrence to the frontiers of Rupert's Land, but no competition had occurred between the traders of the two countries within the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company previous to the cession of Canada to Great Britain." Either this is a clear mis-statement of the facts, or the territory in which the disputes took place did not belong to the Company; the latter proposition the Company's governor could not have intended to admit.

on which it would depend. So early as 1719, six years after the Treaty of Utrecht had defined the boundary between Canada and Hudson's Bay Territory, the Company proposed to settle it by the very simple process of drawing a line on the map. The line which they proposed was described by Chief Justice Draper, in his evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, on the 28th May, 1859; and he himself, on behalf of Canada, suggested its adoption by the Company. He said:

"With regard to the eastern portion of the Territory, the limit I should at present suggest would be rather that limit which was proposed under the Treaty of Utrecht, which was to start from Cape Perdrix in 58½° of latitude, just below Cape Chudleigh on the Labrador coast. The Hudson's Bay Company themselves proposed that a line should be run from there (in one of the papers it is called 59½° and in the other 58½°); that it should come down through the island of a lake called Lake Mistassinuie, and from thence in a south-west direction, extending to what they then required as the boundary to be given to them, namely, the 49th parallel of latitude directly through the continent. Grimington Island, I think, was the name of the island, and Cape Perdrix the name of the cape."

When this line was first proposed the French refused to accept it. The proposal was renewed in 1750, on a request from the Lords of Trade that the Company should define the southern limits of its territories; but nothing came of it. Several English maps, published in the last century, contain the supposed line of boundary, and some of them place it on the Height of Land. One of them, that in *Carver's Travels*, published in 1779, is nearly identical with that referred to by Chief Justice Draper, but it is not produced westward beyond the Lake of the Woods. It is described as the "proposed limits of Hudson's Bay." It strikes the north-east corner of Lake Mistassia—nearly all these Indian names are spelt in a dozen different ways—then it goes back to the north-east for some distance, and then curves round in exactly the opposite direction, sweeping along the southern shore of the lake; after which its general direction may vary two degrees, sometimes one degree on one side and sometimes one on the other, from the 49th parallel. This map, published five years after the Act of 1774, made a reference to the southern boundary of the Hudson's Bay Territory, and contains a line probably as near as any line could then be drawn on a map, to that prescribed by the Treaty of Utrecht.

Chief Justice Draper, in his evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, already referred to, said, on the question of this boundary:

"There are two definitions; it must depend, perhaps, upon the legal construction, which of the two shall prevail: one of them is given by the statute of 1774, the 14th of George the 3rd, which speaks of the boundaries of Canada to the north as being the limit of the lands granted to the merchant-adventurers of the Hudson's Bay Company; the latter boundary is under the statute of 1791, the 31st of the King; in which, instead of using the terms that the two Provinces are to be bounded by the lands granted to the merchant-adventurers of the Hudson's Bay Company, this form of expression is used, that 'they are to be bounded by the line of the Hudson's Bay Territory,' as if between the two periods a new light had entered the minds of those who were drawing up that Act."

If the "new light" threw a doubt on the validity of the grant, it shone to no purpose, as Canada has since then consented to purchase the whole of the territory, except a certain proportion which the Company insisted on keeping. The latter description referred to by Chief Justice Draper is not found in the Act of 1791, but in a proclamation assumed to have been made under

its authority. The description contained in this instrument starts from:

"A stone boundary on the north bank of Lake St. Francis, at the cove west of Point au Bodet, in the limit between the Township of Lancaster and the Seignory of New Longueuil, running along the said limit in the direction of north thirty-four degrees west to the westernmost angle of the said Seignory of New Longueuil, thence along the north-western boundary of the Seignory of Vaudreuil, running north twenty-five degrees east, until it strikes the Ottawa river, to ascend that river into Lake Temiscaming, and from the head of the said lake, by a line drawn due north until it strikes the boundary line of Hudson's Bay, including all the territory to the westward and southward of the said line, to the utmost extent of country commonly called or known by the name of Canada."

At the trial of Charles de Reinhard and Archibald McLellan, on a charge of murder committed in the Indian territories, which took place at Quebec in 1818, Mr., (afterwards Chief Justice) Stuart, one of the counsel for the defence, contended, but without inducing the Court to admit, that the Act of 1774 had been temporary, and that it was "completely done away with by the broad and liberal proclamation of 1791; and surely," continued the advocate, "my learned friend will allow as much weight to one proclamation as another." From 1763 to the passing of the Quebec Act (1774), the country was governed under the sole authority of a royal proclamation; and the constitutionality of this use of the prerogative was not left unquestioned. The rough draft of this proclamation was left by the Earl of Chatham, when he went out of office, and was retouched by his successor. It promised to call a general assembly, as soon as the state and circumstances of the colony would admit of it. Chatham afterwards complained that the Quebec Bill "established a despotism in that country, to which the Royal proclamation of 1763 promised the protection of English laws." Crown lawyers must be left to deal with the legal aspect of the question stated by Chief Justice Draper; but Mr. (afterwards Sir James Chief Justice) Stuart's claim that a like exercise of prerogative, by means of a proclamation, is equally permissible and valid under all circumstances, is historically and constitutionally untrue. Yet it formed the main ground on which the lawyers for the defence, who knew not where to find the evidence they wanted, ultimately rested their case, in the only suit in which the western boundary of Ontario has been judicially determined.

There were in England, at the time the Quebec Act was passed, two opinions held by lawyers as to how a conquered country could be constitutionally governed. One was that as the King, Lords and Commons conjointly form the Legislature, their authority extends over every country which becomes through conquest dependent on Great Britain. The other, and it was adopted and declared by Chief Justice Mansfield, in the case of Campbell against Hall, that the King could, in virtue of his prerogative, alter the laws and impose taxes on a conquered country until Parliament made provision for its government. Hall was a collector of taxes in the Island of Granada, and he had levied a four-and-a-half per cent. duty on sugar belonging to the defendant, the produce of the island. The Court declared the duty illegal, because the King could not, by letters patent, as he had assumed to do, levy a tax on the people of Granada, in July, 1764, when he had divested himself of the power to do so by the communication to them, through a proclamation of October, 1763, of a free constitution. It was farther decided that the duty would have been legal if imposed before the communication of the new constitution. This, it must be remembered, is the least liberal view that was taken by contending lawyers. Nobody thought of claiming for the King a power of prerogative, in

conquered countries, which was not founded on laws for the governance of such countries after such laws had been once enacted.

This much by way of protest against an illiberal and untenable claim of how far the prerogative may be stretched. But the proclamation of 1791 did not assume to impose any duties, or to do any thing for which there was not a warrant of authority in the Acts affecting Canada passed by Parliament. Its authority has been judicially recognized. Its value lies in declaring a fact: that the government, under the Constitution Act of 1791, was to extend westward of the meridian of Lake Temiscaming and southward of the boundary of Hudson's Bay territory "to the utmost extent of country commonly called or known by the name of Canada."

When the Queen of Great Britain acquired from France full right for ever to the bays and straits of Hudson, with the adjacent territories, commissioners were to be named within a year to fix the boundaries across which the subjects of each nation were forbidden to pass, by land or sea. In point of fact commissioners appear to have been appointed; but, although different maps purport to give the boundaries fixed by them, it is not credible that they ever agreed upon any. These maps seem to have misled even official personages. Thus Mr. Monroe and Mr. Pinkney, then at Madrid, assured the Spanish Minister of State, Don Pedro Cevallos, (April 20, 1805,) that "in accordance with the tenth article of the first-mentioned Treaty, [Utrecht] the boundary between Canada and Louisiana on the one side, and the Hudson Bay and north-western companies on the other, was established by commissioners, by a line to commence at a cape or promontory on the ocean in 58° 31′ N. lat.; to run thence south-westerly to latitude 49° N. from the equator, and along that line indefinitely westward." However these gentlemen got the idea that this line had been established, it is certain they were in error. All contemporary authorities have been searched in vain, with a view of discovering any evidence of their establishment. In 1751, M. Postlewaite, in his translation of Savary's *Dictionnaire de Commerce*, published a map of America, copied from one by D'Anville, five years before, with alterations and corrections; on which is a line describing the limits between the French dominions and the Hudson Bay countries, nearly but not exactly along the 49th parallel.* A note on the map informs the reader that "the line that parts French Canada from British Canada was settled by the commissioners after the peace of Utrecht, making a curve from Davis' Inlet, in the Atlantic Sea, down to the Lake Abitibis, to the north-west ocean; therefore M. D'Anville's dotted line east of James' Bay is false." I have many French maps of Canada, from 1618 downwards; but do not recollect having seen that of D'Anville, and I believe no copy of it can be found. Mitchell, whose map of America was published in 1755, only pretends to give "the bounds of Hudson's Bay by the Treaty of Utrecht." This he might do, in a general way, by getting the best information he could as to the situation of the Height of Land; but such a line could not be taken for a guide in a question of an exact partition of territory. Bennett and Russell both afterwards adopted this line, which, in nearly its whole course, passed north of the 49th parallel. If Mitchell meant to convey the idea that the line had been traced by commissioners, he was in error; and he misled two others. The whole weight of authority negatives the supposition that any line was determined under the Treaty of Utrecht. It is quite certain, however, that commissioners were appointed. The Peace of Utrecht did not prevent hostilities between the English and those Indians whom the French generally regarded as allies; but France did not openly, if at all, take part in

* Greenhow: *Memoir, Historical and Political, on the North-west coast of America.*

them. Charlevoix states that, to prevent the good understanding between the two countries being interrupted, she stopped the negotiations that had been entered on through commissioners for regulating the boundaries.* This, then, is probably the true state of the case, so far as regards the breaking off of the negotiations. But a different motive has sometimes been given: that France never permitted her commissioners to determine matters thus referred, unless the settlement could be made to her advantage.†

The Tenth Article of the Treaty of Utrecht, giving to England all the rivers that empty into Hudson's Bay, left to France the Atlantic water-shed; and the possessions of Ontario must, within their limits, be identical with those of French Canada.

"Article X. The said most Christian king shall restore to the Kingdom and Queen of Great Britain, to be possessed in full right for ever, the Bay and Straits of Hudson, together with all lands, seas, sea-coasts, rivers, and places situate in the said bay and straits, and which belong thereto, no tracts of land or sea being excepted, which are at present possessed by the subjects of France. All which, as well as any buildings there made, in the condition they now are, and likewise all fortresses there erected, either before or since the French seized the same, shall, within six months from the ratification of the present treaty or sooner, if possible, be well and truly delivered to the British subjects having commission from the Queen of Great Britain to demand and receive the same, entire and undemolished, together with all the cannon and cannon-ball, and with all other provisions of war usually belonging to cannon. It is, however, provided, that it may be entirely free for the company of Quebec, and all other subjects of the most Christian King whatsoever, to go by land or sea, whithersoever they please out of the lands of the said bay; together with all their goods, merchandize, arms and effects, of whatever nature or condition soever, except such things as above reserved in this article."

The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle stipulated that every thing be remitted to the footing on which it stood previous to the war; and an attempt was then made, by the intervention of commissioners, to settle the frontiers. The only result was three folio volumes of memoirs, and an impossibility of agreement. These negotiations proceeded on the basis of the Treaty of Utrecht. But the chief interest centred in other boundaries than that of Hudson's Bay; the boundaries of Acadie or Nova Scotia; in the Ohio Valley; and the sword was used to settle a question which was really one of supremacy in North America.

Can there be a doubt, then, that the northern boundary of Ontario is the boundary agreed upon in the Treaty of Utrecht?

If it should become a question how far the French and English establishments extended, where those of one nation began and the other ended, the general facts would, I think, point in the direction already indicated. Before the close of the 17th century Delhut—whom the Americans appear anxious to immortalize under a name which, if he arose from the dead, he would fail to recognize, Duluth—had established a picket fort on the Kaministiquia, which there is no mistaking from its position on the map, and which he called Fort Caministigonyan. This Fort, Baron La Hontan, *(Memoires de l'Amérique Septentrionale)*, who had himself a fur-trading license, says, "did considerable injury to the English on Hudson's Bay, as it saved several tribes the trouble of transporting their goods there. The French had, how-

* "La France n'étoit point entrée dans ce démêlé, pour ne point donner le moindre pretexte de rompre la bonne intelligence, qu'il avait tant coûté: on cessa même de négocier entre les deux cours le règlement des limites, quoique dès l'année 1719, il y eût des commissaires nommés pour cela de part et d'autre.—*Histoire générale de la Nouvelle France.*" Tome 4, pp. 123-4.

† Anderson: *History of Commerce.*

ever," he adds, established a fur trade north of Lake Superior before the creation of the Hudson's Bay Company. There were no sedentary Indians on Lake Superior, but those who hunted near its northern shores must have dreaded a voyage to Hudson's Bay. The Machakandibi River was so difficult to navigate, on account of rapids and falls, that six men had to work hard to make the passage in thirty days. From the lake that formed the source of that river, there was a portage into Lake Michipikoton, (French orthography), whence there was an additional journey of ten or twelve days: say eighty days for the passage both ways. Nature may be said practically to have fixed the bounds of the fur trade, north and south, not very far from the Height of Land. It is not easy to fix the date of the erection of the first French trading post on the Kaministiquia, but it could not have been very far from the year 1680. In 1703, La Hontan places Fort St. Germain on the upper end of the Nelson River, and there is a note stating that its object was to prevent the Indians descending to the Bay. De Lisle's beautiful *Carte du Canada*, 1703,* shows French establishments above the Height of Land. There were Fort des Abitibis and two Maisons Françaises, one on the river Abitibis and the other on Lake Mitasia, at both of which places, Arrowsmith shows, the Hudson's Bay Company now has posts.

In 1725 Vaudreuil sent Varenne de Vérandrye to explore *les pays de la mer de l'Ouest.* This explorer, whatever his merits, certainly did not reach the western ocean, and there are different accounts as to his success east of the Rocky Mountains.—Dussieux says he discovered the whole country between Lake Superior and Winepeg, the Upper Mississippi and the Mountains; but this is not borne out by Garneau, from whom we learn that the work of exploration was continued by the sons of the first explorer. A new French fort was erected on the Kaministiquia in 1717. Vérandrye, the younger, having associated himself with some French merchants, built Fort St. Charles, on the Lake of the Woods, in 1732; Fort Maurepas, on the Winepeg, two years later; Fort Dauphin, at the head of the Lake of the Woods, and Fort de la Reine, at its foot; Fort Bourbon, on the Biches River, at the head of Lake Winepeg; Fort Rouge, at the angle of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers, the site of the seat of government of the Province of Manitoba today. In 1738 the French pushed their enterprise to the country of the Mandans and the Yellowstone; four years later they reached the Rocky Mountains. Long before the conquest of Canada, Mackenzie (*General History of the Fur Trade*) says the French had two establishments on the Saskatchewan; one in lat. 53° N. long. 102. After the conquest, the Canadians suspended their exertions, for a short time, in this direction. And soon after there came independent traders from England. Isaac Long, as his interesting Travels inform us, was engaged in this trade from 1768 to 1787. He was north of Lake Nipegon, and at Lac Mort. But before this time Canadian merchants had renewed the trade. In 1768, Long tell us, Montreal was supported chiefly by the Indian trade, In 1776 these traders explored the country to Isle à la Crosse, and in 1778 to Elk Lake. In that year the different Canada merchants carrying on this trade formed the North-West Company.

Near the close of the last century we find that that Company had established a number of trading houses in the interior. They had (1796) one on the point where Rainy Lake enters Rainy River, latitude 48° 36′58″, longitude 93° 19′30″; another in charge of M. Belleau, between Swan and Indian River, lat. 51°51′9″, long. 102°3′; a third in charge of Mr. Hugh McGillas, lat. 52°59′7″, long. 102° 32′27″; a fourth in charge of Mr. Thorburn, lat. 50°28′58″, long. 104° 45′45″; a fifth at Stone Indian

* The author was *premier géographe du Roy.*

River, in charge of Mr. Hugh McDonnell, lat. 49°40′56″, long. 99°27′15″. Mr. David Thompson, astronomer and surveyor to the North-West Company, determined the position of all these posts in 1796.*

Thus we see the French had posts scattered north of the great lakes, above the Height of Land, before the conquest; and after them the North-West Company, as if following an instinct which its name was designed to express, scattered a number of trading houses farther west; some of them above the Height of Land, and some south of the United States boundary line. It has generally been assumed that the Hudson's Bay Company's traders never penetrated west or south of the interior lakes, of which Winepeg is one, in the last century. This, however, is an error, proved by indisputable testimony. When Mr. Thompson was at the Mandan Villages, on the Missouri, about the last day of the year 1796, he found that these Indians had previously been supplied with guns by trading parties of the Hudson's Bay Company.† In 1804 Lewis and Clark met a Mr. Henderson, of the Hudson's Bay Company, among the Mandans. But these appear to have been mere errant visits of individual traders from the Hudson's Bay Company. We do not find that the Company had any sedentary traders or established posts in those districts of which the North-West Company had full possession.

When M. Cauchon was Commissioner of Crown Lands, he put his name to a departmental report, reputed to have been drawn up by some one in the department, in which Lescarbot was relied on to prove that, although none of us suspected the fact, the Pacific had, for more than two centuries and a quarter, formed the western, and the Arctic circle the northern boundary, of Canada. When the then latest edition of Lescarbot's *Nouvelle France* was published (1618), no Frenchman had been as far in the interior of Canada as Sault Ste. Marie, or further north than Lake Nipissing. Eleven years before this preposterous statement had been embodied in an official report, Garneau *(Histoire du Canada)* had noticed it only to show that, when it was put forth, the valley of the St. Lawrence had been but partially explored. If unofficial statements of French contemporary authors were to be taken as evidence of the extent of Canada or Nouvelle France—names sometimes used as geographical synonyms, and sometimes to cover very different extents of country—a single author, who could lay no claim to special geographical knowledge, ought not to be relied on. The *Relation de la Nouvelle France*, published in the same years as Lescarbot's first edition, (1611), far from pretending that the boundary of Canada extended to the Pacific, only expressed the hope that one day this boundary *sera la mer de la Chine, si nous avons assez de valeur et vertu;* because no other boundary—the Rocky Mountains were then unknown—would be certain in a country loosely spoken of as ten or twelve times the size of France. And nothing had happened in the meantime to alter that claim. Champlain had discovered *la Mer douce*, as he called Lake Huron; a Recollet missionary had found his way tremblingly, amid hostile Indians, to some point, impossible to identify, but which could not have been far, if at all, west of Toronto; and Lescarbot had been between Lakes Huron and Ontario. It is conjectured that Jean Mazarin christened a large part of this continent *Nouvelle France;* and, though the *Relation* is doubtful on this point, it professes to give the reasons why the name came to be applied. One of these

* Thompson, MS

† MSS. Mr. Thompson places the Upper Mandan Village in 47°25′11″ n. lat., 101°21′5″ long., and the lower village in lat. 47°17′22″, long. 101°14′24″. Lewis and Clarke gave the position of Fort Mandan, 1804–5, lat. 47°21′47″, long. 99°24′45″. *Travels to the Source of the Missouri River and across the American Continent*, and *Jefferson's Message to Congress*, Feb. 19, 1806.

reasons—because *ces terres sont parallèles à notre France*—conflicts with the extravagant claim of Lescarbot to all the country northward to the Arctic circle, a claim of which the groundlessness has already been shown. If the Pacific had been set up as the western limit of Canada, on the strength of the discoveries of the Vérandryes, it might have had the merit of resting on a discovery, though it would have been no less invalid, because England received the capitulation of Canada with a specific description of boundaries on the west, not only in words, but accompanied by a line officially drawn on a map, by the representative of the nation making the cession, and accepted, and afterwards insisted on by herself.

The western boundary line of Canada, to which we now turn, was once, upon insufficient evidence, judicially declared. The whole question was made to rest on the description in the Quebec Act, 1774, and the Proclamation of 1791. Of the former, the concluding portion is all that it is necessary to quote:—

"Through Lake Ontario and the river called Niagara; and thence along the south-eastern bank of Erie, following the said bank, until the same shall be intersected by the northern boundary granted by the charter of the Province of Pennsylvania, in case the same shall be so intersected; and from thence along the said northern and western boundaries of the said Province until the said western boundary strike the Ohio; but in case the said bank of the said lake shall not be found to be so intersected, then following the said bank until it shall arrive at such point of the said bank which shall be nearest the north-western angle of the Province of Pennsylvania; and thenc ealong the western boundary of the said Province, until it strike the river Ohio; and along the bank of said river westward to the banks of the Mississippi, and northward to the southern boundary of the territory granted to the merchant-adventurers of England, trading to Hudson's Bay."

The proclamation of 1791 takes us to a point where a line drawn due north from Lake Temiscaming would intersect "the boundary line of Hudson's Bay, including all the territory to the westward and southward of the said line, to the utmost extent of country commonly called, or known, by the name of Canada." If we ascertain the western limit of Canada as agreed upon by the French and English Governments, we shall then know the exact meaning of the language of the proclamation. In the meantime it will be necessary to examine into the circumstances under which the western boundary was judicially declared, in the absence of all information as to the points to which the French and English Governments allowed it to extend, after the capitulation by Vaudreuil.

It is to be observed that the line *westward*, described in the Quebec Act, followed the bank of the Ohio river; but the *northward* line drawn from the junction of that river with the Mississippi is not similarly controlled by the obligation to follow the course of the latter river. The words westward and northward, taken by themselves, are of equivalent value: the westward line would necessarily deviate from a due west line as much as the Ohio deviated. Was the northward line to follow the course of the Mississippi without special direction? If not was there any thing to prevent its being a due north line? This, in the absence of all positive evidence to show the western limit of Canada, was the state of the question on the trial of Reinhard and McLellan, at Quebec, May, 1818. Witnesses having the knowledge which surveyors acquire, were examined to show what a "northward" line meant. Mr Saxe, the first surveyor put into the witness-box, was asked by the Attorney General, "Would a line running north from the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi

rivers strike, in its passage to the Hudson's Bay territories, the great lakes, and where would it strike lake Superior? And where would it leave Fort William?" It will be seen that these questions were not put in the language of the statute, the technical meaning of which a surveyor's knowledge was required to explain. The Attorney-General did not enquire into the effect of drawing a "northward" but a "north" line. When the witness had explained that a line, supposing it to run due north from the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi, would leave the river Winepeg five degrees out of Canada, and had added with emphasis "not a northward line," as mentioned in the statute, "but a due north line," the Attorney-General, assuming an imperious tone, enquired: "Do you mean to say that a northward line is not due north, sir?" To which he received for reply: "It is not always; it may be north by east, or north by west, or north west, or many other points of the compass. A due north line is one that goes direct to the north pole without any deviation whatever." The Attorney-General returning to the charge, then asked: "And does not a northward line go to the north pole? If you had a northward line to run, would you not run it to the north pole?" "Perhaps I might, and perhaps not; it would certainly be northerly, though it might not run due north," replied the undaunted witness. After several more like questions and answers, Chief Justice Sewell came to the aid of the Attorney-General. He really did not comprehend the distinction; "to say that a northward line is not a north line" appeared to him absurd. "Suppose," he said, "we had a compass here, and from a given point I draw a line north-westward, that is to say, terminating at a point north-westward, would not that be a due north-west line?" "It would," the witness replied, "if drawn due north-west; but if in advancing you gained northerly, it would from the course of its deviation be a northward line, though not a north line." Then the Chief Justice ventured upon a remark which is obviously erroneous. "Then," he said, "its course northward must unquestionably be due north, if a line north-westerly is a north-west line." M. Vallière de St. Real having reminded his worship that the witness had added, "but if it deviated so as to gain a little north, it would then be a due north line." The Chief Justice, now growing warm, complained that common sense was being outraged; and he broke out in this fashion: "I want to know whether in point of fact, a fact that any man can tell as well as a surveyor," (the fact of bringing a surveyor there negatived this assumption) "whether a line from a western or eastern point of the compass, drawn northward, is or is not a north line? Just answer that question," he insisted, "yes or no." But he only got for reply: "It certainly must be, to a certain extent, a north line, but not a due north line." Chief Justice Sewell, when he came to charge the jury, assumed that a northward line meant a due north line, and decided that the western boundary of Canada is a line drawn due north from the junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers, in latitude 37° 10′ north, and longitude 83° 50′ west.*

This line, if Mr. Sax be correct, would strike Lake Superior about three-quarters of a degree east of Fort William. The question of jurisdiction arose in this way. If the locality of the murder, a place between the Dalles and Portage du Rat, which lies north of the north-west corner of the Lake of the Woods, were in Upper Canada, the trial must have taken place in that Province; but if it were in the Indian territories, the trial could, under the forty-third of George III. take place in either Province. In deciding

* La limite Ouest du Haut Canada est une ligne tirée vrai Nord de la jonction des rivières Ohio et Mississippi, dans la latitude de 37° 10′ Nord, et la longitude 88° 50′ Ouest.

on the boundary line, the court was deciding in favour of its own jurisdiction. But what we apprehend will be found to be the true boundary line of Canada, on this side, which has become that of Ontario, rests upon evidence not before the court, and is about five degrees further west.

When this trial took place, the Parliament which passed the Quebec Act was known as the unreported Parliament. Sir John Cavendish, a member of the House of Commons, had taken notes of the debates on this Bill; and his manuscript has since been brought from its hiding place in the British Museum and published. The extension of the boundaries of Canada was frequently mentioned in the discussion. Sir Thomas Townsend, Jr., afterwards Baron Sidney, assumed that the French law was being extended to the whole of Illinois. Lord North, replying to the objection founded on the extent of the country, said: "There are added, undoubtedly, to it two countries which were not in the original limits of Canada, as settled by the proclamation of 1763; one on the Labrador coast, the other the country westward of the Ohio and the Mississippi, (*sic*) and a few scattered posts to the west." There is evidently an inaccuracy in the report of Lord North's words. He could not have said west of the Mississippi; for the words of the Act would not have borne him out. There is no reason to question his accuracy, when he added: "Upon my word, sir, I do not see this Bill extends further than the ancient limits of Canada." Attorney-General Thurlow said:

"The House will remember that the whole of Canada, as we allowed it to extend, was not included in the Proclamation [of 1763,] that the bounds were not co-equal with it as it stood then, and that it is not included in the present Act of Parliament, if that were material. * * I have heard a great deal of the commencement of English settlements; but as far as I have read, they all lie on the other side of the Ohio. I know, at the same time, that there have been for nearly a century past, settlements in different parts of this tract, especially the southern parts of it, *bounded by the Ohio and the Mississippi;* but with regard to that part, there have been different tracts of French settlements established, as far as they are inhabited by any Indians. I take these settlements to have been altogether French; so that the objections certainly want foundation."

We have here the admission of the Attorney-General of the time, that the Quebec Act did not include the whole of Canada. The proclamation of 1791, issued after the Act of that year was passed, embraces all the territory westward and southward of the southern limits of Hudson's Bay Territory, "to the utmost extent of country commonly called or known by the name of Canada." The bounds of Canada are, even on this view of the question, not necessarily circumscribed to the limits traced in the Act of 1774; but if they were, it would only remain to find some point which the line must strike in its "northward" progress, near the boundary line of Hudson's Bay Territory, to remove any obscurity and doubt that hang over that description. Such a point, we shall afterwards find stated in official language too plain to allow of dispute.

The words "Canada" and "Province of Quebec," were sometimes used in official instruments without due discrimination. In the commission of Nicholas Turner, Provost Marshal, under the proclamation of 1763, the words "Province of Canada" are used; while the words "Province of Quebec" had been used in that proclamation, as well as in the commission of General Murray, Captain-General and Governor-in-chief, Sept. 23, 1763. There was, however, a real distinction between Canada and the Province of Quebec; for the latter did not, under the Proclamation of 1763, extend westward beyond Lake Nipissing.

The Quebec Act, owing to the despotic

principles to which it gave activity, of governing the country by means of a Governor in Council without the intervention of a General Assembly, combined with the Boston Charter Act, struck terror into the self-governing colonies of New England, whom it inspired with the fear that their own fate might be read in the treatment accorded to the Province of Quebec. Mazères, the first Solicitor-General of Canada after the conquest, says then there ceased to be a British party in the other English colonies, after the passing of these two Acts; and in a dialogue* between an Englishman and a Frenchman, the Englishman reporting the prevalent sentiments of these British colonists, as expressed to himself, gives it as the strongest of all causes of complaint that had annihilated the British party, gained over the Tories, as the firm friends of England were called, the extension of the Province of Quebec, on the west, to the Mississippi. This is the language in which the late Tories, who had joined the opposition to England, are represented as expressing themselves:—

"And lastly, (which is a matter that concerns us more nearly than all the rest,) to enlarge the boundaries of the Province of Quebec, so as to take in the five great lakes *and all the immense and very fruitful country contained between the Ohio and Mississippi*, and which lies at the back of our Provinces; with a view, as it should seem, that this new and favourite mode of government, together with the Roman Catholic religion, (now also, to all appearance, become an object of favour with Great Britain,) should prevail throughout all that vast country."

Mr. Mazères' view of the extent of Canada, under the Quebec Act, including "all "the immense and very fruitful country be-"tween the Ohio and the Mississippi,"—and the great lakes—precludes the idea of the western boundary being east of Fort William.

* Canadian Freeholder, Vol. 2., p. 337.

At the same time, he may not have been very exact in his description. When speaking of all the country to the Mississippi being included, we have it on the authority of Lord North that the Quebec Act took in some scattered settlements to the West. Added to this, the language of Attorney General Thurlow seems to make it plain that the object of extending the limits of the Province, beyond those to which it had been restricted by the proclamation of 1763 was to take in all the French settlements. Did a trading post constitute a settlement? Was there a settlement at Prairie du Chien? Carver, who visited it in 1766, says: "This town is the great mart where all the adjacent tribes, and even those who inhabit the remote branches of the Mississippi, annually assemble about the latter end of May, bringing with them their furs to dispose of to the traders." Was this one of the settlements which it was the object of the Quebec Act to include?

The government of United Canada did not restrict its authority to the limits contained in the judgment of 1818. It exercised numerous acts of authority west of those limits, including the laying out of townships and the sale of land.

But we must seek for other evidence of "the utmost extent of country (westward) commonly called or known by the name of Canada." Those limits were laid down, agreed upon between the Governments of France and England, described in words and marked on a map, in the negotiations for peace, 1761. In the French memorial of propositions, July 15, 1761, the King offers to cede and guarantee Canada to the King of England, "such as it has been and in right ought to be possessed by France, without restriction and without the liberty of returning upon any pretence whatever, against this cession and guarantee, and without interrupting the Crown of England in the entire possession of Canada." The French King stipulated for the free ex-

ercise of the Roman Catholic religion by his ancient subjects in Canada, their right to emigrate into French colonies, that the limits between Canada and Louisiana, and those between Louisiana and Virginia, should be clearly and firmly established, and for the continuance of certain rights of fishing on the Banks of Newfoundland. This proposition was made, as lawyers say, without prejudice; if it were not accepted or did not serve as a basis of negotiation, no advantage was to be taken of it by England. The answer of the British Court, dated July 29, assured the King of France that:

"His Britannic Majesty will never recede from the entire and total cession, on the part of France, without any new limits, or any exception whatever, of all Canada with its appurtenances; and His Majesty will never relax, with regard to the full and complete cession on the part of France, of the Isle of Cape Breton, and of the other islands in the gulf and river of St. Lawrence, with the right of fishing which is inseparably incident to the possession of the aforesaid coasts, and of the canals or straits which lead to them.

"2. With respect to fixing the limits of Louisiana with regard to Canada, or the English possessions situate on the Ohio, as also on the coast of Virginia, it never can be allowed that whatever does not belong to Canada shall appertain to Louisiana, nor that the boundaries of the last Province shall extend to Virginia, or to the British possessions on the borders of the Ohio; the nations and countries which lie intermediate, and which form the true barriers between the aforesaid provinces, not being proper, on any account, to be directly or by necessary consequence ceded to France, even admitting them to be included in the limits of Louisiana."

The ultimatum of France, in reply to that of England, is dated August 5, 1761. In it

"1. The King consents to cede Canada to England in the most extensive manner as specified in the memorial of propositions;" and he goes on to insist on certain conditions on the article of religion and to claim certain rights of fishery and harbourage; and the negotiator adds: "The King has in no part of his memorial of propositions affirmed, that all that did not belong to Canada appertained to Louisiana; it were even difficult to conceive how such an assertion could be advanced. France, on the contrary, demands that the intermediate nations between Canada and Louisiana shall be considered as neutral nations, independent of the sovereignty of the two crowns, and serve as a barrier between them. If the English Minister would have attended to the instructions of M. Bussy on this subject, he would have seen that France agreed with England as to this proposition."

The answer of the British Minister to the Ultimatum of France was delivered to M. Bussy, the French Minister in England, on the 16th August. The day before, Mr. Pitt had written to that functionary, complaining that France "arbitrarily continues to insist on objects in America which we have a right to by the *Uti possidetis*, and which would make a direct attempt on the essential rights of our conquests in Canada and its appurtenances in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.' This is a reference to a demand for the restitution of Cape Breton or the Island of St. John (Prince Edward). The British answer of the 16th brings out the fact, which has been so strangely lost sight of in all subsequent discussions of the question, that the Marquis of Vaudreuil, when he surrendered the Province by capitulation to General Amherst, traced the western boundary on a map, and this map was in possession of Mr. Stanley, the British Minister sent to Paris to negotiate a peace:

"Article I. The King will not desert his claim to the entire and total cession of all Canada and its dependencies, without any limits or exceptions whatever, and likewise

insists on the complete cession of the Island of Cape Breton, and of the other islands in the gulf and river of St. Lawrence.

"Canada, according to the lines of its limits traced by the Marquis de Vaudreuil himself, when that Governor surrendered the said Province by capitulation to the British General, Sir J. Amherst, comprehends on one side the Lakes Huron, Michigan and Superior; and the said line drawn to Red Lake, takes in, by a serpentine progress, the river Ouabachi, as far as its junction with the Ohio, and from thence extends itself along the latter river as far, inclusively, as its influx into the Mississippi.

"It is in conformity to this state of the limits made by the French Governor, that the King claims the cession of Canada; a Province which the Court of France, moreover, has offered anew by their *Ultimatum* to cede to His Britannic Majesty, in the most extensive manner, as expressed in the Memorial of Propositions of Peace of 13th July." * * *

"Article II. As to what respects the line to be drawn from Rio-Perdido, as contained in the note remitted by M. Bussy of the 18th of this month, with regard to the limits of Louisiana, His Majesty is obliged to reject so unexpected a proposition, as by no means admissible in two respects.

"1. Because the said line, under colour of fixing the limits of Louisiana, annexes vast countries to that Province, which, with the commanding posts and forts, the Marquis de Vaudreuil has, by the most solemn capitulation, incontestibly yielded into the possession of His Britannic Majesty, *under the description of Canada*, and that consequently, however contentious the pretensions of the two Crowns may have been before the war, and particularly with respect to the course of the Ohio, and the territories in that part,* since the surrender of Canada, and the line of its limits has been traced, as aforesaid, by the Marquis de Vaudreuil, all those opposite titles are united, and become valid without contradiction, to confirm to Great Britain, with all the rest of Canada, the possession of those countries on that part of Ohio which have hitherto been contested.

"2. The line proposed to fix the bounds of Louisiana cannot be admitted, because it would compromise in another part, on the side of the Carolinas, very extensive countries and numerous nations, who have always been reputed to be under the protection of the King, a right which His Majesty has no intention of renouncing; and then the King, for the advantage of peace, might consent to leave the intermediate countries under the protection of Great Britain, and particularly the Cherokees, the Creeks, the Chicasaws, the Chactaws, and another nation, situate between the British settlements and the Mississippi."

The offer of England, contained in this paper, to cede to France the isles of St. Pierre and Miquelon, removed another obstacle to an agreement between the Powers, so far as related to Canada and its dependencies. The last memorial of France, delivered by M. Bussy to Mr. Pitt on the 13th September, concedes the line of western boundary traced by Vaudreuil and insisted on by England.

"Article I. The King has declared in his first Memorial, and in his *Ultimatum*, that he will cede and guarantee to England the possession of Canada, in the most ample manner; His Majesty still persists in that offer, and without discussing the line of its limits marked on a map presented by Mr. Stanley; as that line, on which England rests its demands, is without doubt the most ex-

* Before the war England claimed that France should appropriate neither the Ohio nor the country watered by it:—

"On pretendoit que la cession de l'Acadie, par le Traité d'Utrecht, comprenoit toute la presqu' Isle; on demandait qu'aucune des deux Nations ne pu s'approprier le cours de l'Ohio, et que le pays qu'il arrose, fut également fréquenté per les deux peuples." —*Soulluin Lumina.—Histoire de la Guerre contre les Anglais.*

tensive bound which can be given to the cession, the King is willing to grant it."

The English proposal with respect to the limits of Louisiana was agreed to; but the French objecting to what the English negotiator had proposed as to the neutral nations in the intermediate territory, wished to have an agreement expressed in the following terms:

"The intermediate savage nations between the lakes and the Mississippi, and within the line traced out, shall be neuter and independent, under the protection of the king; and those without the line, on the side of the English, shall be likewise neuter and independent, under the protection of the king of England. The English traders also shall be prohibited from going among the savage nations beyond the line on either side; and the said nations shall not be restrained in their freedom of commerce with the French and English, as they have exercised it heretofore."

At this point the negotiations were, for the time, broken off, on questions wholly foreign to the boundaries of Canada. Without the map on which the Marquis de Vaudreuil is said to have drawn the line, it is not possible to follow it in its entire length. But this is not necessary. It is sufficient for the present purpose, to trace out Red Lake, on which the line touched in its serpentine course. But the question of the authenticity of the line must first be examined. Vaudreuil, in a letter to the Duc de Choiseul, October 2, 1761, denied that he had delived a map to General Amherst at the time of the capitulation; and added that when a British officer had brought a map to him, he had denied that the limits traced on it were correct. He admitted that Canada extended, on one side, to the "carrying place of the Miamis, which is the Height of Land whose rivers run into the Ouabache, on the one side, and on the other to the head of the river Illinois." It becomes a question of credibility between Vaudreuil and General Amherst; but this, however it may be decided, does not affect the question of the boundary. Nearly three weeks before Vaudreuil wrote his letter of denial, the French Government had, in direct terms, admitted the line traced on the map, in possession of Mr. Stanley, to be the true boundary of Canada, by accepting it. But if the decision rested on the credibility of the two witnesses as it does not, there would be good reasons for giving greater weight to the statement of General Amherst. Vaudreuil had fallen into disgrace at the French court; the Bastile, soon to become his lot, already stared him in the face. He was to be put on trial, with more than fifty others, as one of the authors of "monopolies, abuses, vexations and prevarications committed in Canada;" charges but too well founded in many cases. The fines imposed and restitutions decreed amounted to nearly eleven millions and a half of francs. Vaudreuil escaped condemnation only to die of chagrin; and it is a question whether his tardy letter of denial was of any use to him, in a trial in which the majority of the accused were convicted in their absence, and practically without a hearing.

By whomsoever the line was drawn, it is sufficient that both the English and the French Governments agreed upon it, as describing the true boundary of Canada on the west. This line takes us from Red Lake to the Ouabache (Wabash)* an Iro-

* There is no doubt about the identity of the Ouabache with the Wabash. The French, unless they borrowed our W., would have to follow that orthography still. De l'Isle *Carte du Canada*, 1703, marks it "*Ouabache autrement appellée l'Ohio ou Belle Rivèire;* and in his *carte de la Louisane et cours du Mississippi* he still call it the *Ouabache.*—Some English geographers called it *Oubach.* Moll, 1708, incorrectly makes it run two-thirds of the distance on the south side of the Ohio. A map illustrating one of Henipen's works (Amsterdam, 1737) and showing *Le cours du Fleuve Mississippi selon les Relations le plus modernes*, marks the lower end of the Ohio, Hohio, the upper, Ouye, but whether the Wabash or the Main river it is impossible to say. The map attached to Charlevoix' *Histoire et description generale de la Nouvelle France*, 1743, *by W. B. Ing. du Roy et Hydrog. de la marine*, marks the north branch *Oyo or Belle Rivière;*

quois word which means, I am informed, a slowly flowing river. Vaudreuil, even in his letter of denial, admits that Canada went in this direction to the Miamis portage, between the Illinois and the Ouabache rivers, the course taken by La Salle in his voyage of discovery to the Mississippi. Red Lake, another point which the line struck, must be sought out. There are two lakes that bear that name; one north and the other west of Lake Superior. Isaac Long, in the map attached to his travels, (my copy is a French translation) places one of these lakes about due north of Lake Nipegon. It has disappeared from some later maps, and is apparently replaced by "Long Lake;" but in one published by the Society for the diffusion of useful knowledge it appears much farther west than Long placed it. It received the name of Red Lake, according to a legend which he preserves, from some Indian hunters having shot a colossal animal which had moved with slow and heavy tread along its margin, which they believed to be Matchee Manito, or the evil spirit, and of which the blood, when the monster received its death wound, coloured the waters of the lake. A line striking so far north obviously could not be the one intended to designate the western boundary of Canada. The other Red Lake is one of the sources of Red River. It is situated not at its southern extremity but at the source of one of its eastern branches. Its longitude appears, on some maps, to be a little west of the north-west corner of the Lake of the Woods; on others it appears on the same meridional parallel.

On the line agreed to by the French and English Governments we have one certain point, and another which may be approximately fixed, the point on Red Lake—a body of water so small as to make it a matter almost of indifference which side should be touched—and a point on the Wabash, near the Miamis Portage; almost certainly the south-west end of this portage. After it struck the Wabash, it continued along that river to its junction with the Ohio, and thence down the course of the Main River to the Mississippi. Northward of the Ohio, this line does not appear to have followed the Mississippi. The French memorial of the 13th September, without the aid of the marked map, throws only an obscure light on this point, when it proposes that, "The intermediate savage nations between the lakes and the Mississippi, and within the line traced out, shall be neuter and independent, under the protection of the King, and those without the line, on the side of the English, shall be likewise neuter and independent, under the protection of the King of England." The line at the first definite point where we can trace it, is drawn from Red Lake southward till it strikes the Wabash, and proceeds down that river and its parent stream, the Ohio, till the Mississippi is reached. East of this line the intermediate savage nations must be sought. With anything outside of it we have, for the present purpose, nothing to do. The object of carrying this line down the Ohio must have been to obtain a southern boundary. If it had been intended, at that time, to make the Mississippi the western boundary, the line would have been produced westward from Red Lake, and the course of the river followed to the junction with the Ohio, whence the western boundary would have been traced. But all this is really of very little importance. The essential point is to know that the western boundary of Canada went as far as Red Lake. The map on which it was traced, unless some casualty has befallen it, ought to be found in the British archives; and it might be useful as showing the exact point at which Red Lake was touched.

Ouabach is in the upper end, somewhat out of position. Bellecocq, translating from the English, in the second year of the French Republic, writes it *Wabac*.

The definitive treaty of Peace, Feb. 10, 1763, irrevocably fixed the limits between the French possessions and those of His Britannic Majesty, by a line drawn along the "middle of the Mississippi river, from its source to the river Iberville, and from thence by a line in the middle of that stream, and of lakes Maurepas and Pontchartrain, to the sea." All the French possessions on the left side of the Mississippi, except the town and island of Orleans, were ceded to England. In this cession was included more than Canada. The seventh article contains a preamble which explains the reason for including a part of Louisiana: "In order to establish peace on solid and durable foundations, and to remove for ever all causes of dispute in relation to the limits between the French and British territories, on the continent of America." The designation of the limits of Canada, on the west, at the capitulation of Vaudreuil, and in the subsequent correspondence between the two courts, was not new. The map of the Academy of Sciences, (1718) makes Canada or New France extend to the head waters of the rivers that run into Lake Michigan and Green Bay (*Baye des Puans* of the French); and it includes in Louisiana all the territory west of this point, of which the rivers empty into the Mississippi.*

The grant of Louisiana, made to Crozat, by Louis XIV, Sept 17, 1712, was not quite so extensive. It gave him the right of exclusive trade in all the French territories, bounded by New Mexico, on the side of the Spanish, and by Carolina on the side of the English; the Mississipi from the sea to the Illinois; the Wabash and Ohio, being the northern boundary, and the Illinois being excluded on the north. Under the Crozat monopoly, which proved not less intolerable to the inhabitants than profitless to the grantee, expeditions were sent out into Illinois in search of mines.*

After Crozat's dream of establishing an empire in the valley of the Mississippi, and possibly making his daughter the wife of a Medici, and the Mississippi company with Law and his paper bubbles had come on the scene, the limits of Louisiana were extended on the north. An *arrêt* issued on the 27th September, 1717, detaching the Illinois from Nouvelle France and incorporating it with Louisiana.*

Then were established, substantially, the limits of Canada, on the west, which Vaudreuil is alleged to have traced on the capitulation of Montreal, and which were certainly agreed upon in the course of the same year between the Governments of France and England.

Great Britain having once become possessed of the country as far west as the Mississippi, the competence of Parliament to extend the government of Canada to that limit cannot be questioned. Did it do so in the Quebec Act? This is certainly doubtful; more than doubtful I think. When the line of boundary prescribed in that statute struck the Ohio, it went westward along that river to the Mississippi; from the junction of the Ohio with the Mississippi, it went "northward" till it intersected the southern boundary of the Hudson Bay Territory. In the first case, it was to follow the course of the river; in the second, it was simply to go "northward." By the Proclamation of 1791, Canada was to include all the territory west and south of a line drawn due north from Lake Temiscaming till it reached the southern border of Hudson's Bay Territory, commonly known as Canada. How are we to know these western limits? The concurrence of the Governments of France and England in a western line of Canadian boundary is the

*M. Garneau's reading of this map agrees with my own: that it claims as "Louisiana, du côté de l'est toutes terres dont les eaux tombent dans le Mississippi."

*Charlevoix, Tome ;, p, 170.

*Charlevoix, T, 4, p, 194.

best evidence we can have. It is, besides being official, the boundary which the previous owner of the country admitted, and which the new owner insisted on. That line touches at Red Lake; and if Red Lake be taken as a determinate point to which the line of the Quebec Act must be drawn, in its "northward" course, all difficulty vanishes, and there is a perfect accord between the line agreed upon between the French and English Governments and the Quebec Act and the Proclamation of 1791. I think, then, it is a legitimate conclusion from all the facts, that Red Lake indicates the western boundary of Ontario; that all the country south of the Hudson Bay Territory, and north of the United States' boundary line, east of this point, to the meridian of Lake Temiscaming, belongs to Ontario; and that the northern boundary of Ontario must, under the tenth article of the Treaty of Utrecht, be found on the height of land which separates the Arctic and the Atlantic water-sheds.

GOOD-BYE.

BY F. A. DIXON.

SO I say good-bye to my love,
Here at the garden gate to-night;
From the little chin to the hair above,
All the face of my heart's delight.
Good-bye is easily said!

One long kiss on the lips of my sweet;
Ours again will never meet;
One more kiss on the little chin,
Pressing the tiny dimple in;
Kisses two for the dainty ears;
No more whispers of hopes or fears.
Good-bye is easily said!

One last kiss on the fair white brow;
No more there for ever now;
Two on her cheeks with their maiden down;
Never for me will come dimple or frown;
Brown hair, waving over her head,
You will wave when I shall be dead.
Good-bye is easily said!

Two soft kisses on two soft eyes,—
Dear love that in them lies,
You and I are strange from to-day,
You have pledged yourself away;
Take farewell, and let me go—
Whither I neither care nor know.
Good-bye is easily said!

DR. REINHARD.

(Translated for the Canadian Monthly, from the German of Kleimar.)

CHAPTER I.

"AH, is that you, Doctor?" said a young lady, rising to welcome him.

"I was told, Miss Eva, that I should find you in the garden," he replied; so I came here and interrupted your cogitations. Will you forgive me?"

"Forgive you!" she said smiling. "Do you know that at this moment I was thinking of you, and that I—but tell me first if you have seen my aunt, and how you found her?"

"The good lady is much better, and in a few days I shall be able to discontinue my visits," he answered,as he led the young lady back to her place. He held her hand in his, and the manner in which she allowed it to remain there, showed that she looked upon him as an old acquaintance. "So you were thinking of me, Miss Eva," he continued, with a softness in the tone of his question. "But then your thoughts were not of a pleasant nature, for your look was sad when I approached you."

"O, they were mingled with many remembrances," she replied. "This is my father's birthday. A year ago he was with me. A few months afterwards you led me away from his sick bed, when the news of his illness had called me home from my cousin's. I saw him then for the last time, and he died that night."

"I know it, I know it," said the Doctor, mastering his emotion with a great effort, as he saw the tears trickle down Eva's face.

"His death took me by surprise. I awoke and found myself an orphan," was her mournful rejoinder.

"Poor child!" said the Doctor, in a voice of deep sympathy.

"I only wanted to speak with him once more, just once," she continued: "to solve a mystery to which his last words had given existence in my breast—one which I dare not mention to you."

He did not reply, and she marked the shade of trouble which for a moment came over his countenance. Suddenly she turned her face towards his and said:

"I do not know why it is that my heart is so open at this moment, that I should speak to you so frankly, more frankly than I have done since my father's death. Perhaps it is because you were my father's friend and can solve the mystery. Do not interrupt me, for I must now tell you what has tormented me so long. I know I can put full confidence in you."

"That you can," said the Doctor, warmly.

"Now for it! When I saw my father, and knelt crying at his bedside, he told me with his feeble voice, as he laid both his hands upon my forehead, 'never forget to love and be grateful to Doctor Reinhard as our dearest friend, for he saved my fortune and my honour!'"

"They were feverish thoughts, fancies of a weakened imagination, of a dying man, which, in health he would never have repeated!" exclaimed the Doctor, much moved.

"No, no! At that moment he could not be considered a dying man; he was in full possession of his faculties, and if you had not entered just then and forbidden him to speak, I should have received an explanation of his words. You led me out of the room, and I never again saw him alive. And now, Doctor, you owe me an explanation, and you must tell me the meaning of those words. I must know for what and how to

show my gratitude to you, as it was my father's will," she said, with deep emotion.

He rose and took both her hands as he exclaimed "Eva, you owe me no debt of gratitude. I give you my word that it was only his imagination, weakened by illness, that made him suppose that I was the saviour of his honour, which was as stainless as that of the best man in the world. No human being would have ever dreamed of impugning it. You must put aside every thought which could cast a doubt upon it. Such thoughts are disrespectful to his memory."

She gave him a pleasant look—"The portrait of my father lives enshrined in my memory, but since his death a cloud has covered it that has prevented me from always seeing the dear features clearly. If I cannot thank you for anything else, I shall thank you for having chased away this cloud. For this I shall always be grateful."

"I wish you would allow the matter to pass from your memory entirely, Eva; for you must know I came to hear what you have to say on a very different subject."

She looked at him with wondering expectation. He again took her hand and went on in a tone of emotion.

"Eva, since the death of your father, your aunt's house has been your home. Could you make up your mind to leave this home, to belong to one whose heart has beat for you since your childhood?"

She made no answer, but her hand trembled in his.

"Eva, I am myself the man, who loves you, whose highest wish is to call you his own, and who now asks you, can you and will you give him your hand?"

For a moment she stood astonished, almost petrified by his proposal, which took her so completely by surprise. In this man, whose age was double her own, she had seen only a fatherly friend, the friend as he had been of her father. She had trusted him with all her troubles, little and great, and had never been deceived in him, for she always received from him comfort and sympathy. And now, suddenly, this man stood before her pleading as a lover, and thus placed himself beneath her, since from her he was to hear the words on which depended his happiness for life. Her mind could not take it in, and he marked at once the paleness that came over her cheeks. Her silence troubled him, and he continued in a nervous voice. "Have I been mistaken Eva, in supposing your heart to be free, or is it that you feel you cannot love me? If it is so, say one word and I retire; for I desire your happiness as much as my own."

While he spoke, she had regained her composure, and now for the first time ventured to raise her eyes to his; she saw his fixed upon her—those earnest eyes—with a wonderful softness of expression. Her heart seemed changed; a feeling came over her never experienced before. Why could she not love this man above all others, since he was better and nobler than all other men—him whom she had known since her father's death. The words of her departed father, too, suddenly crossed her mind. Was not the time now come for her to prove that she regarded his will as sacred?

"Speak, Eva," continued the deep voice of the Doctor, "has your heart been given to another man?"

"No," she replied, in confused accents, "it is still my own." She could say no more.

"What did I hear?" cried the Doctor, deeply moved. In lieu of an answer she laid her hand in his.

"You will give it me, Eva?"

"Yes," she replied in a low tone.

He made a movement as though to clasp her in his arms, but checked the impulse, and said, with a voice almost inarticulate with emotion.

"No, no, Eva, you ought not and you must not decide so quickly. It would be wrong in me to ask an answer now, when

you are so taken by surprise as I must own to myself that you are. I will give you as long a time as you please to examine your heart; and if you tell me that you cannot love me, I promise not to seek to win you. On the other hand, when you have once spoken the word which unites us, I shall look upon you as mine, and mine alone, to my life's end. And now, above all things, be open and candid with me and with yourself. Search well and see whether there is not in your heart the image of another man not to be supplanted by mine."

She laughed, blushed and said, "I will frankly tell you that, as a girl of fourteen and in a childish way, I loved my cousin Albert."

"And your cousin?" he asked, a little disturbed.

"Ah, that was just the point," she replied, half laughing, "he never noticed me, he had no suspicion how much his little cousin admired him, he had eyes only for grown-up beauties, with whom the handsome young lieutenant was very successful."

"Eva, how has it been since you have grown to be a young lady?"

"O, from that time I have thought no more of him," she replied carelessly, "besides we have not seen each other for a long time. When he was here to see his mother, just before my father's death, I, as you know, was staying with a friend."

"And is it true that he is expected here?" asked the Doctor, quickly.

"His last letter announced the return of the expedition which he accompanied from the Eastern seas. But I can scarcely say I am glad he is coming home, for what I have heard of him is not very favourable. His wildness it seems has been boundless; and life, it seems to me, can be happy only when one can really rely upon some support."

"Eva, that you shall find in me," he could not help saying with all the warmth of his feelings. He suppressed other words which came to his lips. Only in his eyes could she read, "may it soon be mine to support you." He gave her his hand and took leave, saying:

"Eva, look well into your heart, and when you have once decided, let me know it without delay." She gave him a loving look, as though her choice were already made. Indeed she could not see why she should not say the decisive word at once. But he wished it otherwise, and as she had always been accustomed to follow his opinion and advice, she would not contend against his wish on this occasion.

Her eyes followed him as he passed out of sight, and dwelt with pleasure on his stately figure and manly bearing. She thought too of the high estimation in which he was held by the world, and asked herself what the world would say when it was told of their engagement. She heard herself congratulated on her good fortune, and felt exalted and humbled at once, by being chosen by a man of so much importance as his bride. Bride! She smiled involuntarily at the word.

"He is so good, he loves me so deeply," she repeated, till tears came into her eyes.

She longed to tell her secret to some one, but she felt that she could not yet speak of it at home; so much the less as her aunt's state was such that any excitement might lead to a relapse. "To my father," she said in a low voice, and taking up her hat, which lay near her, she slipped unobserved through a side-door of the garden, and bent her steps to the neighbouring place of rest, where the heart which was dearest to her slept beneath the green-sward.

Nearly an hour later she returned to her aunt's house, where she met a servant who told her that her aunt had been inquiring for her, and begged her to come to her room. "There is a visitor," she added, laughing, "but I must not tell who it is."

As Eva entered her aunt's room, a young man in the brilliant uniform of the Royal Navy rose from a sofa, and advancing quickly to meet her, put out his hand to her without speaking a word.

"O, cousin Albert!" she exclaimed, as she looked into a pair of dark eyes which were fixed upon her, while a brightness came over the handsome features of the young man.

"It is pleasant to hear you welcome me home, Eva—pleasant to see you here in my mother's house."

And then he seemed to remember a painful association which his words might recall. With a quick glance he said "forgive me," bent his head and kissed her hand.

She was pleased by his recollection of her bereavement, and replied: "I feel myself happy in not being left utterly alone; and though my father is dead, I have still kind hearts to protect and love me."

"There are many, Eva. I know nothing in the world dearer to me than your happiness."

She looked at him a little surprised at his speaking with a warmth of feeling for which she hardly gave him credit, after all she had heard of his past life. At this point her aunt interrupted the conversation. She had watched their meeting not without emotion.

"I call this a surprise," she said gaily, "which Albert has prepared for us. I did not expect him for weeks, when suddenly he appeared before me, without having given the least notice of his return."

"I received," said Albert, "quite unexpectedly a furlough on the return of the expedition, and of course hastened home as fast as possible to see you and Eva, and"—he did not finish the sentence, but walked quickly up and down the room.

There was something strange in his manner. His questions and answers were short and abrupt; so much so, that his mother shook her head and said:

"Albert, in former days you were not thus; you are greatly changed."

He gave a forced laugh. "Change is the law of the world. It is the same with men. Since those days a year has passed, and I have spent it on the stormy sea. After so much experience, one divines the rest."

His mother did not understand him. She only marked a momentary cloud which passed over his brow. The change in his expression did not escape Eva's eyes; it was paiuful to her to be with him, and she took advantage of the first opportunity to escape to her room. He followed her with his eyes, and his mother who watched him closely, seeing his face brighten, ventured to ask him "how he liked her Eva?"

"She is beautiful, and seems as charming as she is beautiful."

She smiled with pleasure. "Since last year your taste has changed for the better. A year ago, you know, you said that such fair-haired beauties could never entrap your heart, and that were she ten times more lovely than she was, she could not compare with the dark tresses of Emily Waldow.

The young man blushed. "Pray, mother, do not speak of that. It is past and must be forgotten. Tell me what you were going to tell me, when Eva's entrance broke off our conversation—how she came here, what sad accident made her an orphan."

"You heard that her father's death was caused by the bursting of a blood-vessel, the day after your departure. I wrote to you at the time about it."

"You did," he answered hastily. "I received the letter on the day we sailed. I could not reply at the time. But there were many details which you did not give me. You did not say whether the bursting of the blood-vessel was owing to any particular excitement."

"Your question," said his mother, "recalls to my mind a singular circumstance That evening, as I entered the room of my brother-in-law, I heard him say to Dr. Reinhard, who had not left him since the beginning of his illness, "You will promise me, Doctor, that the whole transaction shall remain a secret." To which the Doctor answered, "upon my word of honour." I often

thought of those words afterwards, and once ventured to ask Dr. Reinhard the meaning of them, particularly as I had involuntarily connected them with the cause of my brother-in-law's illness. But the Doctor assured me that it was only a personal matter between of himself and his friend, and that he had given his word to keep it secret."

Albert listened in silence to this account. Then he asked, "What sort of person is this Dr. Reinhard?"

"He is an eminent physician, and a man honoured by all," replied his mother warmly. "Since the death of your uncle I have chosen him as my family physician, and during my illness I have had every reason to be satisfied with my choice. Besides, Eva has in him a fatherly friend."

"Eva," exclaimed the young man—and it appeared to his mother that he was in a hurry to return to that subject—"how did she bear the death of her father?"

"She, poor child! She was overpowered with grief, and would have been forlorn in the wide world if the Doctor and I had not comforted her. I was anxious, too, at that time about her circumstances, for her father, as I wrote you word, died not nearly so rich as I and the world believed him to be. The only thing which he left, in fact, was an honourable name, and if you had not generously given up to her the thirty thousand dollars which came to you under his will, she would have been penniless."

While his mother was speaking the young man had turned away his face. At her last words he turned quickly round and said, "Mother, no more of that. It must never be mentioned. It was not a great sacrifice, for you know at that time I came of age and inherited six times as much. It is my wish that she may know nothing of the gift."

"She knows nothing about it, and thinks that the money is her inheritance. The Doctor alone knows the truth."

"The Doctor, always the Doctor," exclaimed Albert, impatiently. He was going to say more, but Eva entered the room. At her appearance his eyes lightened up as they had done when he first saw her, and his voice, when he spoke to her, was soft and full of melody. As he talked to her she could not help thinking of another soft voice which had so surprised her that day, and the portrait of her friend rose before her. She compared it with the elegant form of her cousin, and asked herself why it was that the appearance of Albert did not produce a favourable impression on her, when she could not but own that his fine figure and handsome face threw Dr. Reinhard in the shade. Even his eyes, so beautiful, and bent with so much sympathy upon her, disquieted her by the fire which burned in them. But when he spoke of his voyages, when he talked about the strange lands and people he had seen, when he told the exciting story of a storm which had nearly wrecked their ship, her attention was fixed and she hung upon his lips. But when he had ended and was himself again, she could not help saying, "Heaven be praised, Dr. Reinhard is not like Albert! What a difference there is between his sedateness and this passionate creature!" Then she asked herself how the two men would get on together, whether she could look for friendship or harmony between them, and she looked forward with great anxiety to their meeting.

The next morning the Doctor paid his patient his usual visit. He entered the room ignorant that Albert was there.

"Dr. Reinhard—my son Albert." Eva, who blushed at the entrance of Dr. Reinhard, looked anxiously from one to the other, and was sorry to see how coldly they received the introduction.

CHAPTER II.

"I REMEMBER having seen Lieutenant Wallberg at his uncle's," said the Doctor—"the day before his illness. You left his room as I entered." The words

were uttered coldly but in no offensive manner, and Eva saw nothing in them to produce the expression which showed itself on Albert's face.

"I admire your memory, Doctor; my own, I am sorry to say, is not so good. Meetings of this kind easily escape from it."

"The reason perhaps lies in your mode of life. You live on shifting seas. We who live on *terra firma* remember whether we will or not," was the Doctor's quiet reply. Having said which he turned round to pay the usual compliments and inquire about his patient's health. A few minutes afterwards he took leave without having said anything to Eva beyond a hurried adieu in passing. Only for a moment his glance rested on her with a peculiar expression. She knew the meaning of it—"Decide without delay."

"If there ever was a disagreeable man, it is this Dr. Reinhard," Albert exclaimed angrily as soon as the door was closed. Surprised and troubled, Eva looked up and debated within herself whether she should ask the reason of this uncalled for hatred. But her aunt anticipated her.

"A strange prejudice, Albert, and one of which I highly disapprove; for surely there was nothing offensive in his conduct to you. You should consider."

"Oh no, mother, do not ask me to consider," he broke in half laughing. "Considering is not in my line. Thinking disturbs my head and heart. I can only feel. By sympathy or antipathy I must act, right or wrong. I will bet that my cousin agrees with me"—turning to Eva—"young ladies are seldom addicted to thinking."

Eva's answer was vague. She was again at a loss to understand Albert, and moreover she was vexed with him. He saw her displeasure, and at once changed his manner and the subject of conversation, showing himself thereby in the best light, so that Eva gradually forgot her vexation; and when they parted, if she was not in a good humour, she was not in a bad one. During the following day she had no opportunity of talking to the Doctor, for when he came to the house Albert was always there.

Albert's ways and humours were the less intelligible to her the more she thought about them; and, strange as it was, she had always to ask herself from what cause the restless agitation of his manner could arise. She would not have been a girl if she had not connected it with love, and she thought of Emily Waldow, with whom he had been so desperately in love a year before. It happened that on one of the following days she was to be an eye-witness of their meeting, for she had been invited with Albert and his mother to a house where the young lady was also to be. She was grieved to see the air of indifference with which her cousin passed by Miss Waldow, whom he scarcely seemed to recognize, while Miss Waldow with difficulty restrained herself from giving vent to her surprise at his manner.

She observed herself the deep frown which remained upon his brow that day in spite of the tone of reckless gaiety which he assumed, and she asked herself again what it could be that thus changed his manner, bred bitterness in his heart, and had also turned the current of his love. The racking of her brains about Albert's state of mind affected her own, and she often longed to have a *tête-à-tête* with him, thinking that she might be able to deliver him from these strange humours, which pained her more and more. She would have given a great deal if she could have spoken to him on the spot about it, and she was angry with him for not forcing it upon her. But at other times she thought she saw the Doctor's earnest eyes fixed upon her with the saddest expression, telling her that he left her entirely free, while she had to reproach herself with failing to let him know that she accepted his hand. She at once sat down and wrote him her acceptance, with a prayer to God that it might be for the happiness of both. At that

moment she seemed to enter into some of the bliss to come. She felt at least calmer in spirit since the letter had been sent.

The servant who carried the letter returned, and told her mistress that the Doctor was not at home, but that in a few hours he would return and the letter would be in his hands. Eva pictured him to herself receiving and reading it; she reckoned the time that must pass before he could come to embrace her as his future wife; and she felt happy in having placed herself under such a protector. While her thoughts were running in this channel the door opened and Albert came in. His face showed signs of more than ordinary excitement, and his dark eye flashed more than usual.

"Are you alone, cousin Eva?" he said.

"Alone with my thoughts," she replied, trying to steal a look at him, for his glance disturbed her.

"I would fain know those thoughts," he said, placing himself before her. "I would fain know—I hope I am not impertinent in asking—whether in those thoughts I occupy any place?"

His words sent the blood into her face.

"I do not hold myself bound to make known to you what passes in my mind, Albert."

"O, I know very well, Eva, that it is something concerning your heart," he exclaimed with an air of excitement; "with ladies thoughts are feelings. It is for this reason that I dared to ask that question, and dare it again. I must know, Eva, whether I may hope that your heart has responded to mine."

"Alfred!" she cried with an almost frantic look.

He clasped both her hands, and cried in accents of passion, "Eva, it cannot be otherwise; the word is on your lips: tell me that you are mine, that you will be mine for ever."

She drew her hand across her forehead as though she wanted to drive away some evil dream, and looked at him with surprise and dismay.

"Speak, Eva, I can bear this silence no longer."

"Albert, my word has been given to Dr. Reinhard. I am his betrothed."

With a wild cry he sprang up. Reinhard! It cannot be, Eva. Tell me that you are only tormenting me. Is it possible that you can love Dr. Reinhard? Answer me and truly, for the happiness and destiny of a human being hang upon your words."

"He is the noblest and best of men, Albert."

He stamped his foot. "I do not wish to be told that. Do you love him?"

She looked him straight in the face and said: "If I had not loved him, should I have given him my hand?"

"O, the hand may be given without the heart," he said with a sardonic smile. Then, in a lower tone—"Eva, my heart tells me that you do not love that man. You respect and honour him, but you do not love him; and to be happy you must love. Eva, you do not know your own heart."

"Oh! Albert, why do you question me thus?" she said sobbing.

"You cannot answer, because you have been deceiving yourself," he cried, in a tone of exultation, "because Dr. Reinhard is not the object of your love. Will you be mine, Eva? I place my heart and my destiny at your feet, and I declare that if they are not accepted, my doom is sealed."

"You ask that which is impossible, which has been impossible for the last hour. This morning I wrote to Dr. Reinhard that I would be his."

Again a cry escaped him. "And why is Dr. Reinhard not with you? Where is he?"

In a few words she explained the reason. As he heard it, his brow cleared a little.

"If you had not sent this note—if you had not given him your word, what answer would you make to me? I ought to and must know."

"Then, Albert"—her feelings overcame her, and she could say no more.

"Then, Eva, then?"

"Do not torture me, Albert. I cannot and dare not answer you." And tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Eva, you are and shall be mine, let what will betide," he cried joyfully; drew her tenderly into his arms; then at once released her and disappeared.

Dr. Reinhard finished his round of visits earlier than usual that day, returned to his room, and found among the letters on his table one from Eva. He opened it, and joy spread over his grave features. "God be praised," he murmured, "my suspicions are groundless. Poor little heart, what confidence she has in me! May God help me that she may never be betrayed." He rested his head upon his hand, and looked thoughtfully before him, while his face brightened as he saw rise before his mind the picture of a happy future. Carried away by his thoughts he forgot the present. At length he rose and said, "Fool that I am, to dream over such good fortune instead of grasping it. To her!" He took his hat, when another visitor was announced and Albert entered.

With a quick glance he scanned the Doctor's face, and as he saw the look of happiness which it wore, and which his unwelcome visit could not alter, he involuntarily bit his lip.

"Have you received and read a letter from my cousin Eva?" he asked, after their first mute recognition.

Reinhard looked at him with surprise. "I will not refuse to answer your strange question. I have received a letter from Miss Eva."

"I know the contents of it," exclaimed Albert, greatly excited. "I came to tell you" ——

"What?" asked the Doctor.

"This, that the letter gives you no claim upon her hand. I will myself contest it with you, if it comes to that. Eva must hear me. She must be mine, if I have to struggle against heaven and hell for her."

The Doctor fixed on his rival a cold, calm look. "I will not inquire, Lieutenant, whether it is fever or madness that makes you speak as you do. But I am happy in the knowledge that Eva is not under your influence, and that it is therefore useless for me to accept your challenge."

"Oh! you do not know Eva's heart," Albert replied angrily, "or you would not speak so proudly. Do you know that within this hour I have spoken to her, and that I am as certain that Eva's heart belongs to me as I am of God's mercy."

The Doctor turned pale, but he said with confidence, "I have her word in my hand. A girl like Eva does not lie."

"No, but she can deceive herself, be blind to her own good till the band falls from her eyes."

"Rather say," interrupted the Doctor in a cutting tone, "till your reckless hand tore it from her eyes to bind them again with illusion and deceit.

"Sir!" said Albert, wild with rage. But he soon controlled himself and spoke in a calm tone. "I am ready to give you any satisfaction you may name."

Reinhard measured him with a contemptuous look, and replied coldly, "You will not succeed in forcing me to commit a mad act, Lieutenant, any more than you have succeeded in making me doubt Eva. I will take no notice of what has passed behind my back till I have heard it from her lips. Till then let all remain as it is."

"So be it!" said Albert. "Speak to her, for sure I am that she will tell you what you wish to know. I will now begone, that I may not stand in the way of a speedy decision."

"I must request your presence for one moment more," said Reinhard. "Whatever may be the result of Eva's explanation, I hope and feel that we two shall have had our last

interview. This being so, something remains for me to do. I have to restore to you a part of your inheritance which chanced a year ago"—he laid a strong emphasis on the last words—"to fall into my hands, and which I have been keeping carefully to be sooner or later returned to you."

He went to his writing-table, opened a drawer, and took out a paper parcel which, when unfolded, disclosed a white glove such as is worn by officers of the navy. He presented it to Albert and drew his attention to the initials *A. v. W.*, which were worked on it. "I found it in your uncle's office as I hurried to his sick bed, and picked it up to prevent its being seen by less discreet eyes."

A spasm passed over Albert's face, and a glance shot from his eye like that of the tiger when about to spring upon its prey. But with the swiftness of lightning it was gone, and his face was as calm as his voice when he answered: "I thank you for having so conscientiously preserved so insignificant an object; and though I attach no value to it, I shall know how to return your kindness."

He bowed with the self-possession of a man of the world, and left the room. The Doctor watched his retreating figure with darkening brow, and said in a bitter tone. "So he is not to be conquered in this way, He has picked up the glove. So be it—the struggle has commenced."

He went to Eva.

After Albert's departure Eva had remained in an agony of mind. What would be the end of all this? What would become of her? What had become of the happiness that had been hers an hour ago? All seemed like a dream. She almost wished for death to release her. But amidst all her pain she was happy in the thought that Albert loved her. Whether she loved him she did not distinctly know. She did not dare to question herself closely; for to marry Doctor Reinhard appeared to her a sacred duty which must be performed. But then she pitied Albert so much, unhappy as he was on her account, and she would have given her life cheerfully to restore his peace of mind. And in this mood she was to meet Dr. Reinhard, who came to claim her as his bride. Trembling with anxiety she awaited his coming, and shook with fear when she heard his step. The door opened, and his commanding form was on the threshold. "Eva, I have received your letter, and I have also spoken with your cousin Albert. Say that all he has told me is untrue!" His voice was firm at the commencement, but grew tender and mournful as he uttered the last words, every accent of which sank deep into her heart.

"O, Dr. Reinhard, I did not know it when I wrote to you."

"Know what, Eva," he said tenderly.

"That Albert loved me—that he could not live without me."

"And you, Eva, what did you say to him. Answer me as you would answer God on the last day! Did you tell him that his love was returned?"

"No, no, Dr. Reinhard, I only mourned that I could not help him."

He breathed more freely and said, "God stood by you, Eva, in the hour of temptatton. He will help me to sustain you with true love. The sorrow you now feel will disappear, and then you will forget your cousin."

She looked at him with astonishment.

"Forget! That is impossible, Doctor."

"And how will you think of him?"

"With numberless tears—with prayers that God may bless him, even if it should cost my happiness and life."

"Eva, you love him," the Doctor said in despair.

She drew her hand across her forehead and said:

"May God and you forgive me, for I believe that it is love."

"Unhappy girl, you do not know the man you love," exclaimed the Doctor in agony.

"Dr. Reinhard!" was Eva's only exclamation as she laid her hand upon her heart.

"Think of your father," he cried, "and ask yourself whether he would approve your choice. I, as his oldest and most confidential friend, believe that he never would have sanctioned this match."

"As for him," said Eva, "if I did not myself know that he regarded Albert as his only son, the respect and sorrow with which Albert speaks of my father would be enough."

"Perhaps such was their relation once; but during Albert's last visit you were absent. You told me yourself that he did not leave a favourable impression upon you. Perhaps it may have been the same with your father."

She almost smiled, so certain did she feel, as she replied, "My father had an affection for him which, as he himself said, amounted to a weakness. I have often read, and re-read," she continued blushing—"the letter in which he speaks of it, and says how his honest and generous heart appears in spite of all his mad pranks. O, my father knew him better than one who can speak ill of him, though I even trusted his opinion more than that of my deceased parent."

"How do you know that your father did not change his opinion?"

"The letter was written on the very day on which he was taken ill," Eva said abruptly, as if she wished to stop any further questions.

"Hours, a whole day, intervened," he said sternly. "A moment will bring to light the character of a man in whom we have been deceived for years."

Her face grew crimson, and she looked at Dr. Reinhard indignantly. "Dr. Reinhard," she said, "you know not how much you grieve me. You show yourself in a new light, and one of which I had not thought you capable. I deemed you a gentleman and a noble-minded man."

He turned away and struggled to obtain control over himself; then came up to her, took her hand and said, "Eva, I must resign you, but let me have the comfort of knowing that you have not thrown yourself away. I cannot, I dare not say any more, but let me beg you once again to heed my words."

"Dr. Reinhard," she said proudly, "I will pardon what you say on account of the pain I cause you, and also for this reason," she continued kindling with enthusiasm, "because you have been the means of showing me how much I love Albert. I did not know it an hour ago. And now I tell you that if Albert had committed a dreadful crime, if all the world was against him, I would be his; for my heart says his I am and his I must be."

"You know not what you say. This cannot be," said the Doctor passionately.

"It is and shall be," she firmly replied.

"Then we go different ways," he replied sorrowfully, "I have nothing more to say."

"I have something to say to you. Be to me what you once were—my friend."

She offered him both her hands, but he turned away and a stern expression gathered round his mouth as he said, "I am not capable of half-way feelings. I should not like to interfere with others; therefore it is better that we should be strangers to each other henceforth."

"You are angry with me," she said sorrowfully.

She was silent for a few moments. Then he said, "I am far more angry with myself for thinking that a beautiful young creature like you could love an old man like me. Now I have suffered for my presumption, and will try to forget."

She grasped his hand, which was not withdrawn, and felt that it was as cold as ice between her burning fingers. The next moment Eva was alone. She gave vent to her feelings by tears, more grieved at the loss of her friend than happy that she was free.

A little while after the departure of the

Doctor, Albert entered, and asked anxiously "Is my fate decided?"

She threw herself into his arms. "Yes, Albert, I gave up everything to become yours."

Tears ran down his cheeks as he pressed her closer to his heart and said, with trembling voice, "May Heaven's curse be upon me if I do not love and cherish you through life."

CHAPTER III.

SOON after their marriage the young pair had removed to a sea-port, whither Albert had been called by his profession. Eva was glad to leave the old place, it was connected with such painful reminiscences. Nor was Albert sorry to depart. By his marriage with Eva he had fulfilled his mother's dearest desire, and, as she did not wish to be separated from her children, she had followed them to their new home. Death soon took her from them, but she died believing that they were and would be happy. She had not even a suspicion of what had passed between Doctor Reinhard and Eva.

Whether Albert kept the oath he had sworn through their wedded life—who can tell?

If you saw the tenderness he showed her, how devoted he was to her, how constant the attention he paid to her, you would not doubt that he loved her as well as he did on the day when he pleaded for her hand. But if you looked more closely you would doubt whether they were really happy. The childlike expression of Eva's face had long since vanished, and been replaced by one almost mournful. It is true that her lips never betrayed the feelings of her heart. She never complained of her husband, but she could not help owning to herself that she had not succeeded in moderating Albert's moody nature and making it harmonize with her own. If she had ever confidently hoped that her love for him, and his for her was strong enough to banish the dark humours which at times took possession of him, she had now to acknowledge to herself that it was too weak to vanquish the demon in his breast, and that it was out of her power to exercise a constant influence over him.

By slow degrees she had given up these hopes. In the moments when he seemed to surrender his whole being to her, she regained courage and sought again to influence him; but at length the instruments she used grew weaker and weaker.

Her looks never betrayed this, and the world regarded Albert as the happy husband of a beautiful and accomplished wife; while Eva was envied the possession of him, for everybody liked Albert, with his pleasant manners, his politeness, his amiability, his good looks. In the most aristocratic circles of the city the young pair were to be seen: their popularity was universal. Eva would have preferred a quiet life, but Albert liked company, and she cheerfully accompanied him to the various places of awusement.

One day Albert and Eva entertained a brilliant party, composed chiefly of naval officers and their families. That day Albert was in particularly good spirits, and Eva saw with pleasure that he had laid aside his usual gloom and was making himself agreeable and even fascinating. He was standing in the midst of a group of officers and her ear and heart were cheered by his merry laugh, which again and again rang out.

At this moment another naval officer, one whom she had never seen before, entered and addressed Count Wallberg.

"Wallberg, give me a welcome," as he offered him his hand.

In an instant the gaiety vanished from Albert's face, which became very pale. However, he soon recovered himself, and she heard him ask: "Must I believe in ghosts? Where did you come from, Rosen?"

"Direct from Japan," he replied, and after

he had saluted the other gentlemen, continued "I asked for leave of absence and got it, for family affairs required my immediate return, and while the *Arethusa* is still stationed for a year off the coast of Japan, I landed here this morning."

For a time the conversation was general, and the subject appeared to be the expedition, but after a few minutes Eva remarked that Rosen laid his hand on Albert's shoulder and said "I hear, old fellow, that you have married, and that your wife is in this room; so please give me an introduction to her."

It seemed to Eva that Albert did not much like this proposal, for his brow darkened, and the frown which had caused her so much anxiety reappeared upon his face as he introduced his friend, Captain Rosen.

Rosen did not heed his humor, and after the usual compliments he seated himself beside Eva and commenced conversing with her in so free a way that Albert attributed his manner to his having taken a more than ordinary quantity of wine. He tried in different ways to draw him off, but Rosen would not be persuaded to follow him; he was too agreeably placed. Soon he began to joke about Albert's expression of face. "Look, my lady," he said to Eva, "what a sardonic look he can put on now; yet I can tell you that two years ago he was the gayest bird amongst us. He, too, has had his day of pranks and follies. Do you remember the gay nights we spent at the card table, Wallberg? Aha, you need not stare at me so angrily. These peccadilloes, of which I am peaching, are all past and forgiven. I hear that since your marriage you have been very religious, and never touch cards or dice. But, parbleu, in old times did we not outwit the straitlaced old Admiral?

"Rosen, you forget that my wife hears us," Albert said, scarcely able to speak.

"Pooh, your lovely wife does not look as if she were given to curtain lectures. I will wager that she will pardon you for your black eyes, as many a lady has done."

"Rosen, let these remembrances drop till we two are alone."

"Why let them drop, Wallberg, since they come to my mind at this moment? Why should I not dwell on them, and thank you for having saved the honour of both of us at that time. A rich uncle and guardian is a very useful personage when one knows how to manage him skilfully."

Albert had grown pale as death and his eyes glared fiercely.

"Rosen," he said, "I forbid you to speak of such things. Do you hear, "I forbid you."

These words served to recall Rosen to his senses. He sprang up, gave a glance at Eva, who was as white as snow, and whispered to her husband, "I will say no more now, on account of your wife, but we shall meet again"—and immediately made his exit through a side door. Fortunately no one had witnessed the scene, for the dancing in the next room had attracted the company thither. Only afterwards some one noticed that Albert leaned over his wife, and that she at once took his arm and was led out of the room. He told some of the guests that it was the heat of the room which affected his wife, and that she would have to rest for a few moments. And in truth, the fright had so wrought upon her that she was suffering greatly, and did not feel relief till she had reached the quiet of her room. Albert paid her all the attention of which his nature was capable. "Poor little birdie," he said, as he pressed her head close to his breast, "did the man's coarseness frighten you? Let your head rest here till you are well again."

But how was she to quiet her heart, that beat so violently? "What was it, Albert, what does it all mean?" she at length summoned courage to ask.

"What unheard of folly in Rosen," he replied, "to be recalling a by-gone time and

old pranks. For is it not true, Eva, that all—*all* my sins are forgiven?"

"All!" replied Eva, and she twined her arms around his neck, "even though they were ten times as numerous as that man would make one think."

He kissed her tenderly, called her by a thousand loving names, and at length succeeded in making her forget the principal cause of her grief. Only her weary frame showed the trace of what had passed, and following Albert's advice, she retired to her bedroom to try and sleep, that she might banish all vestige of the conversation from her memory. He accompanied her to her bedroom, pressed her once more to his heart, kissed her beautiful hair and eyes over and over again, with an affection of which Eva had not thought him capable. As soon as she had retired to rest Albert left the house. But she was soon folded in sleep, and realities and imaginings were alike forgotten.

She slept later than usual the next morning, and did not awake till the servant rushed in crying, "My lady, get up: something has happened."

"In the name of Heaven what has happened? Where is my husband?"

"He is sick—I believe wounded," stammered the servant.

Eva shrieked, and a flood of questions poured from her lips, which the bewildered servant could neither comprehend nor answer.

"I will come," she said at length, and hastily putting on her clothes, was on the point of leaving the room when the family physician, Dr. H., was announced. "What has happened?" she asked as he entered. The Doctor closed the door, and said in a gentle voice:

"Collect yourself, that you may be able to bear what I must tell you."

"Albert—my husband?" she stammered.

"He has had a meeting with a brother officer, and has received a wound from a pistol bullet."

She trembled, but that was all. "Is it dangerous?" she asked.

"Yes, my lady."

"Any hope?"

The physician shrugged his shoulders. "By God's help every thing is possible."

She shook so violently that he was obliged to support her with his arm. After a few seconds she said, firmly, "Lead me to him."

When she saw before her the figure of her husband, pale and motionless, swathed in white bandages, she fell senseless upon his bed. He feebly smiled, laid his hand upon her head, and said in a weak voice, "Poor child, I am dying." The wild shriek which she gave alarmed the physician, who begged her to spare the patient any needless pain. The dying man only shook his head and grasped her hand tightly. "Do not leave me for a moment."

She could not answer, but leaned over him and kissed his forehead, mouth and hands. At length she rose and asked the physician whether she could do anything for him. "Nothing," replied the physician, "only remain quiet."

And quietly she remained by him for long long hours—dreadful hours—during which he was motionless, and seemed to sleep. It would have been difficult to say which of the two appeared the more lifeless. At length he grew restless, and his features were convulsed as if in agony. He opened his eyes and gazed long on the face of his beloved, then whispered, "Let us be alone, Eva, entirely alone. Do you understand me?"

She motioned to the servants to leave the room. The physician had already left, saying as he went that for the moment his help was useless, and he would soon return. She leant over him tenderly, and asked whether he had anything to communicate to her.

"I have to confess, for before death comes confession, Eva; and it is a sore one," he added with a sigh.

"Confide in God," she pleaded, trembling.

"No, no, Eva, you must hear it. Rosen can rest content with the part he knew, but you must know all."

"Let it alone, Albert; spare me."

"Spare you!" he exclaimed with an unearthly laugh. "Do you think that because the flame is unseen it burns less fiercely. No, let me speak. You have heard that we played, drank, gambled, and at last lost every thing, and should have been cashiered, for we owed ten thousand dollars, and the scoundrel in whose debt we were threatened us with imprisonment. Rosen came to see me. I was then on a visit to my mother. We were both desperate, and I vowed that I would help both of us. My twenty-first birthday was near, and I should receive my inheritance of thirty thousand dollars, of which my uncle was trustee. I demanded the sum of my uncle; he refused to give it me. I insisted; he remained firm. Perhaps he did not believe that I needed it so much; perhaps he could not really help me. But I thought he was rich, and knew that as a Crown official he had just received ten thousand dollars—a sum sufficient to save me. My importunity enraged him. He called it dishonesty, and said that he had to hand the money over to the authorities the next morning, and that he could not tarnish his honour. I was beside myself—mad. I resolved on a desperate course. My leave had expired, the next day I was to be on board, and during the night—but give me water, the words which I am uttering burn my lips."

With trembling hands she brought him the refreshing drink, thinking with bitterness upon what he was going to reveal.

"During the night," Albert continued, as soon as he recovered from the exhaustion caused by his disclosures, "we returned once more. I knew where the safe stood in which the money was kept, and only a slight pressure of the hand was needed to open it."

"Albert," cried Eva! "in Heaven's name, you did not do it?"

"I did worse: I took the money. Do you hear. I appropriated it, and gave it to Rosen, and we redeemed our lost honour. Our lost honour, that would be so redeemed! Why do you stare at me, Eva, have you never seen a man who has committed theft? Now attend to my words. I did not know that the attack had been brought on the old gentleman by his having been robbed, and hearing who had robbed him. But Dr. Reinhard was in possession of the secret, and for this I hated him through life, and hate him now upon my deathbed. But I loved my uncle, though I was the chief cause of his death. I loved him as a bad son does his father. I intended to confess all to him, and to beg him to make up the loss out of my inheritance, but his death prevented me. O, I could weep now for him as you do, if the tears had not dried in my eyes since I became a scoundrel. Eva, do you think that I shall ever weep again?"

"O, yes, Albert, our Father in Heaven will pardon you, and relieve you of the burden of your sins."

"Do you think so, Eva? I, too, for a while hoped for forgiveness, and thought it would come through you, and that for that reason you must needs be mine. I had robbed you of all worldly joys, killed your father indirectly, ruined myself, but you must be happy, and no other being but myself should watch over your happiness. Once when you were a child I had laughed at you for loving me. All these things rose before my mind, and I swore that you should be my wife."

"And was it for this," poor Eva said to herself, "that I became his wife; was it for this that I broke my faith to Doctor Reinhard? O, Albert, was it then not because you loved me?" she asked.

The invalid was silent for a moment. The colour in his face heightened, and his thoughts seemed to be wandering.

"Love," he whispered, "how fondly I

loved her, with her tresses of jet-black hair and dark eyes! More beautiful than you, Eva, almost. But what was Emmy Waldow to me if I could win you, Eva?"

"May God forsake me not," murmured the unhappy woman.

"All is over now," he said, wandering in mind, as he moved his head restlessly about, "and Eva is gone; but when she returns tell her that she has been my guardian angel, my good spirit; that she saved my soul from perdition."

"Albert," she cried, "these words save me from despair."

He opened his eyes for the last time, looked at her tenderly and stammered 'Forgive me, Eva, and pray for me."

"Father in Heaven, have mercy upon us!"

When the physician returned to look after his patient, he found Eva lying over his corpse in a swoon.

CHAPTER IV.

IN the city deep sympathy was felt for the young widow, whom the death of her husband had brought so near the grave. Grief had laid her upon a sick bed, where she hung for weeks between life and death; and when she rose from it, months had elapsed since the death of Albert. When she came again into the world, she was pale, quiet and reserved, shunned speaking about her deceased husband, and showed a great desire to leave the city, so much so that she became impatient at the physician's delay in allowing her to depart. At length she told him she could wait no longer, and intended to start next morning.

Dr. Reinhard was sitting in his study, surrounded with books and papers, when it was announced that a lady wished to speak with him. He was not at all surprised, for it was not uncommon for ladies of rank to visit the busy physician in his office, in order to obtain his advice more quickly. He thought it was a visit of this description. But when the lady who had been announced entered, dressed entirely in black, and removed the veil from her face, he started back, and the pen dropped from his ear as he recognized her. "Eva—Madame de Wallberg!" he exclaimed, half aloud.

Her eyes, which in her now worn and pale face seemed larger than ever, looked at him piteously as she said, "Reinhard, do not be angry with me. I have a painful duty to perform, and this it is which brings me to you."

Meantime Dr. Reinhard had reseated himself. "I have heard," he said, with feeling, "of your loss."

"I have much to bear, and perhaps I may never be free from sorrow. If you have any sympathy for me, permit me to explain clearly what you will understand when I have finished."

"But why speak of anything that is painful to you? If it is connected with the past, I give you my word that I have looked upon it as if it had never been."

She shook her head. "There is a dark spot upon his memory. Dr. Reinhard, you know a dreadful secret. As the inheritor of that secret I have taken a debt upon myself."

"I really do not understand you, Eva," the Doctor replied, greatly agitated.

She was silent for a moment, and then said, "Did I not once tell you that I had pondered a long time over my father's words, and that they were a great mystery to me. At that time you would not tell me their meaning. Afterwards I learned the secrets, and I now know why he called you the preserver of his honour. I know that he was brought to the brink of ruin by the loss of some money."

"No living being could have told you that," exclaimed Doctor Reinhard in astonishment.

"Be silent, Reinhard, and do not force

me to reveal how I learned the sad story. I only say to you, let us allow the dead to rest in peace. Sorrow has bowed my heart, but it has made my insight keener. When I had examined my father's papers, I discovered that he could not have refunded the money, and then I knew who had assisted him. I now return the amount to you with many thanks," she said, as she placed a bundle of bank notes on the table.

"It is out of the question, Eva. I cannot accept the money."

"You ought not to hesitate, Dr. Reinhard. I appeal to you as the daughter of my father, and as the widow of Albert."

He thought for a moment. "I cannot accept the money, yet it would be unfeeling to refuse it. In this city there is an institution for widows and orphans. What say you to giving the money to this institution as a bequest from your father?"

Eva, unable to speak, bowed acquiescence. Both needed a moment to collect themselves. Eva then added "My mission is fulfilled," and bowed adieu.

The words of farewell were on his lips when he suddenly grasped her hand and said, "Eva, you once asked me to be your friend. At that time I could not. But now I beg you to let me be your friend as of old."

"As of old!" she repeated, and smiled sadly. "Reinhard, I thank you."

CHAPTER VII.

A YEAR and a half had passed since Albert's death, but the interval had not sufficed to remove the traces of suffering from Eva's face. Nor had her spirits recovered from her loss. At the same time her health grew worse. Of the gay nature of her girlhood there now remained not a trace, and those who had known Eva then would not have recognized her now. Still she was beautiful, and no one could look upon her face without feeling an interest in her. The people of the town where she now lived knew nothing of her history. She had removed to the town because she had some relatives living in the neighbourhood. Eva had never seen them, but they were the nearest relatives she had remaining, and she needed some one to comfort her. She was not disappointed, for when she had been with them a short time she began to feel that she was not entirely alone in the world.

The thought that she was giving pleasure to others gave her pleasure also, and prevented her from asking herself what was the use of living. Dr. W. proposed to her a few months at a watering-place. At first she smiled and said "Where is the use of it: I have no bodily ailment, and for the source of my sufferings there is no healing spring." Nevertheless she took his advice, and was now at P. The day after her arrival she was awaiting a visit from the physician of the springs, whom Dr. W. had particularly commended as a very able member of the profession. Dr. W. had not mentioned his name. It was with surprise, therefore, that she cried, as he entered the room, "Reinhard, are you here?"

He came up to her and said, in a cordial tone, "I am very glad, Eva, that you did not know you would meet me here as physician of the springs."

"No, I did not," she said bashfully.

He looked at her for some moments in silence. "Dr. W. has written to me. Will you be willing to put yourself under my care?"

She looked at him sadly. "I am not ill, but only weary."

Again he scanned her, and then said, "When we are in health life does not permit us to be weary. Take the advice of your physician," he continued in a lively tone, "you must float more with the stream.

Have you any friends or acquaintances at this place?"

Eva shook her head. "I am quite alone."

"Then allow me to introduce you to a friend, though perhaps an introduction will hardly be necessary, for the lady of whom I speak is from the same town as yourself. Do you know Mrs. General Kerstein?"

Eva shuddered involuntarily, for she knew it was the name of Emily Waldow by marriage. "Slightly; she is many years older than I am, and was reckoned a young lady when I was a child. Afterwards we lost sight of each other, and I only know that she has been very unfortunate."

"You have also heard of the unhappy marriage that she made. I know not what can have induced her to give her hand to that rich, tyrannical old general, but she paid dearly for it, and she was worthy of a better lot. I am convinced of it now that I know her well."

Eva did not attempt to answer. Her own remembrances were too bitter.

Luckily the Doctor did not remark her silence. He took leave, having many invalids to visit during the morning.

When he was gone, Eva sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands, while her whole body trembled. The sight of Dr. Reinhard had disturbed her more than she could have thought possible; and now she was also to meet that Emily Waldow whose name had been on Albert's dying lips. Every word the Doctor had uttered about her had pierced Eva's heart like an arrow. She knew why Emily Waldow had united herself to a man whom she did not love. That better lot of which Dr. Reinhard spoke she could have found at Albert's side. Her thoughts wandered till she imagined herself guilty of the acts of her husband, and deeming it her duty to see the wronged one, took her cloak to go out. She reached the door, when shame and bashfulness overcame her, and she was on the point of returning. But she encouraged herself by repeating Reinhard's saying: "Life does not permit us to be weary."

Reinhard was waiting for her upon the promenade. He led her to a stately woman and introduced her as the Countess of Wallberg. Eva saw the bright eyes and the dark tresses of which Albert had spoken, and at the same time an icy chill came over her heart at the look of hatred which their beautiful owner gave her.

"I know Countess Wallberg much better than you think," said Madame Kerstein, "and I thought an introduction unnecessary."

Eva replied gently, "You knew me only as an inexperienced girl. May a woman who has passed through the school of sorrow hope to share your friendship?

Involuntarily Madame Kerstein's look grew milder, and there was a certain tenderness in her tone as she replied:

"I did not hear without deep sympathy that you also had learned what it is to suffer. But who does not?" she added in a bitter tone.

Reinhard, who did not like the turn which the conversation had taken, now tried to change it, which he succeeded in doing. Madame Kerstein and he then carried on some light talk, Eva standing pensively by, and only throwing in a word now and then to show her friendly feeling. Something in her manner must have affected Madame Kerstein, for in taking leave there was less coldness in her tone; she even expressed the hope that she should have the pleasure of seeing Eva again soon.

Whether Eva desired it or not, whether she liked it or not, she thought it her duty to cultivate the acquaintance, as she had convinced herself that Dr. Reinhard took a great interest in the lovely woman, who showed no aversion to him.

Eva was an eye-witness of their daily intercourse, and she often saw his eye brighten when he spoke to her, and her proud features grow soft and gentle when she conversed with

him. Strange thoughts arose within her at these moments. At times she rejoiced that this noble man was to be made happy at last; but then she could not think that it would be by Madame Kerstein. She resolved however to love her for Reinhard's sake. During a *tête-à-tête* between the two ladies, the conversation turned upon Dr. Reinhard, and Madame Kerstein allowed it to appear how highly she esteemed him. "He is my ideal of a gentleman, severe and honourable —severe alike with himself and others. He is not the man to overlook an injury." Eva sank humbled before the woman who had no forgiveness to ask.

The benefits which Eva's friends hoped she would receive from the baths were not yet apparent. Reinhard saw her daily. For moments she was cheered by the happinesss which shone more and more in his eyes, but it was very difficult for her to follow his medical advice. He had made her promise to go to a romantic spot in the neighbourhood where a large party was to assemble. At first she declined, but when he added that she would find there Madame Kerstein, who looked forward to the pleasure of meeting her, and said how glad he was to observe their growing friendship, Eva timidly observed that she desired to be Madame Kerstein's friend. "Believe me, she is worthy of your friendship," the Doctor replied warmly, "under an appearance of coldness she has a warm and generous heart. I spoke to her this morning at the Springs, and if my hopes are not deceived, a long desired wish of mine will be fulfilled. But more of that hereafter." This was the first time that Dr. Reinhard had so openly expressed his feelings for the proud beauty.

When Eva was left alone she felt pleased that the Doctor should place so much confidence in her. The next day, in the afternoon, when she reached the Hermitage, she found there a brilliant circle, apparently in a great state of excitement. "Have you heard the news?" asked a lady friend—"the engagement of Mrs. General Kerstein?"

Eva trembled in spite of herself. She did not expect the news so soon.

"Oh! you are not surprised," continued the lady. "Then you are already in the secret. Can you tell us about the bridegroom? There are different opinions as to what he is."

"He is a Polish Count"—"No, a Russian statesman"—resounded on all sides. Before Eva could recover from her surprise the circle opened to admit a couple who had approached unperceived, but upon whom all eyes were now turned. They were Mrs. General Kerstein and a tall and distinguished looking man whom she introduced to the company as the President Hollbach, her future husband. Eva was so taken by surprise that she could not unite with the rest in congratulations. She could think only of the deadly blow which this engagement would give Reinhard, and the force of which she wished to break if only for a moment. She wanted his wound not to be seen by all the party; she felt that his pride could not endure it. Unobserved by the company she slipped away and went in the direction from which she knew he must come. In a few minutes he appeared, and was surprised at the sight of Eva, in whose pale and troubled face he read no good tidings for himself.

"Has anything happened to you, Eva?"

"I am only grieved for you, Reinhard," she replied, scarce able to articulate. "I would give my life to save you from what awaits you." She gazed on him with a look of sorrow.

"In the name of Heaven what has happened, Eva?"

Before she could answer, some of the party arrived and told him the interesting news.

An expression of joy came over his face. "God be praised, my hopes are realized." He approached the engaged couple.

Eva could not catch Reinhard's eye. She

was sure that she had fallen into error, for she had heard it from his own lips, and it was mortifying to know that she had too openly showed him her thoughts. She wished to be alone, and bent her steps toward a spot at some distance, where she was not likely to be intruded upon. But to be alone was not her destiny. A few moments had passed when the bushes were moved aside, and Reinhard stood before her. Her eye quailed before his as she prayed in a low voice to be forgiven.

"For what do you ask forgiveness, Eva? For frightening me for a moment to give me a pleasant surprise the next. I repeat to you that it was with delight that I saw their engagement. I have long desired it, knowing my friend Hollbach's affection for her. He came by the twelve o'clock train to-day to receive her answer, and as I was many miles away from town I did not hear the news until this hour."

Eva breathed more freely, but remained silent. He seated himself beside her, took her hand, and said, "Do you know so little about hearts as to think that I was in love with Madame Kerstein?"

"O Reinhard," she replied in painful embarrassment, "I had only one thought—to see you happy."

"I know it," he said earnestly, "but you looked for my happiness in a direction whence it could never come."

His tone made her rise and try to withdraw her hand from his.

"Once I dreamed that I should be able to call a pure little being mine," he continued, "but I had to own to myself, with bitter sorrow, that I was mistaken. Then I withdrew, and resolved never again to attempt to grasp objects so fickle and fleeting. I swore never again to put faith in woman's word and love. But to your image Eva, I have always been true. Friendly voices whispered to me that I might now try with some chance of success. But I said to myself, she will not believe me, and therefore I resolved to remain no more or less than your friend. But, Eva, it is otherwise now. And now I ask you for the second time to be my wife."

His voice trembled as he said this, and hers still more as she replied. "Is it possible, Reinhard, that you can love me in spite of all my faults?"

"I love you, Eva, as I loved you years ago, as I have loved you through pain and sorrow, only more deeply."

She lay upon his breast, enfolded in his arms.

"My God, can this be true? After so much misery can there be such happiness?" exclaimed Eva.

Reinhard drew her to himself and said, "I thank God, Eva, for so much misery, if it were only for the happiness of this hour."

TRANSLATION OF THE HYMN OF THE THREE ARCHANGELS, AT THE OPENING OF "FAUST."

RAPHAEL.

THE Sun makes music as of old
Amidst the ringing brother spheres,
And, round his destined orbit rolled,
Measures with thunder tread the years.
New strength fills Angels as they gaze,
Though none the mystery's depth may scan;
Creation's marvels, passing praise,
Are glorious as when time began.

GABRIEL.

And onwards, ever onwards, flies
Fair earth with swiftness baffling sight;
Now bright with beams of Paradise,
Now plunged in awful shades of night.
The sea's broad waves in foam are hurled
Against the cliff's deep-sunken base,
And sea and cliff, together whirled,
Rush on in ceaseless planet-race.

MICHAEL.

From land to sea, from sea to land,
Blast answering blast, the tempests sweep,
And ever seething, weave a band
Around the world of ferment deep;
Before the thunderbolt's career
The lightnings of destruction play,
Yet all Thy servants, Lord, revere
The gentle wending of Thy day.

THE THREE

New strength fills angels as they gaze,
Though none Thy being's depth may scan;
The mighty works that speak Thy praise
Are glorious as when time began.

G. S.

THE PRESENT ASPECT OF INQUIRIES AS TO THE INTRODUCTION OF GENERA AND SPECIES IN GEOLOGICAL TIME.

BY J. W. DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S., PRINCIPAL OF McGILL COLLEGE UNIVERSITY.

From an (unpublished) Address before the Natural History Society of Montreal.

THERE can be no doubt that the theory of evolution, more especially that phase of it which is advocated by Darwin, has greatly extended its influence, especially among young English and American naturalists, within the few past years. We now constantly see reference made to these theories, as if they were established principles, applicable without question to the explanation of observed facts, while classifications notoriously based on these views, and in themselves untrue to nature, have gained currency in popular articles and even in text-books. In this way young people are being trained to be evolutionists without being aware of it, and will come to regard nature wholly through this medium. So strong is this tendency, more especially in England, that there is reason to fear that natural history will be prostituted to the service of a shallow philosophy, and that our old Baconian mode of viewing nature will be quite reversed, so that instead of studying facts in order to arrive at general principles, we shall return to the mediæval plan of setting up dogmas based on authority only, or on metaphysical considerations of the most flimsy character, and forcibly twisting nature into conformity with their requirements. Thus "advanced" views in science lend themselves to the destruction of science and to a return to semi-barbarism.

In these circumstances the only resource of the true naturalist is an appeal to the careful study of groups of animals and plants in their succession in geological time. I have myself endeavoured to apply this test in my recent report on the Devonian and Silurian flora of Canada, and have shown that the succession of Devonian and Carboniferous plants does not seem explicable on the theory of derivation. Still more recently, in a memoir on the Post-pliocene deposits of Canada, now in course of publication in the *Canadian Naturalist*, I have, by a close and detailed comparison of the numerous species of shells found embedded in our clays and gravels, with those living in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and on the coasts of Labrador and Greenland, shown that it is impossible to suppose that any changes of the nature of evolution were in progress; but on the contrary, that all these species have remained the same, even in their varietal forms, from the Post-pliocene period until now. Thus the inference is, that these species must have been introduced in some abrupt manner, and that their variations have been within narrow limits and not progressive. This is the more remarkable, since great changes of level and of climate have occurred, and many species have been obliged to change their geographical distribution, but have not been forced to vary more widely than in the Post-pliocene period itself.

Facts of this kind will attract little attention in comparison with the bold and attractive speculations of men who can launch their opinions from the vantage ground of London journals; but their gradual accumulation must some day sweep away the fabric

of evolution, and restore our English science to the domain of common sense and sound induction. Fortunately also, there are workers in this field beyond the limits of the English-speaking world. As an eminent example, we may refer to Joachim Barrande, the illustrious palæontologist of Bohemia, and the greatest authority on the wonderful fauna of his own primordial rocks. In his recent memoir on those ancient and curious crustaceans, the Trilobites,* he deals a most damaging blow at the theory of evolution, showing conclusively that no such progressive development is reconcileable with the facts presented by the primordial fauna. The Trilobites are very well adapted to such an investigation. They constitute a well marked group of animals trenchantly separated from all others. They extend through the whole enormous length of the Palæozoic period, and are represented by numerous genera and species. They ceased altogether at an early period of the earth's geological history, so that their account with nature has been closed, and we are in a condition to sum it up and strike the balance of profit and loss. Barrande, in an elaborate essay of 282 pages, brings to bear on the history of these creatures his whole vast stores of information, in a manner most conclusive in its refutation of theories of progressive development.

It would be impossible here to give an adequate summary of his facts and reasoning A mere example must suffice. In the earlier part of the memoir, he takes up the modification of the head, the thorax, and the pygidium or tail-piece of the Trilobites, in geological time, showing that numerous and remarkable as these modifications are, in structure, in form, and in ornamentation, no law of development can be traced in them. For example, in the number of segments or joints of the thorax, we find some Trilobites with only one to four segments, others with as many as fourteen to twenty-six, while a great many species have medium or intervening numbers. Now, in the early primordial fauna, the prevalent Trilobites are at the extremes, some with very few segments, as *Agnostus*, others with very many, as *Paradoxides*. The genera with the medium segments are more characteristic of the later faunas. There is thus no progression. If the evolutionist holds that the few-jointed forms are embryonic, or more like to the young of the others, then, on his theory, they should have precedence, but they are contemporary with forms having the greatest number of joints, and Barrande shows that these last cannot be held to be less perfect than those with the medium numbers. Further, as Barrande well shows, on the principle of survival of the fittest, the species with the medium number of joints are best fitted for the struggle of existence. But in that case the primordial Trilobites made a great mistake in passing at once from the few to the many segmented stage, or *vice versa*, and omitting the really profitable condition which lay between. In subsequent times they were thus obliged to undergo a retrogade evolution, in order to repair the error caused by the want of foresight, or precipitation of their earlier days. But like other cases of late repentance, theirs seems not to have quite repaired the evils incurred ; for it was after they had fully attained the golden mean that they failed in the struggle, and finally became extinct. "Thus the infallibility which these theories attribute to all the acts of matter organizing itself, is gravely compromised," and this attribute would appear not to reside in the trilobed tail, any more than, according to some, in the triple crown.

In the same manner the palæontologist of Bohemia passes in review all the parts of the Trilobites, the succession of their species and genera in time, the parallel between them and the Cephalopods, and the relation of all this to the primordial fauna gen-

* Published in advance of the Supplement to Vol. 1st of the Silurian System of Bohemia.

erally. Everywhere he meets with the same result; namely, that the appearance of new forms is sudden and unaccountable, and that there is no indication of a regular progression by derivation. He closes with the following somewhat satirical comparison, of which I give a free translation. "In the case of the planet Neptune, it appears that the theory of astronomy was wonderfully borne out by the actual facts as observed. This theory therefore is in harmony with the reality. On the contrary, we have seen that observation flatly contradicts all the indications of the theories of derivation, with reference to the composition and first phases of the primordial fauna. In truth, the special study of each of the zoological elements of that fauna has shown that the anticipations of the theory are in complete discordance with the observed facts. These discordances are so complete, and so marked, that it almost seems as if they had been contrived on purpose to contradict all that these theories teach of the first appearance and primitive evolution of the forms of animal life."

This testimony is the more valuable, inasmuch as the annulose animals generally, and the Trilobites in particular, have recently been a favourite field for the speculations of our English evolutionists. The usual *argumentum ad ignorantiam* deduced from the imperfection of the geological record, will not avail against the facts cited by Barrande, unless it could be proved that we know the Trilobites only in the last stages of their decadence, and that they existed as long before the Primordial, as that is before the Permian. Even this supposition, extravagant as it appears, would by no means remove all the difficulties.

THE INDIAN'S GRAVE.

BY DODISHOT.

'TIS only a little mound in the midst of the deep, dark grove,
Where the green leaves mournfully rustle and shake as they drearily wave
With the breath of each passing breeze, as if weeping for one that they love;
But 'tis only the sod that covers a warrior Indian's grave.

And the streamlet ripples along as softly as ever it did,
And the great tall pines look down on the clear lucid waters that lave,
With wavelets so tenderly soft, the dark, gloomy grove where is hid
The sad little mound of green turf that forms the poor Indian's grave.

And the elk and the antelope fleet come down to the water to drink,
And the fallow deer quaff undisturbed, and e'en the most timid are brave;
For nought but the forest is near, and they start not although on the brink
Of the last resting-place of their foe, who sleeps in the Indian's grave.

But the Chippewa brave sleeps on—and no more his war-cry is heard;
For he silently lies 'neath the shade, in the last narrow home that they gave;
And the rippling of waves o'er the stones, and the song of the free, joyous bird,
And the sough of the wind through the trees, sound sad by the Indian's grave.

ALFREDUS REX FUNDATOR.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

A FEW weeks ago an Oxford College celebrated the thousandth anniversary of its foundation by King Alfred.

The College which claims this honour is commonly called University College, though its legal name is *Magna Aula Universitatis*. The name "University College" causes much perplexity to visitors, who are with difficulty taught by the friend who is lionizing them to distinguish it from the University. But the University of Oxford is a federation of colleges, of which University College is one, resembling in all respects the rest of the sisterhood, being, like them, under the federal authority of the University, and retaining only the same measure of college right; conducting the domestic instruction and discipline of its students through its own officers, but sending them to the lecture rooms of the University Professors for the higher teaching, and to the University examination rooms to be examined for their degrees. The college is an ample and venerable pile, with two towered gateways, each opening into a quadrangle, its front stretching along the High Street, on the side opposite to St. Mary's Church. The darkness of the stone seems to speak of immemorial antiquity; bnt the style, which is the later Gothic so characteristic of Oxford, and so symbolical of its history, shows that the buildings really belong to the time of the Stuarts. "That building must be very old, Sir," said an American visitor to the master of the college, pointing to its dark front. "Oh, no," was the master's reply, "the colour deceives you; that building is not more than two hundred years old." In invidious contrast to this mass, debased but imposing in its style, the pedantic mania for pure Gothic which marks the Neo-catholic reaction in Oxford, and which will perhaps hereafter be derided as we deride the classic mania of the last century, has led Mr. Gilbert Scott to erect a pure Gothic library, which moreover has nothing in its form to bespeak its purpose, but closely resembles a chapel. Over the gateway of the larger quadrangle is a statue, in Roman costume, of James II., one of the few memorials of the ejected tyrant, who in his course of reaction visited the college and had two rooms on the east side of the quadrangle fitted up for the performance of mass. Obadiah Walker, the master of the college, had turned Papist, and became one of the organs of the reaction, in the overthrow of which he was involved, the fall of his master and the ruin of his party being announced to him by the boys singing at his window—"Ave Maria, old Obadiah." In the same quadrangle are the chambers of Shelley, and the room to which he was summoned by the assembled college authorities to receive, with his friend Hogg, sentence of expulsion for having circulated an atheistical treatise. In the ante-chapel is the florid monument of Sir William Jones. But the modern divinities of the college are the two great legal brothers, Lord Eldon and Lord Stowell, whose colossal statues fraternally united are conspicuous in the library, whose portraits hang side by side in the hall, whose medallion busts greet you at the entrance to the common room. Pass by these medallions, however, into the common room itself, with its panelled walls, red curtains, polished mahogany table, and generally cozy aspect, whither after dinner in hall the fellows of the college retire to sip

their wine and taste such social happiness as the rule of celibacy permits. Over that ample fireplace, round the blaze of which the circle is drawn in the winter evenings, stands the marble bust, carved by no mean hand, of an ancient king, and underneath it are the words *Alfredus Rex Fundator.*

Alas! both traditions—the tradition that Alfred founded the University of Oxford, and the tradition that he founded University College—are devoid of historical foundation. Universities did not exist in Alfred's days. They were developed centuries later out of the monastery schools. When Queen Elizabeth was on a visit to Cambridge a scholar delivered before her an oration, in which he exalted the antiquity of his own university at the expense of that of the University of Oxford. The University of Oxford was roused to arms. In that uncritical age any antiquarian weapon which the fury of academical patriotism could supply was eagerly grasped; and the reputation of the great antiquary Camden is somewhat compromised with regard to an interpolation in Asser's Life of Alfred, which formed the chief documentary support of the Oxford case. The historic existence of both the English universities begins with the reign of the scholar king, and the restorer of order and prosperity after the ravages of the conquest and the tyranny of Rufus—Henry I. In that reign the Abbot of Croyland, to gain money for the rebuilding of his abbey, set up a school where we are told Priscan's grammar, Aristotle's logic, with the commentaries of Porphyry and Averroes, and Cicero and Quintilian as masters of rhetoric, were taught after the manner of the school of Orleans. In the following reign a foreign professor, Vacarius, roused the jealousy of the English monarchy and baronage by teaching Roman law in the schools of Oxford. The thirteenth century, that marvellous and romantic age of mediæval religion and character, mediæval art, mediæval philosophy, was also the palmy age of the universities. Then Oxford gloried in Grosteste, at once paragon and patron of learning, church reformer and champion of the national church against Roman aggression; in his learned and pious friend Adam de Marisco; and in Roger Bacon, the pioneer and martyr of physical science. Then, with Paris, she was the great organ of that school philosophy, wonderful in its subtlety as well as in its aridity, which, though it bore no fruit itself, trained the mind of Europe to more fruitful studies, the original produce of mediæval Christendom, though taking its forms of thought from the deified Stagyrite, and clothing itself in the Latin language, which, however, was so much altered and debased from the classical language as to become, in fact, a classical and literary vernacular of the middle age. Then her schools, her church porches, her very street corners, every spot where a professor could gather an audience, were thronged with the aspiring youth who had come up, many of them begging their way out of the dark prison-house of feudalism, to what was then, in the absence of printing, the sole centre of intellectual light. Then Oxford, which in later times became, from the clerical character of the headships and fellowships, the great organ of reaction, was the great organ of progress, produced the political songs which embodied with wonderful force the principles of free government, and sent her students to fight under the banner of the university in the army of Simon de Montfort.

It was in the thirteenth century that University College was really founded. The founder was William of Durham, an English ecclesiastic who had studied in the University of Paris; for the universities were then, like the church, common to all the natives of Latin Christendom, then forming, as it were, an ecclesiastical and literary federation which, afterwards broken up by the Reformation, is now in course of reconstruction through uniting influences of a new kind.

William of Durham bequeathed to the University a fund for the maintenance of students in theology. The university purchased with the fund a house in which these students were maintained, and which was the Great Hall of the University, in contradistinction to the multitude of little private halls or hospices in which students lived, generally under the superintendence of a graduate who was their teacher. The hall or college was under the visitorship of the university; but this visitorship being irksome, and a dispute having arisen in the early part of the last century whether it was to be exercised by the University at large, in convocation, or by the theological faculty only, the college set up a claim to be a royal foundation of the time of King Alfred, the reputed founder of the University, and thus exempt from any visitorship but that of the Crown. It was probably not very difficult to convince a Hanoverian court of law that the visitorship of an Oxford college ought to be transferred from the Jacobite university to the Crown; and so it came to pass that the Court of King's Bench solemnly ratified as a fact what historical criticism pronounces to be a baseless fable. The case in favour of William of Durham as the founder is so clear, that the antiquaries are ready to burst with righteous indignation, and one almost enjoys the intensity of their wrath.

The great hall of the University was not, when first founded, a perfect college. It was only a house for some eight or ten graduates in arts who were studying divinity. The first perfect college was founded by Walter de Merton, the Chancellor of Henry III., to whom is due the conception of uniting the anti-monastic pursuit of secular learning with monastic seclusion and discipline, for the benefit of that multitude of young students who had hitherto dwelt at large in the city under little or no control, and often showed, by their faction fights and other outrages, that they contained the quintessence of the nation's turbulence as well as of its intellectual activity and ambition. The quaint old quadrangle of Merton, called, nobody seems to know why, "Mob" Quad, may be regarded as the cradle of collegiate life in England, and indeed in Europe.

Still University College is the oldest foundation of learning now existing in England; and therefore it may be not inappropriately dedicated to the memory of the king who was the restorer of our intellectual life as well as the preserver of our religion and our institutions. Mr. Freeman, as the stern minister of fact, would no doubt cast down the bust of Alfred from the common room chimney piece and set up that of William of Durham, if a likeness of him could be found, in its place. But it may be doubted whether William of Durham, if he were alive, would do the same.

Marcus Aurelius, Alfred, and St. Louis, are the three examples of perfect virtue on a throne. But the virtue of St. Louis is deeply tainted with asceticism; and with the sublimated selfishness on which asceticism is founded, he sacrifices everything and everybody—sacrifices national territory, sacrifices the lives of the thousands of his subjects whom he drags with him in his chimerical crusades—to the good of his own soul. The Reflections of Marcus Aurelius will be read with ever increasing admiration by all who have learned to study character, and to read it in its connection with history. Alone in every sense, without guidance or support but that which he found in his own breast, the imperial Stoic struggled serenely, though hopelessly, against the powers of evil which were dragging heathen Rome to her inevitable doom. Alfred was a Christian hero, and in his Christianity he found the force which bore him, through calamity apparently hopeless, to victory and happiness.

It must be owned that the materials for the history of the English king are not very good. His biography by Bishop Asser, his counsellor and friend, which forms the principal authority, is panegyrical and un-

critical: not to mention that a doubt rests on the authenticity of some portions of it. But there is a peculiarity, and at the same time a consistency and a sobriety, in the general picture, which commend it to us as historical. The leading acts of Alfred's life are, of course, beyond doubt. And as to his character, he speaks to us himself in his works, and the sentiments which he expresses perfectly correspond with the physiognomy of the portrait.

We have called him a Christian hero. He was the victorious champion of Christianity against Paganism. This is the real significance of the struggle and of his character. The Northmen, or as we loosely term them, the Danes, are called by the Saxon chroniclers the Pagans. As to race, the Northman, like the Saxon, was a Teuton, and the institutions, and the political and social tendencies of both, were radically the same.

It has been said that Christianity enervated the English and gave them over into the hands of the fresh and robust sons of nature. Asceticism and the abuse of monachism enervated the English. Asceticism taught the spiritual selfishness which flies from the world and abandons it to ruin instead of serving God by serving humanity. Kings and chieftains, under the hypocritical pretence of exchanging a worldly for an angelic life, buried themselves in the indolence, not seldom in the sensuality, of the cloister, when they ought to have been leading their people against the Dane. But Christianity formed the bond which held the English together, and the strength of their resistance. It inspired their patriot martyrs, it raised up to them this deliverer at their utmost need. The causes of Danish success are manifest; superior prowess and valour, sustained by more constant practice in war, of which the Saxon had probably but comparatively little since the final subjection of the Celt and the union of the Saxon kingdoms under Egbert; the imperfect character of that union, each kingdom retaining its own council and its own interests; and above all the command of the sea, which made the invaders omnipresent, while the march of the defenders was delayed, and their junction prevented, by the woods and morasses of the uncleared island, in which the only roads worthy of the name were those left by the Romans.

It would be wrong to call the Northmen mere corsairs, or even to class them with piratical states such as Cilicia of old, or Barbary in more recent times. Their invasions were rather to be regarded as an after-act of the great migration of the Germanic tribes, one of the last waves of the flood which overwhelmed the Roman Empire, and deposited the seeds of modern Christendom. They were, and but for the defensive energy of the Christianized Teuton would have been, to the Saxon, what the Saxon had been to the Celt, whose sole monuments in England now are the names of hills and rivers, the usual epitaph of exterminated races. Like the Saxons the Northmen came by sea, untouched by those Roman influences, political and religious, by which most of the barbarians had been more or less transmuted before their actual irruption into the Empire. If they treated all the rest of mankind as their prey, this was the international law of heathendom, modified only by a politic humanity in the case of the Imperial Roman, who preferred enduring dominion to blood and booty. With Christianity came the idea, even now imperfectly realized, of the brotherhood of man. The Northmen were a memorable race, and English character, especially its maritime element, received in them a momentous addition. In their northern abodes they had undergone, no doubt, the most rigorous process of national selection. The sea-roving life, to which they were driven by the poverty of their soil, as the Scandinavian of of our day is driven to emigration, intensified in them the vigour, the enterprise, and the independence of the Teuton. They

were the first ocean sailors; for the Phœnicians, adventurous as they were in pursuit of gain, had crept along the shore; and the Greeks and Romans had done the same. The Northman in his little skiff first rode exultingly like a sea-bird over the billows and through the storms of the broad Atlantic. Americans were anxious to believe in a Norse discovery of America. Norse colonies were planted in Greenland beyond what is now the limit of human habitation; and when a power grew up in his native seats which could not be brooked by the Northman's love of freedom, he founded amidst the unearthly scenery of Iceland a community which brought the image of a republic of the Homeric type far down into historic times. His race, widely dispersed in its adventurous course, and everywhere asserting its ascendancy, sat on the thrones of Normandy, Apulia, Sicily, England, Ireland, and even Russia, and gave heroic chiefs to the crusaders. The pirates were not without hearts towards each other, nor without a rudimentary civilization, which included on the one hand a strong regard for freehold property in land, and on the other a passionate love of heroic lays. Their mythology was the universal story of the progress of the sun and the changes of the year, but in a northern version, wild with storms and icebergs, gloomy with the darkness of Scandinavian winters. Their religion was a war religion, the lord of their hearts a war god; their only heaven was that of the brave, their only hell that of the coward; and the joys of Paradise were a renewal of the fierce combat and the fierce carouse of earth. The Bersirker wind themselves up on the eve of battle to a frenzy like that of a Malay running amuck. But this was, at all events, a religion of action, not of observance or spell; and it quelled the fear of death. In some legends of the Norse mythology there is a humorous element which shows freedom of spirit; while in others, such as the legend of the death of Balder, there is a pathos not uncongenial to Christianity. The Northmen were not priest-ridden. Their gods were not monstrous and overwhelming forces like the hundred handed idols of the Hindu, but human forms, their own high qualities idealized, like the gods of the Greek, though with Scandinavian force instead of Hellenic grace.

Converted to Christianity, the Northman transferred his enthusiasm, his martial prowess and his spirit of adventure from the service of Odin to that of Christ, and became a devotee and a crusader. But in his unconverted state he was an exterminating enemy of Christianity; and Christianity was the civilization as well as the religion of England.

Scarcely had the Saxon kingdom been united by Egbert, when the barks of the Northmen appeared, filling the English Charlemagne, no doubt with the same foreboding sorrow with which they had filled his Frankish prototype and master. In the course of the half century which followed, the swarms of rovers constantly increased, and grew more pertinacious and daring in their attacks. Leaving their ships they took horses, extended their incursions inland, and formed in the interior of the country strongholds, into which they brought the plunder of the district. At last they in effect conquered the North and Midland, and set up a satrap king, as the agent of their extortion. They seem, like the Franks of Clovis, to have quartered themselves as "guests" upon the unhappy people of the land. The monasteries and churches were the special objects of their attacks, both as the seats of the hated religion, and as the centres of wealth; and their sword never spared a monk. Croyland, Peterborough, Huntingdon and Ely, were turned to blood-stained ashes. Edmond, the Christian chief of East Anglia, found a martyrdom, of which one of the holiest and most magnificent of English abbeys was afterwards the monument. The brave Algar, another East

Anglian chieftain, having taken the holy sacrament with all his followers on the eve of battle, perished with them in a desperate struggle, overcome by the foxish cunning of the marauders. Among the leaders of the Northmen were the terrible brothers Hingmar and Hubba, fired, if the Norse legend may be trusted, by revenge as well as by the love of plunder and horror; for they were the sons of that Ragnar Lodbrok who had perished in the serpent tower of the Saxon Ella. When Alfred appeared upon the scene, Wessex itself, the heritage of the house of Cerdic and the supreme kingdom, was in peril from the Pagans, who had firmly entrenched themselves at Reading, in the angle between the Thames and Kennet, and English Christianity was threatened with destruction.

A younger but a favourite child, Alfred was sent in his infancy by his father to Rome to receive the Pope's blessing. He was thus affiliated, as it were, to that Roman element, ecclesiastical and political, which, combined with the Christian and Teutonic elements, has made up English civilization. But he remained through life a true Teuton. He went a second time, in company with his father, to Rome, while still a child, yet old enough, especially if he was precocious, to receive some impressions from the city of historic grandeur, ancient art, ecclesiastical order, centralized power. There is a pretty legend denoting the docility of the boy and his love for learning, or at least for the national lays; but he was also a hunter and a warrior. From his youth he had a thorn in his flesh, in the shape of a mysterious disease, perhaps epilepsy, to which monkish chroniclers have given an ascetic and miraculous turn; and this enhances our sense of the hero's moral energy in the case of Alfred, as in that of William III.

As "Crown Prince," to use the phrase of a German writer, Alfred took part with his elder brother King Ethelbert in the mortal struggle against the Pagans, then raging round Reading and along the rich valley through which the Great Western Railway now runs, and where a Saxon victory is commemorated by the White Horse, which forms the subject of a well-known little work by Thomas Hughes, a true representative, if any there be, of the liegemen and soldiers of King Alfred. While Ethelbert was showing that in him at all events Christianity was not free from the ascetic taint, by continuing to hear mass in his tent when the moment had come for decisive action, Alfred charged up-hill "like a wild boar" against the heathen, and began a battle which, his brother at last coming up, ended in a great victory. The death of Ethelbert, in the midst of the crisis, placed the perilous crown on Alfred's head. Ethelbert left infant sons, but the monarchy was elective, though one of the line of Cerdic was always chosen; and those were the days of the real king, the ruler, judge, and captain of the people, not of what Napoleon called the *cochon à l'engrais à cinq millions par an*. In pitched battles, eight of which were fought in rapid succession, the English held their own; but they were worn out, and at length could no longer be brought into the field. Whether a faint monkish tradition of the estrangement of the people by unpopular courses on the part of the young king has any substance of truth in it we cannot say.

Utter gloom now settled down upon the Christian king and people. Had Alfred yielded to his inclinations, he would probably have followed the example of his brother-in-law, Buhred of Mercia, and sought a congenial retreat amidst the churches and libraries of Rome; asceticism would have afforded him a pretext for so doing. But he remained at the post of duty. Athelney, a little island in the marshes of Somersetshire—then marshes, now a drained and fruitful plain—to which he retired with the few followers left him, has been aptly compared to the mountains of Asturias, which formed the last asylum of Christianity in Spain. A jewel

with the legend in Anglo-Saxon, "Alfred caused me to be made," was found near the spot, and is now in the University Museum at Oxford. A similar island in the marshes of Cambridgeshire formed the last rallying point of English patriotism against the Norman Conquest. Of course, after the deliverance, a halo of legends gathered round Athelney. The legends of the king disguised as a peasant in the cottage of the neat herd, and of the king disguised as a harper in the camp of the Dane, are familiar to childhood. There is also a legend of the miraculous appearances of the great Saxon Saint Cuthbert. The king in his extreme need had gone to fish in a neighbouring stream, but had caught nothing, and was trying to comfort himself by reading the Psalms, when a poor man came to the door and begged for a piece of bread. The king gave him half his last loaf and the little wine left in the pitcher. The beggar vanished; the loaf was unbroken, the pitcher brimful of wine; and fishermen came in bringing a rich haul of fish from the river. In the night St. Cuthbert appeared to the king in a dream and promised him victory. We see at least what notion the generations nearest to him had of the character of Alfred.

At last the heart of the oppressed people turned to its king, and the time arrived for a war of liberation. But on the morrow of victory Alfred compromised with the Northmen. He despaired, it seems, of their final expulsion, and thought it better, if possible, to make them Englishmen and Christians, and to convert them into a barrier against their foreign and heathen brethren. We see in this politic moderation at once a trait of national character and a proof that the exploits of Alfred are not mythical. By the treaty of Wedmore, the north-eastern part of England became the portion of the Dane, where he was to dwell in peace with the Saxon people and in allegiance to their king, but under his own laws—an arrangement which had nothing strange in it when law was only the custom of the tribe. As a part of the compact, Guthorm led over his Northmen from the allegiance of Odin to that of Christ, and was himself baptized by the Christian name of Athelstan. When religions were national, or rather tribal, conversions were tribal too. The Northmen of East Anglia had not so far put off their heathen propensities or their savage perfidy as to remain perfectly true to their covenant; but, on the whole, Alfred's policy of compromise and assimilation was successful. A new section of heathen Teutonism was incorporated into Christendom, and England absorbed a large Norse population whose dwelling-place is still marked by the names of places, and perhaps in some measure by the features and character of the people. In the fishermen of Whitby, for example, a town with a Danish name, there is a peculiarity which is probably Scandinavian.

The transaction resembled the cession of Normandy to Rolf and his followers by the Carlovingian King of France. But the cession of Normandy marked the dissolution of the Carlovingian monarchy; from the cession of East Anglia to Guthorm dates a regeneration of the monarchy of Cerdic.

Alfred had rescued the country. But the country which he had rescued was a wreck. The church, the great organ of civilization as well as of spiritual life, was ruined. The monasteries were in ashes. The monks of St. Cuthbert were wandering from place to place, with the relics of the great northern Saint. The worship of Woden seemed on the point of returning. The clergy had exchanged the missal and censer for the battle-axe, and had become secularized and brutalized by the conflict. The learning of the order was dead. The Latin language, the tongue of the church, of literature, of education, was almost extinct. Alfred himself says that he could not recollect a priest, South of the Thames, who could understand the Latin service or translate a document

from the Latin when he became king. Political institutions were in an equal state of disorganization. Spiritual, intellectual, civil life—everything was to be restored; and Alfred undertook to restore everything. No man in these days stands alone, or towers in unapproachable superiority above his fellows. Nor can any man now play all the parts. A division of labour has taken place in all spheres. The time when the missionaries at once converted and civilized the forefathers of European Christendom, when Charlemagne or Alfred was the master spirit in every thing, has passed away; and with it the day of hero-worship, of rational hero-worship, has departed, at least for the European nations. The more backward races may still need, and have reason to venerate, a Peter the Great.

Alfred had to do everything almost with his own hands. He was himself the inventor of the candle-clock which measured his time, so unspeakably precious, and of the lantern of transparent horn which protected the candle-clock against the wind in the tent, or the quarters scarcely more impervious to the weather than a tent, which in those times sheltered the head of wandering royalty. Far and wide he sought for men, like a bee in quest of honey, to condense a some-what prolix trope of his biographer. An embassy of bishops, priests, and religious laymen, with great gifts, was sent to the Archbishop of Rheims, within whose diocese the famous Grimbald resided, to persuade him to allow Grimbald to come to England, and with difficulty the ambassadors prevailed, Alfred promising to treat Grimbald with distinguished honour during the rest of his life. It is touching to see what a price the king set upon a good and able man. "I was called" says Asser, "from the western extremity of Wales. I was led to Sussex, and first saw the king in the royal mansion of Dene. He received me with kindness, and amongst other conversation, earnestly besought me to devote myself to his service, and to become his companion. He begged me to give up my preferments beyond the Severn, promising to bestow on me still richer preferments in their place." Asser said that he was unwilling to quit, merely for worldly honour, the country in which he had been brought up and ordained. "At least," replied the king, "give me half your time. Pass six months of the year with me and the rest in Wales." Asser still hesitated. The king repeated his solicitations, and Asser promised to return within half a year; the time was fixed for his visit, and on the fourth day of their interview he left the king and went home.

In order to restore civilization, it was necessary above all things to reform the Church. "I have often thought," says Alfred, "what wise men there were once among the English people, both clergy and laymen, and what blessed times those were when the people were governed by kings who obeyed God and his gospels, and how they maintained peace, virtue, and good order at home, and even extended them beyond their own country; how they prospered in battle as well as in wisdom, and how zealous the clergy were in teaching and learning, and in all their sacred duties; and how people came hither from foreign countries to seek for instruction, whereas now, when we desire it, we can only obtain it from abroad." It is clear that the King, unlike the literary devotees of Scandinavian paganism, looked upon Christianity as the root of the greatness, and even of the military force, of the nation.

In order to restore the Church, again, it was necessary above all things to refound the monasteries, which afterwards—society having become settled, religion being established, and the Church herself having acquired fatal wealth—sank into torpor and corruption; but which, while the Church was still a missionary in a spiritual and material wilderness, waging a death struggle with heathenism and barbarism, were the almost indispensable engines of the holy war. The refoun-

dation of monasteries therefore was one of Alfred's first cares; and he did not fail, in token of his pious gratitude, to build at Athelney a house of God which was far holier than the memorial abbey afterwards built by the Norman conqueror at Battle. The revival of monasticism among the English, however, was probably no easy task; for their domestic and somewhat material nature never was well suited to monastic life.

The monastery schools, the germs, as has been already said, of our modern universities and colleges, were the King's main organs in restoring education. But he had also a school in his palace for the children of the nobility and the royal household. It was not only clerical education that he desired to promote. His wish was "that all the freeborn youth of his people, who possessed the means, might persevere in learning so long as they had no other work to occupy them, until they could perfectly read the English scriptures; while such as desired to devote themselves to the service of the Church might be taught Latin." No doubt the wish was most imperfectly fulfilled, but still it was a noble wish. We are told the King himself was often present at the instruction of the children in the palace school. A pleasant calm after the storms of battle with the Dane.

Oxford (Ousen-ford, the ford of the Ouse) was already a royal city; and there can be little doubt that, amidst the general restoration of learning under Alfred, a school of some sort would be opened there. This is the only vestige of historical foundation for the academic legend which gave rise to the recent celebration. Oxford was desolated by the Norman Conquest, and anything that remained of the educational institutions of Alfred was in all probability swept away.

Another measure, indispensable to the civilizer as well as to the church reformer in those days, was to restore the intercourse with Rome, and through her with continental Christendom, which had been interrupted by the troubles. The Pope, upon Alfred's accession, had sent him gifts and a piece of the holy cross. Alfred sent embassies to the Pope, and made a voluntary annual offering, to obtain favourable treatment for his subjects at Rome. But, adopted child of Rome, and naturally attached to her as the centre of ecclesiastical order and its civilizing influences though he was, and much as he was surrounded by ecclesiastical friends and ministers, we trace in him no ultramontanism, no servile submission to priests. The English Church, so far as we can see, remains national, and the English King remains its head.

Not only with Latin but with Eastern Christendom, Alfred, if we may trust the contemporary Saxon chronicles, opened communication. As Charlemagne, in the spirit partly perhaps of piety, partly of ambition, had sent an embassy with proofs of his grandeur to the Caliph of Bagdad, as Louis XIV., in the spirit of mere ambition, delighted to receive an embassy from Siam, Alfred, in a spirit of pure piety, sent ambassadors to the traditional Church of St. Thomas in India; and the ambassadors returned, we are told, with perfumes and precious stones as the memorials of their journey, which were long preserved in the churches. "This was the first intercourse," remarks Pauli, "that took place between England and Hindostan."

All nations are inclined to ascribe their primitive institutions to some national founder, a Lycurgus, a Theseus, or a Romulus. It is not necessary now to prove that Alfred did not found trial by jury, or the frankpledge, or that he was not the first who divided the kingdom into shires, hundreds, or tithings. The part of trial by jury which has been politically of so much importance, its popular character, as opposed to arbitrary trial by a royal or imperial officer—that of which the preservation, amidst the gen-

eral prevalence of judicial imperialism, has been the glory of England—was simply Teutonic; so was the frank-pledge, the rude machinery for preserving law and order by mutual responsibility in the days before police; so were the hundreds and the tithings, rudimentary institutions marking the transition from the clan to the local community or canton. The shires probably marked some stage in the consolidation of the Saxon settlements; at all events they were ancient divisions which Alfred can have done no more than revise after the anarchy.

He seems, however, to have introduced a real and momentous innovation by appointing special judges to administer a more regular justice than that which was administered in the local courts of the earls and bishops, or even in the national assembly. In this respect he was the imitator, probably the unconscious imitator, of Charlemagne, and the precursor of Henry II., the institutor of our Justices in Evre. The powers and functions of the legislature, the executive, and the judiciary, lie at first enfolded in the same germ, and are alike exercised by the king, or, as in the case of the ancient republics, by the national assembly. It is a great step when the special office of the judiciary is separated from the rest. It is a great step also when uniformity of justice is introduced. Probably, however, these judges, like the itinerant justices of Henry II., were administrative as well as judicial officers; or in the terms of our modern polity, they were delegates of the Home Office as well as of the Central Courts of Law.

In his laws Alfred, with the sobriety and caution on which the statesmen of his race have prided themselves, renounces the character of an innovator, fearing, as he says, that his innovations might not be accepted by those who would come after him. His code, if so inartificial a document can be dignified with the name, is mainly a compilation from the laws of his Saxon predecessors. We trace, however, an advance from the barbarous system of weregeld, or composition for murder and other crimes as private wrongs, towards a State system of criminal justice. In totally forbidding composition for blood, and asserting that indefeasible sanctity of human life which is the essential basis of civilization, the code of Moses stands contrasted with other primeval codes. Alfred, in fact, incorporated an unusually large amount of the Mosaic and Christian elements, which blend with Germanic customs and the relics of Roman law, in different proportions, to make up the various codes of the early middle ages, called the Laws of the Barbarians. His code opens with the Ten Commandments, followed by extracts from Exodus, containing the Mosaic law respecting the relations between masters and servants, murder and other crimes, and the observance of holy days, and the Apostolic Epistle from Acts xv. 23-29. Then is added Matthew vii. 12, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." "By this one Commandment," says Alfred, "a man shall know whether he does right, and he will then require no other law-book." This is not the form of a modern Act of Parliament, but legislation in those days was as much preaching as enactment; it often resembled in character the Queen's Proclamation against Vice and Immorality.

Alfred's laws unquestionably show a tendency to enforce loyalty to the king and to enhance the guilt of treason, which, in the case of an attempt on the king's life, is punished with death and confiscation, instead of the old composition by payment of the royal weregeld. Hence he has been accused of imperializing and anti-Teutonic tendencies; he had even the misfortune to be fixed upon as a prototype by Oxford advocates of the absolutism of Charles I. There is no ground for the charge, so far at least as Alfred's legislation or any known measure of his government is concerned. The kingly power was the great source of order

and justice amidst that anarchy, the sole rallying point and bond of union for the imperilled nation; to maintain it, and protect from violence the life of its holder, was the duty of a patriot law-giver: and as the authority of a Saxon king depended in great measure on his personal character and position, no doubt the personal authority of Alfred was exceptionally great. But he continued to govern by the advice of the national council; and the fundamental principles of the Teutonic polity remained unimpaired by him, and were transmitted intact to his successors. His writings breathe a sense of the responsibilities of rulers and a hatred of tyranny. He did not even attempt to carry further the incorporation of the subordinate kingdoms with Wessex; but ruled Mercia as a separate state by the hand of his brother-in-law, and left it its own national council or witan. Considering his circumstances, and the chaos from which his government had emerged, it is wonderful that he did not centralize more. He was, we repeat, a true Teuton, and worthy of his place in the Germanic Walhalla.

The most striking proof of his multifarious activity of mind, and of the unlimited extent of the task which his circumstances imposed upon him, as well as of his thoroughly English character, is his undertaking to give his people a literature in their own tongue. To do this he had first to educate himself—to educate himself at an advanced age, after a life of fierce distraction, and with the reorganization of his shattered kingdom on his hands. In his boyhood he had got by heart Saxon lays, vigorous and inspiring, but barbarous; he had learned to read, but it is thought that he had not learned to write. "As we were one day sitting in the royal chamber," says Asser, "and were conversing as was our wont, it chanced that I read him a passage out of a certain book. After he had listened with fixed attention, and expressed great delight, he showed me the little book which he always carried about with him, and in which the daily lessons, psalms and prayers, were written, and begged me to transcribe that passage into his book." Asser assented, but found that the book was already full, and proposed to the king to begin another book, which was soon in its turn filled with extracts. A portion of the process of Alfred's education is recorded by Asser. "I was honourably received at the royal mansion, and at that time stayed eight months in the king's court. I translated and read to him whatever books he wished which were within our reach; for it was his custom, day and night, amidst all his afflictions of mind and body, to read books himself or to have them read to him by others." To original composition Alfred did not aspire; he was content with giving his people a body of translations of what he deemed the best authors; here again showing his royal good sense. In the selection of his authors, he shows liberality and freedom from Roman, ecclesiastical, imperialist, or other bias. On the one hand he chooses for the benefit of the clergy whom he desired to reform, the "Pastoral Care" of the good Pope, Gregory the Great, the author of the mission which had converted England to Christianity; but on the other hand he chooses the "Consolations of Philosophy," the chief work of Boethius, the last of the Romans, and the victim of the cruel jealousy of Theodoric, of whom Hallam says: "Last of the classic writers, in style not impure, though displaying too lavishly that poetic exuberance which had distinguished the two or three preceding centuries; in elevation of sentiment equal to any of the philosophers; and mingling a Christian sanctity with their lessons, he speaks from his prison in the swan-like tones of dying eloquence. The philosophy which consoled him in bonds was soon required in the sufferings of a cruel death. Quenched in his blood, the lamp he had trimmed with a skilful hand gave no more light; the language of Tully and Virgil soon

ceased to be spoken; and many ages were to pass away before learned diligence restored its purity, and the union of genius with imitation taught a few modern writers to surpass in eloquence the Latinity of Boethius." Bede's Ecclesiastical History of the English, the highest product of that memorable burst of Saxon intellect which followed the conversion, and a work, though not untainted by miracle and legend, most remarkable for its historical qualities as well as for its mild and liberal Christianity, is balanced in the king's series of translations by the work of Orosius, who wrote of general and secular history, though with a religious object. In the translation of Orosius, Alfred has inserted a sketch of the geography of Germany, and the reports of explorations made by two mariners under his auspices among the natives dwelling on the coasts of the Baltic and the North Sea; further proof of the variety of his interests and the reach of his mind.

In his prefaces and in his amplifications and interpolations of the philosophy of Boethius, Alfred comes before us an independent author, and shows us something of his own mind on theology, on psychology, on government, and generally as to the estate of man. To estimate these passages rightly, we must put ourselves back into the anarchical and illiterate England of the ninth century, and imagine an author, who if we could see him, would appear barbarous and grotesque, as would all his equipments and surroundings, and one who had spent his days in a desperate struggle with wolfish Danes, at his literary work in his rude Saxon mansion, with his candle-clock protected by the horn lantern against the wind. The utterances of Alfred will then appear altogether worthy of his character and his deeds. He always emphasizes and expands passages which speak either of the responsibilities of rulers or of the nothingness of earthly power; and the reflections are pervaded by a pensiveness which reminds us of Marcus Aurelius. The political world had not much advanced when, six centuries after Alfred, it arrived at Machiavelli.

There is an especial sadness in the tone of some words respecting the estate of kings, their intrinsic weakness, disguised only by their royal trains, the mutual dread that exists between them and those by whom they are surrounded, the drawn sword that hangs over their heads, "as to me it ever did." We seem to catch a glimpse of some trials, and perhaps errors, not recorded by Asser or the chroniclers.

In his private life Alfred appears to have been an example of conjugal fidelity and manly purity, while we see no traces of the asceticism which was revered by the superstition of the age of Edward the Confessor. His words on the value and the claims of a wife, if not up to the standard of modern sentiment, are at least instinct with genuine affection.

The struggle with the Northmen was not over. Their swarms came again in the latter part of Alfred's reign, from Germany, whence they had been repulsed, and from France, which they had exhausted by their ravages. But the King's generalship foiled them and compelled them to depart. Seeing where their strength lay, he built a regular fleet to encounter them on their own element, and he may be called the founder of the Royal Navy.

His victory was decisive. The English monarchy rose from the ground in renewed strength, and entered on a fresh lease of greatness. A line of able kings followed Alfred. His son and successor, Edward, inherited his vigour. His favourite grandson, Athelstan, smote the Dane and the Scot together at Brunanburgh, and awoke by his glorious victory the last echoes of Saxon song. Under Edgar the greatness of the monarchy reached its highest pitch, and it embraced the whole island under its imperial ascendancy. At last its hour came;

but when Canute founded a Danish dynasty he and his Danes were Christians.

"This I can now truly say, that so long as I have lived I have striven to live worthily, and after my death to leave my memory to my descendants in good works." If he did not found a university or a polity, he restored and perpetuated the foundations of English institutions, and he left what is almost as valuable as any institution—a great and inspiring example of public duty.

APOTHEOSIS.

BY F. K. CROSBY.

SILENT she lay. The night grew old,
And moaned and wept in drip and fall of rain.
The dead leaves whistled from the willow wold
In eddying gusts against the darkened pane.
From the white lips a sigh—a crooning strain—
I bend to hear.
"Withered leaves and loves together
Fall in windy, wintry weather,
Dark and drear.
And the pall of Death and Silence gloomed upon my atmosphere."

Prostrate I lay, and Grief's mad tide
In flooding surges whelmed and drowned my soul.
Night falls again, but hark! what sweet tones glide
Thro' star-set spaces to this rayless goal,
A line of light above the billows' roll?
I sprang to hear.
"Withered leaves and loves together,
Bloom beside the Summer River
Sweet and clear.
And the light of Life's new Morn illumes my spirit's atmosphere."

ST. JOHN, N.B.

NOTES FROM OTTAWA.

BY J. G. BOURINOT.

THOUGH the House of Commons is composed of one hundred and ninety-one members, the reports of the debates show how few, comparatively, take an active part in the discussions. On the Government side we have, of course, the able and astute Premier, Sir John A. Macdonald, who, by virtue of his position, is constantly on his feet, explaining or answering his opponents who sit in front of him, to the left of the Speaker's chair. Sir John Macdonald is an admirable debater; his long experience of public life, his knowledge of men, his wonderful tact, together with his large acquaintance with political, legal, and constitutional questions, enable him to lead the House most effectively. The other frequent speakers are Sir George Cartier, always full of fire, and always good tempered, though his tone and action would lead the stranger to believe the very reverse; Hon. Dr. Tupper, the President of the Council, who has remarkable power as a debater, for he has great command of language, a rapid delivery, and the ability of presenting his facts and arguments in the most forcible way; Sir Francis Hincks, whose knowledge of financial questions has made him a very successful administrator of public affairs, and who always discusses questions in which he is interested with much emphasis and vigour. Mr. Langevin, Mr. Morris, Mr. Tilley and Mr. Pope speak less frequently, and chiefly in connection with the Departments over which they preside. We might expect much from Mr. Howe, whose reputation as a public speaker and writer is wide-spread in Canada, but Time is dealing with him as it must with us all—he is now in his sixty-eighth year—and the stormy career he has led for over thirty years is commencing to tell on one of the foremost men of the old Liberal party. His speech on the Reorganization of the Empire, and the one he delivered a few years ago at Detroit, however, remain on record to speak of his rhetorical powers. Then there are on the Government benches many gentlemen of undoubted ability as debaters. Among these may be mentioned Hon. J. H. Gray, Mr. E. Macdonald, Mr. Colby, Mr. Cumberland, Hon. Mr. Chauveau, Hon. Mr. Abbott, Mr. Carter, Dr. Grant, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Masson, of Soulanges, and some others whose names will recur to the readers of the Parliamentary debates.

Mr. Mackenzie is a ready debater, earnest in expression, and logical in argument. He has a great command of language, and his sentences are well put together and less tautological than those of the majority of public speakers. He still shows his Scotch descent by a slight accent, but it is very far from unpleasant to the English ear. Mr. Blake, who sits immediately behind the present leader of the Opposition in the Commons, seldom shows as much fervour as Mr. Mackenzie, but he possesses rare argumentative power, thoroughly cultured by long forensic training, though his sentences are apt to be long and perplexing to the reporter. Mr. Huntingdon, the member for Shefford, is not very regular in his attendance in the House, but few gentlemen in that body have a more graceful delivery or a more eloquent mode of expressing their opinions. Mr. Holton, the leader of the Quebec Opposition, never makes long speeches, but he has large financial knowledge, is thoroughly versed in rules of order and Parliamentary tactics, and sends across the floor ever and

anon his little darts of sarcasm. Mr. Dorion, who occupies the seat next him, immediately opposite Sir John Macdonald, speaks fluently in both French and English, and is always heard with interest, for his opponents recognise his keen logic and legal knowledge. The seat on his immediate right —the first on the row—was generally occupied by Mr. Sandfield Macdonald, but it was vacated by the inexorable mandate of Death, we all remember, only a few days previous to the prorogation, and now both friends and foes who had been long in the political arena with him bear willing testimony to his merits during a memorable public career, the record of which proves how any man, however humble his origin, can attain the highest position in the country by perseverance, industry, and indomitable will.

Sir Alexander Galt has occupied for two or three years a place analogous to that occupied by independent members in the British House of Commons. Possessing fluency of expression, a pleasing delivery, great knowledge of commercial and financial questions, he has necessarily obtained a large share of public attention in times gone by. Latterly he has not taken the same interest in public matters—perhaps, he feels his position of antagonism to his old political allies, or is conscious that his enunciation of Independence views has for the present weakened him in the opinion of the people. And now it is said, apparently on good authority, that both he and Mr. Dorion intend retiring from the political arena. If this turn out to be the case, then Parliament will lose the services of two of its ablest men, whose opinions are valuable and deserving of consideration, even when opposed to the views of the majority. Mr. Macdougall, of North Lanark, also claims to be an independent member, but the debates of last session prove that there is no sympathy between him and the reformers led by Messrs. Mackenzie and Blake. Mr. Macdougall is not excelled by any of his political compeers in or out of the House as a fluent, argumentative speaker; and it is not difficult to see in his well-chosen expressions, and admirable arrangement of matter, the effects of long training on the press, which above all other professions is calculated to teach a man the value of terseness, and enable him to grasp in a moment the most salient points of a question. Besides these gentlemen, there are others to whom we cannot give more than a passing mention. Mr. Mills always has facts and arguments to present, and promises to be an influential man in the House of Commons; but at times he is too didactic, and his speeches—as Sir John Macdonald told him on one occasion during the session—are more suited to the pages of a periodical than to the floor of the House of Commons. Mr. James Young speaks clearly and pointedly. Mr. Cartwright, who has sat alongside of Sir Alexander Galt for some time, and occupies a somewhat similar position so far as the Government and the Opposition are concerned, is a good debater and is well versed in economical subjects.

There was much doubt and anxiety throughout the Dominion, especially in Ontario, as to the actual operation and value of the Treaty of Washington, and the explanations of Sir John Macdonald before Parliament were eagerly awaited by the people of every province. When the afternoon arrived for these explanations, every seat was full, and the galleries were thronged to a very late hour at night with a deeply interested assemblage of spectators. These explanations are now a part of the history of Canada, and no one, whether political supporter or political opponent, will deny that they were given in a manner worthy of a Canadian statesman. Some may differ as to his premises and his conclusions, and doubt the wisdom of the reasons that influenced him to ask the House to support the measure; but none can hesitate to confess that his address is a master-piece of argument and com-

prehensiveness. It was delivered calmly and deliberately, though at times he burst from the trammels of explanation and argument and assailed his opponents for their prejudgment of his action in this great question. He carried the House with him most enthusiastically; if there were waverers in the ranks of his supporters they appeared then to have rallied around him.

The great speech on the Opposition side of the House was confessedly that delivered by the Premier of Ontario. It occupied over four hours in the delivery, and was distinguished for its calm, deliberate expression of opinion. Mr. Blake seldom infuses into his speeches that fervour which is a characteristic of the addresses of Sir John Macdonald when he wishes to create an impression on the House; indeed, both socially and politically, he is said to want the warmth and cordiality of manner which make the Conservative leader so popular. In replying to the Premier, Mr. Blake no doubt felt the magnitude of the task imposed upon him by his political supporters, as a master of reasoning and argument, and made it his object to discuss the question with as much freedom from a partisan spirit as a man of strong political predilections could do. The reply, like the speech which drew it forth, was fully worthy of a man of so high a reputation as the member for West Durham possesses, and deserves a foremost place among the political records of this "new nationality." Mr. Blake, however, somewhat marred the effect of the delivery of his speech, by the lengthy quotations from the minutes of council and despatches of the Government, which were necessary to the elucidation of his argument. He laboured also under the disadvantage of feeling all the while that he was speaking to an audience which, so far as the great majority was concerned, did not sympathize with the opinions he was expressing. A public man may know that he is reflecting the sentiment of the country to a large extent; but the true orator likes to produce an immediate effect on those around him, and when he feels he is not in sympathy with them, he may fail to show that fire which otherwise would light up his speech from time to time as he saw that he was touching the hearts and convincing the minds of his hearers.

The speech of Mr. John Hillyard Cameron was also one of the most characteristic delivered in the course of the most elaborate discussion that ever came off in the First Parliament. We should naturally expect an address of more than ordinary ability from so consummate a lawyer as the member for Peel; and it is admitted that never before did he display more forcibly the perfection of his legal and constitutional erudition—that his speech is one of the most valuable contributions to the technical and legal, as well as historical, views of the question, that the discussion in and out of Parliament has produced. We have no space to go into a review of the able speeches of the President of the Council, the Minister of Finance, Mr. Macdougall, Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Anglin, Mr. Dorion, Sir George Cartier, Mr. E. Macdonald, and others, which the readers of the debates will recall to mind. It was well known, from the moment the Minister of Justice had concluded his elaborate speech, that the vote in favour of the ratification of the Treaty would be very large, and the different speakers from every section soon proved, as they had an opportunity of expressing their opinions, the feelings of the majority on the question. The maritime representatives, with remarkable unanimity, argued in favour of a Treaty which gave the people of their provinces a free market for one of their staple products, and held out the prospect of a still more liberal measure of reciprocity in the future. Representatives from Ontario were unwilling to oppose a measure so clearly in the interests of the provinces engaged in the fisheries, and considered the concession of the free navigation

of the St. Lawrence between St. Regis and Montreal as purely nominal, inasmuch as that portion of the river is really unnavigable, and the Americans will have to avail themselves of our system of canals and thereby stimulate our commerce. But over and above all material considerations was the feeling that the acceptance of the Treaty would ensure our peace and strengthen the connection with the parent state.

MODERN SCEPTICISM.

WHAT seems the world to those dark eyes?
A place where to be very wise
Is but laboriously to stray,
And the best wisdom is to play—
A place where creeds are not too true
But the next parson's creed will do—
Where virtue mantles selfishness,
But strangers must like natives dress —
A solemn farce, whose mystery
Shall burst in laughter by and by—
With fools below and clouds above?
Or does it seem the home of love?

SURENA.

COLONEL GRAY ON CONFEDERATION.

BY A BYSTANDER.

WE have before us the first volume of Col. Gray's work on Confederation. of which the second title is "The Political and Parliamentary History of Canada, from the Conference at Quebec, in 1864, to the admission of British Columbia." Consisting in a large measure of documents, speeches and extracts, the book is universally greeted as "rather materials for history than history"—a description which is not likely to attract readers. It is, however, a useful work, and one which Col. Gray was in some respects well fitted to undertake. His style as a writer, like his style as a speaker, is a good parliamentary style, clear, compact and business-like. His opportunities of information have been first-rate. Indeed his position has in one sense been too high, and his acquaintance with the events and actors too intimate; for he is precluded by an honourable delicacy from ever taking us behind the scenes, and he is equally precluded from dealing with those less dignified features of the situation, which are not the least interesting or the least instructive to the political student.

The questions raised by Col. Gray's work have an interest for all Canadians, even be

yond that which appears upon the surface. Our material resources, even when soberly and faithfully estimated, without the exaggeration of which there are specimens among the oratorical extracts contained in the present volume, are great, and sufficient to sustain an opulent and powerful nation, notwithstanding the geographical disadvantages which it would be childish to ignore. But, in her competition with the vast and compact empire to the south of her, Canada must rely to a considerable degree on the soundness of her institutions. The elective principle must now be recognized as having become the only possible basis of government, at all events upon this continent. But if we can so apply it as to guard against the special maladies to which, like the hereditary principle, it is subject, and which have been terribly developed in the United States; if we can hold at bay faction, and faction's universal concomitant, corruption; if we can keep down trading politicians and city thieves; if we can save our tariff and our public works from rings; if we can preserve the independence of our judiciary, and the security which an independent judiciary affords for prosperity and trade; if we can maintain on a decent level the morality of public life and the character of public men, Canada will have advantages and attractions of which she will soon feel the benefit in a material as well as in a moral point of view.

The immediate causes of Canadian Confederation were clearly enough the deadlock in the Canadian Parliament, and the storm which appeared to be gathering on the side of the United States. But some measure for securing freedom of commercial intercourse between the Provinces had long been the obvious dictate of common sense. Perhaps in adopting a confederation rather than a legislative union, the Provinces were unconsciously obeying the general law of the Teutonic race, which in all its abodes—Germany, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Scandinavia, Great Britain, the United States—will be found tending to federalism, either in the regular shape of a group of states combined under a federal government, or in that of two or more monarchies combined in the person of one sovereign but retaining in a greater or less degree their parliamentary independence and their local laws. The spirit of independence and self-reliance has been at once the strength and the weakness of the Teuton. The propensity to disunion by which it is accompanied has more than once been on the point of delivering the race, and political freedom with it, into the hands of the feeble, but, on that very account, more gregarious and united Celt.

In the present instance, it is true, the aversion of a Celtic Province to a national union, and its preference for federalism, was a principal determining cause in favour of federation; but the exception is obviously one which proves the rule. It was to incorporation with English Provinces that the Lower Canadians objected. Had all the provinces been French, a legislative union would infallibly have been the result. Federalism would have met the fate which it met in the French Revolution, when nothing was a surer passport to the guillotine.

The Provinces did not afford the happiest of subjects for the application of the federal principle. The happiest subject for the application of that principle is a pretty numerous group of states tolerably well balanced in point of size and power, such as the States of America or the Cantons of Switzerland. The great predominance of one or two states is adverse to the working of the principle, especially if the number of states is small. If there is one predominant state, the natural result is a combination of all the others against it; if there are two, the natural result is a rivalry between them, in which the smaller states will take part as allies of one side or the other, making their profit in the shape of grants and

other concessions out of the alliance. We must expect to encounter some difficulties from this source. The vicinity of the United States, while it was one of the main causes of confederation, renders the discontent of the smaller provinces more dangerous, and enables them, if they should ever prove unreasonable in their demands, to imperil the harmony and even the existence of the Confederation. Had legislative union been practicable, its advantages would have been great.

There was however another peculiarity in the position of these colonies, considered as a subject for the application of the federal principle, which, though at once of the highest importance and glaringly obvious, seems not to have attracted much attention. What are the special functions of a Federal Government?—Peace and war, and the management of foreign relations. The exigencies of defensive war have in fact given birth to the most memorable confederations in history, from the Achæan League downwards. But these functions could not be assigned to the Federal Government of the Canadian Dominion, for the simple reason that they were already vested in the Government of the British Empire. The Provinces were in fact already members of a Confederation, the Imperial Government standing to them and the Colonies generally in the relation in which the Federal Government of the American Republic stands toward the States of the Union, and discharging for them analogous functions in the most important respects. The advocates of Imperial Confederation are agitating for that which, if they could open their eyes, they would see already in existence, though a Pan-Britannic Parliament is still a vision of the future. To interpose another Federal Government between the Governments of the Provinces and that which already exercised federal power on their behalf was to introduce into politics a very curious and complicated machine. There might have seemed to be some danger that the second Federal Government having no very obvious functions of importance to discharge, would occupy itself to an undesirable extent in maintaining the ascendancy of the party by which it was supported, in the extension of its patronage for that purpose, and in the expenditure of money on public works and other undertakings by means of which its partizans might be rewarded and its influence increased.

In point of military security, it seems not clear that much was gained by Confederation. As was urged at the time by the opponents of the measure, the unity of military action among the Provinces, under a British Commander-in-chief, would probably be at least as great as under a party Government of the Dominion.

By the statesmen and people of Great Britain Canadian Confederation was generally regarded at the time as the seal of Canadian nationality and the forerunner of Canadian Independence, though the perpetual changes of mood in the ill-informed and careless mind of the British public on the Colonial question render it difficult to appeal to the memory of yesterday. But to Canadian statesmen, who had no such object in view, the chief inducement appears to have been the hope of escaping from a Parliamentary dead-lock. Unhappily, while they dealt with the most obvious, they failed to deal with the deepest cause of the evil. The most obvious cause of the evil was the equilibrium of party forces and the impossibility of forming a strong party Government, resulting from the ill-starred union of British with French Canada. The deepest cause of the evil was Faction; and Faction is not diminished or divested of its noxious properties by being set to operate over a larger area, with a greater breadth of passion to which to appeal and more extensive opportunities of corruption.

In the special form of Federal Government which they adopted, the authors of

Confederation appear to have been influenced mainly by two considerations—a belief that the ill success of Federal Government had arisen from the weakness of the central power, and a desire to imitate the British Constitution.

As to the first consideration it may be remarked that to quarrel with a Federation for not having a strong central government is rather like quarrelling with a circle for not being a square. The object of Federation is to combine, for the purposes of security against external aggression and of internal peace, with freedom of intercourse and trade, communities which do not choose to part with their political independence in regard to their domestic affairs ; and without the surrender of such political independence , a strong central power cannot exist. The alleged weakness of Federal Government is, so to speak, its strength ; because communities of the character to which it is applicable will submit to a limited while they would rebel against a more extensive power; they will quietly bear the loose bond of connection which they would snap if it were tightened. If the framers of Confederation imagined that the catastrophe in the United States by which their minds were so powerfully affected was to be ascribed to the weakness of the central power, it must be said with all deference that they never were more mistaken. The cause of Secession was slavery, which had practically divided the Union into two nations. No authority with which the Central Government could have been invested, short of despotic power supported by a great standing army, could have averted that result. On the contrary, it was the impression prevalent at the South that the Federal Government possessed powers which might and would be employed by their opponents, victorious in the Presidential election, for the purpose of interfering with their State institutions that at last determined the Southern States to revolt. Had the Southerners felt assured that the Federal Government and Legislature possessed no power which could be used for that purpose, the election of an anti-slavery President need not have been the signal for revolt.

As to the second consideration, it may be remarked that though the union of England and Scotland has something in it of a federal character, the separate Scottish law, church and peerage being retained, the British constitution is not federal, but thoroughly national, and is therefore inapplicable to a federation, though the great British principles of personal liberty and responsible government are universal in their application. Least of all, as has been said before, is the system of party government—engendered and maintained in England by the long and still existing struggle between the Crown and the people, the aristocracy and the unprivileged masses, the Established Church and religious liberty, reaction and progress—applicable to a country in which, happily for us, no such struggle exists.

The result is a sort of cross between a national government and a federation, in which the powers are divided between the central and local governments, sometimes upon no very obvious principle. The administration of justice and the constitution of the courts for example, are assigned to the local governments, and the appointment of the judges to the central; the criminal law to the one, the civil law to the other : though the civil law, it would seem, must often create and define rights and responsibilities, an infringement of which would call for the interposition of criminal justice. The whole machine, with its double set of elections, Dominion and Provincial, is one of singular complexity, and it cannot be said that the questions raised by Mr. Dunkin, as to the mode in which a party government was to be carried on through such intricacies, have yet been practically solved, though they may be in process of solution. We shall see whether any effect will be produced in

the relations between Dominion and Provincial Parliaments and parties by the abolition of dual representation. In the meantime, it must be observed that the tendency of all complexity is to increase the danger of wire-pulling, intrigue and corruption.

It has clearly been found necessary to admit the sectional principle into the construction of the Dominion Cabinet, which, if the functions of the central government are not merely federal but national, must be regarded as a great evil.

Had the functions of the central government been federal alone, it may be doubted whether any assembly could have discharged them so efficiently, or with so little risk of the evils upon the growth of which the most impartial and judicious Canadians look with serious alarm, as a simple Federal Council, elected by the Legislatures of the different Provinces, in proportion to their population —a counterpart in fact, except in the last mentioned respect, of the American Senate.

As we were to have an imitation of the British Constitution, it was necessary, of course, that there should be an Upper House of Parliament, corresponding to the House of Lords. The House of Lords was in feudal times an estate of the realm, which came to Parliament to uphold its own interests against the other estates, as a feudalist would have admitted in the plainest terms. It is still a privileged order, strong in the possession of vast hereditary wealth, and social influence equally extensive. No shadow of the power of such a body could possibly be transferred to the mere nominees of a party leader, untitled, and without territorial influence; for the landed qualification for the Dominion Senate is so small as to be virtually unmeaning. The Senate of the United States, whose efficiency as an organ of Conservatism is rated, perhaps, at least as highly as it deserves, is elective, not nominative; and as a representation of the States, it acquired from the circumstances of the union special importance, which it has retained. Moreover, it possesses exclusively the treaty-making power, which of course invests it with substantial authority and corresponding distinction. In other countries, at least in Europe, Upper Chambers have not worked well. Of the Upper Chamber in France, the distinguished French publicist, M. de Laveleye, says: "It has been asserted that an Upper Chamber was a necessary protection of the throne and of society. We can no longer remain under this illusion. Did the Chamber of Peers or the Senate delay for a single moment the fall of Louis Philippe, or Napoleon III? 'The Chamber of Peers' said M. Duvergier de Hauranne, neither saved nor overthrew the Government of King Louis Philippe, for the single reason that it did not exist? In fact a line in the *Moniteur* sufficed to put an end to an institution without roots in our national character, without foundations in our social organization. As to the last Senate, the case is still stronger; no one can tell how it ceased to exist. An aristocratic chamber in ordinary times is a great danger, because it will follow, and cause the Crown to follow, a retrograde policy; it will thus provoke revolutions; and in the day of peril, as a means of defence, it will be a nullity, as experience has shown." Of whom will you form your Upper Chamber? Of the rich? Then you institute a formal conflict between wealth and poverty, and expose wealth to the attack of the forces embodied in the more popular chamber, which an assembly of aged millionaires is wholly unable to resist. Of your wisest and most experienced statesmen? Then you will deprive the popular house, which will always be the most powerful, of the only element by which it can be tempered and kept within the bounds of discretion.

The fact is that forms, however hollow, however well known to be hollow, have their effect upon the mind. The framers of our constitution could not help fancying

that the members of the Upper House would be really, as well as ostensibly, the nominees of the Crown, and that they would thus be invested with an independent dignity, which the nomination of a mere party leader can never confer.

Col. Gray censures the framers of Confederation for having omitted to federalize the district of Ottawa; probably this might have been done, though it would have led to a somewhat anomalous ownership of a territory by a government which is not itself a sovereign power. What seems open to graver censure, however, is the omission to provide a rule for the admission into the Confederacy of new colonies, and a simple form of intermediate government suitable to their requirement while they are in a condition analogous to that of the territories of the United States. For want of a provision of this kind we have had difficulties respecting admission; and the condition of a newly-admitted colony, with its elaborate government and judiciary, and its sparse population, resembles that of the first minister of Otaheite, who, having been presented by a navigator with a laced cocked hat and thick boots, was found standing proudly at the right hand of royalty in those habiliments, and those alone.

There was yet another omission which, in order to perfect elective institutions, it will some day be found necessary in all countries alike to supply. We want a trustworthy and efficient tribunal for the punishment of corruption and other political offences. The old form of impeachment by the Lower House before the Upper is obsolete; and under our present system it would assume the character of a party struggle rather than a judicial process. A government supported by a majority would be always able to shut the gate of justice. We need a tribunal, thoroughly judicial in its character and accessible to the public at large, with proper safeguards, of course, against levity and vexatiousness. If such a tribunal had existed in the United States, corruption could hardly have reached the height which it has.

Colonel Gray, indeed, seems to think that, so far as corruption is concerned, we have no present cause for fear. "For five-and-twenty years it cannot be said of any one public man, who has been a member of a government in any one of the provinces, that he has made use of his position to advance his own pecuniary interests; nor, with the exception of one or two, has even political malice ventured to make the charge." But the danger is not so much that the ambitious men who hold the high offices of government, and whose object is generally power rather than pelf, will themselves grow wealthy at the public expense, as that they will purchase support by corrupting others. The Duke of Newcastle, who, far more than Walpole, was the archpriest of political corruption in his day, who, in fact, corrupted English public life from top to bottom, and had half the House of Commons in his pocket, was so far from himself making money by politics that he greatly reduced his hereditary estate. Even Walpole, while bribing others, was himself comparatively disinterested. In fact, nothing can be more dangerous to national character than the influence of a political chief, himself pure, but a corrupter of all around him.

As to the general system of maintaining government by the use of patronage, we must mournfully admit the truth of Colonel Gray's allegation that Canadian public men are entitled to appeal "to the practice of the Imperial Cabinet and statesmen." Official patronage has less influence in England since the introduction of the competitive examination for civil service appointments, but the distribution of honours and of admissions to the Court circle is still a potent instrument of government in a plutocratic community. Under the party system, parliamentary government cannot be carried on without this support, and

orators preaching purity from Opposition platforms will do well to remember the exigencies of power. Col. Gray may also with truth say that, in fixing the amount of their own official salaries, Canadian statesmen have by no means shewn themselves rapacious. The increase of their salaries to something like an adequate remuneration for the most eminent ability and the hardest possible work, is, in fact, a much needed reform. The difference between the stipend of a working First Minister and that of a Governor-General is not only an anomaly but an injustice.

This is not the most attractive of political themes. But it would be absurd to assume that we in Canada are specially exempted from the political maladies which rage in neighbouring and kindred communities, and which, if left to spread unchecked, will at last bring society into a condition from which it will escape, if at all, only through revolutionary convulsions.

Col. Gray generally preserves the calmness of style befitting a votary of the severe muse who presides over "Collections of Materials for History." But when he comes to the great historic case of Mr. Brown, his emotions get the better of him, and he introduces a passage which belongs to the platform, or even to some still narrower sphere. Having given an account of Mr. Brown's secession from the Confederation Ministry, and of the reason assigned by that gentleman himself for it, he proceeds:

"No other explanations on the subject were made in Parliament, and the conclusion is irresistible that the reason assigned for the resignation was not the reason which existed. Mr. Brown's resignation at such a time, when Confederation was about to be put upon its trial, and when the measure, in which he had taken so prominent a part, required the aid of all the talents and patriotism, and, if necessary, self-abnegation of the leading men in the country, cannot, it is conceived, be justified. He himself had said 'that the appearance of disunion in the Government would be injurious to the cause of Confederation.' Either he ought not to have joined the Government, or he ought not to have left it at that time. The people sustained him in the first, they condemned him in the latter. The reason he gave no one accepted as the real reason, and his opponents did not hesitate to say that he left the Government because he was not permitted to be its master, and that jealousy of its other leading men was the true cause. Whether it was so or not, unfortunately—because it is a misfortune when a political man of high standing affords even plausible grounds for the public to attribute his conduct, in the discharge of public duties, to other than public considerations, still more so when that conduct precludes even his friends from justifying the position he has taken—Mr. Brown's subsequent conduct gave too much reason for the charge. His endeavour from that time to revive the old internecine quarrels that had existed previous to the coalition; to renew the charge of corruption against his old opponents, which, if true, he at any rate had condoned, by going into the Government with them; his attacks upon his old colleagues of the Reform party, who had joined him in the effort for conciliation, because they would not follow him in his flight; his unceasing attempts to blacken the personal character of the men who but just previously had been his colleagues and joint sworn advisers of the Crown; his efforts to sow disunion among the friends of Confederation, and divide its supporters into old party lines, at the very moment it needed the greatest consideration and the most united action; his jeopardizing a great national question, in which not only the interests of Canada but of all British America were involved, to gratify personal or political animosity, brought, as they usually do, their own punishment. In one year the work of his suicide was accomplished. At the election for the Dominion Parliament in 1867 throughout the vast Province of Ontario, in which he had been wont to be a moving power, no constituency returned him, though a candidate, to that first Parliament of the Confederation in which it had been expected he would play so conspicuous a part. The people pronounced him to be an impracticable man, who allowed his temper to override his judgment. A powerful debater, an experienced politician, of indomitable energy, in many respects, but for one weakness, great, he passed away from the sphere of a statesman, and destroyed a power which, wielded with moderation, might have been of incalculable service to his country. A more painful episode never occurred in political life. *Requiescat in pace.*"

The concluding prayer has not been heard. The manifesto to the Roman Catholics published by Mr. Brown a short time since would be sufficient to show that his relations to his party remain, as they were sure to do, practically unchanged; and

if Col. Gray could rise to a national point of view, he would see that it is better for the country that the real leaders of both the parties by whose antagonistic action government under our present system is carried on, should be in their proper place in the House of Commons, so that the Opposition may be in a condition to perform its constitutional functions as effectually as the government.

It might be conceded, without impeaching the integrity of Mr. Brown, or that of any statesman placed in a similar position, that the actual cause of secession from the cabinet, which it was alone necessary to state to parliament, was not the whole account of the incompatibility which led to the disruption. The coalition government of Lord Aberdeen was formed, in perfect good faith, to rescue the country from a political deadlock; and its chief was a man eminently fitted to hold a coalition together, singularly disinterested, unambitious almost to a fault, universally esteemed, of admirable temper, and, from his having been always devoted to the department of Foreign Affairs, and little concerned in general party conflicts, singularly clear of acrimonious associations. Yet that government had hardly come into being when it began to show symptoms of dissolution from the personal incompatibilities of its members. Long party strife begets inveterate antagonisms, even where there is no radical difference of principle. There can have been no radical difference of principle between the Canadian statesmen of opposite parties who undertook to carry on in unison, not only the process of Confederation, but the general government of the country; but there may well have been an inveterate antagonism; and the disregard of his opinion with regard to the negotiations for the renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty may have been a sufficient proof to Mr. Brown that his position in the coalition cabinet was no longer tenable. The specific object of the coalition—Confederation—was achieved; nor does it appear that Mr. Brown can be charged with any want of patriotism, or with failure to redeem any pledge upon that subject. Such probably will be the general verdict of impartial history on this much vexed transaction.

As to "suicide," if there was any in the case, it took place when Mr. Brown consented to Confederation, by which the balance was struck in favour of Quebec, and Ontario was, for the time at least, sent under the yoke. The events which have followed—the combination of Quebec with the smaller provinces, the concessions to those provinces, the Manitoba affair, the compact with British Columbia, and the reinforcement of the government by Columbian votes, were all written in broad characters on an open page of the book of fate. But it is no more than justice to assume that Mr. Brown in the whole affair did what he thought best for the country, without any selfish regard for his own political position.

He and the other members of the coalition cabinet who, with him, represented liberal traditions, may perhaps be more seriously arraigned hereafter, by liberal historians at least, upon another count. It is natural that a Tory, even when he finds himself compelled by the circumstances of his age and country to admit the ascendancy of the elective principle, should strive to limit its application as much as possible, and to withdraw everything to the utmost of his power from the decision of the people. Any other course would be inconsistent with his traditions. But the soul of political Liberalism is a frank recognition of the elective principle, and a hearty deference to the national will as the basis of all government. Why, it will be asked, did the Liberal members of the coalition cabinet vote for a nominative, in place of an elective senate? Still more, Why did they fail to insist that Confederation should be submitted for ratification to the vote of the people? Statesmanship, in-

dependently of party traditions, would seem to have counselled such a course. Even the reactionary founders of dynasties in Europe find it expedient, in this age, to base their power on a plebiscite. It may be that, in our peculiar position, the legislatures of the several provinces were legally empowered, with the sanction of the Imperial Parliament, to dispose of the nationality of their constituents, though their commission as legislators unquestionably did not include such a power. But what statesman would have permitted such a technicality to stand in the way of so essential an object as the ratification by the national will of the fundamental institutions of the country? It was argued that Confederation being everywhere welcomed with satisfaction, the consent of the whole people might be assumed. Events soon proved the hollowness of that assumption. But had it been well founded, it would only have proved the expediency of seizing the propitious moment and placing the moral claim of the new polity to the allegiance of all citizens beyond dispute for ever. So long as the country is prosperous and all goes smoothly, no question will be raised as to the manner in which Confederation was carried. But if discontent should ever arise, as in the course of nature it some day must, we may hear more of the omission to submit the decision of the national destiny to the direct vote of the people.

Col. Gray naturally assumes the construction of a Pacific Road as the complement of Confederation. If British Columbia is to be a part of the Canadian Dominion, it is obviously necessary that we should have access to it without going through foreign territory or round Cape Horn. But Col. Gray is hardly right in his mode of estimating the probable cost. "There is nothing," he says "to indicate that the cost of construction will exceed the average cost of construction in America, namely $30,000 or $35,000 per mile, fully equipped—the extra difficulties of the Rocky Mountains and British Columbia being more than counterbalanced by the greater facilities in the prairie lands." No notice is here taken of the fact that the labour market is rising and seems likely to rise, scarcity of hands being already felt everywhere, while great works are being undertaken in all directions. The price of iron, and every other article of railway construction into which labour enters as a principal element, will of course rise at the same time; and the pressure is likely to be peculiarly felt in the case of an enterprize of vast magnitude which we are bound to complete within a limited time. Sanguine projectors are a little apt to lose sight of the very obvious fact that the labour of a country is a limited quantity, and that, if it is turned to one object, it must be withdrawn from others. The hands which are constructing a Pacific Railway cannot be building Canadian houses or tilling Canadian fields. It is perhaps taken for granted that we can import labour to an unlimited extent, provided the government will only adopt what is called a spirited emigration policy; but this assumption is one which ought no longer to be acted upon without consideration. There is no doubt a vast reservoir of labour in China, if it can be made available for out-of-door work in high latitudes; but there is a limit to the amount to be expected from any other quarter. The masses of helplessness and sickliness which have accumulated round London and other great cities in England would be of little use to us if they could be transported hither. Of efficient labour England has now no surplus in any line. The late strike among the agricultural labourers was caused by the paucity of hands, which indicated to the labourers that they might command higher wages. Even in Ireland there is now a scarcity of farm labour. The day may not be far distant when the mother country, instead of regarding the colonies with complacency as outlets for her surplus population, will look upon them with jealousy as competitors

with her for the labour of which she has a short supply.

As another consequence of Confederation and of the new responsibilities, military and fiscal, at the same time cast on Canada by the withdrawal of the Imperial troops, Col. Gray argues that the Dominion ought to be permitted to pursue the course dictated by its own interests, independently of Imperial policy, in its commercial relations with other countries, and especially to enter into an independent treaty of commerce with Brazil.

"The responsibilities thus thrown upon Canada, she accepts. Similar responsibilities educated the old thirteen colonies to become a nation. Their citizens became soldiers, their soldiers statesmen. What made Pepperall and Franklin, Washington and Adams, Hamilton and Marshall, the men they were? Long before the Revolution, they were dealing with questions beyond the sphere of local politics. Those young provinces trained their Home Guards to meet the Indian Philip, and sent their regiments to wrest Louisburg from France; but the trader of Boston could not buy a knife from France, or a yard of cloth from Germany. Their commerce had but one groove.

"The history of Caspar Hauser shows that the mind untrained, however naturally strong, remains in a state of imbecility, though the physical frame may attain its fair proportions. The Canadian stateman has now to consider other matters than those of mere internal regulations. He has to look ahead to the development of foreign trade, to his position with foreign countries. 'Far as the breezes blow, the ocean rolls,' his commerce is free. He mu s see to its sustenance, to its extension. He wishes to act in full accord with the mother country; whatever policy she deems best for herself, as a general rule, is best for Canada: what strengthens her, strengthens peace; but to all rules there must be some exception, and the South American and Intercolonial trade with Canada comes within the exception."

The question is, when the Imperial Government has conceded Col. Gray's demand, how much will be left of the Empire?

We are now about to enter on the second general election, and the second grand party contest under Confederation. It may almost be said that, while that contest lasts, Canadians will have no country; community of national sentiment will be lost in the antagonism of party. The worst foreign enemies of our name and race are hardly so odious to us as, during this struggle, will be one half of the Canadian people to the other half. We shall welter without ceasing in two conflicting cataracts of misrepresentation, such as would be thought extravagant and almost crazy if directed against any but fellow-citizens of the opposite party; and the evil passions excited on all sides will, in themselves and by their consequences, inflict on us no inconsiderable portion of the moral evils of civil war. All the brood of faction, venal and malignant, all the detestable arts of faction, will flourish and abound. Patriotism will lose its restraining power. Already faction is trying to make electioneering capital out of an industrial war—as heinous a breach of patriotism as, in an industrial community like ours, it is possible to commit, and one which the community, if it has any regard for its own most vital interests, will sternly resent. The fact is that, in such periods of ignoble frenzy, electioneering capital would be made out of a plague. Such is the method which we still employ in politics, and which we are all bound, under penalty of being considered impracticable and visionary, to accept as necessary and eternal, while rational methods are being adopted in every other department of enquiry and life.

Here, as in every country where party government prevails, the party organizations have, in a great measure, destroyed the elector's liberty of choice, and all that he can do in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is to vote the ticket. But the grasp of the organizations upon the the throat of the nation in Canada is not yet quite so tight as it is, for instance, in the United States; and Canadians who have only the interests of Canada at heart, may here and there have the chance of giv-

ing a purely patriotic vote in favour of some man as little bound to the wheels of party as themselves. Sham independence, with an underground communication with the Government, is the game of the most despicable of political tricksters; but after all, real independence is sometimes to be found; and the presence of even two or three really independent men in a legislature is a greater check on ministerial jobbery and the excesses of faction, and a greater security for the paramount interests of the country, than any one who has not watched parliamentary struggles closely might suppose.

TRANSLATIONS AND SELECTIONS.

MATHEWS—THE COMEDIAN.*

(From Julian Young's Diary.)

1833, October 18.—'E'en from my boyhood up' I knewold Charles Mathews, the comedian, intimately. The present generation has too often heard of him, and therefore naturally thinks of him as a great *mimic*. I claim for him higher pretensions—viz., that of being the most wonderful *imitator* of his age.

A man may be the most amusing 'mimic' that ever 'set the table in a roar,' and yet be gifted with no great powers of intellect. The mind has very little to do with the matter; for the mimic's success depends principally on liveliness of perception, and the possession of certain physical and corporeal qualifications, neither rare in their manifestations nor indicative of any mental superiority in their possessor.

The chief requisites in the *mimic* are quickness of observation, sensibility of ear, flexibility of voice, mobility of feature, and suppleness of muscle. His sphere is a very limited one; for it is generally confined to the mere adventitious accidents of singularity of elocution or oddity of demeanour. The mental and the moral of the inner man are beyond his province. That Mathews had no rival as a *mimic* I am not prepared to assert; for, in 'taking off' his brethren of the sock and buskin, I think Frederick Yates was his superior: but as an *imitator* he was unapproachable.

The two words 'imitation' and 'mimicry' are often used indiscriminately, as if they were convertible terms. Now, whatever analogy there may be between them, there is also a distinction between them which is definite and definable. *Imitation* in the abstract, is the attempt to resemble a model. The object of *mimicry* is to burlesque and caricature salient peculiarities; and, therefore, to abuse the faculty of imitation. There is no more operative principle implanted in man than the propensity to imitation; and if the Deity, in giving us so ungrudgingly of the disposition, had failed to impart to us the power, it would have been like tormenting us with a restless ambition to fly, and yet withholding from us the use of wings. We are gifted with the faculty of copying a model, in order that the tendency of which we have spoken may be something better than a futile aspiration; but this faculty, like every other appertaining to us, is under the control of our own will, and may be perverted by us in a variety of ways, and then indeed imitation degenerates into mimicry.

No doubt an irrepressible sense of the ludicrous, combined with the pleasure of making others laugh, frequently tempted Mathews to indulge in the lower vein of mimicry; but it was his singular power of transfusing the thoughts and spirit of men distinguished for

* *From "A Memoir of Charles Mayne Young, Tragedian, with extracts, from his son's Journal." By Julian Charles Young, A.M. Published by Macmillan & Co., London and New York.*

their intellectual ascendency over others into his own, which stamped him indelibly with the seal of genius.

The old Duke of Richmond, the grandfather of the present, was very partial to Mathews, and so thoroughly appreciated this *specialité* of his, that during his Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, whenever he had him to dinner and wished to treat his guests to a specimen of his talent, as soon as the cloth was removed, he would propose his health, not in his own name, but now as Lord Erskine, now as Lord Ellenborough—at one time as Sheridan, at another as Curran; and under whichever character, he would make a speech so closely after the manner of each as to electrify his hearers. It was not so much the alacrity with which he would spring to his feet and assume the countenance, voice, and gesticulation of the person he was expected to impersonate, as the similarity of thought and style of speech which recalled to his audience Erskine and Ellenborough, and the *cohia verborum* and profusion of trope and metaphor, which made them fancy they were listening to the voice of Sheridan or Curran.

In Lady Blessington's *Conversations with Byron*, she mentions that Walter Scott once asked Byron if he had ever heard Mathews imitate Curran; and, on his regretting that he never had, Scott added—'It was not an imitation, it was a continuation of the man.' So highly, too, did Coleridge estimate his powers, that on somebody, in his presence, calling him a mere mimic, he said, 'You call him a mimic: I define him as a comic poet acting his own poems.'

He certainly was unique in his way, though full of incongruities. I never knew any man so alive to the eccentricities of others, so dead to his own. I never knew a man who made the world laugh so much, who so seldom laughed himself. I never knew a man who, when *in* society, could make the dullest merry, so melancholy *out* of it. I never knew a man so prompt to resent calumnious imputations on others, so ready to forgive those who had done him wrong. In his imitation of others, he was never actuated by malevolence; but too hasty in attributing unamiable motives to any who made *him* the subject of mimicry. He was very fond of imitating Dignum the singer, and used to tell how, when he took him off to his face, he would say, 'Oh, Mathews, you are a wonderful person; but it is wicked, it really is, to mock natur—you should not do it, 'pon my life.' Yet he himself was furious with Yates for taking the like liberty with him.

The intrinsic worth of his character, the purity of his life, his liberality to the necessitous, his simplicity, his untarnished integrity, his love for his wife and son, his fidelity to his friends, his loyalty to his patrons, his chivalrous defence of those he thought unjustly defamed, could not fail to win for him the thorough respect of all who knew him. On the other hand, genius and gentleman as he was, his nervous whimsicality, his irritability about trifles, his antipathies to particular people, places, and objects, rendered him justly vulnerable to ridicule and censure. I have seen him scratch his head, and grind his teeth, and assume a look of anguish, when a haunch of venison has been carved unskilfully in his presence. I have seen him, when in high feather and high talk, in a sunny chamber, if transferred to a badly-lighted room, withdraw into a corner and sit by himself in moody silence. He was strangely impressionable by externals. I have known him refuse permission to a royal Duke to see over his picture-gallery on Highgate Hill, because the day of his call was cloudy. He was such a passionate lover of sunshine, that I have seen him 'put out' for a whole day by the lady of a house at which he was calling pulling down the Venetian blinds. 'There are not many days in the year' he would say, 'when the sun shines at all in this country; and when he *is* disposed to be kindly, and to pay us a visit, down goes every blind in his face, to show him, I suppose, how little we value his presence.' Whenever he went out to dinner, in the good old days when moderator and sinumbra lamps were unknown, and wax-candles were in fashion, he was wont to carry in his breast-pocket a pair of small silver snuffers, so that, when the wicks were long and dull, he might be able to trim them, and brighten up the gloom that was gathering round the table. I have known him, without the slightest cause, appropriate remarks to himself which were intended for others, and fret his heart-strings over imaginary wrongs for hours. I have known him frenzied with rage, on discovering that a tidy housemaid had picked up from the floor of his

bed-room a dirty pair of stockings which he had left there 'as a memorandum,' on the same principle on which people tie knots in their handkerchiefs. And yet, with all these unhappy infirmities, I never knew a man more formed to inspire, and who succeeded more in inspiring, personal affection, or who, though exposed to many temptations, was so unsoiled by them.

I have already implied, if I have not asserted, that he was liable to alternate fits of elation and depression. At one time he was so alarmed about himself, that he begged his razors might be always kept by his man, and never left in his room, lest, under some malign impulse, he might destroy himself. When the black cloud was on his spirit, he was taciturn: and, if addressed, laconic and sour in his replies. At such times he would speak as if he were a fatalist; he would vow that nothing ever went right with him; that he was the most ill-starred of men; and then, in confirmation of his assertion, would say—'I never, in my life, put on a new hat, that it did not rain and ruin it. I never went out in a shabby coat because it was raining, and thought that every one who had the choice would keep in doors, that the sun did not burst forth in its strength, and bring out with it all the butterflies of fashion whom I knew, or who knew me. I never consented to accept a part I hated, out of kindness to an author, that I did not get hissed by the public and cut by the writer. I could not take a drive for a few minutes with Terry, without being overturned, and having my hip-bone broke, though my friend got off unharmed. I could not make a covenant with Arnold, which I thought was to make my fortune, without making his instead. In an incredible space of time (I think thirteen months) I earned for him twenty thousand pounds, and for myself one. I am persuaded, if I were to set up as baker, every one in my neighbourhood would leave off eating bread!'

I mentioned how easily his equanimity was disturbed by trifles, such as bad carving, ill-lighted rooms, &c. The same feeling extended to other things, If he were paying a call, for the first time, on a new acquaintance, and saw a picture hanging out of the perpendicular, he would spring up to put it straight; if a lady, in her dress, showed a deficient sense of harmony in colour, it irritated him greatly, &c., &c. The following anecdote will further illustrate his morbid sensibility to things which most people would deem insignificant.

He had an appointment with a solicitor. They were to meet at a particular hour at a small inn in the city, where they might hope to be quiet and undisturbed. Mathews arrived at the trysting-place a few minutes too soon. On entering the coffee-room, he found its sole tenant a commercial gentleman earnestly engaged on a round of boiled beef. Mathews sat himself down by the fire, and took up a newspaper, meaning to wile away the time till his friend arrived. Occasionally he glanced from the paper to the beef, and from the beef to the man, till he began to fidget and look about from the top of the right-hand page to the bottom of the left in a querulous manner. Then he turned the paper inside out, and, pretending to stop from reading, addressed the gentleman in a tone of ill-disguised indignation, and with a ghastly smile upon his face—'I beg your pardon, Sir, but I don't think you are aware that you have no mustard.' The person addressed looked up at him with evident surprise, mentally resenting his gratuitous interference with his tastes, and coldly bowed. Mathews resumed his reading, and, curious to see if his well-meant hint would be acted on, furtively looked round the edge of his paper, and finding the plate to be still void of mustard, concluded that the man was deaf. So, raising his voice to a higher key, and accosting him with sarcastic acerbity, he bawled out, with syllabic precision—'Are—you—a-ware—Sir—that—you—have—been—eat-ing—-boiled—beef—with-out—mus-tard?' Again a stiff bow and no reply. Once more Mathews affected to read, while he was really 'nursing his wrath to keep it warm.' At last, seeing the man's obstinate violation of conventionality and good taste, he jumped up, and, in the most arbitrary and defiant manner, snatched the mustard-pot out of the cruet-stand, banged it on the table, under the defaulter's nose, and shouted out—'Confound it, Sir, you SHALL take mustard!' He then slapped his hat on his head, and ordered the waiter to show him into a private room, vowing that he had never before been under the roof with such a savage; that he had been made quite sick by the revolting sight which he had seen, and that he never would sit in the room with a man who *could* eat beef without mustard.

Another of the plagues by which he deemed himself to be peculiarly beset, was the pestering offers of attention, from mercenary motives, of urchins in the streets.

I met him one day in Regent Street, mounted on his pretty milk-white pony. Although I was a favourite, I saw that my stopping him was not altogether acceptable. It was soon explained. The young Arabs of the street were round him, and at each side of his bridle, with 'Please, want your 'orse 'olded;' and, with the sort of expression on his face which one would have expected, perhaps, to see, if he had been on the plains of Egypt, with a swarm of Bedouins swooping down upon him, he shook himself off from me, with the words, 'The plague's begun,' uttered in a tone of dispair, and galloped off as fast as intervening cabs and carriages would allow him.

During the entire period of his stay with us he was delightful: always ready to fall in with our quiet and monotonous mode of life, and appearing pleased with everthing and everybody with whom he was thrown in contact. At the termination of his night's performance at Andover, I was made aware of one of his whims, of which I had, till then, been quite unconscious. I mean his singular and inexplicable aversion to the touch of money. A certain man, who, for prudential reasons, I will not name, always travelled with him, as his secretary and check-taker. He received all the money taken at the doors. On leaving the Town Hall with Mathews, I asked him if he were content with the receipts. 'Oh, 'said he, 'I don't know what they are: I leave it to all to B——. I am quite at his mercy. I never know what really is taken at the doors. I only know what I receive. I hope and believe B—— is honest; but even if he is not, I could not wrangle about money. I do so hate the very touch of it.' 'What!' I exclaimed, with genuine incredulity, 'hate money!' 'I did not say I hated money, but that I hated *the touch* of money—I mean coin. It makes my skin goosey.'

One more of his oddities I must mention. He used often to declare that he could never understand why it was that, when other people so frequently had cause to complain that they could not find things they lost, he never could lose anything he wished to get rid of. I must plead guilty to having twice ministered, with malice prepense, to this superstition of his.

On leaving any house where I may have been staying, I have a confirmed habit of looking into every drawer, washstand, table, &c., so as to ensure myself against leaving anything behind me. Mathews once left me at a country inn, where we had been staying together. When I was about to take my departure, with my usual precaution, I took care to ransack every possible and impossible nook or cranny, behind which any article of mine might have fallen; and, in doing so, observed, secreted behind a huge old mahogany dining-table, with deep flaps, which was placed against the wall of our sitting-room, a dress-shoe, so dapper in shape, and so diminutive in size, that I had no difficulty in recognizing it as one of my friend's. Rejoiced at the opportunity of having a bit of fun, I enclosed it in a brown-paper parcel, and despatched it after him. Instead of thanking me for my trouble, he wrote to me, and told me that I was 'his evil genius; that, having worn out the companion pump, which was that of the foot of his lame leg, the one I had forwarded to him was of no earthly use to him; that, in the faint hope of getting rid of it, he had placed it where I had found it; and that in consequence of my inquisitive and officious disposition, he had been compelled to pay for the recovery of this useless article as much as would have purchased an entirely new pair.'

About a month after he had left us, at Amport, I happened to go to my wardrobe in search of an old pair of trowsers which I reserved for gardening purposes. As I was putting them on, I felt that there was something in them. My first impression was, that, when I had last worn them, I had left my purse in them. But, on inserting my hand into the pocket, I drew out an oddly-shaped object, neatly wrapped up in Bath note paper, with these words inscribed on the outside, in the quaint but vigorous handwriting I knew so well, 'To be lost, if possible.' On opening the little packet, I found inside it a circular nail-brush, worn to the bone. It would seem that, on looking over the articles of my wardrobe, he thought the trowsers he had selected were too shabby for me ever to put on again, and therefore chose them for a hiding-place. But he was deceived. I made up another neat parcel for him, and directed it to his house in London. Unfortunately he was on a professional tour in the provinces, where it followed him; till, by the time it reached him,

the 'carriage' had amounted to some shillings. I was not long in receiving a letter of ironical thanks 'for my kind and *dear* attention.' I was penitent for having put him to such expense, and I confessed my sin to him.

Many years after, I was telling his son Charles of these amusing incidents, when he said, 'I can cap your story.' He then told me, that once he and his father had an engagement with one of the East India Directors at the India Office. As they were approaching Blackfriars Bridge, the father said to the son, 'We must stop a minute at the first draper's shop we come to, as I want to buy myself a new pair of gloves; for I have mislaid the fellow to the one I have on my right hand.' As soon as he had effected his purchase, they proceeded on their way; and, on reaching the bridge, the son observed his father looking before him and behind him, as if, having some felonious purpose in his mind, he wished to see that the coast was clear before he executed it. At last, when the traffic seemed for a moment to diminish, he leaned over the parapet of the bridge—as if to notice the wherries and steamers on the river—hurled over the odious glove, which was disturbing his serenity, and then limped off in an agitated and guilty manner, as though he were trying to evade the emissaries of justice. So eager was he to get off the bridge, and thread his way unobserved through the crowd, that he outstripped his son; and just as he was waiting for him, and was congratulating himself on having, for once, got rid of an obnoxious article, a breathless waterman ran up to him, tapped him on the shoulder, and said, 'I beg your honour's pardon, but I think you dropped this here glove in the river.' 'How—how, Sir, do you know it to be my glove?' 'Why, Sir, I was a sculling, and was just giving my boat a spurt under the arch of the bridge, when this here glove fell; and on looking up I se'ed that the gentleman from whose hand it dropped had a white hat on with a black crape round it; so I pulled with all my might and main after you, and ran up the steps from the river-side, and I thought I never should have catched you',—wiping his forehead with his sleeve as he spoke. Of course such disinterested civility had to be rewarded with a shilling, and the impoverished donor, like Lord Ullin for his daughter, was 'left lamenting!'

To be continued.

BOOK REVIEWS.

NIAGARA: Its History and Geology, Incidents and Poetry, with Illustrations. By George W. Holley, Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.; New York: Sheldon & Co.; Buffalo: Breed, Lent & Co.

We believe the remark has been already made, but it may certainly be made with truth, that in nothing are the increase of general intelligence and the growing love of science more visible than in the improvement of guide-books. Written for pleasure seekers, these works used to be level with the intellects of the lowest of that class. They were made up of exaggerated descriptions of scenery, fiction, declamation, apocryphal stories, and advertisements of hotels. Nothing in them indicated the slightest demand on the part of their readers for literary culture, much less of science. But now, in opening a new guide-book to Niagara, what do we see? First a history of the Falls and their vicinity, written with care, sobriety, and intelligence, a little tinged perhaps with American predilections, but not to any culpable extent. This is combined with some descriptive passages which are not merely heaps of commonplace epithets, used at random, but aim at fidelity in depicting both objects and impressions, and at aiding the imagination of the reader. Then follows a thoroughly scientific, though at the same time popular, explanation of the geology of the Falls, in connection with that of the district and of the country generally. From the geology, we come to the local incidents and anecdotes, ending with the poetry, serious and comic. The true anecdotes are discriminated from the false, and those which are given are well selected and in good literary form. We will take as a specimen the account of the voyage of the *Maid of the Mist* from her dock, just above the Railway Suspension Bridge to Niagara:

"Owing to some change in her appointments, which confined her to the Canadian shore for the reception of passengers, she became unprofitable. Her owner having decided to leave the place wished to sell her as she lay at her dock. This he could not do, but had an offer of something more than half of her cost, if he would deliver her at Niagara, opposite the Fort. This he decided to do, after consultation with Robinson, who had acted as her captain and pilot on her trips under the Falls. The boat required for her navigation an engineer, who also acted as fireman, and a pilot. On her pleasure trips she had a clerk in addition to these. Mr. Robinson agreed to act as pilot for the fearful voyage, and the engineer, Mr. Jones consented to go with him. A courageous machinist, Mr. McIntyre, volunteered to share the risk with them. They put her in complete trim, removing from deck and hold all superfluous articles. Notice was given of the time for starting, and a large number of people assembled to see the fearful plunge, no one expecting to see either boat or crew again, after they should leave the dock. This dock, as has been before stated, was just above the Railway Suspension Bridge, at the place where she was built, and where she was laid up in the winter; that, too, being the only place where she could lie without danger of being crushed by the ice. Twenty rods below this eddy the water plunges sharply down into the head of the crooked, tumultuous rapid which we have before noticed, as reaching from the bridge to the Whirlpool. At the Whirlpool the danger of being drawn under was most to be apprehended; in the Rapids of being turned over or knocked to pieces. From the Whirlpool to Lewiston is one wild, turbulent rush and whirl of water without a square foot of smooth surface in the whole distance.

"About three o'clock in the afternoon of June 15, 1867, the engineer took his place in the hold, and knowing that their flitting would be short at the longest, and might be only the preface to a swift destruction, set his steam-valve at the proper gauge, and awaited—not without anxiety—the tinkling signal that should start them on their flying voyage. McIntyre joined Robinson at the wheel on the upper deck. Self-possessed, and with the calmness which results from undoubting courage and confidence, yet with the humility which recognizes all possibilities, with downcast eyes and firm hands, Robinson took his place at the wheel and pulled the starting bell. With a shriek from her whistle and a white puff from her escape pipe to take leave, as it were, of the multitude gathered on the shores and on the bridge, the boat ran up the eddy a short distance, then swung around to the right, cleared the smooth water and shot like an arrow into the rapid under the bridge. She took the outside curve of the rapid, and when a third of the way down it a jet of water struck against her rudder, a column dashed up under her starboard side, heeled her over, carried away her smoke-stack, started her overhang on that side, threw Robinson flat on his back, and thrust McIntyre against her starboard wheel-house with such force as to break it through. Every eye was fixed; every tongue was silent, and every looker-on breathed freer as she emerged from the fearful baptism, shook her wounded sides, slid into the whirlpool and for a moment rode again on an even keel. Robinson rose at once, seized the helm, set her to the right of the large pot in the pool, then turned her directly through the neck of it. Thence, after receiving another drenching from its combing waves, she dashed on without further accident to the quiet bosom of the river below Lewiston.

"Thus was accomplished the most remarkable and perilous voyage ever made by men. To look at the boat and the navigation she was to undertake no one would have predicted for it any other than a fatal termination. The boat was seventy-two feet long with seventeen feet breadth of beam and eight feet depth of hold, and carried an engine of an hundred horse power. In conversation with Robinson after the voyage, he stated that the greater part of it was like what he had always imagined must be the swift sailing of a large bird in a downward flight; that when the accident occurred the boat seemed to be struck from all directions at once; that she trembled like a fiddle-string and felt as if she would crumble away and drop into atoms; that both he and McIntyre were holding to the wheel with all their strength but produced no more effect than if they had been two flies; that he had no fear of striking the rocks, for he knew that the strongest suction must be in the deepest channel and that the boat must remain in that. Finding that McIntyre was somewhat bewildered by excitement or by his fall as he rolled up by his side but did not rise, he quietly put his foot on his breast to keep him from rolling around the deck, and thus finished the voyage.

"Poor Jones, imprisoned beneath the hatches before the glowing furnace, went down on his knees, as he related afterward, and although a more earnest prayer was never uttered and few that were shorter, still it seemed to him prodigiously long. To that prayer he thought they owed their salvation.

"The effect of this trip upon Robinson was decidedly marked. To it, as he lived but a few years afterward, his death was commonly attributed. But this was incorrect, since the disease which terminated his life was contracted at New Orleans at a later day. 'He was,' said Mrs. Robinson to the writer, 'twenty years older when he came home that day than when he went out.' He sank into his chair like a person overcome with weariness. He decided to abandon the water and advised his sons to venture no more about the rapids. Both his manner and appearance were changed. Calm and deliberate before, he became thoughtful and serious afterward. He had been borne, as it were, in the arms of a power so mighty that its impress was stamped on his features and on his mind. Through a slightly opened door he had seen a vision which awed and subdued him. He became reverent in a moment. He grew venerable in an hour."

The style of the book throughout is pleasant, and the touch light, with a good vein of humour. The illustrations also are a marvellous improvement upon the guide-book illustrations of former days. Upon the whole, we do not remember to have ever read a better work of its class.

CASSELL'S HISTORY OF THE WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND GERMANY, 1870–71, Vol. I., London, Paris and New York: Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

This work will, no doubt, become one of the most popular, as it is one of the most attractive, of the

many histories of the Franco-German War. Possessing unusual facilities for the manufacture of works of an illustrated character, the publishers have availed themselves of the many thrilling incidents of the struggle to introduce a variety of sketches and drawings, which give increased interest to the narrative.

Plans of the invested cities, maps of the scenes of engagement and encounter, and numberless picturesque views—all of which are well executed—embellish the work; while a series of portraits of the prominent officers engaged in the war, which seem not only to be artistically drawn but to be good likenesses, add further interest to the book. The narrative, which in the volume before us, comes down to the close of 1870, is well written; while much of the graphic writing of the special correspondents of the English and continental press—particularly the despatches of Dr. Russell of the *Times* and Mr. Archibald Forbes of the *Daily News*, appears in the work.

Though the intense excitement and thrilling interest manifested in the events of the struggle, during the period of the war, has passed away; still, no doubt, this work will be eagerly turned to; and as a fair history of the unhappy struggle, we dare say the book before us will be found important and satisfactory.

LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, delivered in Edinburgh, in 1872. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D. D., Dean of Westminister, corresponding member of the Institute of France. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

THREE LECTURES ON THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, with a special reference to the Dean of Westminster's recent course on that subject, delivered in the Music Hall on the 24th, 26th and 31st of January, 1872. By Robert Rainy, D. D. Edinburgh: John Maclaren.

The Dean of Westminster has been trying to tickle a very wary trout, and apparently with very imperfect success. Under colour of giving a course of lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland, he has attempted to persuade the Scotch that their opposition to Prelacy arises from a historical illusion; that their peculiar code of doctrine is merely an accident; and that they had much better think no more of these trivial and obsolete causes of division, but unite with the Episcopal Church, of which the Dean is an eminent member, and carry into effect his theory of universal comprehension. Dr. Arnold, of whom the Dean is the leading disciple, was an advocate for a national church, in which he hoped to comprehend all sects of Christians, except possibly the Roman Catholics. His mind, in all his political and ecclesiastical speculations, was greatly under the influence of classical antiquity, of which he was an enthusiastic student, and which presented to him the type of a state religion, and a perfect identification of Church and State. Others have regarded the separation of the spiritual from the temporal power as the great work of Christianity, and its most important contribution to the progress of civilization; but Dr. Arnold held the opposite opinion, and wished to revert to what is generally considered a rudimentary condition of society. Dean Stanley goes even beyond his master. With him the identification of State and Church, or rather the subordination of the Church to the State, appears to be the one article of faith. He is not only the most thorough-going of Erastians, but to all appearances, he is an Erastian and nothing else. His comprehensiveness in doctrinal matters is literally without limit. Everything, from ultra Latitudinarianism to ultra Ritualism, is welcome to his religious communion, provided it will only submit to the supremacy of the state and the judgment of the Privy Council. All differences of belief he seems to regard as trivial, and all struggles about differences of belief as mere fanaticism, lamentably interfering with the one vital object—union under state supremacy. As Dr. Rainy says, in answer to some of the Dean's gentle insinuations that the Scotch martyrdoms were magnificent absurdities: "What I cannot but ask is this—what is that thing, what is that doctrinal truth, in behalf of which the Dean's conscience, according to his present lights, would lead him to think that people ought to undergo martyrdom, and might do so without absurdity? Where would he draw the line and make a stand? I declare most seriously I don't know. I have not the least idea. I don't see how any one can draw an inference or hazard a guess upon the subject. The Dean appears to me to be wonderfully able to hold both sides on most theological questions. Judging from the intense ardour of his demonstrations during the last three years, I have a kind of impression, but I am not sure, that in his judgment, in behalf of Erastianism a man might lay down his life joyfully at the scaffold or the stake. If not for that, then I am at an utter loss."

The Dean is a man of remarkable intellectual gifts, as well as of the most amiable moral qualities. He has extraordinary range of historical sympathy and an extraordinary eye for the picturesque in history, both secular and ecclesiastical. But his power of understanding a deep religious movement is far more limited. He likes the salient characters and striking forms which such a movement produces, and accepts them as agreeable additions to his museum of ecclesiastical history. But if Luther and Loyola are equally picturesque, he likes Loyola about as well as Luther. Ritualism is to him a new and gorgeous specimen which it would be a thousand pities not to accept. He cannot enter into the narrow objections of Protestant members of the Church of England, who are disconcerted by the introduction of what to them is a false miracle into their worship of God. As little can he enter into the desire of arriving at any definite conclusion on any doctrinal subject, or on any ecclesiastical subject whatever, except the one question of Erastianism. He likes to hold both sides of all questions, and this he regards as the height at once of Christian charity and of philosophy. He is surprised and scandalized when he encounters ordinary minds to which the difference between Transubstantiation and its opposite, or between Sacerdotalism and Anti-sacerdotalism is a serious matter: and when he finds that the mass of men would not care to maintain a church which was to be a mere organization without any definite creed, and teaching nothing except submission to the ecclesiastical courts. Why cannot people who hold opposite views as to the nature and sources of spiritual life, settle down comfortably together and unite in the one thing needful, the maintenance of an Established Church?

His present lectures are interesting, as everything he writes on history is, in spite of his frequent fancifulness, from his almost passionate love of the subject, and his power of realization. But they utterly fail to prove his peculiar point, and at the hands of Dr. Rainy he meets, we should say, with total discomfiture. He had endeavoured to show that Presbyterianism and Prelacy, so far from being wholly irreconcilable, had long co-existed amicably in Scotland. But this is a mere historical mare's nest. Nominal bishops, abbots and friars, were kept on foot after the Reformation, with the consent of the Reformers, not for religious but ostensibly for legal and constitutional purposes; really with a pecuniary object, the nobles wanting church lands and benefices to plunder, while the clergy hoped to save something for the church. Afterwards, a rich episcopacy was introduced by the Stuarts, but this episcopacy co-existed with Presbyterianism, not amicably, but in a state of internecine conflict. Prelacy, as Dr. Rainy well shows, was abhorred by the Scotch, and is still rejected by them, not only as a form of church government to which they object, but because it always brought with it, and always will bring with it, a whole circle of doctrines and practices to which they have a still greater aversion. When the Dean insinuates that the rising against Charles and Laud was only a fuss about an "Amen," the answer is that if the "Amen" was Amen to the bringing in of Prelacy and the Liturgy, that, in Scotch eyes, was cause enough for the rising. Dean Stanley must know well the saying of Aristotle, that the occasions of revolutions are often small, while their causes are great. The Dean is not more happy in his attempts to accommodate historical characters, or groups of characters, to the object which he has in view. The "Moderates," on whom he naturally fixes as the embodiment of his own sentiments, and whom he wishes to use as historical decoy ducks to bring over the more stiff-necked Presbyterians, were really not a religious party at all. They simply represented the influence of the eighteenth century, or a certain portion of the Scottish clergy, especially the more literary portion. They were, in fact, anti-ecclesiastical, and of some of them it would not be far from the truth to say that they had a strong affinity to scepticism. If "Jupiter Carlyle" had not been a minister, he would probably have found himself at the side of David Hume. Moreover the attitude of the Moderates towards the more fervent high church, or as the Dean would call them "Hildebrandine" Presbyterians, was anything but one of comprehension. The Dean has inadvertently allowed the truth to peep out in recognizing as a valued, though erring friend, the Bloody Mackenzie, a man without convictions, who was ready to take up with any religion established by "the laws of his country," but who was the framer and administrator of sanguinary laws against religious zeal. Dean Stanley is equally unsuccessful in his attempt to present as moderates and mediators the leaders of the Episcopal Church in Scotland. Bishop Joly was a very good man, and a picturesque ecclesiastical specimen, but he very distinctly believed, and very stiffly maintained, that no one who was not in communion with the bishop of his diocese would be saved except through the uncovenanted mercies of God. Turn where the Dean will, he finds "Hildebrandines," whose object in forming and maintaining churches is the propagation of some definite religious truth, and the inculcation of some definite rule of spiritual life.

He might, perhaps, have made a better point if he had thought of showing historically to how great an extent the various forms of ecclesiastical government in the different Protestant States were the result of political accident. Where the Reformation was made by the kings, episcopacy was retained, as being, according to the well-known dictum of James I., most congenial to monarchy. Where the Reformation was made by the nobles and people, as in Scotland, in Holland, in Germany, in Switzerland, among the Huguenots in France, episcopacy was abolished and some form of government more or less popular was adopted. When a thorough going democracy came to the front, as in New England, and in the old country under Cromwell, Congregationalism prevailed. Still, even when the Dean had reduced all the forms of church government to political accidents, he would have to show cause why the Scotch should abandon their own political accident and embrace his.

Presbyterianism answers by the mouth of Dr. Rainy with courtesy, but with force and with unmistakeable decision, bringing out, broadly and impressively, the great distinctive objects of the Presbyterian Church, and the grounds on which it receives, and will continue to receive, the allegiance of the Scottish people. The hitting in the reply is sometimes pretty hard, but never rude or uncharitable. Finally the Dean is politely bowed back to his own establishment with something like a flea in his ear.

"Very well; we all know that a powerful tide is running in influential quarters in favour of a general relaxation of belief, and that is in favour of the Dean's design. Besides that, in another way the existing forces tend in the same direction. For the more that divisions of opinion multiply, the more temptation there is to men who value an establishment to widen the base indefinitely, as the natural policy for strengthening the institution. So that we can see how the Dean's views of what establishments ought to be and are, might receive conclusive and unanswerable verification. I am bound, however, to record my belief that there are many men in the established churches who repudiate all this, and remain where they are because they do not believe the Dean's theory. Meanwhile, he appeals to us, outside the establishment, not to be so unreasonable as to propose to pull down establishments which satisfy, in the way indicated, such aspirations as his own. Now I will make bold to answer this appeal on behalf—to speak first of them—of nine-tenths of those whom the Dean has thus addressed, And I say that just in so far as the established churches correspond to the Dean's ideal, and in so far as that becomes clear, we will most certainly join with all our might to pull them down. More than that, there are plenty of men in the established churches who, on that supposition, will overcome the temptation of their position, and come to help us. Churches of that kind, if they are to be called churches, are a moral nuisance, not to be tolerated for an hour. I mean churches in which the whole power, the whole means of attraction which the State can employ, is devoted to support the principle that the Church of Christ as such has no principle and no conscience—has no peremptory assertions to make, no distinct truth, and no distinct life to represent and embody to the world."

We have no doubt that Dr. Rainy's words are true, and will be verified by events, unless the Church of Christ is destined to sink into a modern counterpart of the Roman Establishment of augurs with their sacred fowls, a prop of political reaction and a supplement to repressive police; in which case, she may or may not be a useful instrument of government, but she will hardly be the light or the life of the world.

LITERARY NOTES.

Dr. Macleod, whose death was abruptly announced by the cable, had just published his latest—his last work, "Characteristics," which had not reached Canada when we heard of his death. Ardently attached to the Scottish Establishment, he did not hesitate to protest against what he conceived to be its narrowness in creed or practice. His loss will be severely felt in his own Church, and it is deeply to be regretted by many friends in Canada, who had hoped during the summer to have heard his cheery voice and looked upon his genial face. Dr. Hook's "Life of Archbishop Parker," being vol. 9 of the "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury," though, strictly speaking, a biography, is properly a contribution to Church history: the period when Elizabeth was re-constructing the hierarchy under the primacy of Parker was a most eventful one in the history of the Church of England. The facts are faithfully stated by Dr. Hook, but as an "Anglo-Catholic," he is hampered by the ghost of apostolic succession. "Esse and Posse, a comparison of Divine Eternal Laws and Powers, as severally indicated in Truth, Fact and Record," by Mr. Braithwaite, M.A., Cantab., is another effort towards the reconciliation of religion and science. We have had an Evangelical peer as an author in the Duke of Argyle; a Rationalistic one, the Duke of Somerset; and now it appears we are to have a Roman Catholic in the person of Lord Arundel, of Wardour. His book is entitled "Tradition, principally with reference to Mythology." Messrs T. & T. Clark, of Edinburgh, announce two new volumes of the admirable series of translations, one of Origen contains a portion of his treatise against Celsus, and another containing the Liturgies of the Ante-Nicene period. "The Desert of the Exodus," by Rev. E. H. Palmer, M.A., (New York: Harper Brothers), is properly a work of geographical exploration, but it is also an illustrative commentary upon Holy Scripture. It ought to find a place in every library; it contains the results of a year's careful examination of the Arabian desert in the track of the wandering Hebrews. To the Biblical student it is extremely valuable, and it is much more interesting to the general reader than the majority of books of travel.

In the department of Science we have much pleasure in directing attention to "An Introduction to the Study of Biology, by H. Alleyne Nicholson, M.D., Professor of Natural History, Univ. College, Toronto." Dr. Nicholson's scientific manuals have the great merit of being comprehensive without being superficial; they always exhibit accurate knowledge, as established by the latest researches, and what is equally important, the rare faculty of bringing that knowledge within the understanding of the student. We have already directed attention to the new edition of "Lyell's Principles of Geology," as it has been recently revised by the author. The first volume, from stereotyped plates, has recently been published in New York (D. Appleton & Co.). It is scarcely necessary to call the attention of the student to this standard work. It will suffice to observe that five chapters of the tenth edition have been entirely re-cast, so as to connect the former work by the light of recent research, and to make it still the best standard text-book on the subject of geology. "The Orbs around us," is another scientific popular work, by R. A. Proctor. "Researches in Molecular Physics, by means of Radiant Heat," is by Prof. Tyndall; and "Town Geology," is a collection of a number of popular articles written for *Good Words*, by the Rev. Chas. Kingsley.

In Biography, two works only need be noticed—a life of Michael Faraday, by J. H. Gladstone, L L. D. and "Goethe and Mendelssohn, 1821-31," containing unpublished letters by both the friends, and edited by Dr. Karl Mendelssohn, a son of the composer. In the Department of History, we may mention a "History of Canada, under the French Régime, 1535-1763, by H. H. Miles." The work has not reached us, but if properly executed, it ought to be a valuable compendium of the early history of this country. We do not know that "Thirty years in a Harem," can properly be called history, but the book is worth noting, if only because, after the number of pretentious revelations we have had of the seraglio, this seems to be one written by a *bona fide* inmate—Madame Kabizli Mehemet Pasha. Col. Otto Corvin gives, from the German soil, an account of the invasion of France, and Major Blume a narrative of operations from Sedan to the end of the war. On the other side, we have "Eight Months on Duty," by a young officer in Chanzy's army. It paints very feelingly the sufferings of the French people at the hands of the invaders. Dr. Vaughan, Master of the Temple, has contributed a preface to this volume.

In Geography and Travels it seems rather difficult to select—so great is the supply the summer always brings with it. Capt. R. F. Burton announces a new work "Unexplored Syria." Captain Butler of H. M. 69th Regiment, who accompanied the Red River Expedition, and afterwards made several excursions up the Saskatchewan, is the author of a work on the North-west, entitled "The Great Lone Land." "Saunterings." by Charles D. Warner, (James R. Osgood & Co.,) is a very attractive book, neatly got up for the pocket, and full of interesting European travel-talk, infused with an agreeable spice of American humour. Contrary to all precedent, the very preface is amusing, we might almost say the most amusing chapter in the book. Besides these works the number of summer books is almost be-

yond calculation. We have a doctor's book "Change of Air and Scene," directing the tourist to the Mediterranean, "Try Cracow and the Carpathians." New editions of Ball's Alpine Guides, to teach people how to break their necks, after the fashion of the day; "How to see Norway," "Ben Rhydding," "Knocking about in New Zealand," &c , &c. We mention "South Sea Bubbles," again (New York: Appleton & Co.,) to commend the cheap and well-printed American edition, and also to mention that the English Wesleyan organ, the *Watchman* has taken very just exception to the flippant manner in which the Earl of Pembroke speaks of the missionary labours in the South Seas. Why a nobleman, young and with strong animal spirits, should not have anything in common with missionaries, who disturb the halcyon days by preaching chastity to the "Voluptuous Tahitians." A young nobleman of twenty-two can hardly be expected to admire the rigidity in morals which, though quite proper in Belgravia, is, it seems, singularly out of place in the seductive atmosphere of "Society-Islandism." Methodism appears to be the *bête noire* of our young nobility; yet it seems strange that the Earl should have taken the London Missionary Society under his patronage, and reserved his censures for the Wesleyan body. The Doctor, who is said to be a brother of the Rev. Charles and Henry Kingsley, might have chastened the exuberant utterances of his companion, and repressed those unwarrantable attacks upon a religious denomination which has done so much to humanize and christianize mankind at home and abroad.

Mr. Buchanan has issued "Thomas Maitland's" article on "The Fleshly School of Poetry," enlarged and improved in the form of a *brochure*. We have already referred to the article in question. The pamphlet has one peculiar merit, not designed by the author—it is a complete catalogue of all the passages in Mr. Rossetti's poems, which a prurient taste, assisted by Mr. Buchanan's commentary, might delight to feed upon. Like the edition of Martial in Byron's *Don Juan* "the proper parts," are severed from their connection.

"They only add them all in an appendix,
Which saves in fact the trouble of an index."

There is only this difference, that Mr. Buchanan scatters them, like sugar-plums, through the body of his work. Those of our readers who have not read Mirèio, a Provençal Poem, by Frederic Mistral, (Boston: Roberts, Brothers,) ought, by all means to do so. The revival of a Provençal literature, however ephemeral it may prove to be, is of itself a phenomenon worthy of attention, and the poem before us, rich in the scenery of the silk-worm and mulberry country, possesses a freshness and a warmth which render this poem peculiarly attractive. The story is of a pure affection crossed by fortune. Another instance of what Edwin Arnold tells us, that "never was tale of human love which was not also tale of human woe." But the art of the poet has made the feeling of pain less intense by the lovely scenes of domestic life, and the spirited lyrics here and there dispersed through the poem. Miss Prescott, the translator, has accomplished her task well, and the publishers have embalmed this unique contribution to literature in a very handsome volume: the pages of which are bounded by a red border of the Oxford pattern. "The Days of Jezebel," by P. Bayne, B. A., and the fifth volume of Mr. Morris' "Earthly Paradise," (cheap edition) are worthy of mention.

In Fiction, we have Ombra, by Mrs. Oliphant, on the whole, the best work she has yet written, The Golden Lion of Granpere, by Anthony Trollope and Septimius, a posthumous Romance, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, both of which have appeared serially in the magazines; and finally the fourth part of Middlemarch, by George Eliot—"Three Love Problems." The author of "John Halifax," contributes two excellent juvenile story-books, "Is it True?" and "The Adventures of a Brownie."

We append a communication respecting Palmer's "Desert of the Exodus" above referred to

PALMER'S DESERT OF THE EXODUS (London, 1872): and Niebuhr's Travels in Arabia written a century ago.

The latter work, of which I have only a Dutch translation (4to, Amsterdam, 1776) of the German original, says of Kibroth Hattaavah:

"We were not a little astonished to find here, in the midst of the desert, a splendid Egyptian cemetery, for so a European would call it, although he might not have seen the like in Egypt, where most of the ancient monuments are buried in the sand. We found a number of stones, some still upright, others fallen or broken, measuring from five to seven feet long, by one and a-half to two feet broad, and covered with Egyptian hieroglyphics. These could not have been anything else than tombstones. Of the building, (of which I give a sketch) only the walls remain. In it are many sculptured stones. At the broader end is a small room, the roof still remaining, supported by a square pillar. In this room are, also, many hieroglyphics, both on the walls and on the pillar, and also images like those of the ancient Egyptians, and architectural designs similar to the drawings made by Norden in Upper Egypt."

"All the tombstones with the hieroglyphics and images are of a fine, hard sandstone. I copied three of the inscriptions. Are not these the graves of the people that lusted, mentioned in the fourth book of Moses, xi., 34?"

How does it happen that Palmer does not mention these inscriptions? He speaks only of stones and stone heaps at Erweis el Ebeirig, but not a word about these sculptured stones and inscriptions, which were seen only a few years ago by Robinson, who says there were about fifteen upright and several fallen stones, covered with Egyptian hieroglyphics, varying from seven to ten feet in height, by eighteen inches to two feet broad. He saw, also, the small chamber with the roof still perfect, the column and sides covered with hieroglyphics, and mentions "*the wonderful preservation of the inscriptions.*" On some of the stones "*they are quite perfect.*"

Forster, in his "Sinai Photographed," folio, London, 1862, has copied Niebuhr's plates, and gives translations of the hieroglyphical inscriptions.

It is the fashion (but I am happy to say that Shepperd, in his very interesting work, "Traditions of Eden," does not follow it,) to decry Forster's work and Palmer is among the detraetors. Can it be on that account that he has omitted all mention of these wonderful inscriptions (nearly a thousand years older than the Moabite stone), which Niebuhr engraved a century ago, and which Robinson says are still perfect, and which are undoubtedly the tombstones of those Israelites who lusted for flesh, and perished in the wilderness.

P. H. D.

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CLIVE WESTON'S WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

(*Concluded.*)

CHAPTER VI.

"HOW does Mrs. Weston feel to-day?" enquired Captain Dacre, as he seated himself on a low ottoman beside her.

"Like the weather—out of sorts; but what brings Captain Dacre out this shockingly wet morning?"

"What brings him out in all seasons and at all times to Weston Villa?" questioned the new-comer in a low, earnest tone.

"To kill time, I suppose," rejoined Virginia, barely disguising a yawn. "I would go out myself this morning in the rain if I thought doing so would answer such a purpose."

"Can Mrs. Weston make no better guess than that?" The speaker's tone was low and hurried, unlike his usual languid accents; but Virginia in perfect unconsciousness replied:

"Ah yes, how stupid I am! Of course, Captain Dacre, I know and appreciate the motive that brings you to us so often."

"Are you certain that you really know it, Mrs. Weston?" he eagerly, yet hesitatingly, asked.

"Long since, Captain Dacre. I am a more shrewd observer than you seem to give me credit for being. Since the first evening we were introduced I have suspected it, and would indeed have been disappointed had it been otherwise. Few women possess the beauty and fascination of Miss Maberly."

"Miss Maberly!" he ejaculated, in a tone the strangeness of which caused her to raise her eyes quickly to his face. Something in the expression she saw there brought a tide of crimson to cheek and forehead, and a strange light into her eyes, but she coldly, calmly rejoined:

"Who else could it be? For months

past you have hung around her, followed her everywhere, surrounded her with the most lover-like attentions—"

"It is you; you, Virginia Weston, whose steps I have followed, whose smiles I have sought," he interrupted with passionate abruptness, surprised for the moment out of his usual perfect self-command. "You, the first woman I have ever really loved, and for whose lightest smile I would barter all hopes in earth and heaven!"

The strange light in Mrs. Weston's eyes deepened and defined itself more clearly. It was a blaze of overwhelming indignation, and in a voice low, but vibrating with scorn, she said:

"Is this your return for the hospitality, the kindness that has ever been shown to you under this roof? What has led you to venture on such an insulting avowal?"

"Your own conduct, Mrs. Weston," he retorted, stung beyond all self-control by the scornful repulse he had just received. "When a married woman, who is rarely seen with her husband, tolerates, encourages the constant visits and escort of another man, what is that man to think?"

The young wife fairly quivered with anger. "Ah! I understand now, Captain Dacre, how some of my sex have at times so utterly demeaned themselves as to have struck the caitiffs who ventured on insulting them."

"Your words wound more deeply than blows from your hand could possibly do," he grimly replied.

"Silence, sir! Even whilst scorning myself for stooping to explain or defend my conduct, I will tell what you cannot but know yourself, that I have always looked on you as a suitor of Miss Maberly, and supposed your visits and attentions were directed to her."

"Thank you for the poor compliment you pay to my taste and judgment. If ever I should marry, which is more than doubtful, I will seek a mate of a different stamp to the free, fast, husband-hunting class of young ladies to which Miss Maberly belongs. Stop, Mrs. Weston, do not interrupt me with a defence of your friend, nor upbraid me with duplicity. I have but flirted with a flirt, as great an adept at the pastime as myself. And now, let me ask you, have you not noticed that I sought Miss Maberly's society merely when I could not obtain yours; that I addressed myself to her ear only when you were otherwise engaged or unwilling to listen to me?"

"I noticed nothing of the sort, or if I did I attributed it entirely to the courtesy you supposed due to the mistress of the house. I thought the mere fact of my bearing another man's name should have been guard sufficient against an insulting mistake such as you have just made."

"Can you blame me for forgetting a fact of which you yourself seemed so often and so utterly oblivious?" retorted Dacre, forgetful of courtesy, civility, every better feeling, in his terrible disappointment and deep humiliation.

"Day after day have I visited here, scarcely ever seeing the husband of whose claims you are now so jealously watchful, without hearing his name even mentioned by yourself or friend, till he almost seemed to me a sort of mythical being. Then when you chanced to be together, a few words of indifferent politeness, a careless smile, far less bright than those which you vouchsafed my unworthy self, were the only tokens of affection you ever gave him. To a keen, close observer, what was to be inferred from all this?"

"Thank you, Captain Dacre, you are determined on making me drink to the last drop that bitter cup of humiliation which my own folly has earned for me. Well, a portion of that unutterable contempt I so freely bestowed on you at the commencement of our interview, I now transfer to myself. Are you satisfied, Captain Dacre? I will go still farther, and acknowledge that I feel utterly degraded in my own eyes, humbled to

the very dust. Now, I have only to add, leave this house, never to enter it again, and never address to me another word. I forgive you for the terrible insult you have put on me, the greatest that could be offered to a woman, whether wife of peer or peasant, in consideration of the valuable lesson given at the same time."

The young man rose to his feet, and turned full on her the usually listless face that strong emotion had rendered colourless as marble.

"Mrs. Weston, I have made a woful mistake and bitterly regret it. To ask your forgiveness would be useless. But if I possessed such a wife, I would not neglect her as Clive Weston does," and without parting word or look he strode down the stairs and left the house.

After the door had closed on him, Virginia still sat there, stunned, bewildered by the interview through which she had just passed. Oh, how abased, degraded she felt, how she loathed the vain folly that had exposed her to such bitter humiliation, and longed with a sick longing for the support of that strong, upright nature which was hers by right, but to which she had no longer courage to appeal.

Would that she had a friend wise and trustworthy to whom she could turn for counsel, in whose sympathy she could confide. Not once did Miss Maberly rise before her in such a light. Instinct told her that Letty was the last to be taken into her confidence, especially on the present subject. But even while she was revolving this conclusion the door opened and the subject of her thoughts entered, looking unusually pale and harassed.

"Did you get the flowers, Letty?" enquired the young wife, endeavouring to assume an air of unconcern.

"Yes, though not without some difficulty; but was not Dacre here? I met him in Sherbrooke street, just as I was returning home, and stopped the carriage to tell him something about our coming ball. Judge of my annoyance and surprise when he abruptly said he would not be present. On my pressing him for a reason, he answered, crossly as a savage: 'Let Mrs. Weston tell you that,' and then, without even saying good-bye, started off. Now, Virginia, please explain what he meant."

"He should have done so himself, if he really desired such a thing. Captain Dacre's words and actions are really beyond my powers of explanation at times."

"Oh! Virginia, I will not be put off in this manner. I insist on your telling me all that passed between you and Henry Dacre this morning."

"You speak rather authoritatively, Letty. Suppose I should refuse compliance."

"But you have no right to do such a thing. I love this man, and will not that give me a claim, at least in your estimation, to know all that you can tell me about him?"

"Well, we quarrelled, and parted in mutual anger."

"But what about?"

"You are too exacting, Letty. I have said all I mean to say on the subject, so pray let us leave it."

"Some absurd love nonsense, I suppose," rejoined Miss Maberly, instinctively divining the truth, or at least a considerable portion of it. "I do not see why married women should permit such scenes."

"Retract that, Letty, at once! Love or temper is urging you too far, and there are things I will not bear even from you."

"I do retract it, and everything else that you wish, if you will only tell me when you intend making it up again with him."

"I cannot even tell you when I will see him again. In informing you he was not coming on Thursday evening, he gave you more information about his future movements than he did to myself."

"Virginia, once again bear in mind, I entreat you, that I love Harry Dacre deeply,

and for my sake, for our tried friendship's sake, promise you will write a line to recall him."

The speaker's pallid cheek and lips, her unsteady voice, betrayed how sincere and earnest was this appeal.

"It grieves me deeply, Letty, to refuse you anything you desire so greatly, but it is impossible for me to comply."

"Be it so! What are my worldly hopes and prospects, my peace and happiness, to others? But you may yet change your mind, and generously resolve to do a little more in behalf of that friendship of whose existence you have yourself more than once assured me," with which words she abruptly left the room.

What Virginia Weston felt at that moment it would not have been easy to describe. One by one her friends seemed falling off from her, whilst her isolation and loneliness of heart grew deeper. It was unbearable, and she must make an effort to see or speak to her husband. Quickly she pulled the bell.

"Did Mr. Weston say whether he would be home to dinner?"

"No, ma'am. He came in a short while ago, hurried like, and asked if you were in. I told him yes, though Miss Maberly was out, and that Captain Dacre was in the drawing-room, so he went out again. Excuse me, ma'am, but I found master looking very ill."

"I am sorry to hear it. Remember I am out to all callers," and Virginia with apparent calmness ascended to her room, locked it, and then gave way to the tumultuous and painful emotions surging within her breast.

Seek her husband now, after his finding her *tête-à-tête* with the one man whose company he had ever asked her to shun! Seek her husband, and for what? To tell him of that odious insult, the ignominy of which was reflected more deeply perhaps on him than on herself, and which he might seek to avenge according to the world's sinful, terrible code of honour. Ah, no, she felt now that she must rather avoid him, lest he should read the hateful secret in her face.

How her cheeks burned as she recalled that galling interview! How she deplored the folly that had led to such a result! Heavily the day dragged on. Her head was throbbing with pain—her lips were parched and feverish.

A tap at the door, and her maid entered to announce that dinner was served.

"Is Mr. Weston in?"

"No, ma'am."

"Bring me up a cup of tea here, for I will not go down to-night; my head is aching."

After watching the leaden sky and rain-drowned landscape till darkness blotted them them from sight, she threw herself on the bed, partly dressed. Hour after hour passed, but no moment of slumber visited her burning eyelids. Motionless she lay there, unconsciously listening and longing for her husband's return. She kept her vigil in vain. Two o'clock, three o'clock, struck, and still he had not come. Then a feeling of deep indignation suddenly awoke within her. Was it right of any husband thus to spend his nights from home—to treat a young wife with such open indifference and neglect? Whatever her faults might be this was not the way to induce her to amend them; nor, was it paying her the common courtesy due to her as bearer of his name and mistress of his houshold.

Away then with all half-formed plans of amendment, or self-upbraidings over the past! Since he would go his way, she would go hers; and if it were not a happy, it would at least be a gay and brilliant one. With such thoughts she at length fell asleep.

Dawn was breaking through rain and mist, when Weston, pale and haggard, entered the room. He paused a moment beside his sleeping wife, and sorrowfully looked down on that sweet, girlish face, so beautiful in its calm repose. Even though the remembrance of her indifference to himself—

of her persistent friendship for the gay military cavalier who so closely hung around her, rose at that moment to his recollection, no expression of anger darkened his face, and with the murmured words: "Poor Virginia!" he passed into his dressing-room.

CHAPTER VII.

BREAKFAST was long over when Virginia awoke, and after a purposely protracted toilet, and the pretence of a morning meal, descended to the sitting-room in a supremely defiant mood.

The two friends looked at each other, and each noted the traces a sleepless night had left impressed on brow and look, but they quietly interchanged some words on the weather, and Miss Maberly, who generally contrived to retain wit in her anger, led the conversation to the coming entertainment. It was decided that it must be a brilliant affair.

During dinner, for which the master of the house arrived at the latest possible moment, the subject of the intended ball was for the first time mentioned to him. An expression of sharp pain passed across his features, but he made no remark.

"Remember, Mr. Weston, to keep yourself disengaged for the occasion."

"Why, who would miss me, Miss Letty?"

"Mrs. Grundy, to begin with, and she would insist on a formal explanation as to why you were not present at the ball of the season, when given in your own house."

"Then I fear Mrs. Grundy will have occasion to talk, for I cannot possibly be present."

"Why not, Clive?" sharply asked his young wife, her ears yet tingling with Captain Dacre's comments on the rarity of her husband's presence at her social gatherings.

"Because I cannot. Important business calls me to Quebec to-morrow, and I fear I shall not be able to get back in time."

"But, Clive, I beg, I insist on your making your appearance. You have no idea how much your absence would mortify me."

"Had I known of your project a little earlier, as well as of your special wish that I should be present, I would have endeavoured to gratify you—to do so now is impossible."

Virginia, seeing in this answer only a blunt refusal, and an implied rebuke to her tardiness in informing him of her plans, made no reply, and pettishly played with her fork.

"'Tis a clear case of Ledger *versus* Wife," playfully remarked Miss Maberly.

"In which the former wins for the latter's sake," was Weston's grave rejoinder.

"Do you leave very soon, Mr. Weston?"

"In a couple of hours, to be back, if possible, for Thursday night; but I must see to the trifling preparations I have to make," and he courteously withdrew.

Miss Letty soon after begged to be excused as she had letters to write, and she also withdrew.

"Always repulsed or baffled by him, and before Letty too!" murmured the wife, biting her lips. "I so rarely ask a favour, I thought he would have granted me this one. Well, I will try to do without him on this occasion, as I have done on so many others."

The eventful night came, and Mrs. Weston's mansion, gay with lights, flowers, and garlands, was thronged with the fairest and gayest of Montreal society. Very beautiful looked the hostess and her inseparable friend, dressed alike in clouds of silver-spotted azure tulle; but a restless light shone in the eyes, a feverish flush burned on the cheeks of both.

That morning Miss Maberly had written a brief, familiarly worded note to Captain Dacre, urging him to come in the evening, or at least to call and explain to her the cause of his absence during the last two days.

The answer came just as Letty was placing a trembling spray of blue hyacinths in

her hair, the final addition to a charming toilet. It was written in the third person, and was as cold and ceremonious as the most exacting prude could have desired. Captain Dacre could not come to Weston Villa; could not give his reasons for not coming; and hinted that, if given, they would not concern Miss Maberly.

Talk of the heroism of martyrs at the stake, the martyrs of fashion often give proofs of equal fortitude, and Letty Maberly went forth from her room that night, her heart almost breaking, though smiles from first to last wreathed her lip.

As for Virginia she was ever recalling or hearing in fancy the scathing words of Henry Dacre, and asking herself if others were misjudging her as he had done. But she possessed the art of concealing her anxieties beneath a gay exterior, and no guest present that night suspected how hollow that gaiety was.

A little before midnight, when the revel was at its height, the master of the house, tired and travel-worn, entered the hall by a door leading from the garden. He stood a moment at a side entrance, concealed in shadow, and looked in at the gay scene. Over the costly decorations, the wealthy and distinguished guests, his glance carelessly wandered, till it fell on his wife, who stood amid a circle of admirers, as brilliant in beauty and joyous in spirits as he had ever yet seen her.

"Fool that I was, to fancy for a moment she could miss me!" he bitterly thought. "No, my presence would more likely prove unwelcome."

Unnoticed he left the house and hurried to the narrow street in which James Reeves, his chief clerk, lived. It was in the small, primly furnished parlour of the latter that the two—surrounded by papers and accounts—passed the remaining hours of that night during which the ball went on so merrily at Weston Villa.

Virginia, though awake, was still lying listlessly on her pillow, when a gentle tap at her door was followed by Miss Maberly's entrance.

"How are you, Virginia, love, this morning?"

"Very tired. But you are unusually early, Letty."

"Because I have much to do, dearest. Last night's post brought me a letter from home enjoining my return without delay."

"You are not serious, Letty, surely," and Mrs. Weston quickly raised herself from her pillow. "You will not leave me thus, with only a few hours' notice?"

"What can it matter to Mrs. Clive Weston whether poor Letty Maberly goes or stays?"

"Much, everything! Why I shall feel lost without you. I have grown so much into the habit of consulting your opinion, that I do not think I shall be equal to choosing a ribbon or giving a kettle-drum alone."

"If I have been so useful to you, Virginia, was it fair to refuse me the trifling favour I asked of you a few days ago? Surely you might have written a conciliatory line to Henry Dacre when so much depended on it."

The mention of that name, so hateful to her, froze all other feelings in Virginia's breast, and she coldly replied:

"To such a step I never could consent. Why not write yourself? You have no weighty reason such as I have to prevent your doing so. A letter from me under existing circumstances would not have the same influence that one from you would have."

"Ah, Virginia, men may well sneer at feminine friendships? Could two more devoted friends have been found in the city than we have been for months past, and yet at the first test, how that vaunted friendship melts into air. It cannot ensure even the granting of a trifling request."

"Trifling, Letty! Have I not told you that Captain Dacre deeply offended, indeed,

insulted me. Nothing could induce me to speak—much less to write to him !"

"In that case discussion is idle. But I must leave you, Virginia, to superintend packing. I start by boat this afternoon."

"But, Letty, you have accepted Mrs. Markland's invitation for her great ball, which comes off to-night."

"I shall not miss it, nor will Mrs. Markland miss me, so good-bye for the present," and she left the room, carelessly humming a new waltz.

"So much for friendship !" thought Virginia bitterly, divining with justice that the injunction to return home pleaded by Miss Maberly was merely a pretext. "They all seem to be giving me up, so I will try if I cannot do without them, and lead the old merry life by myself."

Nothing, however, like a merry look rested on her face that morning.

The conversation between Letty and herself at lunch was confined to general topics, till towards the close, when Miss Maberly asked, with a faintly sarcastic inflexion in her voice: "If Prince Invisible had put in his appearance yet."

"Mr. Weston arrived last night, but at too late an hour to join us in the drawing-room."

"It must be allowed, Virginia, that you and Clive are essentially a fashionable couple. I do not think even in Paris that you could be outdone. You, as a wife, also deserve credit for a wonderful amount of patience."

Virginia's smooth brow betrayed in no manner how deeply this thrust had mortified her. "Do you forget that your beau-ideal of a husband was one who would devote himself steadily to money-making, leaving his wife to spend the results of his labours ?"

"True, but do you not think that Mr. Weston is almost too perfect in his line?"

"I am satisfied with him, so my friends must also endeavour to be so."

After this passage-at-arms conversation flagged, and when Letty withdrew to complete her preparations for departure, her hostess, instead of accompanying her, took up a book and seated herself in a deep easy chair, with Carlo on her lap, after giving orders that the carriage should be ready at four o'clock for Miss Maberly.

With the evident intention of avoiding a lengthy leave-taking, that young lady came down, shawled and veiled, at the latest possible moment.

Despite the little differences between her guest and herself during the last few days, Mrs. Weston's eyes filled with tears as she bade her farewell, but Miss Maberly, with the lightest possible touch of her lips on her friend's cheek, and a careless "Adieu, Virginia ! My parting regards to Mr. Weston," passed over the threshold of the house which had been a home to her in every sense of the word for months past.

Resuming her book, Virginia said : "She cares nothing for me—why should I grieve for her?" but she did not find it easy to carry out the philosophical intention. Though she had in a measure taken her husband's part when Miss Maberly had alluded to him, the remarks of that young lady had left a sting.

What right had Clive to expose her thus to sneering remarks ?

Virginia did not belong to that class of women who seem to rather like being looked on as martyr wives, and her irritation against her husband for exposing her even in the smallest degree to such a thing, was extreme. Suddenly her pet Carlo trotted up and nestled in the folds of her dress.

"My only friend !" she murmured, catching the dog up and pressing her cheek against its silken head. Very lovely she looked in the plain though rich morning dress she still wore, a softened, sad expression on her pure, colourless face. Silently watching her from the open door-way, a look of yearning love on his handsome though care-worn face, stood Clive Weston. When Carlo's playful bark revealed his presence,

she carelessly looked up and expressed her satisfaction that he had arrived safely.

"How did the ball come off?" he asked.

"Brilliantly, though you did not honour it with your presence."

"I could not do otherwise. But are you alone?"

"Quite. I am not dressed to receive callers, and Miss Maberly left for home this afternoon."

Some weeks ago this piece of intelligence would have rejoiced her listener's heart, but it seemed to matter very little to him now.

"She left somewhat suddenly, did she not?"

"Yes, owing to a letter from home enjoining her return."

"I fear, Virginia, you will be quite lonely without her."

"Oh, one gets accustomed to everything, Mr. Weston, even to a husband's absence both night and day!"

The young man looked at her with an expression of sorrowful perplexity. Was this a serious reproach, or was it only one of the pettish sallies so common to her when out of humour?

"Why, Virginia, Miss Maberly, and indeed yourself, generally contrived to make me feel in the way when I happened to be much with you."

"Then if Miss Maberly was the cause of your self-inflicted banishment, she is gone now, and I am quite alone. Will you accompany me to Mrs. Markland's to-night?"

A troubled expression flashed across Weston's face, and in a low husky voice he answered:

"Impossible! Business of a serious nature will keep me at the office to-night."

"Just as I had expected. Believe me, Clive, any other answer would have surprised me."

"Listen, Virginia. I am expecting a letter the importance of which no word could exaggerate. Shall I confide in you—tell you all?"

Had not the young wife been so much absorbed in her own grievances, so thoroughly out of humour, she could not but have perceived the speaker's agitation; but it escaped her, and she coldly rejoined:

"Please spare me ledger and counting-house details. The simple answer that you cannot come is sufficient. But dinner, I see, is served!"

The meal was so dull—conversation so difficult—that Virginia caught herself recalling more than once with regret the light small talk with which Letty enlivened their meals. Clive, however, did not linger long. A servant entered to say that Mr. Weston was wanted down at the office as soon as he could make it convenient.

The young man turned very pale, and hurriedly saying "Good bye, Virginia," left the room. That night Mrs. Weston was unusually careful over her attire, and the result proved satisfactory even to herself.

The carriage came round, and after taking a last glance in the mirror at the radiant image it reflected, she turned to go. As she did so a strange feeling came over her, a sort of vague, shuddering dislike to leaving home. She leaned against her dressing table. What could it mean?

"What is it, ma'am? Do you feel ill?" asked Cranston. "Perhaps you're nervous."

"Well, as we do not know what to call it, we'll suppose it is that," and the young beauty stood for a time twisting her glittering bracelet with an absent look. Suddenly she raised her head, and smiling at her own fancies and her maid's solemn face, ran lightly down the stairs.

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. Markland's ball fully equalled in brilliancy the one at Weston Villa. The same people, the same dazzling toilets, elaborately spread supper table, and the same crashing quadrille band.

Virginia, though followed and admired, as she always was, soon wearied of the scene. The remembrance of the interview with Captain Dacre recurred more than once to her mind, filling her with uneasy fears lest she should again render herself worthy of such strictures. Flushed and tired from a galop, she sought the dressing-room with the intention of securing a short interval of rest; but remembering that she could not feel safe from interruption there, she threw an opera cloak over her shoulders and passed out on a small balcony overlooking the gardens, closing the door behind her. Though October, the night was as pleasant as in summer, and as she adjusted herself on a seat, she resolved to remain there some time and enjoy the calm beauty of the night, so refreshing a contrast to the ball room she had just left. Suddenly the odour of cigars rising up almost at her feet warned her that gentlemen were near, and at the same moment the voice of a Mr. Colford Stone, with whom she had danced two or three times during the evening, became plainly audible, for he was apparently standing under the shadow of the balcony as he pronounced the words:

"Yes, Clive Weston's wife is decidedly the belle to-night."

"Now I should move out of this," said Virginia to herself, "but I will not. I have chosen a pleasant, secluded nook for myself, and they have no business to stand under it chattering nonsense. Besides, they will begin to abuse me presently, and I shall thus be sufficiently punished."

Her presentiments were destined to be painfully and promptly realized.

"Poor butterfly," continued the speaker, "her wings will soon be clipped."

"How—what do you mean?"

"Well, I do not mind telling you, Macdonald, what the whole world will know to-morrow. Poor Weston is ruined. His paper was refused this afternoon at the banks. For some time past he has been losing ground. The failure of Darrell & Co., followed by that of some other firm in the townships, gave him the first push down hill. Other misfortunes followed, and matters became worse and worse. Grown desperate, he staked his remaining all in a large flour speculation. News came this afternoon that flour had fallen, and his ruin is complete,"

"Poor fellow," interposed the other speaker, "I am truly sorry for him. He has always shown himself a thorough gentleman."

"Ah! Macdonald, his marriage was a sad mistake. I prophesied on his wedding day, as I saw the bridal party drive off, that the anniversary of the day would not find him as happy as he seemed then. My prophesy was only too correct."

"For my part," resumed the other, "I cannot help feeling sorry for the poor butterfly too. What will she do in the storm?"

"Hang like a mill-stone round his neck, or perhaps run off with that intolerable coxcomb, Dacre, with whom she has been flirting for months past."

"Come, Stone, you are hard on her. He is paying attention to that matchless flirt, Miss Maberly."

"Nothing of the sort. Has he not declared a dozen times that he would never marry in Canada, and sneered, like the puppy that he is, when quizzed about Miss Letty. I've watched them often, and noticed that he only danced with her when he could not get her friend."

"But Mrs. Weston brought her husband a large fortune—what has become of it?"

"Swamped, every cent. She would not allow her guardians to have a penny settled on herself."

"Well, you must at least give her credit for a generous spirit."

"Tush! mere obstinacy. Did so, probably, to spite her guardian. Weston made a gallant fight of it. Norris, who lives opposite, says that he and his clerk, Reeve,

have been up for nights past, and they have it down there that Clive hasn't eaten for three days, though he puts such a calm front on it."

"Why didn't he try to retrench a little. They gave a ball at his place only last night, that must have cost a good round sum of money."

"The fact is, he has been embarrassed only quite lately. His wife, too, might not have liked it. They can live for a time on the price of her diamonds. I noticed them to-night, and was calculating what they would bring."

"Stone, you are hard—hard as your name!"

"And you, old fellow, are too soft. I admire and respect, as much as any man can do, a woman worthy of the old God-given name of help-mate, but I despise the whole tribe of selfish, ribbon-bedecked puppets who have no aim beyond that of being considered fashionables: who dress, flirt, dance, whilst husbands and fathers toil for them, and never cherish for these same toilers one sentiment of gratitude or love in the depths of their barren hearts. Just like that vain wife of poor Weston's, who is starring it here to-night, whilst he is eating his heart out in despair at home, thinking perhaps of running away from her for ever, as I would do in his place, or it may be of cutting his own throat."

"Say what you will, cynic that you are, I maintain that there is good in many of those you condemn wholesale, and circumstances would develop that good.

"Have it so! We shall soon see what good lies dormant in Mrs. Clive Weston."

"That we shall, my friend, and I would be willing to take a heavy bet on the result, for she possesses a mind capable of great things."

"'Tis not mind and intellect that are wanting. I tell you it is heart. Still I'll hope against hope; but let us go back for another waltz."

Truly had she heard enough, that pale, breathless woman who sat listening there—a great horror looking out of the distended violet eyes. When the voices of the speakers ceased she tremblingly rose and passed into the dressing-room, which was empty with the exception of a maid in attendance. "Call Mrs. Weston's carriage?" It soon came round, and Virginia sprang into it, pronouncing in a low, agitated tone, the one word "Home."

CHAPTER IX.

WE must now go back to Clive Weston. It wanted a half hour to midnight when he let himself in with his latch key, and ascended at once to the small smoking-room at the back of the house. His step was not more rapid than usual, the hand that opened the intricate lock was perfectly steady, but there was that in his ghastly face, compressed ashen lips and glittering eyes, that would have appalled any one who crossed his path. It was that saddest, most terrible of all expressions looking out from a human face — utter despair. Locking the door inside, he lit the gas and then sat down for a few moments. Suddenly he rose, took from a drawer a pistol, loaded it, and then laid it on the table. A knock at the door was followed by the voice of his man-servant asking if his services were wanted.

Schooling his voice to its usual calmness, he told the man he might go to bed, and then enquired if Mrs. Weston was out.

Yes, she had gone to Mrs. Markland's.

Well, he must wait a little later. He wanted no crowd of curious, horrified servants hurrying in to assist at the end of the tragedy. After a while he said, as if seeking to re-assure himself:

"I have no alternative left. Bankrupt in fortune, pride, affection—to live would be impossible! Ah, creditors I could face, for my course though unfortunate has been honourable; but the wife I have beggared,

the delicate child of luxury whom I have robbed. My darling, who, despite counsel of friend and guardian, insisted on placing her all in my hands; how have I fulfilled the trust? How venial now seem the acts of pettish waywardness that at times incensed me so deeply, beside the great wrong I have done her! Shall I write a few farewell words, and ask forgiveness?"

He drew the writing desk near him and wrote a few lines. Then a strange longing to look for the last time on her features stole over him. She would not be home for hours yet, and the portrait he desired to see hung in her dressing-room. He bent his steps thither. How calm, how home-like everything looked. A bright fire burned in the grate. Drawn up before the latter was Virginia's low easy chair, a handkerchief, yet redolent of her favourite perfume, lying on the back of it. Her dressing gown and tiny quilted satin slippers were on the sofa.

Above the mantel-piece, in the full light of the lamp, was the portrait he had come to see. He threw himself in the chair, first pressing his lips to the place where her head had so often rested, and studied the picture with eager eyes.

Busily memory retraced the past. His joy on that wedding day of which this was the mournful anniversary—their early wedded love—then the cloud that had come between them, growing denser day by day, till it had finally estranged, and almost separated them.

In that retrospect he took on himself the chief part of the blame. Yes, he thought more than once, he should have bowed his pride, and coaxed her out of her wayward moods, instead of intrenching himself as he had done in cold reserve. He should not have left her night after night alone without explaining the cause of his absence. Ah, if he were only allowed to live that year over again, how differently he would act! Then insensibly a dream stole over him of another sort of life, in which, though comparatively poor, and struggling against adverse circumstances, they might yet be happy, living only for each other. Oh, how he would toil for her night and day.

Suddenly the falling of the glowing coals on which he had been dreamily gazing, recalled him with a start from that picture to the reality, and springing to his feet he whispered:

"If I wish to retain courage I must leave this spot at once."

He retraced his steps to the room he had left. Fireless, dark and dreary, he felt it was better suited to him than the pleasant chamber below.

He had taken up the pistol and was examining it, when again a noise fell on his ear, and the voice and footsteps of one of the servants sounded in the passage, close to his door. Would the household never retire to rest! For the first time he chafed at the easy domestic discipline of Weston Villa.

Crossing his arms on the table he bowed his head upon them, while horror seemed to settle as a pall around him. Thoughts that would not be driven away rose upon his memory, of that pleasant, far off homestead, with its old oaks and trim green lawns, in the English valley where he was born, and of the parents that slept the sleep of the just in the vault of the village church. Recollections too crowded upon him of the joys of boyhood, the dreams of youth, the noble purposes and hopes of manhood, and as he thought that all this was to end in a bankrupt suicide's grave, a groan burst from his lips.

There was a rustle near him, and looking up with a start, he beheld his wife in her festal dress at his side, more lovely too than he had ever seen her look, though her face was pale as marble, and her large eyes full of tears. Whilst he stared at her in silent bewilderment, her arm stole softly round his neck, and sinking on her knees she whispered:

"Oh, Clive, dear Clive, forgive me, and take me to your heart again!"

Surely despair had unsettled his mind, and this must be a phantasm of his overtasked brain he told himself, even though her head lay on his shoulder, and he felt her warm tears wetting his cheek, her heart throbbing next his own.

"Clive, will you not speak and say that you pardon me, as I hope God will? Ah, I promise to be a different wife to what I have been!"

Yes, he felt now it was reality, and clasped her to his breast with a grasp strong almost as that of death itself. A long moment of rapture, rapture that seemed to repay him for the agony of the last few days, and then flashed across him the remembrance of her engulphed fortune—of their common ruin.

"Too late! too late! Virginia, you know nothing of the truth."

"Yes, my husband, I know all, but even if my fortune and yours are both lost, are we not still rich in each other's recovered love? Even though your affection for me is not what it once was, I will strive to win it back."

"Child, child," he whispered, "this happiness is almost too much to bear. Let me kneel with you whilst your pure lips implore that pardon I dare not ask myself for my sinful life, and thank my Maker for the undeserved mercy he has just shown me."

After thrusting into a table drawer the letter he had written, and the pistol, evidence of his sinful madness, which fortunately had remained unnoticed amid the papers and pamphlets surrounding it, Clive drew Virginia from the room whispering:

"Come with me dearest. You are too lightly dressed for this cold room."

Together they descended to the pleasant dressing room, where bright fire and lights still gleamed as if awaiting their coming.

"Sit down here, Clive, in my own chair, and rest your poor head, whilst I don dressing gown and slippers for once without Cranston's aid."

Willingly he obeyed; for his over-wrought brain was giddy, and bewildered with the powerful emotions of the last few hours. After a few moments his wife came suddenly up to him, and in a low tone asked:

"Is it true that you have not eaten, Clive, for four days?"

"Indeed I have been so busy, that I never noticed whether I did or not."

"Wait then, and I will get you something; but on second thoughts you must come with me, for I am afraid to venture down stairs alone at this hour."

"Then, dear Virginia, I will not leave this chair and fire, besides, seriously, I must have dined, for I do not feel at all hungry."

Opening a closet she took out a plate of biscuit, which she placed on the rosewood stand beside his chair, and which he greedily devoured.

"No more!" he smilingly said, as she took up the empty plate with some vague idea of refilling it. "You know how cautiously food should always be administered to shipwrecked mariners. Come now and tell me, like the perfect wife you promise to be, how and when you learned all you know?"

"Willingly, Clive, on one condition! You must promise not to get angry with any one."

"Agreed! I feel so happy now, I verily believe a man might horsewhip me without fear of retaliation."

Seated on a stool at his feet, her head resting on his arm, but her face averted so that he might not see the tears that often gathered, or the crimson that more than once mounted to her cheek, she recounted the conversation that she had overheard that night on the balcony.

"Ah, Clive, how completely my eyes were opened then to my own faults, my worthlessness, whilst I was filled at the same time

with a vague fear of some calamity, more terrible than the loss of fortune or position. I hurried home, promising Heaven during that drive of agony, that if it would protect you from harm, I would be a better wife than I had been. Cranston, who was sitting up for me, opened the door, and my first inquiry was for you. You were in and had gone up stairs. Ah, God was very good to me! You had not left me for ever, as Colford Stone would have done, or—well, still worse! Up stairs I sped, though dreading that in your despair you might repulse me, or receive me with reproaches. Clive, dear, you were merciful to me, and Heaven has been very merciful to us both."

He bowed his head in assent, too much moved to speak, and tenderly laid his hand on his young wife's head, inwardly registering a vow that henceforth no act or word of hers should ever move him to anger or harshness. Then, after a pause of silent emotion, they went back step by step over the estrangement that had subsisted so long between them. The note he had written to her, the non-reception of which had caused so sad a misunderstanding, was spoken of, and its disappearance at once attributed by Virginia to her whilom friend.

"Pray let us talk no more of her, Clive, for I am beginning to feel uncharitable. Let us face instead the realities of our position. All this fine house and its belongings must be given up; then we must get a small cottage, or a couple of rooms in some quiet out-of-the way street; I will have to wear calico dresses, and sweep and dust, for, of course, we will not be able to keep more than one servant, or perhaps none at all. I assure you, Mr. Weston, I will be quite equal to the situation; only, how about the cookery? Oh, I have it! There is a book called "Cooking Made Easy," and—"

"If it is anything as vague as 'Spanish Made Easy;' or 'Italian without a Master,' I think it will be safer for us not to venture on giving dinner parties for some time to come," he interrupted, won to smiles despite the seriousness of his mood.

"Be serious now, Clive! For the first few weeks we will live on my diamonds—the remarks of that old cynic Stone, whose name I will bless through life for the lesson he gave me, suggested the idea: in the meantime you will look about for a clerkship, as the diamonds, I suppose, will not last long. Do you think, Clive darling, you will get one?"

"Without difficulty!" and the bankrupt merchant faintly smiled, as he thought how many firms in the city would gladly secure his services, almost on his own terms.

"That is delightful, and I might teach playing and singing—though I do both execrably—to beginners. But now that I remember, poor old Aunt Ponton is expected home from day to day. She has been passing five or six months in Florida for her health, which is much better. Of course she will insist on our living with her and spoil all our plans. I think she will look on our bankruptcy as a blessing in disguise, if it procure her the advantage of having us in her own house so that she may pet and spoil me as of old."

What a relief to body and mind, that had been stretched on the rack for days past, it was to sit there and listen to that gay feminine talk rippling so pleasantly from Virginia's lips!

More than once he asked himself: "Was he not dreaming." The reality was so different to anything he had pictured. He had thought of her pale, crushed to the earth by humiliation and grief; or else loudly proclaiming her wrongs, but always turning from him in anger and scorn; and here she was sitting at his feet in love and trust more perfect than had ever yet reigned between them.

How different it would all have been if his Heavenly Father had not arrested his hand! When his wife's eyes were closed in peaceful sleep, he knelt in self-abasement, in passionate pleading with his Maker for pardon.

He had ever been a proud man, proud of his integrity, his intellect, and if his prayers had not been exactly in the Pharisee's strain, they had been wanting in the spirit that won forgiveness for the publican. Now his pride was laid low, the idol of self-love shattered, and Clive Weston was in every sense of the word a better man.

CHAPTER X.

AFTER their early breakfast Mr. Weston rose saying; "I must be off at once to the office, Virginia, and face my fate. Oh my darling!" and he drew her tenderly towards him, "what courage your example has imparted to me! Ruined, bankrupt, I yet go forth strong in hope and brave in heart. You will not give way to fretting, promise me, whilst I shall be away? I may not be able to get back till night."

"Fret, no indeed! I used to patronize that luxury when I had nothing else to do; now I have no time to indulge in it. Cranston and I will have a busy time of it overlooking and packing up my wardrobe."

Not daring to trust his voice, he pressed her to his heart and passed hurriedly out. Full of her new plans Virginia returned to her dressing-room, and began her day's work by carefully arranging her diamonds in their velvet lined cases. Whilst doing so she became aware for the first time that the diamond studded pendant of one of her eardrops was missing. More startled and grieved than she would have been by the loss of the whole set a day previous, she hastily examined her dressing bureau and the carpet, but it was not there. Remembering her visit to her husband's room the night before she bent her steps thither. Anxiously she examined floor, chairs, and table, without success. Perhaps she had dropped it in Mrs. Markland's rooms,or on the garden balcony. A messenger must be sent off at once to ascertain. Here her eye fell on the small drawer of the table, and she recollected with a gleam of hope that Mr. Weston, before leaving the apartment the night previous, had thrust some papers into it. Possibly the object of her search might have fallen among them. Hastily she drew the drawer out. No diamond met her gaze, but instead it fell on that small dark instrument of death, and on a paper containing a few lines addressed to herself in her husband's writing.

Instinctively she closed and locked the door, then, trembling in every limb, sank into the chair in which Clive had kept his terrible vigil, and read over, and re-read that almost illegible scrap of writing, unable for a time to fully comprehend its awful import. As it dawned at length fully npon her, she fell on her knees with a low agonized cry, incapable either of prayer or thought.

It was her turn now for utter self-abasement, for impassioned supplications to Heaven, for broken murmurs of gratitude.

Here in this very room, might Clive, her idolized husband have now been lying, cold, mute for ever, his memory a nameless horror, his ghastly corpse bearing traces of that terrible crime that would have closed for him all hope. And would it have been much better with her? Would she have deserved more mercy than himself? Made clear by that light which the near approach of death sheds on earthly actions, the course of her life stretched out before her: first, her pampered childhood and selfish girlhood, then the still more criminal page of her married life, with its heartless dissipation, its neglect of duties, and of the claims of the husband to whom she had vowed love.

Out of the agony of that first half hour arose, bright as the moon after a midnight storm, the thought that it was not yet too late. Blessed hopes that flooded her soul with gratitude, leaving in that heart which fashion had not yet perverted, seeds of future virtue and peace.

The voice of Cranston outside the locked door, informing her that the missing diamond had been found, failed to call Virginia from her self-communing, and it was long after that she at length, moved by her maid's pathetic entreaties that she would take some lunch, left the room, first putting the letter into her bosom.

Young Mrs. Weston's deathlike pallor, and the strong tokens of agitation so plainly visible on her face, though winning Cranston's unbounded pity, failed to excite her curiosity, for the household was now in full possession of the fact that their master was a bankrupt, the store-man having taken a private run up to the house for the express purpose of giving the information.

Regret was the general feeling that morning in business circles regarding Clive Weston's failure, and very few were found to cast a stone. One sour-visaged gentleman declared that Weston was an incomprehensible chap—looked as if he had gained a fortune instead of losing one—another opined that his ruin could not be as complete as was reported, or he would not look so calm all at once about it: the common feeling, however, was one of sympathy. The lamps were lit when he mounted the stone steps leading to his house, and met at the door his anxious young wife.

"What news, Clive dear?"

"Good. Indeed better than I had expected. The creditors give me time, so that if fortune prove favourable we may soon be all right again. In the meantime we can occupy this house till we have looked up other quarters. The servants may be discharged as soon as you find convenient, keeping Cranston of course with us."

"What delightful news! Come now to dinner, poor Clive? You must stand in need of it."

Soon Weston began to perceive that despite the strenuous efforts made by his wife to appear as cheerful as she had been in the morning, a change had come over her during his absence. Her words and smiles were less frequent, and at times an indefinable look clouded the brilliancy of her dark eyes.

"I fear, my darling," he said, as they sat before the fire in her dressing-room, Virginia on her favourite low seat near his feet, "I fear," and he tenderly stroked the glossy head resting on his arm, "that you are only beginning to realize all that you have lost."

Vainly Virginia protested that it was not so, that her hopes and courage were as high as ever.

"You cannot deceive me, my wife. I love you too well for that. Ah, there is a shadow in those eyes that was not there this morning."

There was a long pause, and then with pallid cheek and quivering lip she answered:

"Clive, my love, my husband! I had not at first intended telling you, but perhaps it is better I should, so that henceforth there may be no misunderstanding or secret between us. With no intention of prying into your private affairs, but seeking for a missing jewel, I opened your table drawer and found this. She displayed his short letter to herself, and then, for the first time since he had known her, gave way in his presence to a passionate burst of tears.

"Once again, Clive, say you forgive me," she sobbed, "for the unwifely heartlessness that helped to drive you to such despair?"

"Rather ask God to forgive me, Virginia, an error that a life-time will not be long enough to deplore. Ah, sweet wife!" and he gently folded her to his heart, "Seek not in your regrets over your own childish faults to make me lose sight of the burden of guilt that weighs so heavily on me. I do not regret that you have discovered it. Sooner or later I should probably have confided it to you. And now we have neither estrangement nor secret between us. May it be ever so!"

The following day the servants at Weston

Villa were paid off, with the exception of the faithful Cranston, whose services were retained. With her assistance Virginia entered on the task of packing her wardrobe, ornaments and jewels.

Callers were numerous, prompted chiefly by curiosity, but the young wife, who now felt that she had broken entirely with that gay world in which she had till lately played so conspicuous a part, returned answer through Cranston that she did not receive, and was soon left in peace.

According to Virginia's predictions, Miss Ponton on her arrival in Montreal hastened without delay to Weston Villa, and begged the happiness of carrying off her niece and husband at once to her own quiet home. No poignant regrets over Virginia's recent loss of position and fortune; no allusions to the feminine obstinacy that had placed her young relative's wealth entirely in another's hands; no doleful lamentations over Mr. Weston's misfortune or mismanagement disturbed the harmony of the meeting.

"Now for another subject, my love! Are you sure," and she laid her hand timidly and appealingly on her companion's arm, "that you and Mr. Weston are on good terms with each other?"

"Yes! Better even than in the first days of our married life."

"Oh what joyful news for me, my darling! Such unkind reports have been circulating that you and your husband were living in open discord—never seen together—that you and some Captain Dacre were flirting, and that you would end by running away with him altogether. I thought my old heart would break when all this was told me by an acquaintance in the cars. I hastened here to find in your affectionate mention of Clive the first refutation of the calumnies I had not courage to repeat to you till I was certain that they were false."

Before twenty-four hours had elapsed the young couple were installed in Miss Ponton's old-fashioned but comfortable residence some distance out of the city.

The falsehoods alluded to by Miss Ponton at her first interview with her niece, and refuted after a time by the evident attachment of young Mr. and Mrs. Weston, were traced directly to Miss Maberly, but neither Clive nor his wife took any notice of them beyond treating that young lady, when they met her, with distant civility. After a few more years of flirtation and husband-hunting, interspersed with bitter disappointments such as Captain Dacre had inflicted on her, she married a suitor whom she had already twice refused, and passed her existence in a struggle to keep up appearances.

Captain Dacre, wearying suddenly of Canadian life and climate, and more deeply wounded by the repulse he had received from Virginia than either she or any one else suspected, soon exchanged into another regiment, and left Canada without his departure exciting any serious regret, except in the bosom of Letty Maberly.

Clive Weston devoted himself with renewed energy and hope to business, and fortune soon smiled on him again. Five months after his bankruptcy, as he stood by the sofa on which Virginia lay, and tenderly looked down on the tiny nursling resting on her arm, he said, "My darling, even now I could place you in a comfortable home of your own, but I will not urge it if you prefer remaining here with good Aunt Ponton."

"Thank you, dear Clive, it would break her heart if we were to leave her, now especially, that she has this little love to pet and fondle. See he is waking! What lovely eyes! Clive, is not the measure of our happiness full?"

"Yes, even to overflowing, thanks to that Heavenly Father who hath been merciful to us beyond our deserts!" And Clive Weston and his young wife bowed their heads in mute gratitude to the Giver of all good.

THE END.

THE "OCEAN STAG."

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

FAR away on the wide, wide ocean tide,
Far away on the tameless sea,
On its broad, broad breast, where the waves never rest
From their mad, joyous revelry,
Rides the stately bark o'er the billows dark,
Like the Spirit of Liberty.

Rideth all night, with a strange delight,
Like a creature of the foam,
Or a wild thing born of some sprite forlorn
In the cave of some monster Gnome,
That had leaped into life from the ocean strife,
With the boundless sea for its home.

So with plunge and dip speeds the gallant ship,
With her mariner hearts so strong,
Who defy the tide with disdainful pride,
With laughter, and tale, and song;
How she strains! how she bounds! like a stag which the hounds
Have followed in vain too long.

Higher, higher each swell! merry gale! it is well;
Still wilder the swift wind blows;
Let it rave, *let* it rave, with a ship so brave,
And a crew that no danger knows,
Though the storm-fiends wrack make the welkin crack,
Though the gale to a tempest grows.

Like a ghost from its shroud the moon looks from the cloud,
On forms that shall see her no more—
Broad, massive and great, rising up like a Fate,
The front of the iron-bound shore!
Like a bird in the snare the good ship struggles there,
For her wild, fearless journey is o'er.

These crashes! these shocks!—on the reefs! on the rocks!
Poised high o'er the jagged ledge!
Now each brave heart quakes, now the good ship shakes,
And parts on the awful edge,
Till timber and spar own the sudden jar,
And snap like a brittle sedge.

She struggles in vain ! each effort—each strain,
Only crushes her like a shell,
And she lies all prone, with many a groan,
In the jaws of that yawning hell ;
But no more she bounds, for the terrible hounds
Have followed the Stag too well !

How that frantic cry startles earth and sky,
As it springs o'er the stormy waves ;
As it wails and sweeps o'er the angry deeps
Like a voice from the seamen's graves ;
And the winds' dread moan on that sea coast lone
Is as when a maniac raves.

To the rock-bound shore roll the breakers' roar
And the elements' shrill halloo ;
And over them all speeds the piercing call,
The scream of the wild sea-mew ;
But the din has drowned the gurgling sound,
And the cries of the struggling crew.

Swiftly the wreck, like a stricken speck
On the dark and stormy main,
Strikes through the deep with a sudden sweep,
Like a pang through a tyrant's brain ;
And wild bursts of fear smite the distant ear
With a harrowing sense of pain.

The last dread sound on that deep profound,
Where pitiless Fury raves,
Is a shriek of dole from some tortured soul
Passing down to the coral caves ;
Mocked by the moan of the tempest lone,
And the howl of the smitten waves.

Each struggling form in that fearful storm,
As he gasps for a parting breath,
Feels a sudden throe, as some watery Woe
Swirls him down to the Ship of Death,
To the charnel spot where the dead men rot,
In the slime of the rocks beneath.

And so when the world from its place is hurled
Through a tempest of fiery spray,
Swept down the track of the flaming wrack,
Like a speck will it pass away :
And all ears will hear, o'er the crash severe,
The knell of the Judgment Day.

LORD ELGIN.

BESIDES the leaders of parties in England, and the holders of the English offices of State, there is another class of British statesmen whose sphere is the government of the Colonies and dependencies, who may be called Imperial statesmen while the others are national, and whose characteristic excellencies are of a very different kind from those developed in the conflicts of the House of Commons. Of this class Lord Elgin was a good type. He had to deal in turn with all the various elements of the empire, and the special problems connected with each of them, having been successively Governor of Jamaica, Governor-General of Canada, Envoy to China, and Viceroy of India; and in all these situations he displayed, under trying circumstances, some of the highest qualities of a British proconsul.

A life of him, therefore, is welcome; and the one before us, by Mr. Theodore Walrond, C.B., the Secretary of the Civil Service Commission, with a preface by Dean Stanley (whose wife is Lord Elgin's sister), is exceedingly well done. That it should be critical could hardly be expected; no biography of a person recently deceased, written by friendly hands, ever is; but it is agreeable in style, and eminently intelligent, moderate and judicious. It has also the inestimable advantage of being comprised in a single octavo volume.

James, Eighth Earl of Elgin, was a scion of an illustrious stock, for he was the representative of the great Norman house whose hero was Robert Bruce. From his father, of Elgin marble celebrity, he inherited, says his biographer, the genial and playful spirit which was useful to him in a diplomatic as well as in a social point of view. His mother, a daughter of Mr. Oswald, of Dunvillier, was admirably qualified, we are told, by her intellect and piety, to be the depository of the ardent thoughts and aspirations of his boyhood, and to her influence and that of his elder sister, Matilda, he is said to have probably owed a pliancy and fervour of sympathy unusual in "characters of so tough a fibre." That the fibre of his character was as tough as the powers of his mind were high, his biographer is confident, notwithstanding the prevailing impression that the weak point, if there was one, lay there.

The moral precocity of the boy must have been remarkable. In his tenth year he writes: "Be with me this week in my studies, my amusements, in everything. When at my lessons may I think only of them; playing when I play; when dressing may I be quick, and never put off time, and never amuse myself but in play hours. Oh! may I set a good example to my brothers. Let me not teach them anything that is bad, and may they not learn wickedness from seeing me. May I command my temper and passions, and give me a better heart, for their good." Moral precocity, like intellectual precocity, is generally dangerous, but Lord Elgin proved an exception to this rule.

Happily for him he was born a younger son, and only became heir to the title, by the death of his elder brother, when he was twenty-nine years old. To this, perhaps, is partly to be ascribed his industry at College. He took a first-class in classics at Oxford; and was one of a group of students including Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Sidney Herbert, and Mr. Cardwell, whose success at the University, and subsequent dis-

tinction in public life, are a proof of the compatibility of high intellectual culture with first-rate practical powers. He had a great taste for philosophy, in which he was a disciple of Coleridge, whose mystical distinction between the "Reason" and the "Understanding" seems to have taken a strong hold of his mind. He entered at Lincoln's Inn, but did not study law. He, however, tempered his Coleridgian philosophy by other practical pursuits, the management of the family property and of county affairs in his father's absence, and the command of a troop of yeomanry. He presides at farmers' dinners, composes songs for them, and speaks at public meetings for church extension, at the same time that he is taking long meditative rides, writing sonnets for his sisters, and corresponding on metaphysics with his brother at Oxford.

In his twenty-third year he plunged into politics with a Tory pamphlet, and three years afterwards he stood for Fifeshire, but without success. In 1841, however, at the general election which ousted the Whigs and brought in Peel, he was returned for Southampton. On that occasion he made a profession of Conservatism, into which, under the wise leadership of Peel, Toryism had transmuted itself after the Reform Bill. His rising merits were recognized by a leader always sagacious (and it must be added, most generous) in enlisting youthful talent, and he was selected to second the amendment on the Address. In the course of his speech he reprobated the harsh terms which had been habitually applied to opponents of the Government, "In a day when all monopolies are denounced, I must be permitted to say that in my mind the monopoly which is the most intolerable and odious is the pretension to the monopoly of public virtue." If he really held that sentiment, it was well for him that he was speedily translated from the sphere of faction fights to that of Imperial administration.

At the early age of thirty he was sent to govern Jamaica, then in the midst of the difficulties incident to the early days of emancipation—the country so unprosperous, and everybody so desponding, that it was deemed offensive, and a kind of treason, to suggest that there was the slightest chance by any exertion of escaping utter ruin—a mass of emancipated blacks requiring to be provided with schools, police, and all the apparatus of civilization—a landowner and planter oligarchy by no means inclined to meet the requirement—Quashee content with his yams, and as unwilling to work as any squire—the Baptists fighting with the clergy of the Established Church—the country flooded with inconvertible paper currency—and bitter ill-feeling against the Home Government arising from a long period of contention. Through all this the young governor seems to have steered with discretion. He saw that the one great object was to improve the labourer, and for this purpose he tried to encourage the application of mechanical inventions to agriculture, and the substitution of skilled for unskilled labour. The establishment of a "General Agricultural Society for the Island of Jamaica" was one of the measures in which he took most interest. He promoted education, industrial and general. He entered into the griefs of the planters, and did his best to infuse into their ulcerated minds a better spirit, and to make them instruments of their own salvation. He studied all the discordant forces round him, directed them as well as he could to the common good, and made himself a centre of hope and a bond of union to the downcast and divided population. The partial success of his endeavours seems to have inspired him with a confidence in the political future of the island, which events have sadly failed to justify. He "regards the local constitution as a *fait accompli*, and has no desire to remove a stone of the fabric." He "thinks a popular representative system is, perhaps, the best expedient that can be devised for blending into one harmonious whole a com-

munity composed of diverse races and colour," and his conviction is strengthened by what he has read about the coloured classes in Demerara and Trinidad. He forgets that the industrial and social condition of Demerara and Trinidad, where the population is dense and the negroes are consequently compelled to work for a living, is very different from that of Jamaica.

He was, however, very glad to get away from his Island—after four years service. Immediately on his return power changed hands, but the new Colonial Secretary, Lord Grey, had appreciated Lord Elgin's abilities, and offered him the Governor-Generalship of Canada. The offer was accepted with a deep sense of the responsibilities attached to the office. "To watch over the interests of those great offshoots of the British race which plant themselves in distant lands; to aid them in their efforts to extend the domain of civilization, and to fulfil that first behest of a benevolent Creator to His intelligent creatures—'subdue the earth'—to abet the generous endeavour to impart to those rising communities the full advantages of British laws, British institutions, and British freedom; to assist them in maintaining unimpaired, it may be in strengthening and confirming, those bonds of mutual affection which unite the parent and dependent States—these are duties not to be lightly undertaken, and which may well claim the exercise of all the faculties and energies of an earnest and independent mind."

On the eve of his departure for Canada, Lord Elgin married, as his second wife, Lady Mary Louise Lambton, daughter of the first Earl of Durham. The union was significant, for to realize Lord Durham's ideal of a Governor was the special aim of Lord Elgin. "The principles," says his biographer, "on which he undertook to conduct the affairs of the colony were, that he should identify himself with no party, but make himself a mediator and moderator between the influential of all parties; that he should have no Ministers who did not enjoy the confidence of the Assembly, or, in the last resort, of the people; and that he should not refuse his consent to any measure proposed by his Ministry, unless it were of an extreme party character, such as the Assembly or the people would be sure to disapprove." These, as his biographer remarks, were the principles on which he had already acted in Jamaica. Lord Elgin himself says: "I still adhere to my opinion that the real and effectual vindication of Lord Durham's memory and proceedings will be the success of a Governor-General of Canada who works out his views of government fairly." In fact, as the foot of the new Governor-General touched Canada, Personal Government departed and Responsible Government finally entered on the scene. It was one of the consequences of the change produced in the spirit of British government by the Reform Bill of 1832.

Lord Elgin's predecessors had been old men. He had the advantages both of physical and mental youth. On the night before the morning of his inauguration there was a tremendous snow storm, and the snow had drifted so much that it seemed doubtful whether a sleigh could go from Monklands to Montreal. But he declared that he had no notion of being deterred by weather, and got into a one-horse sleigh, with very small runners, which brought him safe to town. He was able to get through heavy work at a pinch, and make long and rapid journeys, whenever business or popularity required it. He went among the people, walked to church, attended public meetings, led the cheering, made friends everywhere by his geniality and his affable demeanour. Thanks to his early practice at the University Debating Society, where Gladstone, Sidney Herbert, Lowe and others had been formed at the same time with him, he was the best speaker in the Province, and, being an excellent French scholar, he was able to address the

French Canadians with perfect fluency in their own tongue. His heart opened to the fresh vigour of the young community which he had come to rule, and which must have struck him as a pleasant contrast to the decrepit planter society he had just left. "Our tour has been thus far prosperous in all respects except weather, which has been by no means favourable. I attended a great agricultural meeting at Hamilton last week, and had an opportunity of expressing my sentiments at a dinner in presence of six or seven hundred substantial Upper Canada yeomen—a body of men not easily to be matched. It is, indeed, a glorious country, and after passing, as I have done within the last fortnight, from the citadel of Quebec to the Falls of Niagara, rubbing shoulders the whole way with its free and perfectly independent inhabitants, one begins to doubt whether it be possible to acquire a sufficient knowledge of man or nature, or to obtain an insight into the future of nations without visiting America." His eye marked the golden prospects opened by the application of agricultural science, for the first time in history, to the productiveness of a virgin soil. "When the nations of Europe were young, science was in its infancy, the art of civil government was imperfectly understood, property was inadequately protected, the labourer knew not who would reap what he had sown, and the teeming earth yielded her produce grudgingly to the solicitations of an ill-directed and desultory cultivation. It was not till long and painful experience had taught the nations the superiority of the arts of peace over those of war; it was not until the pressure of numbers upon the means of subsistence had been sorely felt, that the ingenuity of man was taxed to provide substitutes for those ineffective and wasteful methods under which the fertility of the virgin soil had been well nigh exhausted. But with you it is far otherwise. Canada springs at once from the cradle into the full possession of the privileges of manhood. Canada, with the bloom of youth yet upon her cheek, and with youth's elasticity in her tread, has the advantage of all the experience of age. She may avail herself not only of the capital accumulated in older countries, but also of those treasures of knowledge which have been gathered up by the labour and research of earnest and thoughtful men throughout a series of generations."

All this however failed to conjure the storm which, at the critical moment of final transition from Personal to Parliamentary Government, was gathering on the political horizon, and the fury of which was increased by discontent arising from the commercial distress incident to the first adoption of Free Trade as the commercial policy of the Empire. The Tory Ministry, the construction of which by Lord Metcalfe had been the last measure of Personal Government, fell. The Baldwin-Lafontaine Ministry succeeded to power, and brought in the Rebellion Losses Bill. It is easy to show that the bill was the logical sequence of previous legislation in regard to Upper Canada, and to prove its necessity by the arguments which led Sir Robert Peel to give it his cordial support in the British House of Commons. But the fact remains incontestable that the measure wore an ugly appearance of compensating rebels, and that it was a sore blow and discouragement to the loyalists, already smarting under their ejection from the power which they had held so long, and further embittered by the commercial losses inflicted by Imperial legislation. To this extent at all events we must qualify Lord Elgin's assertion that, "if ever rebellion stood upon a rickety pretence, it was the Canadian Tory Rebellion of 1849." To Lord Elgin, ruling on the principle of Responsible Government, no course was open but to assent to the bill; he rightly judged that, by reserving it for the consideration of the Home Government, a step recommended by some of those about him, he would only be throwing

on Her Majesty's Ministers a responsibility which ought to rest on his own shoulders. The riots at Montreal, the burning of the Parliament House, the attacks, which were not far from proving fatal, on the person of the Governor-General, are a mournfully familiar page of Canadian history. Lord Elgin incurred the imputation of want of nerve by not dealing more vigorously with the rioters. The Home Government could not understand his abstention from using the forces at his command for the re-establishment of order. The Americans could still less understand why he did not shoot the insurgents down. But his secretary, Major Campbell, writes: "Throughout the whole of this most trying time Lord Elgin remained perfectly calm and cool; never for a moment losing his self-possession, nor failing to exercise that clear foresight and sound judgment for which he was so remarkable. It came to the knowledge of his Ministers that if he went to the city again his life would be in great danger; and they advised that a commission should issue to appoint a Deputy Governor for the purpose of proroguing Parliament. He was urged by irresponsible advisers to make use of the military force at his command to protect his person in an official visit to the city, but he declined to do so, and thus avoided what these infatuated rioters seemed determined to bring on, the shedding of blood. 'I am prepared,' he said, 'to bear any amount of obloquy that may be cast upon me, but if I can possibly prevent it, no stain of blood shall rest upon my name.'" We may proudly contrast this humane resolution of a British ruler, notwithstanding the greatest provocation, with the swiftness to shed the blood of the people generally manifested by French rulers in case of disturbances, and mistaken by them for rigour, when in fact it is a mixture of cruelty and weakness. But the example set by Lord Elgin will be misleading, if it is forgotten that the mass of peaceable citizens have a right to look to the Government for the firm maintenance of the law. Nor did the mild policy of the Governor-General wholly prevent the shedding of blood.

He accuses the Tory party of "doing what they can by menace, intimidation and appeals to passion, to drive him to a *coup d'etat*. Petitions in favour of a dissolution of Parliament were sent in by the Tories, addressed not to the Assembly but to the Governor-General personally, with the object, it is alleged, of producing a collision between him and the Legislature. He received these petitions with courtesy but avoided any expression of his opinion, thus preserving his constitutional position. "If I had dissolved Parliament I might have produced a rebellion; but most assuredly I should not have produced a change of Ministry. The leaders know that as well as I do, and were it possible to play tricks in such grave concerns, it would have been easy to throw them into utter confusion by merely calling upon them to form a Government. They were aware, however, that I could not, for the sake of discomfiting them, hazard so desperate a policy; so they have played out their game of faction and violence without fear of consequences." We have already intimated the extent to which we should qualify these severe words.

To test the confidence of the Home Government in him Lord Elgin tendered his resignation, but was cordially confirmed in his office.

With reference to the unsuccessful negotiaitons for French support which preceded the fall of the Tory Government, Lord Elgin comments upon the absence of any questions of principle or public policy to divide parties, and the personal and selfish character which the negotiations consequently assumed. In the same strain his biographer complains that "parties formed themselves, not on broad issues of principle, but with reference to petty local and personal interests, and that when they sought the support of a more widespread sentiment they fell back on those

antipathies of race which it was the main object of every wise Governor to extinguish." In a country where all the great political controversies which agitate the old world are settled, and where, everybody being pretty well fed, there are no serious grievances, how can there be great questions to divide parties? Where are such questions to be found? Are we to make them? When will political critics, British and Canadian, see that this is a new world, with a new state of society, and that the special traditions of British public life are not applicable here?

Lord Elgin discerned that the only broad issue subsisting was that of race, and he remarks that "the problem of how to govern United Canada would be solved if the French would split into a Liberal and a Conservative party and join the Upper Canada parties which bear corresponding names." "The great difficulty," he continues, "has hitherto been that the Conservative Government has meant a Government of Upper Canadians, which is intolerable to the French, and a Radical Government, a Government of French, which is no less hateful to the British. No doubt the party titles are misnomers, for the Radical party comprises the political section most averse to progress of any kind in the country. Nevertheless so it has been hitherto. The national element will be merged in the political if the split to which I refer were accomplished." A reaction against clerical ascendency seems the only chance of its accomplishment, and that unfortunately runs into annexation.

It was Lord Elgin's strong conviction that the loyalty of the French might be secured by a policy of conciliation and confidence; and his great aim in dealing with the French question was to take the wind out of the sails of "Guy Fawkes' Papineau, who, actuated by the most malignant passions, irritated vanity, disappointed ambition and national hatred, which unmerited favour had only served to exasperate, was waving a lighted torch among those combustibles." He rejoices in the repeal of the part of the Act of Union imposing restrictions on the use of the French language, and declares himself deeply convinced of the impolicy of all attempts to denationalize the French. "Generally speaking they produce the opposite effect from that intended, causing the flame of national prejudice to burn more fiercely. But suppose them to be successful, what would be the result? You may perhaps *Americanize*, but depend upon it, by methods of this description you will never *Anglicize* the inhabitants of the Province. Let them feel, on the other hand, that their religion their habits, their prepossessions, their prejudices if you will, are more considered and respected here than in other portions of this vast continent, and who will venture to say that the last hand which waves the British flag on American ground may not be that of a French Canadian?" The last words are a slightly modified version of the well known saying of Sir Etienne Taché; and taken literally they would imply that the loyalty of the French to the British flag is more trustworthy than that of the British.

When in India, Lord Elgin was led to compare the sources of Lord Canning's popularity among the Hindoos, with those of his own popularity among the French Canadians. In each case, he says, the sentiments arose less from what the ruler had done for the subject race, than from the denunciations of his humane policy by members of the dominant race, among whom he particularly specifies "his Scotch friends." It may be doubted whether the Canadians will feel flattered by the parallel, or by the comparison which Lord Elgin, in another passage of his journal, draws between "our dear old Canadian *habitans*," and the mild and priest-ridden natives of the Philippines.

The Irish question as well as the French question was in an inflamed condition. It seems to us, however, that the mind of the Governor-General was rather unduly impressed by stories of Irish armies 700,000

or 800,000 strong, to be-commanded by an American General lately returned from Mexico, and of 50,000 Irish ready to march into Canada from the States at a minute's notice. A meeting at Montreal, that was to have overturned the British Empire, was dispersed by a timely thunder shower. The chief agitator was an American citizen, and Lord Elgin says: "I am of opinion that proceedings of this description on the part of a citizen of another country are not to be tolerated; and although there is an indisposition in certain quarters to drive things to an extremity, I think I shall succeed in having him arrested, unless he takes himself off speedily."

A great addition had been made to the Irish difficulty, and to the difficulties of government generally at the outset of Lord Elgin's administration, by the fearful tide of starving and plague-stricken immigrants poured upon our shores by the Irish famine of 1847. It fell to the lot of the Governor-General, on this occasion, to press on the attention of the Home Government—what it it was by no means quick in perceiving—the heaviness of the burden cast on Canada, and her just claims at all events to reimbursement of the expenses she had incurred. A good deal of argument seems to have been required to disabuse the Colonial Secretary of the impression that Canada was necessarily the gainer by the inroad of 100,000 destitute, sick and suffering people, whose course through the eastern portion of our country was strewn with dead, while the survivors were for some time an intolerable burden to the west. The Governor-General bears emphatic testimony to the exertions made by the colonists, and the forbearance and good feeling shown by them under the trial.

The main root of political discontent, in Lord Elgin's opinion, was commercial depression, and the infallible remedy for the political discontent, and the danger attendant on it, was the restoration of prosperity. He held the commercial evils under which Canada was at that time labouring, to be directly chargeable on Imperial legislation. Peel's Free Trade measure of 1846 had driven the whole of the produce down New York channels, robbing Canada of her canal dues, ruining at once mill-owners, forwarders, and merchants, making property unsaleable, and reducing the Government to the payment of its officers in debentures. "What makes it more serious is, that all the prosperity of which Canada is thus robbed is transplanted to the other side of the lines, as if to make Canadians feel more bitterly how much kinder England is to the children who desert her than to those who remain faithful. For I care not whether you be a Protectionist or a Free Trader, it is the inconsistency of Imperial legislation, and not the adoption of one policy rather than another, which is the bane of the Colonies. I believe that the conviction that they would be better off if they were annexed, is almost universal among the commercial classes at present, and the peaceful condition of the Provinces under all the circumstances of the time, is, I must confess, often a matter of great astonishment to myself." If the lot of the colonist in commercial respects continued to present an unfavourable contrast to that of the people on the other side of the line, Lord Elgin felt that the inevitable result must be a tendency to annexation. Perhaps, he a little underrated the countervailing action of the moral forces. The strength of the national sentiment among Canadians he could not estimate, for it had not then come into existence.

His wish was not to return to Protection, but to obtain Reciprocity of Trade with the United States, to which he attached what our experience since the suspension of Reciprocity has proved to be an exaggerated importance. To negotiate the Reciprocity Treaty he went himself to Washington. It was his first essay in diplomacy, but he had all the qualifications of manner and address

for diplomatic success, and his biographer is no doubt right in ascribing to him the prosperous issue of the negotiation. The removal of restrictions on navigation, by the repeal of the Navigation Laws, was another object which Lord Elgin laboured to effect, as essential to the revival of Canadian commerce: though he thereby brought down upon himself the wrath of the party at home led by Lord George Bentinck and Mr. Disraeli.

Lord Elgin's principle was to let the Colony have its own way in every thing not morally objectionable, or contrary to Imperial interests. In this spirit he acquiesced in the secularization of the Clergy Reserves, though his own religious and political sentiments pointed towards a distribution of the fund among the clergy of all denominations. With reference to the discussion of the question in the Imperial Parliament, he observes: "Almost the greatest evil which results from the delegation to the Imperial Parliament of the duty of legislating on Colonial questions of this class, is the scope which the system affords to exaggeration and mystification. Parties do not meet in fair conflict on their own ground, where they can soon gain a knowledge of their relative strength, and learn to respect each other accordingly; they shroud themselves in mystery, and rely for victory on their success in out-doing each other in hard swearing. Many men, partly from good nature and partly from political motives, will sign a petition, spiced and peppered to tickle the palate of the House of Lords, who will not move a yard or sacrifice a shilling on behalf of the object petitioned for. I much fear that it will be found that there is much division of opinion among members of the laity of the church with respect to the propriety of maintaining the Clergy Reserves; and that, even as regards a certain section of the clergy, owing to dissatisfaction with the distribution of the fund, and with the condition of dependence in which missionaries are kept, there is greater lukewarmness on the subject than the fervent representations you have received would lead you to imagine."

It was not merely from deference to the principle of self-government that Lord Elgin, though himself a member of a hereditary Upper House, acquiesced in the proposal to make the Upper Chamber in Canada elective. It was his own conviction that a second Legislative body, returned by the same constituency as the House of Assembly, under some difference with respect to time and mode of election, would be a greater check on ill-considered legislation than the Council nominated by the Crown. To the Conservatives at home the measure seemed a disastrous step towards pure democracy, and Lord Derby uttered an eloquent wail over the final destruction of the dream which he had fondly cherished of a constitutional monarchy under a viceroy or a member of the Royal family in Canada. We have returned to the nominative Upper Chamber, but its restoration has hardly revived Lord Derby's dream.

The increase of the number of legislators was another Parliamentary Reform to which Lord Elgin attached great importance. "With so small a body as eighty members, the parties are nearly balanced, and individual votes become too precious, which leads to mischief. I have not experienced this evil to any great extent, since I have had a liberal administration, which has always been strong in the Assembly; but with my first administration I felt it severely." He does not seem to have considered the other side of the case—the unfitness of a very large body for real deliberation, and the necessity, in order to prevent it from becoming a mob, of an increased stringency of party organization.

Lord Elgin was strongly in favour of making religion the groundwork of education. Considering this principle to be duly recognized by the Canadian system, he regarded the system with great satisfaction as "having enabled Upper Canada to place itself in the

van among the nations in the great and important work of providing an efficient system of general education for the whole community." His keen interest in the question is evinced by a sketch which he gave in an official despatch embodying an account of the plan in its religious aspect by its leading organizer, Dr. Ryerson. His biographer points to the contrast between what had been done in the Colony twenty years ago and the present state of the question in the mother country, and observes that it may call to mind Lord Elgin's remarks as to the rapid growth which ensues when the seeds that fall from ancient experience are dropped into a virgin soil. In the case of the mother country, however, there is an obvious connection between the existence of an Established Church, claiming the education of the people, and the tangled state of the Education question; and equally obvious is the connection between the solution of the Church question and the solution of the Education question here.

The advocates of religious education will read with pleasure the Governor General's eloquent words, which were spoken at the opening of the Normal School.

"And now let me ask this intelligent audience, who have so kindly listened to me up to this moment —let me ask them to consider in all seriousness and earnestness what that great work really is. I do not think that I shall be chargeable with exaggeration when I affirm that it is *the* work of our day and generation ; that it is *the* problem in our modern society which is most difficult of solution ; that it is the ground upon which earnest and zealous men, unhappily too often and in too many countries, meet not to co-operate but to wrangle ; while the poor and the ignorant multitudes around them are starving and perishing for lack of knowledge. Well, then, how has Upper Canada addressed herself to the execution of this great work ? How has she sought to solve this problem, to overcome this difficulty ? Sir, I understand from your statements—and I come to the same conclusion from my own investigation and observation—that it is the principle of our common school system that its foundation is laid deep in the firm rock of our common Christianity. I understand, sir, that while the varying views and opinions of a mixed religious society are scrupulously respected, while every semblance of dictation is carefully avoided, it is desired, it is earnestly recommended, it is confidently expected and hoped, that every child who attends our common schools shall learn there that he is a being who has an interest in eternity as well as in time ; that he has a Father towards whom he stands in a closer and more affecting and more endearing relationship than to any earthly father, and this Father is in heaven ; that he has a hope far transcending every earthly hope—a hope full of immortality—the hope, namely, that that Father's kingdom may come ; that he has a duty which—like the sun in our celestial system—stands in the centre of his moral obligations, shedding upon them a hallowing light which they in their turn reflect and absorb —the duty of striving to prove by his life and conversation the sincerity of his prayer that that Father's will may be done upon earth as it is done in heaven. I understand, sir, that upon the broad and solid platform which is raised upon that good foundation, we invite the ministers of religion of all denominations— the *de facto* spiritual guides of the people of the country—to take their stand along with us ; that so far from hampering or impeding them in the exercise of their sacred functions, we ask, and we beg them, to take the children—the lambs of the flock which are committed to their care—aside, and to lead them to those pastures and streams where they will find, as they believe, the food of life and the waters of consolation."

A tender feeling of what was due to subject races was a noble part of Lord Elgin's character as a colonial governor. He expresses this towards the Indians, and advocates a system of drafting their most promising youth into civilization through industrial schools. He seems, however, far from sanguine as to their future. "Unless there be some reasonable ground for the hope that they will be eventually absorbed in the general population of the country, the Canadian rule is probably destined in the long run to prove as disastrous to them as that of the United States." If it is as disastrous to the Indians, however, it will not be so disastrous to us. We escape the guilt, and the moral consequences to our own character, of the extermination of those unhappy tribes which the Americans are carrying on. There will be no skeleton of a murdered man beneath the hearthstone of the Canadian nation.

On the question of colonial defence, Lord

Elgin's opinion may be said to have been against the sudden withdrawal of the troops, but in favour of a gradual reduction. His views on the question were a good deal influenced by his pervading fear of movements in favour of annexation. "In this respect the position of Canada is peculiar. When you say to any other colony 'England declines to be any longer at the expense of protecting you, you at once reveal to it the extent of its dependence and the value of Imperial support. But it is not so here. Withdraw your protection from Canada, and she has it in her power to obtain the security against aggression enjoyed by Michigan or Maine ; about as good security, I must allow, as any which is to be obtained at the present time." He was at the same time of opinion that the system of relieving the colonists altogether from self-defence was injurious. "It checks the growth of national and manly morals : men seldom think any thing worth preserving for which they are never asked to make a sacrifice." And subsequently we find him protesting against the intention of the Government to send to Canada a large body of troops which had returned from the Crimea, on the double ground that the measure would complicate the relations of Canada with the United States, and arrest her progress in self-dependence.

Lord Elgin assiduously cultivated good relations with the people of the United States. Personally he was successful in winning their regard. Besides the grace of his manner, his excellence as a speaker made an impression on them, which is curiously depicted in a reminiscence by the Mayor of Buffalo of the banquet given at Toronto to a large party of Buffalonians and other guests from the States. "Never," said the Mayor, "shall I forget the admiration elicited by Lord Elgin's beautiful speech on that occasion. Upon the American visitors (who, it must be confessed, do not look for the highest order of intellect in the appointees of the Crown) the effect was amusing. A sterling Yankee friend, while the Governor was speaking, sat by my side, who occasionally gave vent to his feelings as the speech progressed, each sentence increasing in beauty and eloquence, by such approving exclamations as "He's a glorious fellow!" "He ought to be on our side of the line ! we would make him mayor of our city !" As some new burst of eloquence breaks from the speaker's lips, my worthy friend exclaims, "How magnificently he talks ! Yes, by George, we'd make him Governor—Governor of the State !" As the noble Earl by some brilliant hit carries the assemblage with a full round of applause, "Ah !" cries my Yankee friend with a hearty slap on my shoulder, 'by Heaven, if he were on our side we 'd make him President ! Nothing less than President !' " It may be questioned whether, if Lord Elgin had really been on the other side of the line, he would have stood much chance against Horace Greeley ; and perhaps it may also be questioned whether he did not attach rather too great a value to these convivial demonstrations of friendship. The people of the United States, like other people, warm over wine ; but it does not follow that they will not present Indirect Claims in an insulting despatch the next morning. Shortly after the dinner for 3500 persons on Boston Common, with rhetorical fireworks, "expansive loyalty," and hearty cheers for the Queen, Lord Elgin has himself to describe the attitude of America during the Crimean war as "sullenly expectant." The Governor-General, however, not only sought the good-will of the Americans on obvious diplomatic and commercial grounds, but on another ground which, as stated by him, is rather startling. "It is of very great importance to me," he says, "to have the aid of a sound public opinion from without, to help me through my difficulties here ; and as I utterly despair of receiving any such assistance from England (I allude not to the Government but to the public, which never looks at us except when roused by fear ignorantly to condemn)

it is of incalculable importance that I should receive this support from America." These are ominous words.

The circumstances of his position forced upon Lord Elgin's mind the question what, under the system of Responsible Government, would be the functions of a Colonial Governor. Would he not become a *roi faineant*, a mere figure-head? By no means, replies Lord Elgin. "I believe on the contrary, that there is more room for the exercise of influence on the part of the Governor under my system than under any that ever was before devised; an influence, however, wholly moral—an influence of suasion, sympathy, and moderation, which softens the temper while it elevates the views of local politics." "As the Imperial Government and Parliament gradually withdraw from legislative interference, and from the exercise of patronage in Colonial affairs, the office of Governor tends to become, in the most emphatic sense of the term, the link which connects the mother country and the Colony, and his influence the means by which harmony of action between the local and Imperial authorities is to be preserved. It is not, however, in my humble judgment, by evincing an anxious desire to stretch to the utmost constitutional principles in his favour, but on the contrary, by the formal acceptance of the conditions of the Parliamentary system, that this influence can be most surely extended and confirmed. Placed by his position above the strife of parties—holding office by a tenure less precarious than the Ministers who surround him—having no political interest to serve but that of the community whose affairs he is appointed to administer—his opinion cannot fail, when all cause for suspicion and jealousy is removed, to have great weight in the Colonial councils, while he is set at liberty to constitute himself in an especial manner the patron of those larger and higher interests—such interests, for example, as those of education, and of moral and material progress in all its branches—which, unlike the contests of party, unite instead of dividing the members of the body politic."

Excellently expressed, as usual. But is the time never to come when the native rulers of the country shall themselves "have no political interest to serve but that of the community whose affairs they are appointed to administer?" Are they never to be competent, and sufficiently patriotic themselves, to care for the "larger and higher interests, such as those of education, and of moral and material progress in all its branches?" Are those interests to be always consigned to the guardianship of a serene arbitrator from the other side of the Atlantic, while Canadian statesmen continue to be ignominiously devoted to "petty local and personal interests," and to wallow in what Lord Elgin elsewhere calls "the dirt and confusion of local factions." Are the elect of the Canadian people never to be gentlemen capable of conducting their own political contests temperately and decently without the perpetual tutorship of a British grandee? Such seems to have been the opinion of Lord Elgin. He assumed that the functions of a Governor-General, as described by himself in the words just quoted, were not only useful but eternal. He took at once to task all who spoke of the state of dependency as one of provisional pupilage, out of which the Colony must pass before it could attain maturity. "You must renounce the habit of telling the Colonies that the Colonial is a provisional existence. You must allow them to believe that, without severing the bonds which unite them to Great Britain, they may attain the degree of perfection, and of social and political development, to which organized communities of free men have a right to aspire." But perfect development surely, in the case of a nation as well as in that of a man, carries with it the power of self-guidance, whereas the general language of Lord Elgin, and perhaps still more palpably that of his able biographer, distinctly implies that Can-

ada is, and will always remain, in character a child, needing the constant intervention of British wisdom, in the person of a Governor-General, to keep her in the right course. And yet, all the time, both Lord Elgin and his biographer are perpetually complaining that British wisdom on the subject of the Colonies is ignorance and folly—such ignorance and such folly that Lord Elgin is driven to seek for the support of a more intelligent opinion in the United States.

In Lord Elgin's time there was what there happily is not now, a strong movement in favour of annexation, and this evidently coloured all his perceptions. "If you take your stand on the hypothesis that the Colonial existence is one with which the colonists ought to rest satisfied, then, I think, you are entitled to denounce, without reserve or measure, those who propose, for some secondary object, to substitute the Stars and Stripes for the Union Jack. But if, on the contrary, you assume that it is a provisional state, which admits of but a stunted and partial growth, and out of which all communities ought in the course of nature to strive to pass, how can you refuse to permit your Colonies here, when they have arrived at the proper stage in their existence, to place themselves in a condition which is at once most favourable to their security and to their perfect national development? What reasons can you assign for the refusal, except such as are founded on selfishness, and are therefore morally worthless? If you say that your great lubberly boy is too big for the nursery, and that you have no other room for him in your house, how can you decline to allow him to lodge with his elder brother over the way, when the attempt to keep up an establishment for himself would seriously embarrass him?" It is needless to observe that, at the the present day Canadians, with scarcely an exception, would deny that annexation to the United States was the condition most favourable to our security; and still more, that it was the condition most favourable to our national development. Lord Elgin, though not a party man, seems to have been a Peelite in his exclusive addiction to the "three courses." In the case of Canada, which he was considering, there were four—the nursery; another room in the house; a lodging with our elder brethren, (as Lord Elgin is pleased to call our distant and rather uncongenial cousins on the other side of the line); and a house of our own. The last course may not be desirable or feasible, but in an exhaustive discussion of the case it was at least as well worth considering as annexation. However little we may be prepared to change our present condition, professions of hopeless and interminable feebleness are not likely to strengthen our position in any quarter, whether British or foreign.

The bonds formed by commercial protection, and the disposal of local offices being severed, Lord Elgin thought it very desirable that the prerogative of the Crown, as the fountain of honour, should be used to bind the Empire to the throne. But he held that two principles should be observed in the distribution of Imperial honours among colonists. First, they should appear to emanate directly from the Crown, not from the local executives; and, secondly, be conferred as much as possible on men no longer actively engaged in political life. It may be doubted whether the first principle could be observed in the case of a Colony any more than in that of the mother country, consistently with constitutional government. As to the second, it has not been regarded at all.

What Lord Elgin calls "the Canadian Tory Rebellion of 1849" being at an end, the halcyon days of his administration began. He made a progress, attended only by one aide-de-camp and a servant, through the most strongly British districts, and was cordially received by all except a few Orangemen and a few old members of the Family Compact. His biographer, however, complains that his enemies of the latter class were able, by their social position, and their influence or opin-

ion at home, to do some injury to his reputation.

He left our shores in a blaze of the oratorical pyrotechnics in which he was a consummate artist. His pictures of Canadian scenery in these parting addresses are eminently graceful. In his farewell to Montreal he says: "I shall remember those early months of my residence here, when I learnt in this beautiful neighbourhood to appreciate the charms of a bright Canadian winter day, and to take delight in the cheerful music of your sleigh bells. I still remember one glorious afternoon—an afternoon in April—when looking down from the hill at Monklands, on my return from transacting business in your city, I beheld that the vast plain stretching out before me, which I had always seen clothed in the white garb of winter, had assumed on a sudden, and as if by enchantment, the livery of spring; while your noble St. Lawrence, bursting through his icy fetters, had begun to sparkle in the sunshine, and to murmur his vernal hymn of thanksgiving to the bounteous Giver of light and heat." In his farewell to Quebec he says "For the last time I welcome you as my guests to this charming residence, which I have been in the habit of calling my home. I did not, I will frankly confess it, know what it would cost me to break this habit until the period of my departure approached; and I began to feel that the great interests which have long engrossed my attention and thoughts were passing out of my hands. I had a hint of what my feelings really were upon this point—a pretty broad hint, too—one lovely morning in June last, when I returned to Quebec after my temporary absence in England, and landed in the cove below Spencerwood (because it was Sunday, and I did not want to make a disturbance in the town) and when with the greetings of the old people in the coves, who put their heads out of the windows as I passed along, and cried 'Welcome home again!' still ringing in my ears, I mounted the hill and drove through the avenue to the house-door. I saw the dropping trees on the lawn, with every one of which I was so familiar, clothed in the tenderest green of spring, and the river beyond, calm and transparent as a mirror, and the ships fixed and motionless as statues on its surface, and the whole landscape bathed in a flood of that bright Canadian sun, which so seldom pierces our murky atmosphere on the other side of the Atlantic. I began to think that persons were to be envied who were not forced by the necessities of their position to quit these engrossing interests and lovely scenes for the purpose of proceeding to distant lands, but who were able to remain among them until they pass to that quiet corner of the Garden of Mount Hermon which juts into the river, and commands a view of the city, the shipping, Point Levi, the Island of Orleans, and the range of Laurentines; so that through the dim watches of the tranquil night which precedes the dawning of the eternal day, the majestic citadel of Quebec, with its noble train of satellite hills, may seem to rest forever on the sight, and the low murmur of the waters of the St. Lawrence, with the hum of busy life on their surface, fall ceaselessly on the ear."

In his Quebec speech Lord Elgin refers to his successor, Sir Edmund Head, as "a gentleman of the highest character, the greatest ability, and the most varied accomplishments and attainments." Sir Edmund was Lord Elgin's equal in academical distinction at Oxford, his senior in standing, and had examined him for a fellowship at Merton.

Two years of rest at home, and then Lord Elgin was sent to China.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

RETROSPECT.

BY WILL. HENRY GANE.

Only a year ago!
So short and yet so long!
Its memory soft as the summer wind,
Or a wave of the angels' song.
Only a year ago,—
And yet what changes have been!
How many stars have been lost to view,
And how many ushered in?

A head of golden hair—
An eye supremely blue—
A good, and noble, and brave heart,
And Christianlike and true;
That was a year ago!
To-day,—ashes and dust!
It tells us how much the heart will bear—
How much it can and must.

And thus we might be hanging
Sweet pictures in memory's hall;
And let a flood of sunbeams
Over our idols fall—
Just as we did a year ago!
Where are they all to-day?—
Ask of the wave, as it thunders by,
What it did with yesterday's spray.

INGERSOLL, ONT.

ITALIAN VIGNETTES.

QUIET HOURS IN ROME DURING THE VATICAN COUNCIL.

OUR room in the Albergo Minerva is very fresh and modern-looking. There is nothing in it like anything that Agrippina could ever have set eyes upon except the tripods that hold our basins. Quite an unbeliever's room it is, too, with none of those saints or crucifixes on the wall to which our eyes had become so accustomed in the South. It is the deference of Rome to the unbelieving foreigner, I was saying to myself, when, lo! my wandering eyes espied a cross. It was made by sticking a large black-headed pin in the paper of the wall with a smaller one transversely. It was touching to think that some poor traveller had been driven to this expedient before he could say his prayers.

We were not out of our beds when "Mariannina" came floating up to our window from the court with guitar accompaniment. We had heard it first from the merry wild voices of the Ischiani, and it seemed a greeting.

When will the delusion vanish that some new and strange sensation ought to be felt on waking in Rome for the first time? Whatever one may know about the belittling influence of the modern city, it is the idea of the Rome of antiquity that at a distance is always uppermost in the mind, and to which everything is bound to conform itself. The man who cried Ro–ma—, as we approached the Seven-hilled City, seemed absurd, because he had not a sonorous voice Nevertheless all looked very grey, chilly and uninspiring.

We were leaving the breakfast-room when a waiter, who had been looking wistfully at us for a long time, seized the opportunity of doing some little service, and "might he ask the Signorine if they did not remember him in Ischia?" "Ah yes, Pietro, at the *Grande Sentinella!* And how came he here? was he getting on well?" "Not well; he had been nine months in Rome, and had been ill of rheumatism; it was damp and so dull. Ah, Signora, *Roma è morta.*" And the poor fellow seemed quite happy at having the privilege of unburdening himself. "Rome is dead." Pietro had not lent brightness to the dull morning. Fitful sunlight was still alternating with showers when we took a carriage and started on our first drive about Rome.

I had not expected much of modern Rome and yet I was disappointed. It is less grand and gloomy than I had imagined. I was surprised to find the houses low and dingy. The narrowness and unattractiveness of the streets did not surprise me. Even the renowned Corso would be a second-rate street in Naples. The people in the streets are a motley and not a striking crowd. I cannot fix upon any distinguishing feature. I look in vain for the handsome, proud, wicked Roman, as well as for the fine physical development which is seen further south. Everybody is commonplace.

I was not in a mood for seeing ruins. We drove on, giving little direction, through the streets without sidewalks, which have been so often described, and through the mean-looking Piazza di Spragua, unredeemed from the commonplace except by its single fountain, round which the water-bearers were gathered with their jars, and its uplook to the Pincian over that magnificent flight of

steps where the models in sheepskin and goatskin, with scrolls upon their heads, are knitting or dozing as they wait to be hired. Where beside we went I know not, but I know that we came upon the Pantheon.

Nineteen hundred years, wanting two, have swept over it. Yet as one looks on it one says of it, as was said of Moses, its natural strength is not abated. It stands there closely built round with modern Rome. Everything about it seems worthy only to be its scaffolding; and the heedless crowds around seem as the poor-spirited Israelites in presence of the great soul of Moses.

By and by our eyes fell, here and there, upon fragments of another Rome. We began to perceive a city within the city, the dimensions of which, as it took hold upon the imagination, swelled out far beyond the compass of that by which it was contained. There are some pillars standing while their fellows are fallen; there is a portico with crumbling entablature. Here is a column firm upon its base, and engraved with names that have lived on earth twice the life of Methusaleh; there is a Titanic wall with something in stucco built against it. Never shall I forget the impression of coming upon some of these vestiges, these ancestral bones of antiquity, contrasting so strangely with their surroundings. Those few slender pillars—three, three, eight—standing in a dusty, neglected, untrimmed place—as startling to the eyes as the apparition of the twin gods when they brought the great news to Rome—was the Roman Forum. I had not asked to see it. I had come upon it and it had taken me captive. What was there of it? And yet what could be more effective? The artist is no artist who gives to a distant ship more than a touch of mast and sail.

We had courage now to say, "To the Colosseum," and in five minutes the pile lay before us, in the valley, where it ought to be. It would affect the imagination far less if it stood upon a hill. How foolish to think that the Colosseum would not assert its hold over the imagination without our having previously stored and prepared the mind. It seizes upon us by force, like fear.

We had not intended to leave our carriage, and felt the less inclined to do so when we saw through one of the great archways that the arena was thronged with people. But on second thoughts we did, and found that they were going the round of the *Via Croce*. Priests and monks in frightful brown masks, carrying incense and flaring tapers, and chanting dolefully, were leading a procession of all classes, rich and poor, high ecclesiastics and brethren of the mendicant orders, with beggars in rags, from station to station, at each of which is the representation of a scene in our Lord's Passion.

A lady dressed in black and surrounded by companions, carried a large cross, almost beyond her strength, and all, as they knelt before the successive shrines, joined in a sort of wailing chorus. It was not a religious—I can hardly call it a solemn—feeling that came over me. It was a weird feeling blended with the idea of the seventy thousand Christian martyrs whose blood had soaked the sands of this arena. At the third station we fell into the irregular procession, and listened to the chant. From one of the masks came with marvellous rapidity, in a doleful voice,—"*Pater noster*, *Ave Maria*, *Gloria*, *Miserere Nostri*, *Domine*, *Miserere Nostri*." Then all took up the strain again—

Stabat mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa
Dum pendebat filius.

And as they moved on—

Quæ mœrebat et dolebat.

At the sixth station is a picture of Santa Veronica wiping the sweat from the brow of the Redeemer. The handkerchief which she used, and which the Catholic Church holds, retained the impression of the Savi-

our's face, is one of the relics shown in St. Peter's during the Holy Week.

We did not follow far, but stood at a distance contemplating the strange sight—the dark, immeasurable ruin—the throng moving to the doleful chant, and ever and anon dropping on their knees before the shrines—while the clouds in the unsettled sky, by turns gathering and dispersing, added to the effect of the scene. High up among the vaultings, dwarfed to pigmies, were a few strangers who had come to see the Colosseum, and who looked down from the seats where myriads of eyes once feasted on the sight of martyrs perishing in the fangs of the wild beasts. Above them the birds, which made their nests in the loose stones, held an airy revel, undisturbed by the presence of the visitors or by the chanting below, which went on deepening at length into what we supposed to be the Litany of the Passion.

Some ladies, who like ourselves, had been witnesses of the scene, were more curious, and observed that the brown friars' habit and hempen cord, were not worn over a penitential hair-shirt, and that the hideous mask did not cover the rough shaven face of a mendicant brother. One or two of the wearers were engaged in a by-play during the ceremony, during which the mask was partly twitched aside, and the loose sleeve falling back revealed dainty linen beneath. We were told that the service was imposed as a penance at the confessional on young noblemen and others of the higher ranks.

Signor Cipriani, a Roman artist, went with us to the Colosseum, and at our request made a rapid sketch from one of the lofty terraces overlooking the Appian way. What luxury for an artist's hand to follow his eye over this mosaic of histories! The purple Campagna was soon dashed in upon the horizon and immersed in its purple the spectral forms of the things that have been.

The eye cannot reach the horizon here in any direction without travelling over ruins, here standing up airily and wasting in the wind, there crumbling in masses. Not one structure has the sharp lines of life, unless it be the Arch of Constantine, seen close by in downward prospective, which stands nearly perfect—though Clement the Eighth filched one of the *giallo antico* pillars for his own purposes.

The Porta Appia of the Aurelian wall, and the triumphal Arch of Drusus, lead the eye towards the tomb of the Scipios on our left, and in the picture are the ancient Porta Ostiensis, the most picturesque of the entrances to Rome, the slope of the Aventine, green and beautiful, though bare now of its temples, with the Circus Maximus at its foot and the Palatine Hill, the home of the Cæsars, Romulus, the Sabines, Nero, St. Paul, Totila, Belisarius—where is one to begin or end among the names recalled by my ten-inch picture? I see the power of the kings, the splendour of the emperors, the reign of art, the triumph of war, the triumph of martyrdom—glory and superstition—the pride, the fall.

The brush revels in the warm brown tint of Roman ruins, the richest possible in the foreground, and becoming transparent in the ethereal light of distance. April casts her green around it like dimpled arms around the neck of old age.

In the midst of our study we were surprised by a thunder-storm. The murky cloud, the thunder and lightning seemed to claim the giant ruins as their own. The desolate corridors, the yawning arches, the unpeopled arena, the grass-grown fragments of ruin, invited the revelry of the storm. Currents of wind loaded with vapour swept through the spaces, darkness descended from the brooding clouds, the rain poured in torrents and gushed gurgling in a black flood from the immense drain in front of the grand entrance as though it came boiling from Tartarus. Then it fell more softly: the green grass of the arena seemed to grow

greener, and Spring shone forth in her beauty over the dismantled seats of the spectators of gladiatorial shows in the Flavian Amphitheatre.

We were like a ship's company—the few tourists who were there, the little band of zouaves, the porter, the Greek selling Roman pearls, and the poor dwarf, whose withered legs could not lift him from the ground, and who sat upon the damp earth like a speck among the gigantic pillars that once bore up the mighty awning overhead.

As I walked among the arches waiting for a carriage, I noticed what I had not seen before. On one of the piers was a cross, inlaid, and under it the following inscription: "On kissing the cross one gains an indulgence for one year and forty days." On our return home, I had a talk with the pretty and piquant little Signora G. about the kissing of the cross. She explained that the Pope had blessed the *legno*, thereby giving it efficacy, and that to one who had kissed the cross, all sins committed in the time specified were forgiven, unless they were mortal sins! The conversation that ensued about the distinction between mortal and other sins, was sadly interrupted by the noisy and imperious demonstrations of one little Ernesto; but ended, by what process of reasoning I cannot tell, by assuring me that my misgivings had no foundation whatever. "And how are you sure that the kissing of the cross will procure pardon?" "Oh, because, as I said, the Pope has blessed it, and he is not an ordinary man; besides, it is found in the holy writings." On my inquiring what holy writings she meant, she replied: "Oh, the writings of St. Bridget and St. Paul, and several others"—*diversi altri.*

The Pope has his foot upon the Palatine Hill, having bought back a portion of it from the Emperor of Russia. But he comes not to build like his predecessors, the kings or emperors, but only to excavate, and look at the excavations. This part of the hill is little frequented by tourists. If you tell your driver to go to the Palatine, you will be taken to the portion in possession of the Emperor Napoleon, and will get no hint of anything else to be seen. Say *Palazzo di Cæsare del Papa*, and you will be driven to the Vatican or the Quirinal, unless you can set the horses' heads for yourself. There is far more of masonry and marble in Napoleon's part certainly, but it is all swept, all under watch and ward, can be seen regularly on Thursday, and leaves your imagination as little at home as a bird that flies in at a window. The fragments of beauty are set up in a museum, where they are placed with French taste, to heighten effects. Everything is laid bare to the sun. Nero is made to get up out of his grave to be looked at, and Domitian is forced to point out the window at which he caught the flies.

When we had once found out the sunny southern slope of the house of Augustus, it became our haunt. In our first visit, we were accompanied by an antiquarian fresh from the discussions of the British Archæological Society, whose delegates had just gone over this ground. He guided us to the wall of Romulus—which we thought Remus need not have laughed at, for it has come down to us a substantial stone wall—crossed over his *Roma Quadrata*, and came to the house of Augustus, the most exquisite of all these remains. Here our antiquarian friend leaned on his staff and began, with as much earnestness as if he were proving the title to his own possessions, to demonstrate that this *is* the house which Cæsar Augustus built. Indeed, it was in a way his own possession, for he told us that he often spent days in the balmy air of this southern slope, when his delicate lungs could not bear the wind on the other side of the Palatine. Then we descended into substructions, passed through a beautiful vista of arches, and reached the penetralia of the Roman Antiquarian Society, where their plan of the Palatine was spread out. We picked up precious fragments, not

to be obtained in other parts of the hill; then up to the sun again. We saw how each emperor in turn built something to please, till, when Septimius Severus came, he found no place left for him, and so had to build off a terrace for the foundation of his palace, with its seven stories of arcades, looking towards the Appian way. On the site of the Baths of Caligula we noted the huge conduit that supplied them, pointing to its fellow across the valley, and marked how these aqueducts were built, with an angle in every mile to prevent the too rapid flow of the water from yonder mountains; in the dim distance beyond the plain, we saw the abode of the Vestals. We saw finally, in the clear morning air, the Palatine, standing up as if meant to support the abode of Empire, overlooking the Forum and commanding the Capitoline, which rises up from the midst of the populace towards the Campus Martius, while the other hills stand in an amphitheatre round.

In subsequent visits, as we made our way to our favourite spots, among shrubs and arches, embossed with roots and slender remnants of wall. We used to pass the excavation going on at the foot of the hill, and see from day to day a little more of the unique *stadium* that is being brought to light—of the pillars which surrounded its colonnade, the marble trough carried round the course with water to cool the heated athletes, the marble-faced stairs leading down to the arena. The curving wall of the Exedra, from which the emperor and his court looked down upon the games, still stands on the edge of the hill, and probably was the hint which led to the search for the scene of a spectacle below.

The *stadium* lies at a depth of full twenty feet under the dust of later ruins, and is now being reached only at its two extremities, while the rubbish removed is being heaped upon other parts to bury them more hopelessly. That their remains should have been buried so deep that they now seem to stand in cellars or wells is not strange, for accumulation of dust is an ordinance of this world. But it is strange to think of the time when the first obliterating layers settled down from the dense cloud raised by the hoofs of havoc—of the time when first these wrecks were cared for no more than broken potsherds—of the time when soul ebbed away from the Roman.

How long is the hill of the Cæsars to remain untenanted? Will it always be sacrilege to build upon it? What would the world bear to see standing here? Who would have the hardihood to set himself to be gazed upon against a back-ground peopled with such shades? We may leave that to Italy. She has grown very tender of the past. This people that has so long danced upon the grave of Honour, has returned to earnestness, and is returning to truth. In whatever form it may be, the rich seed buried in this hill may again spring up and bear blossoms of glory, exceeding the glory of former days. But a truce to these thoughts. At present this spot—this high place of beautiful desolation—is ours. It is the spot in all Rome in which the traveller can be at peace, untroubled by the world, unmolested by beggars and guides, in which he may spend the livelong day like the birds that build in the ruins, and go over or round it, and gaze upon the historic remains that spread beyond until he has to close his dazzled eyes in order to restore his vision of the past. Then opening them, he is as it were in a dream, on finding himself among the shattered walls, with the breeze blowing on him, seeing the crimson poppies lifting their frills out of the spring greenness in the palaces, hearing the voices of children playing about like birds or butterflies in the house of Nero.

The voices of those pretty little Roman patricians are like the notes of a bird. Nowhere have I heard Italian spoken so musically—not even in Tuscany.

But we have to take our farewell look. The Alban hills are blue in the distance and

a tinge of violet hangs in the atmosphere, through which shine streaks of mingled green and gold, over miles and miles of Campagna. We see the aqueducts stalking over the plain, the Appian way, with the tombs along it, the road by which St. Paul went to his martyrdom. The terrible would overwhelm the tender in this world, if it were not viewed in the light of God's great uncomprehended providence. But then the awful and beautiful blending together, melt the soul in pathetic happiness. This place is sweet to me as a child's grave.

A Cardinal in his flowing black cloak, with scarlet lining fluttering to the breeze, and broad-brimmed hat of scarlet plush, stands poising himself on a Cæsar's threshold, and looking down to the half buried remains which his companion is pointing out to him. As we linger, he disappears. The children also are gone, and we too depart, leaving two Roman soldiers lying on their elbows on the grass, and keeping the gate of the Cæsars.

Yesterday was bright; to-day there is a leaden sky, and as I look up among the strange, balconied, terraced, chimnied, belfried, turreted roofs on which this sky closes down, it is like lead upon my spirit. It is a strange sort of depression. Blackbirds—crows or ravens, I know not which—flit across my field of vision, and, in my boding mood, I could fancy myself an ancient R-o man, watching their flight for an omen.

But there is fascination in this roof region, tenanted by birds, and servant girls drawing up water out of the deep courts, over air-lines of rope, and pulling and calling to each other—Ma-ri-a-a, Vir-gil-ia-a with musical cadence. By the door of a roof studio, an elderly gentleman on canvass, who startled me at first, looks endlessly down to my window. A bit of Monte Pincio, with its foliage, hangs like a bright green cloud in the sky, and in the belfries of La Trinita Dei Monti the sparrows seem, by their twittering, to be calling each other to vespers.

But I cannot put off this weight of the leaden sky. Is it what I was warned of—that I should get melancholy in Rome?

Just as the sun was setting, a yellow light shot across the walls and towers before the window where we sat at dinner. We hastened to our chamber—to our western window. The twilight was falling fast, but across the western sky there was a bar of light on the horizon. The ghosts of Cæsar and his armies passed over the distant hills, and above St. Peter's and the Vatican gathered the long train of Popes and Martyrs, fading with the ashy whiteness of the dome, as it disappeared in the darkening sky.

A SUMMER IN ISCHIA.

OUR excursion to-day took us over the mountain road towards Forio. We were accompanied as usual by the Saints or their namesakes—Girolamo, our bright-eyed donkey boy, with his brown curls, white teeth and merry smile, a curious edition of St. Jerome—and Filippo, who tells us that he is named from San Filippo Neri, "Servitore," doffing his cap.

In a ride like this in Ischia, one of the most striking things is the sudden opening of a distance, by which you are caught away to another realm, spectral in its faint distinctness, and differing from the nearer view in its lights, as the past differs from the present—as poetry differs from prose. The mountains of Gaeta were distinctly seen, pointing out the position of the fortress whch, within the last few years, has been the asylum of Pius the Ninth and his dear son Francis the Second, alias Bomba; and from which the latter was driven, by General Cialdini, to take refuge with his patron in the Holy City. From the time of Ulysses, Gaeta has had great histories of wars, sieges, triumphs and disasters. It has had peaceful

histories too. Its climate, the breezes that cool its summer, the peculiar luxuriance of its southern vegetation, made it a favourite resort of men of letters and taste. There Cicero gathered about him congenial spirits in his Formian villa. The bright beach on which they used to walk, of course we could not see. But the neighbouring mountains lifted their heads in the serene distance over. The same serene distance had passed over those classic and medæval memories. But the guns of ten years ago still flash and thunder.

Aha ! when Gaeta's taken, what then ?
When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport,
Of the fire-balls of death crushing souls out of men,
When the guns of Cavalli with final retort,
Have cut the game short ?

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee ;
When your flag takes all Heaven for its white, green and red ;
When you have your country from mountain to sea,
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head;
And *I* have my dead ?

As we wound round the mountain sides, with vine terraces above and below, the view was entrancing. The whole coast was in sight, from Sorrento to Mola, where is the tomb of Cicero ; plains, curves of the shore, Posilipo, where Virgil wrote ; Nisida once the property of Lucullus, and whither Brutus retired after the assassination of Cæsar, Pozzuoli, the Puteoli of the Acts of the Apostles ; the bay and castle of Baia ; and beyond the Phlegræan and Elysian fields of classic mythology, which seemed to sleep under a veil as of the immemorial years. On a ledge, with the sea almost at our feet, we faced about towards Vesuvius, on whose summit lay the smoke cloud, with an unusually ominous look. Near us were the ruins of two palaces, which had been thrown down by earthquakes. I asked a man in whose black hair silver lines were beginning to appear, if he was not afraid? With a look, perfectly expressive of child-like faith, he answered, "Eccelenza, No" ; and being asked why, he said "Ecco, Signora, there is a prophecy by San Giuseppe Della Croce, whose church is in Ischia, and whose body is at Naples, that Ischia shall never again be destroyed by volcanoes or earthquakes."

Ten minutes ride from this, we plunged into a deep ravine to see the *mud baths*. We found people scooping from under a scalding pool the blue marl which is used in the potteries of the island—mentioned by Strabo—and which is also applied to broken limbs and wounds. The *custode* looked hard to see whether he could detect any limp in our gait, hoping that we had come to patronize his establishment. Further on we came to the famous sand baths. In a little perfectly close place, something like a Dutch oven, they make a shallow grave for you in the sand, where, covered all but your head, you are left to keep alive in the moist, suffocating mineral air. There are vapour-baths in the Stufæ of San Lorenzo. Close by are the baths of Santa Restituta, one of the forty different kinds of mineral water kept hot on this island, summer and winter, for the benefit of invalids. For thrice ten centuries these fires have been kept burning on the altar of Hygeia. "*Bellissima acqua dei bagni—Sono miraculosi.*"

A church and monastery, dedicated to the Saint, stand near. We went into the quiet church. A place of peace it should be, and a place of peace it is to one at least, for he lies dead, in a sort of coffin, the best the poor relatives could afford, deserted, as the custom is, for the monks to bury him, but clothed, composed and respectable. A few minutes after, when we passed the coffin again, the clothes had been torn off, and the head had fallen aside. Thus do these monks strip the dead—it is the custom. Peace to the poor corpse in the horrid pit to which they will bear it.

We mounted our donkeys again, under the eyes of a long line of priests and monks,

who leant over the balcony with listless air, and rode back to the shore. In a charming cove shut in by a headland, on the slope of which is a Saracenic tower—so it is called—the fishermen's boats were anchored or hauled up on the beach, and frisky, half clothed children were playing their antics among the rocks. Two lava ridges set their black feet in the sea, while the vine was beginning to wind some wreaths around their jagged fronts. The sand is hot a few inches below the surface, and when it is scooped out the hollow fills with warm water. I saw a mother wash her child in one of these improvised bath tubs, then stand in it herself and wash her shoeless feet, while the little cherub sat staring at us. *Molto pittoresque* it all was, with the classic simplicity of attire. And then evening fell over white houses and huts, and over the fortressed hill with its tall flag staff, and over the tower on the headland, in a spiritual body of gold, and the blue wavelets, with their white frills, came lisping to the shore. On a breakwater of rough stones below the watch-tower, where of old they looked out for the Moorish pirates, sat a man with his eyes fixed on the sea. We stopped for a sketch, and put him in. A group of peasants coming from work passed by, and stopped with Girolamo and his donkeys for a chat. "From what country were the *forestieri* and where did they live?" Our little knight-errant silenced the questions as became him. But they had heard our English tongue, and their impression was confirmed, for we heard them say:—"*Si, Francese*,"—"Yes, French." This being settled, they went their way, shouting to the man on the breakwater that he was going to be put into a picture. Nothing is more certain than that self-consciousness spoils even the poise of the body. The man drew himself up into a picturesque attitude in view of the honour, and his picturesqueness was gone.

Vespers were going on in a little wayside church, remarkable for nothing but miracles performed by the Virgin, and the wild beauty of its site. Inside was twilight, which the tapers only made more dim, and we could just see kneeling forms dotting the floor—a few poor people, our peasants on the road most likely among them—and waving what appeared palm branches in their hands, while music came out of the dimness, as though the evil power against which the Virgin warred, had left the spirits disturbed and wounded. Girolamo, who often acted as guide, and explained the hard words in the dialect, would have us see the sacred things; but we could not see, and I think he had a vague and troubled idea that we did not wish to see. It is not pleasant to have the children staring at you as an infidel, and to offend them "whose angels do always behold the face of my Father in Heaven."

Monte Rotaro is a cone rising out of the side of Epomeo. We have often looked over to it from the Grande Sentinella, whence we could clearly discern the slightly truncated crater form; and we had a desire to explore it.

The greater part of the journey we made on donkey-back, the steeper part on foot, with Donna Maddalena, who was the more pleased to be my companion, because it would enable her to visit the graves of her father and sister, who were buried in this crater, with the other victims of a pestilence.

It was pleasanter to leave my donkey and his Sicilian driver, much as the driver had pleased me by telling me all the way of the delights of his country, to which I looked forward as my winter quarters, and to go on with Maddalena alone. It seemed to her a pious and, perhaps, meritorious pilgrimage. Her lips were moving in prayer whenever she was not talking to me. I almost fancied I detected in her a shade of self condemnation, as though the souls of the departed were still suffering in purgatory through her neglect.

The rugged footpath by which we ascended lay through a wild rich growth of heather,

myrtle and arbutus. What a delight was the broad, silent mountain-side, in this green, sunny November! We reached the rim of the crater—a perfect cup—and our descent into it was through a still thicker growth of the same shrub, mingled with others of stronger nature, making an impassable thicket except as we kept the thread of a winding track. This thicket was a zone, below which was a green grassy void—a void save for the huge rocks which lay there whitened with lichens. Nothing was wanting but the volcanic fires. These have been extinct since the early part of the fourteenth century, when they were quelled by the uplifted hand of San Giuseppe della Croce, as Maddalena told me; but the huge fragments of rock lying there, tilted at all angles upon each other, and bearing in their angular shapes the marks of violence, made the power seem present that had lifted them on the breath of its fury. In descending we left the direct rays of the sun; the light grew sombre and the air chill; and when we reached the bottom a concave of blue sky closed like a watch crystal over the concave of green walls, shutting us up in one of the strangest and grandest of solitudes. It is a wonder that the anchorite yonder, who dwells half-way down towards the world, has not fixed his abode here. But, perhaps, he would have been forgotten.

We found the even, green sod that covered many sleepers. But the graves of father and sister were indistinguishable from those of strangers. Around, wildly scattered, were the monuments erected by nature to herself; and among them, strange to say, one erected by man to his fellow-man. On the broken side of a sarcophagus-like tomb, we read the name of Francis Moore, Esq., brother of Sir John Moore.

We returned to the sunshine, and as we came over the crater's rim I filled my hands with white blossomed myrtle and branches of the *soror pilosa*, hung with its clustered fruit, which is round and like a crab-apple in size, with a vermilion coat, piled, and most exquisite to look on. It would have been pleasant if we could have spread our wings upon the shoulder of the mountain, and dropped down through the air over the black lava course by which we descended. It was almost too steep to keep the saddle, and the lava was still utterly rough and indomitable, having in all these centuries gathered no vegetation. It ran a rigid line through the verdure of a soil so rich that it gives to herbs the growth of shrubs, and to shrubs the growth of trees.

Maddalena came in to-day more ready for tears than I ever saw her bright face before. "*Povera me!*"—and she drew out her lottery tickets for the last week, which were all blanks. "*La mia fortuna dorme*"—and looking over her shoulder to the crucifix on the walls, with her hands clasped—"*Benedetto Iddio*, I am punished. God punishes me. I am a very great sinner. Your consciences are white, mine is a little dark (*un poco scura.*) Pray to the Virgin for me that I may succeed. And, *Signora mia*, if you will tell me your dreams, I will play on them, and then I shall be sure to win." We looked over her tickets. In the last *giuoco* she had ventured a franc on Twelve, which stands for soldier (every number within certain limits standing for something, as a horse, blood, an accident), but all in vain, notwithstanding that a little company of soldiers were allowed to hold a festival in one of her nurseries, which ought to have brought good luck.

All our expostulations went for nothing. She quite understood that the Government which has so beneficently assumed the patronage of the lottery, plays no losing game. But the lottery is a passion with these people, man, woman and child, down to the very beggar. The Government is sure of its revenue from this source.

At the mention of the Government she

gave us her rather spicy views on politics, pinching the back of her hand and giving it a twist, to illustrate the cruel exactions of the rulers, to which she attributes the high price of bread and maccaroni. And worse than this, to the infidel Government are to be ascribed the disrespect of the Saints—the law allows the people now, if they like, to put Garibaldi before Giuseppe in their children's names—and many other wicked things which are going to ruin the country. We should have supposed from her harangue that she had read the pathetic irony of a prominent Papal journalist :—"Wherever in our Naples are the images of Mary will be placed those of the Goddess of Reason ; where now are the Saints of the Calendar ecclesiastical will be the Saints of the Calendar of Ricciardi—Cola da Rienzi, Francesco Ferrucia, Arnoldo da Brescia, Masaniello, the brothers Bandiera, Garibaldi, and the two most glorious martyrs, Monti and Joquetti. On the silver bust of that ancient patron S. Gennaro, will be placed the well-shaped head of Pope Ricciardi. * * * * No more will they teach the precepts of the Catholic religion, but those of free thought. No more will they talk of Pius IX., but of Pope Ricciardi, and thus Italy will be happy, prosperous, tranquil, free, in the van of progress. Long live the free-thinkers—long live the Deputy Count Ricciardi!" But Maddalena had long bent her head over my journal one day, and on lifting it volunteered the confession that she could not read—advocate's daughter though she is. If she had been able, her bright intellect might have comprehended that the great movements of the world have sent a vibration to her shores—that prices have risen from the Western Prairies to the Nile—and that in this there may be a proof that the long stagnation is at an end, and that even this island feels the pulsation of the general life.

"*Cose dice Padre Giacomo*," she says. Ah, that is it! Her book is the Priest's mind, or so many pages of it as it pleases him to open. But Maddalena has been seized with the idea of giving her children some other book, and is having all her daughters taught to read. It grieves the heart of Padre Giacomo, who says, "My daughter, it is more pleasing to the Blessed Mary that you should be pious than that you should be learned." But the strong-minded Maddalena only repeats the *Stabat Mater* a few more times, and goes on having her children taught to read. One is too nervous to go to school, so she has a master for an hour a day to teach her at home, who gets *fifteen cents* a month as his pay.

Bravo, Maddalena! By this time she had forgotten her lottery. Her spirits rose again, and with a merry laugh she departed, wishing us, as she went, "*felicissima notte, buono sonno, buona salute*," which she hopes for in God and the Blessed Virgin.

We rose at four and, after a very simple toilet, went out in the fresh morning to the baths, at the Stabilimento Manzi.

We were received into an Oriental-looking court, all tinted with soft rose colour, the frieze resting on fluted marble pillars, and giving us a square of the soft morning sky. Others were waiting besides ourselves. Among them two pleasant pampered Signorine, having a shade of the characteristic self-consciousness so light that it was almost pretty. It is not the pert self-consciousness of an American girl, nor the haughty self-consciousness of an Englishwoman. It is something that grows out of a Turkish state of society, where one looks for no high accountability in woman. It is curious how foreigners read each other, fancying themselves all the while quite blank. We were, evidently, as interesting to the Signorine as they were to us.

A middle-aged servant waiting beside her mistress' door, and guarding her *biancheria* spread out there, was improving the time in saying her prayers with moving lips,

face slightly inclined skyward, and eyes half devotional and half observant.

In due time an obsequious attendant waited upon us in a little airy apartment tiled white and blue, with pure marble baths filled with water warmed and medicated in volcanic laboratories. The quaintness of our attendant, Theresa, the fame of the water, reaching back to the days of Pliny, and floating music, charmed away the hour. I began to form a lively idea of the times of the Roman Empire, when people of leisure enjoyed their three baths a day, and the luxurious Pompeian passed from the *tepidarium* and its perfumes, to lounge in the porticoes and listen to the recitations of the poets—a much more lively idea than I could form sitting among the dry reservoirs of the baths of Caracalla, with clouds of black wings dipping into the empty courts and floating away again into the blue ether.

Among these cool marbles, and under the unchanged sky of this "divinest climate," bathing is a luxury still, and it is marvellous that, with such monuments before them, and with such inducements, the descendants of those inveterate bathers so seldom revert to the habits of their ancestors. The modern Italian has the reputation, at least, of eschewing water. The nurse says she is not going to risk her life by bathing, as her English mistress requires, for the sake of anybody's child, and throws up the situation which gives her bread rather than submit to so cruel an exaction. Dr. S., an English physician, says, "It is reported that the Duke of Arpino takes a cold bath every morning," but adds, "I do not believe a word of it."

Philomena has got the notion that her *Inglese* subsist upon the airiest unsubstantials. The breakfast table was a paragon of freshness, with figs, plums, *persiche* and *persiche noci*, blushing among their leaves, the daintiest pats of butter kept cool under vine leaves, a glass of milk also under a vine leaf, and a corona of bread. All which we must pass by for the imperative half-hour's repose of which a lively Neapolitan had forewarned us. "The baths are magnificent, but then you must stay in blankets an hour afterwards." But with the fresh pillows that have been placed for you, and the fragrant airs straying in and out, one may have the most refreshing slumber of the twenty-four hours, or endless reveries, to which the unfamiliar sounds lend themselves till you are far away in some dreamland from which nothing brings you back but the want of your breakfast.

Ten a.m. There is no morning to-day. The sun holds all the open country with tyrannic power. But under the quiet green leaves we are sheltered from his sway, and here we sit in the messeria till the midday breeze shall come to do him battle and set his prisoners free. A very comfortable prison. The first ripe figs have declared themselves by a white cracking of the skin, whilst yonder the slender twigs of the pomegranate daintily suspend their solid globes, and two twin pomegranates seem to have conspired to test the strength of their parent stem before all the world, since the small scattering leaves hold no screen before them.

Here we read our morning lesson in the good old Book. Jotham's speech from the rock struck us in a new way among the trees out of which he constructed his parable—the fat olive, the sweet fig, the vine just about to yield the juice "which cheereth God and man," and the bramble, still possessed by the spirit of mischief—which reaches down from the walls as we pass to seize our veils and tear the hand that is put up to defend them.

The little Bertie, a quaint child of twelve, in the costume of the country, which makes no variation from girlhood to old age, placed seats for us, and sat on the ground near, to tell us the name, in her dialect, of anything we did not know; while Gennarino climbed the terraces in search of the *cicade* which

were filling the air with their chirrup. When he had captured one he brought it, with its accusation, that of spoiling the grapes—a false one, as we believe—and we captured *him* and made him bring us his book and read to us. We were surprised at the precision with which the little *contadino* articulated his words, bringing out every vowel and consonant: here was a hint of the training which preserves to the Italian language that refinement which lends grace to the very lips that utter it. A similar training is needed to save our English from its vowels being all converted into short *u*, and to redeem it from the bad effect of certain unfortunate sounds, the perpetual *sh* for instance, at which Italians laugh. I had not noticed this so much till I heard the two languages together from the platform. Indeed, I seemed never to have heard my own language, any more than one sees a clear pane of glass. English certainly needs to be very neatly uttered. Madame de Stael says that Italian, when heard, has a subtle meaning which the bare words would not convey. One cannot hear it fervidly spoken without agreeing with her. *Fratelli miei* means simply, my brethren; but as it falls upon the ear from the pulpit it is a strain of eloquence. The musical sound of the pronouns falling in with the delicacy of address in the third person makes a simple address like potent flattery.

But this Gennarino—that is dear little Gennaro—his parents are going to make a priest of him. This childish voice will intone mass before altars, and teach a new generation the mysteries of purgatory and penance! At present he is like other Italian children of ten years old and more—he screams when he is crossed, like a child of ten months, and screams on, though it may take him hours to gain his point, till he has worked himself up to alarming frenzy. We were quite frightened about him at first. The Italians think it cruelty to control their children by any severity. A well-governed little friend of ours at Naples is usually spoken to by his Italian acquaintances, with whom he is a great favourite, as *povero Frederigo.*

Hark! There is a stir and a whisper among the leaves. They come, they come, the breezes! Forth we go, and the white sails under the lee of Procida look all alive, as if they were waiting the behests of the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and the bright waters are sparkling with pleasure to bear them on some chivalrous errand to the Holy Land.

THE WARLOCK'S DEATH-BED.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM MAIN, WITH INTRODUCTION BY ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

THE physical features of Scotland, its dreary moors and morasses, its solitary tarns, wild mountains, and hoarse-roaring waterfalls, tended to imbue the minds of an illiterate but highly imaginative people with gloomy thoughts ; and no wonder they peopled the waste with unearthly beings, and believed that they heard the voice of the demon, or Water Kelpie, rising above the roar of the torrent, and saw weird women, witches and warlocks, at their midnight revels on the blasted heath. The Mythology of Scotland has also, nearly in our own day, given birth to a literature of weird beauty. Save for it, a great part of Sir Walter Scott's poetry and prose could not have been written. From it James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, drew the greater part of his inspiration, as his Mountain Bard and Queen's Wake abundantly testify. His Bonny Kilmeny alone is sufficient to make the Scotch dialect classical ; as a picture of female purity and loveliness it is unsurpassed. It is also to that Mythology that we are indebted for Burns' wondrous tale of Tam O'Shanter ; and we might also include Shakspeare's tragedy of Macbeth.

Down almost to our own day every green knoll, every conical hill, and almost every strath and glen in Scotland, were peopled with fairies that at the "hour o' gloaming grey" came forth in the wake of their queen, mounted on cream-coloured horses that glittered with dewdrops, and all kept pace to the music of silver bells which dangled from their manes. We once said to a Scotch peasant who firmly believed in fairies, and who always kept a sharp lookout for them in suspicious places—"Now, Duncan, tell us truly, were you really ever in company with the fairies ?" "That I was," said he, "and no farther gane than the last time I came ower the Mearns Moor by munelicht. I cam' by accident on a whole flock o' them. There they were ! a' sittin' roun' a spring amang the fox-bells, drinkin' and singin' like mavises. I cam' on them a' at ance ; I took them fairly by surprise ; but they ne'er loot on, but pretended that they were expectin' me ; and, losh man ! how the wee chiels in their green coats crackit their thoums, and danced roun' about me, and sang and shouted

Hurrah ! hurrah !
Come awa'
Laddy braw,
Join us a'
Ha, ha !.
Dunkie man !"

But steam, wheels and electricity, have fairly frightened witches, warlocks, brownies, and fairies, from the land of the hill and the heather; in fact they have passed out of the actual prose world into the poetic region, and are now invested with a romantic interest which they were far from having in what some sentimental people call "the good old days," when their power for evil was believed in by high and low, and they were feared and dreaded accordingly. To show the power which the belief in witchcraft exercised over the minds of the Scottish peasantry, and the power which they ascribed to witches at no very remote period, we quote the following lines from Allan Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd, where Bauldy goes to consult old Mause, the supposed witch :

"*Mause.*—What fouk say of me, Bauldy, let me hear,
Keep naething up, ye naething hae to fear.

Bauldy.—Weel, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilk ane talks about ye, but a flaw
When last the wind made Claud a roofless barn ;
When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn ;
When Tibby kirn'd and there nae butter came,
And Brawney, elf-shot, never mair cam hame ;
When Betty Freetock's chuffy cheeked wean
To a fairy turned and cou'dna staun its lane ;
When Watty wander'd a' nicht thro' the shaw,
And tint himsel' amaist amang the snaw ;
When Mungo's mare stood still and swat wi' fricht,
When he brought east the howdy under nicht ;
When Bawsy shot to dead upon the green,
And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen ;
You Suckey, gat the wyte o' a' fell out,
And ilka ane here dreads you round about.
And sae they may that mean to do ye skaith,
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith :
But when I neist mak' grots, I'll strive to please
You wi' a sirlot o' them mixed wi' pease."

We are only divided by some century and a half from the time when Maggie Lang—who was said to be the last witch in Scotland—was burnt on the Gallow-green of Paisley, when the Presbytery and Magistrates of the "guid town" offered up thanks to Almighty God for delivering them "frae the last o' the infernal gang" who had plagued them and their fathers for generations.

The warlock and the witch were man and wife, and were not of superhuman origin ; they were merely human beings who, through poverty, spite, pride, or ambition, sold themselves to the Evil One in exchange for the power of rendering themselves invisible at pleasure to mortal eyes, and of assuming any shape, and transporting themselves to any place. They were anything but amiable beings, and had a savage pleasure in looking upon human misery. The warlock was not so often brought to the stake for his crimes as the witch, for he was very reserved ; she might have more cunning, but he had the better art of holding his tongue, and keeping his own secrets, a virtue in which, like so many of the daughters of Eve, she was sadly deficient. Hence history shows that there were far more witches brought to the stake than warlocks. In short, the warlock very often died in his bed, but was invariably waited upon by the Evil One or some of his emissaries, who never failed to come at the last hour to claim the fulfilment of the bargain and bear him away to perdition. "As terrible as a warlock's death-bed" was a proverb in Scotland.

The following beautiful poem was written by the late William Main, of Glasgow ; we had it from the author's lips nearly forty years ago. Mr. Main never published any of his writings, they were merely orally communicated to his friends and companions. He passed away while yet a young man, and all his writings died with him except a few fragments which may still linger in the recollection of some of his old friends, if any such survive. He is therefore wholly unknown to fame ; and it would be a pity if such a poem as the following were lost or forgotten. We, therefore, to save it from oblivion, transcribe :

THE WARLOCK'S DEATH-BED.

Wha's that a glowrin' ayont my heid,
Wi' thae fiery wulcat een ?
Wha asks in a voice that mak's me fley'd
If my lang dead sark be clean ?
There's a haun' on my breast like a lump o' lead,
But it's no' the haun' o' a frien.'

It's a bonny nicht, and the three-quarter mune
Is sailing alang the sky ;
My kimmers are a' in the lift aboon
And swee on the licht clouds by ;
They should hae been here wi' a waefu' croon,
And seen the auld Warlock die.

Wha's that wi' an eerie soun' at the door ?
It's the win' soughing mournfu' and licht—
It used to come wi' a joyfu' roar
When it wanted me out at nicht,
To gang awa doun to the wreck heaped shore;
And laugh at some drowning wicht.

It will often come to the Warlock's grave,
And o'er the heidstanes spring,
And through the blae nettles wi' anger rave
When it canna death's house ower-ding :
But sometime or ither the wa's maun wave,
And then I'll awa on its wing.

There's a wee bit spark in the gatherin' coal
That lies on the cauld hearthstane ;
There's a wee bit spark in the puir auld fule
That lies on this bed alane ;
The morn's the Sabbath, but gin the bells toll,
Baith o' the sparks will be gane.

I min' when I swirled o'er the wa's sae steep,
O' an auld castle doun by the sea,
When I drap't the big stanes wi' a powerfu' sweep
Doun in the dark saut bree ;
How the thundering noise that cam frae the deep
Made me laugh wi' a fearsome glee.

But a louder storm is now in my ear,
For death is at wark in my breast,
And riving my thochts wi' an awesome tear
Awa' frae their earthly rest,
And driving them doun a dark ocean o' fear,
But the laugh o' the Warlock has ceased.

I min when I was a bit thro' ither thing,
O' gaun to a fierce runnin' burn,
And sending a boat wi' a coup an' a spring
Awa' wi' its sails a' torn ;
And I clappit my hauns, and wi' joy did sing,
For I kent it would never return.

But now I am speeding adown the tide,
Which is baith rapid and black,
And the auld farrant spirit that's stauning beside,
Twirls his hauns wi' a joyfu' smack,
And says to himsel' in the heicht o' his pride
Will the Warlock ever come back ?

I min' when I was a bit thro' ither wean,
But I canna remember the word
I said, when I lay in my bed alane
When nane but my Maker heard ;
I strive to remember, but a' in vain,
It's like the lost sang o' the bird.

There's surely somebody lying ayont,
For I fin' a het, het breath,
And the claes hae a smell as if they were burnt,
But it's no' wi' the fever o' death ;
They'll soon be here wi' their dogs to hunt
The puir foolish Warlock's wraith.

I'll up an' awa' to the awmry neuk,
An' sit in my big arm-chair,
Whar aften I read the black words o' his beuk,
And learnt his accursed lair ;
And I'll dee, drawin' roun me my bare tatter'd cloak,
To keep out the het, het air.

EARLY PHASES OF BRITISH RULE IN CANADA.

BY FENNINGS TAYLOR.

BRITISH rule in Canada seems to have worn three aspects. The first and second phases are somewhat germane to one another, and will be treated of in this article.

From the conquest of Canada to the year 1835, the King's representatives were usually officers more or less distinguished, who united in their persons the civil government with the command of the troops. Such was the period of MILITARY RULE.

From 1835 to 1847 the representatives of the Sovereign were usually civilians, whose selection, it must be presumed, was made on considerations of personal fitness. For the most part the minds of the Governors thus chosen were somewhat hazy on certain questions that vexed the Colonies, and they were especially so on the Upper Canada problem of the relative responsibilities of the Governor to the Crown on one hand, and to the local legislature on the other. Having no instructions to guide them, they not unnaturally evaded what seemed to be a novel, a tangled, and a forbidding subject. Being Governors, they desired to govern, and they were willing to do so in what they considered a benevolent and fatherly way. Moreover, in some instances they made very fair efforts to do so, though it must be admitted that public opinion was divided, not only as to the measure of their success, but a

to the expediency of their succeeding .Such, then, was the period of PERSONAL GOVERNMENT.

From 1847 to the present time the constitutional question, which had theretofore been more warmly discussed than wisely interpreted, has, we believe, been permanently set at rest.

The early Governors of Upper and Lower Canada were chosen from a class which had served well, and whose rules of service were generally read with military exactness. They were soldiers rather than administrators, the jealous guardians of the prerogative, and the unquestioning defenders, of the rights of the Crown. It was their first duty to take care of the Royal properties, and their second to conciliate the people who dwelt upon them. They had not been required to trouble themselves about constitutional questions, nor had they studied very deeply the science of popular government. Their instructions had laid no such duties upon them, and, as they did not belong to a speculative and philosophic class, they took no pains to get an enlargement of those instructions. If they found themselves troubled with the projects of colonial reformers, or inconveniently pressed by the representatives of the people, they felt at liberty in the first instance to interpose their nominated councils, whether Legislative or Executive, as "buffers" to resist the disagreeable pressure. Such interventions were generally sufficient. If, however, they fell short of their purpose, then, it was very well known that, as the commanders of the forces, the Governors had soldiers under them, and it was generally believed that in any season of emergency they would be able and ready to handle them with effect. Such, then, was the phase of MILITARY RULE.

In the meanwhile the Provinces increased in wealth, intelligence and population. New interests arose which included the consideration of new questions, and the discharge of new duties. The season of colonial pupilage was passing away, and Canada was gradually acquiring an introduction to a higher and more influential position in the commonwealth of British Provinces. Apart from the fact that the Whigs had succeeded to power in England, it so chanced that the period was coeval with, and indeed was preceded by, several very important passages in the experience of the mother country. The value of agitation as a "fine art," and as a condition of success, received a great deal of attention. The tactics, for example, which helped to secure the passage of the Reform Bill, included some features of novelty which caused them to be studied by British subjects elsewhere than in the British Islands. Impulsive persons could not fail to observe that the license of speech had suddenly become enlarged, and that men seemed at liberty to express their discontent in the emphatic phrases of sedition. Words, which in earlier times would have sent him who uttered them to the block, were used without even making their author acquainted with the Tower. The policy of menace received the support of noble names, and "leagues" and "unions," avowedly formed to overawe authority, found apologists and defenders within the walls of Parliament. We all know the result. Obscure men, who probably fancied they were patriots, when they were actually rioters, were fatally undeceived on the scaffolds of Bristol, Nottingham and Derby. Political students should have learned from such examples to distinguish between moral and physical forces. But, alas! as we shall see presently, this lesson was forgotten or disregarded. All that seemed to be remembered was the process by which wrongs were got rid of and rights secured.

The two Provinces of Canada were at that time rich in the possession of real or imaginary grievances, which the politicians, of one party at least, were at once anxious to expose and to destroy. To this end every

atom of complaint was picked up; every scrap of offence was brought home; and every element of disquiet was gathered in. When such accumulations had separately been analyzed, indexed, and exaggerated, they represented a tempting aggregate for oratory on the part of those who, with florid rhetoric, could sketch a grievance or paint a wrong. Agitators of experience were needed on both sides of the Atlantic. They were found with little difficulty, and used with rare success.

The alleged wrongs of Lower Canada were expressed in a series of ninety-two resolutions; those of Upper Canada were preserved within the jaundiced covers of a "Grievance Report." Though differing in some respects, the two exhibits seemed to agree in their dislike of soldiers to represent the Sovereign. Their authors evidently had no relish for military rule, and, consequently, no liking for military Governors. The prejudices of such persons were apparently respected, if their aversions were not actually shared, by the Whigs who were then in office. The Radicals affected no concealment, and were outspoken in their opinions. Mr. Hume, for example, in writing to Mr. W. L. Mackenzie, of Toronto, about Sir Francis Head, remarked that "he had been selected as a civilian, as I hope it is now the determination to send civilians as Governors instead of military men as formerly."

In harmony with, and as a fitting way of introducing, the new features of Colonial policy, Lieut. General, the Earl of Aylmer was recalled from Lower Canada, to be succeeded in August, 1835, by Lord Gosford, and Major General Sir John Colborne was recalled from Upper Canada, to be succeeded in November of the same year by Sir Francis Bond Head. The separation of the military from the civil functions necessarily included the appointment of a commander of the troops. The Whigs availed themselves of the occasion to do a graceful, and, as it turned out, a wise act, for they requested Sir John Colborne to take the command of the forces in Canada. By doing so they secured the services of a soldier of great ability, and also of a gentleman who had some experience of civil government.

We learn from "Lord Broughton's Recollections of a Long Life," and from other sources of information, that King William the Fourth, at the time in question, and for reasons with which we are not acquainted, cherished sentiments of extreme aversion to the Whigs. Such sentiments were openly avowed and occasionally expressed in language that was more conspicuous for frankness than propriety. Whether the King approved of the substitution of civil for military rulers, or was suspicious of the policy which such change might bring about, we are not informed. All that we learn is that he availed himself of the occasion of a parting interview with the newly appointed Governors, to add some emphatic words of counsel, as well as of caution, which neither of them would be apt to forget. To Lord Gosford, who made a minute of what was spoken and gave it to Lord Melbourne, His Majesty said, "Mind what you are about in Canada! By —— I will never consent to alienate the Crown Lands, nor to make the Council elective. Mind me, my Lord, the Cabinet is not my Cabinet. They had better take care, or by —— I will have them impeached. You are a gentleman I believe. I have no fear of you, but take care of what you do." Happily for Sir Francis Head, the king had grown a little older, and a good deal calmer, when the time arrived for him to take leave. On parting with his representative, His Majesty used words, which were a fair reflection of a monarch's mind, and became memorable afterwards, for he said, "Remember Sir Francis, that Canada must neither be lost nor given away."

The Royal instructions issued to the Governor-General, Lord Gosford, and to the Lieut. Governor, Sir Francis Head, and the official counsels by which those instructions

were accompanied, were, we believe, almost identical. Those officers were alike recommended to avoid extreme men, to pursue a policy of conciliation, and build up, if they could, a moderate party whose negative and quiet qualities would prove acceptable to the Colony and very comforting to the Colonial office. But while the instructions were similar, the men who were to carry them out, and the people to whom they were to be applied, were by no means alike. The question of origin, and in a less degree of creed also, was Lord Gosford's difficulty. It was his duty to bring two races into accord, and make it possible for Englishmen and Frenchmen, Protestants and Catholics, to live together without jealousy, to work together without discord, and to find in the union of the present ample compensation for the estrangements of the past. Such a task should have been, and doubtless was, congenial to the mind of a large-hearted man, and though Lord Gosford did not succeed, there can be no doubt that he tried to deserve success. It has been said that his Lordship was not remarkable for great attainments or great experience, but unquestionably he possessed more than average ability, together with a genial disposition, ample fortune, hearty manners and hospitable tastes.—Moreover he received a large official income, which he spent with a free and open hand. He had an Irishman's faith in the advantage of "bringing people together." He appeared to think that estrangements could be overcome by judicious dining, and resentments cooled, if not quenched, by a generous application of well chosen wine. His cook and his cellars became the silent auxiliaries of his policy, and his kitchen, so to speak, was turned into a nursery of conciliation. Neither did he devolve on his staff the sole duty of inviting guests to Government House, for His Excellency by no means regulated his hospitalities by "cards of request." On the contrary, he would frequently ask people as he met them in his walks or saw them at their windows. He seemed to be chiefly concerned, not only to avoid dining alone, but to avoid having a vacant place at his table. The dinner conditions dear to the heart of old Tusser were, we are inclined to think, by no means absent from the mind of Lord Gosford:

> "Ask me not to dine
> Where the host is stiff, and the guests are fine,
> Where wine is hot and the plates are cold,
> The mutton young, and the spinsters old."

His was a genial and kindly nature, and the reception and dining rooms of the Governor's house at Quebec were fitting places for its frequent and convenient display. Such gatherings, however, had no permanent result. He might multiply his wines, but he could not mix the people who drank them, and thus it may be said, that while on the one hand his hospitality, like his hope, never failed, so on the other, his policy, like his government, never succeeded.

Sir Francis Head, though somewhat of a philosopher, and a good deal of a knight errant, was also a man of culture, energy and courage. He wrote, as he rode, with ease and grace. As an officer of engineers he had seen service in the Peninsula, and was, we believe, present at Waterloo. It is probable that a long period of peace and slow promotion encouraged the formation of new tastes, for in the year 1828, with the rank of Major, Sir Francis retired on half-pay. Being known to possess certain qualities favourable to such a duty, he was invited by interested persons to inspect and report on some of the silver mines of South America. His "Rough Notes of a Gallop across the Pampas," and climbing the Andes, is one of those agreeable narratives which showed the author to be a keen observer as well as a bold horseman. Possibly his adventures on that occasion were not without their effect on the minds of some who, nine years later, found a reason for his appointment to the Government of Upper Canada in the

fact that he was not going "to America" for the first time.

In his "Narrative," Sir Francis gives an amusing description of the manner of his appointment, accompanied with a confession of perplexity as to the reasons which may have given rise to it. Nor did his amazement abate when he arrived at the seat of his government, for, never having voted at an election in his life, or thought very seriously on political subjects, he was somewhat disconcerted to find himself placarded on the walls of Toronto as a "Tried Reformer."

The experiment of substituting civil for military Governors was now being fairly made, and Lord Gosford and Sir Francis Head, were its accredited exponents. They each went heartily to work, though in different ways, to carry out the conciliatory instructions with which they had been charged. Their difficulties, however, commenced very early, for almost at the outset of their careers, they were called on to deal with unprovided cases, and possibly to discuss prohibited subjects. Thus their instructions were not elastic enough for the occasion, and thus they failed to satisfy the sections which the Home Government at all events appeared sincerely desirous to appease. The prime grievance of the French Canadians consisted in a nominated Legislative Council, and Lord Gosford was positively enjoined not for a moment to entertain the notion of an elective one. The prime grievance of the Upper Canadians was the absence of an Executive Council, responsible to Parliament. Such a condition was foreign to all the traditions of the Colonial office. It was also unintelligible to Sir Francis Head, who asserted that it was inconsistent with his responsibility to his Sovereign, and wholly incompatible with a condition of Colonial dependence. The issue in both Provinces was fairly raised, and failure in both cases logically followed. Neither Governor could accomplish what he had hoped to effect, and both had to accept the alternative, and fall back on a system of personal government. Lord Gosford adopted a course of soothing treatment, and followed it too, when it was quite obvious that no emollient within his reach was equal to the work of allaying the irritation. Sir Francis Head attempted to do the like, but having been baulked at the start, and a good deal baited afterwards, he threw conciliation to the winds, and by a vigorous course of open resistance and individual rasping, beat the malcontents at the polls, and secured what he termed the triumph of "loyalty and British connection," but what was, in fact, the triumph of Personal Government. Such a victory was unexpected, and thoroughly maddened the defeated party, and such madness brought great scandals on the name it bore. Many persons, calling themselves Reformers, forfeited their claim to the title as they lost little time in becoming secret conspirators, and eventually open rebels against English rule in Canada. We may remember what took place. Violent language seemed to generate violent acts, and those who were masters of the former were without skill to control the latter. They had said more than they meant, but were powerless to restrain the effect of their words. Insurrection followed, and the agonies of Bristol, Nottingham and Derby were repeated, and for the like reason, in several towns of the two Canadas.

The excitement in England was greater than it need have been when viewed by the light of those communications which had been made to the Colonial Office. The utter failure of Lord Gosford's policy in Lower Canada was known, together with the avowed sympathy of the dissatisfied sections of the two Provinces. People possibly began to suspect that the way in which the Colonial Office ruled the outlying Provinces of the Crown was rather whimsical than wise—rather dilettante than resolute. Under the old system of military rule, when force was united with virtue, the colo-

nial possession was at all events secure, even though the colonial peace was occasionally broken. The new system of Personal Government included the separation of force from virtue. The former appeared to be isolated and detached, while the latter was expected to stand alone, to work alone, and to win or lose alone. The new policy had broken down. Personal Government apparently had failed. The affections of the people had not been won, and the possessions themselves were in the way of being lost. Lord Gosford had views, and Sir Francis Head had views, and Sir John Colborne had views. Probably those of the latter were wisest, for he at all events would have met menace with discipline, and have blocked force with force. In the crisis of affairs the Home authorities determined that Personal Government in Canada should, for the time being at least, be made more strictly personal. In one Province the constitution was actually suspended : in the other it was virtually to be overawed by the shadow of a great name, and by the presence of a High Commissioner with Sovereign powers. To find a nobleman for such an imposing service was not a matter of much difficulty. The eyes of all turned in one direction, for the Earl of Durham seemed to have been chosen by the public even before he was gazetted by the Crown.

There were some reasons, apart from his popular fitness, why such a choice should be made. The Earl was a man of unstained honour, large means, great influence and acknowledged ability. He had done a good deal for his party at home and something for his country abroad. The fact had been acknowledged by his countrymen, and had it been otherwise he would have confessed it to himself, for he carried about him a somewhat embarrassing amount of vanity as well as a laudable degree of pride. It may be remembered, by those who are old enough to recollect the gossip of the period, that Lord Durham was said to have had more than ordinary claims to the friendly regard of royalty. In the days of her girlhood the Princess Victoria and the Duchess of Kent honoured the Earl and Countess of Durham with a good deal of consideration, and in return were said to have received much kindness from them. If such were the case, it might probably have occurred to a statesman of Lord Melbourne's acuteness that such services would be remembered, and that if they were so, the effect might be to attract to Lord Durham much of the influence which, in the opinion of Lord Melbourne, should more properly be exercised by the First Minister of the Crown.

Lord Durham had lately returned from Russia, where his success as the British Ambassador was only equalled by the magnificence of his Embassy. The press quizzed him a little for his display, but the people liked him all the more for having made it. Altogether Lord Durham's presence at Court might have proved a source of embarrassment to a Cabinet of which he was not a member. Lord Melbourne, besides being a statesman of high mark, was a politician of singular astuteness, and hence he may fairly have been excused for thinking it wiser to occupy Lord Durham with important duties abroad, than, by leaving him actually unemployed, to give him the chance of occupying himself with competitive duties at home. Be this as it may, when the news of the rebellion in Canada arrived in the British Islands, Lord Durham was invited to accept, and did accept, the important office of High Commissioner and Governor-General of British North America. This great trust included, to use his lordship's own words, so far as Lower Canada was concerned, the exercise of "Legislative and Executive power."

A despotism, if it only be a paternal one, in the estimation of some persons, is the very best form of government. Unfortunately, however, it must be admitted that while a people under such circumstances

might be quite sure of the despotism, they could not with equal confidence count on the paternity. Now Personal Government, as represented by the Earl of Durham, was actually, and perhaps necessarily, despotic; "Legislative and Executive power" was concentrated in his own person. He was burdened, we again quote his own words, with "the awful responsibility of power freed from constitutional restraints;" and yet it must be admitted, that while conscious of the responsibility, he did not escape the mistake of exercising it in an "awful way." The power conferred by his commission may have absolved him from the restraints of the law of Lower Canada, but it did not, we apprehend, relieve him of obligation to the law of England. Thus it was that his offence against the latter provoked the most bitter, and perhaps the most acrimonious, discussions that were ever heard in the British Parliament. Lord Melbourne had little reason to be thankful to the High Commissioner whose acts had occasioned those discussions: for they not only imperilled, but well nigh brought about the overthrow of, the Whig administration. Much, however, as they annoyed Lord Melbourne, they more seriously distressed Lord Durham. Indeed they seemed to drive him beside himself. He lost his self-control, and consequently did what no officer of the Crown can be excused for doing. Having, as he was required, proclaimed the disallowance of his own ordinance, he took the occasion publicly to answer the authority he was bound officially to obey. When he had made his petulant deliverance, he turned the government over to Sir John Colborne, and, without the shadow of authority from his Sovereign or her advisers, went on board the *Inconstant* frigate and directed her commander to sail to England. What his reflections may have been on the voyage may only be conjectured—they were never disclosed. What the opinions of his Sovereign and her advisers were, must be gathered from the fact that, on his arrival at Plymouth, in the month of December, 1838, he landed in silence and without the customary salute; in the presence of what he must felt to have been the frown of the court and the black looks of the country. The Emperor Nicholas, who knew Lord Durham, is reported to have said: "If one of my officers had behaved as he had done he would have been tried for his life on his return." Ill health, as well as wounded pride, may have had something to do in bringing about an act of insubordination which, as far as we know, stands alone in the Colonial History of England. His humiliation was his punishment; and it seems to have been greater than he was able to bear, for he died five days after the Act was passed which embodied a portion of his counsels, and which reunited the provinces of Lower and Upper Canada.

Lord Durham was succeeded by the Right Honourable Charles Poulett Thomson, whose appointment, it may be remembered, gave rise to a series of severe criticisms in the Tory press of England, while it occasioned gloomy forebodings in the minds of an influential section of the people of Canada. The official party at Toronto, which at that time was exclusive and bureaucratic, instinctively felt that it would be "dished" by the power of a Governor who was not only "a Whig and something more," but who was especially charged with the duty of bringing about an union of the two provinces. The merchants of Lower Canada were generally interested in the lumber trade, and were consequently prepared to show little favour to a statesman who had advocated Baltic as against Canadian interests, and had actually recommended the abolition of those discriminating duties by which the latter had been protected and encouraged. Thus it was that the odour of a good name did not precede him to Canada any more than it supported him in England. Criticism was violent in expression, and authori-

ty was strongly importuned "not to send one to govern who has had no experience of government;" "who is corrupt and indolent;" "frail in health and feeble in purpose;" "whose despatch box, if carried in one hand, must be balanced by a medicine chest in the other;" who moreover keeps bad political company, for he acknowledges as an honourable friend and a parliamentary ally a member of the House of Commons who had actually counselled the Canadians to "shake off the baneful domination of the mother country."

Such were the comments of a certain portion of the English press, and they were as difficult to answer as to bear. Ill nature, like other ills, is frequently contagious. It had spread to Canada, and was found to be very active when His Excellency arrived. The hostility of the French Canadians was looked for and had been provided against. The opposition of other sections would chiefly be local or official. The inhabitants of Toronto had caught the distemper to which we have referred, and appeared to think that a fit of the sulks and a display of bad manners would become them on the occasion when the new Governor-General visited their city for the first time. There were few to meet, and, with the exception of His Excellency Sir George Arthur, there were scarcely any official people to welcome him. The Corporation thought it seemly in their address to express an anticipatory censure on his general policy, and a particular condemnation of the especial measure the passage of which had prompted him to accept the office of Governor-General. Toronto generally became ungracious and showed its teeth. The two Houses of the Legislature, in their latest session, had by resolution condemned the proposed union, and now municipal and official efforts were made to exaggerate difficulties, multiply obstructions, and make everything look as discouraging as possible. Lord Sydenham, however, brushed such cobwebs aside, and went to work as one who knew how to make and win his game.

It is mentioned of Lord Sydenham, in the memoir written by his brother, that he was a child of singular beauty, so much so that King George the Third, in the course of one of his Weymouth walks, not only observed and kissed him as he lay in his nurse's arms, but begged his Prime Minister, the younger Pitt, to follow his example. "Pretty child, Pitt, pretty child. Kiss him, Pitt, kiss him." And Pitt did as he was bid, and probably with some awkardness, as very little of his busy life was passed in such pleasantries. Poets inform us, and of course they ought to know, that "a kiss may colour a life." What influence the kiss of Pitt exercised on the life of the "pretty child" can only be conjectured by a writer of prose; nevertheless conjecture is sometimes excusable. No comparison between the stately grandeur of the greatest English statesman, and the quiet ease of a minister who was useful rather than great, can possibly be made. Nevertheless there were traits in the character of "the pilot that weathered the storm," that were by no means absent from the character of the Governor who re-united the two Canadas. He, like Pitt, was imperious when occasion required, and his will was indomitable. No fear could intimidate, and no resistance could dismay him. Such qualities may have been inherited or acquired, but who shall say that they derived no stamina from the kiss of Pitt?

Lord Sydenham had difficulties in Lower Canada as easy to apprehend as they were hard to deal with. But in considering them he was relieved by the fact that the constitution was suspended, and the responsibility of dealing with them would be shared by a special council of his own choosing. In Upper Canada the case was otherwise, for the constitution remained intact. He had therefore not only to deal with a Legislature, but with one that had committed itself by solemn resolves to opinions hostile to his

own. Nothing daunted, however, he looked his Upper Canada difficulties fairly in the face, studied their character, appraised their value, and made his plans. He was certainly aided by an exceedingly well-chosen staff—gentlemen who were not only loyally attached to him, but who knew how to assume the diplomatic attitude; to mingle in society with their fingers on their lips but with their eyes and ears open.*

Personal Government necessarily included direct personal influence, and Lord Sydenham shewed that he was thoroughly aware of the way in which such influence could most conveniently be exerted. He rented Beverly House, at Toronto, and at once saw that the means by which a graceful hospitality had theretofore been exercised were quite inadequate to his larger views. Thereupon he built a new kitchen, and furnished it elaborately to meet the conditions of a fastidious cook, as well as the expectations of a fastidious master. Personal Government was to be baronial as well as diplomatic. It was to assume every kind of social attraction, and every description of festive charm. Lord Sydenham had the art to influence and the gift to persuade, and it was therefore necessary that he should provide the occasions where these twin powers might conveniently be exercised. The members of the House of Assembly represented the greater difficulty, for his power to force the Legislative Council by creating new peers placed that body beyond the reach of serious anxiety. At length all obstacles were overcome. Complete success attended his efforts, and we incline to think that a good cook and a good cellar had much to do with the results. On returning to Beverly House, the late Sir John Robinson is reported musingly to have said, that among the most active and influential agents in carrying the Union Bill through the Upper Canada Legislature was the new kitchen and the sagacious uses to which it had been applied.

Lord Sydenham was a keen observer, and had studied human nature with a good deal of attention. Probably his residence in early life at St. Petersburg had aided such studies, for Russians of the higher class have the credit of excelling in this branch of education. His letters show how accurately he appreciated American character, and with what judgment he had gauged the strength and purity of American institutions. He distrusted both, for in his estimation they were little better than shams. It might have been for the welfare of the Empire if English statesmen had studied American subjects more closely, for then they would in all probability have escaped some of the errors into which they have fallen. Whig and Free Trader though he was, nevertheless Lord Sydenham caught the spirit of colonial enthusiasm which generally takes possession of the minds of Englishmen who

* Since this article went to press, Major Campbell, C.B., of St. Hilaire, in the Province of Quebec, who might properly have been regarded as the Chief of Lord Sydenham's Staff, has suddenly departed this life. His loss will be mourned by many, for there were few who knew him who did not prize his acquaintance, and by those with whom acquaintance had ripened into friendship, his death will be felt as a personal calamity. As a staff officer he was singularly efficient. He was affable and wary; genial and sagacious, always courteous and never *brusque*. He was not a mere chatterer, and hence he rarely committed the mistake of "talking unadvisedly with his lips." He was an agreeable companion, but the charm of his conversation was never disfigured with blots of indiscretion and plague spots of impropriety. He was a clear minded man, made few mistakes, and was never called on to explain ambiguous conduct, or to apologize for unseemly words. He had enjoyed the advantage of seeing distant countries, and of living amongst strange peoples, and such experiences were not lost on him. He was not only an accomplished staff officer, but he was a Christian gentleman in the best sense. He was neither an ascetic nor a bigot, for religion with him was the offspring of gentleness and charity. While he reverently cherished his own convictions, he was studiously careful to respect the convictions of other people. He was a conscientious Churchman of the Anglican School, but in the largest sense he was Catholic. He neither thought or spoke evil of those who differed with him. His quiet life was a wayside sermon, and all the more telling because it represented religion in practice—religion adorned with humility and sanctified with charity. It might be well had we more like him, and it might be better were we on many subjects more generally influenced by his example.

visit Canada. Had the kiss of Pitt anything to do with his desire to acquire and maintain "ships, colonies and commerce?" Perhaps it had, for his Lordship would have declared war with the United States rather than have surrendered one inch of the North-Eastern boundary, which Lord Ashburton ill-advisedly "capitulated" away. Though his character was somewhat crossed with contradiction, Lord Sydenham was one of those statesmen of the grand old type whom no menace could appal, and no threat could intimidate. There was something of the elder as well as the younger Pitt in his nature, and if it entered with the kiss of the latter, we only regret that the old king did not exercise his prerogative more frequently, and make his favourite minister inoculate a larger number of pretty children of that generation with some gleams of his genius, the greater portion of his principles, and with every grain of his patriotism.

Though tenacious of power, and a true exponent of Personal Government, Lord Sydenham was the first representative of his Sovereign who could see his way to the introduction of Responsible Government into Canada. It is true that the principle was only enunciated; it was not developed in his day. Moreover he was not inclined to let it loose without some reservation and some qualification. Nevertheless it was initiated with his approval, and cannot be separated from that part of the history of Canada with which his name is associated.

He failed to conciliate the French-speaking inhabitants of Lower Canada, but success in that direction was scarcely to have been looked for then. Time, "the healer," had a part to play before love, "the teacher," could overcome grief or exorcise hate. Lower Canada, like a mourner by a newly-made grave, was in no condition to receive comfort. Sorrow was too recent and too acute. It may have been kind and charitable to leave such an one alone for awhile. At all events Lord Sydenham did so, and it would avail little at this day to discuss whether such a course were wise or the reverse. All that need be said is that he did much towards laying the foundation of our constitutional system, and those who have succeeded him have only built on what he accepted as the political corner stone. Without seeming to be indifferent to the actual considerations of politics and government, his thoughts chiefly inclined towards practical administration, such as municipal institutions; popular education; religious equality, sound systems of finance and banking; public improvements; and a general development of the resources of a country whose natural wealth he was unable to exaggerate. These, and such as these, were the points of his administration which he sought to carry out, and which he did carry out to an extent that no one of his predecessors had been able to approach. The end came, and came too soon. He opened the first session of the Parliament of re-united Canada, and died on the day on which it closed. "The broad ribbon of the Bath," which the Queen had conferred on him for his services, was never worn. Peradventure it is laid away somewhere among precious treasures, but it is unspotted with the tears of wife or child, for he died unmarried. The vault in the church of Kingston received into its solitude the mortal remains of "The first and last Baron Sydenham."

The new rule of appointing civilians for Governors was not departed from by the administration which succeeded the Whigs. Sir Robert Peel, however, did not choose a representative of the Queen in Canada from either House of Parliament. He looked into the diplomatic corps, and found in the person of Sir Charles Bagot exactly whom he wanted. Sir Charles was a singularly handsome and high-bred man, who, in the course of his services, had represented the Court of St. James at Washington, and he had done so to the satisfaction of both na-

nations. His duties probably included display as well as address, for his vice-regal staff was a large one, and it was popularly attractive, amongst other reasons, because the uniform worn by the military officers was the regulation uniform of the staff of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Canada appeared to receive what Canadians like, consideration and promotion. The women of Canada are not unlike the women of Ireland, whom Lever describes, "they admire the infantry, love the cavalry, and doat on the staff." As a community we are by no means free from the influence of sentiment, and this influence is very commonly promoted by a reasonable display of vice-regal glare and dazzle. It is, we think, a mistake to suppose that Canadians have any special liking for republican simplicity in their rulers. On the contrary, they prefer the externals of majesty in those who represent their Sovereign. If the English people have little taste for "Gig" bishops, the Canadians have less for what we suppose is the American equivalent, viz., "Buggy" governors.

There was a singular charm in the manner of Sir Charles Bagot. It arose partly from the social advantages to which he was born, but chiefly, as we venture to think, from the training he had acquired in the school of diplomacy. He had the faculty of finding out what one knew, and he had the patience to put up with a communication of such knowledge. The habit was a graceful one, and probably arose from his practice as a diplomatist: a class which we have been told is instructed to learn as much, and tell as little, as possible.

Sir Charles Bagot's character was straightforward, and his administration won golden opinions from all classes. Unfortunately his rule was of short duration, for he died at Kingston after a residence in Canada of only fourteen months. His charms of manner were shared by his family, for those who are old enough to remember Lady Mary Bagot and her daughters will not be apt to forget how bright and attractive it was possible to make an evening party, even at so small a capital as the little town of Kingston

Sir Charles Bagot was succeeded by Lord Metcalfe, the latest and the best example of Personal Government, for, unlike Lord Durham, his administration was paternal without being despotic. His example was full of instruction. We saw the highest duty cheerfully performed in the presence of excruciating agony patiently endured. Suffering and cheerfulness were inseparable companions, for the continual presence of disease, together with the near approach of death, seemed to make no impression on his resolve to do what he believed to be his duty to the last.

Lord Metcalfe's character as a politician appeared to have two dissimilar sides. Judged by his writings English Radicals might claim him as their own, and so far as his opinions related to public questions in the United Kingdom the claim should be allowed. Nevertheless the Liberals of Canada found him more Conservative than his Tory predecessor, Sir Charles Bagot. Their cause was seriously thrust backwards by the interpretation which he put on the constitutional relationship of the Governor to his advisers and to Parliament. The old tangle of Sir Francis Head's day was revived and in an aggravated form. "The duties of the Crown could not be put into commission." "Responsible Government could not mean the transfer of the rights of the Sovereign to a body of gentlemen who were not directly responsible to the Sovereign." "The power to appoint the Queen's servants in a British colony devolved on the Queen's representative." "The patronage of the Crown was a matter of prerogative of which the Governor could not divest himself." It was a trust which he held directly from the Queen, and which he could not delegate to others. Lord Metcalfe was quite willing to take the advice of his Ministers when he required it, but he was by no means bound to

seek it when he did not want it. It was a matter of option and not of duty, on the necessity of which he alone was the competent judge. Opinions such as these placed an impassable barrier between himself and his Ministers. Only one course was open to them, of which, with the exception of Mr. Secretary Daly, they took the earliest advantage. They resigned their offices, and, with their party, went into opposition.

A dissolution of Parliament took place, and the issue raised for the last time was Personal Government against Responsible Government. Lord Metcalfe's character was a tower of strength to those who supported the former view. His integrity, his benevolence, and his charity, for he never "turned his back on any poor man," or withheld his contribution from any good object, were infinitely serviceable to him, and provoked a degree of support which could scarcely have been looked for. Besides, Responsible Government as it is now interpreted, had scarcely been accepted by the Tory party. Many thought with "Tiger" Dunlop, that it really was "a trap set by knaves to catch fools." Whatever it was it had resulted in their exclusion from power, and in the substitution of men whose allies to a great extent had sympathized with, if they had not supported, acts of rebellion against the Queen's authority in Canada. The loyalty cry was raised with more than usual effect, while the alleged disaffection of the Liberals was described in language of inexcusable exaggeration. Anger and violence marked the elections. The name of the Governor General was used in a manner neither to be excused nor repeated, for the labours of those who had sought to build up constitutional government in Canada appeared to be thoroughly lost. The temporary result was a slight, and, as it turned out, a short lived triumph for Personal Government, but his Excellency's advisers had a trying time of it, as we have little doubt Mr. Chief Justice Draper could inform us if he would favour the public with an extract of his recollections.

Lord Metcalfe was only able to open and to close the first session of the new Parliament. The concluding words of his last speech were very touching, and, under the circumstances, equally pathetic. "May you enjoy," said his Lordship, "all the rights and privileges of a free people, and experience the prosperity, contentment and happiness which are naturally derived from unfettered industry, prudent enterprize, good fellowship and brotherly love. And now, gentlemen, with the heartfelt wish that you may be partakers in these blessings, I will say farewell until we meet again."

That meeting, however, was not to take place. The hand of death was too visibly laid upon him. He was obliged to ask Her Majesty's permission to resign his trust and return to his native land. He arrived in time to see once more the grand old oaks of Berkshire and to lay down his brave life in the place he had loved so well.

Thus died the "First and last Lord Metcalfe," and thus ended what we have termed PERSONAL GOVERNMENT in Canada.

BETRAYED.

Alone she stands
With folded hands,
Her blue eyes watching each wave retreat;
With no thought of fear
For the billows near;
While the tiny wavelets ripple clear
O'er the pebbles to kiss her feet.

Her eyes oft follow
The wheeling swallow
Darting and circling above the water;
While the hair, so brown,
Floats idly down
O'er the sun-burnt neck and sea-stained gown
Of the fisherman's happy daughter.

* * * * * * *

Again she stands
With tight clasped hands,
Gazing out on each boisterous wave;
And the swallows fly
Unheeded by;
Nothing is seen by that wild blue eye;
But a shroud for her shame,—the grave.

One look to Heaven
For mercy, given;
One look to the white cot on the shore;
And the waves caress
With tenderness,
What a lover left when love grew less—
And the burden of life is o'er.

The white foam lifts
In gentle rifts,
And sprinkles itself like snow above her;
But the soul has flown
To the far Unknown;
While the restless night winds sadly moan
O'er her love for a faithless lover.

VOX TRISTIS.

THE ROSES.

(*From the Swedish.*)

ANTON V. ETZEL.

IN the far distant North, where, during the mild summer nights, the sun seems to forget to sink to rest, there lived on a high mountain a very old man. His long beard and snow-white hair were of wondrous beauty, and his clear blue eyes were bright and radiant. He was well known and dearly loved by old and young, and as the oldest dwellers in that part of the country remembered having seen him in their childhood exactly as he appeared now, all were firmly convinced that there was something marvellous about him.

Round about his little cottage bloomed plants the like of which were to be seen nowhere else in this region, and consequently he was styled by many "the old kitchen gardener." He was frequently absent on long journeys, and ever, on his return, all the trees, shrubs and flowers in the surrounding country would bloom with renewed beauty and fragrance.

"I should not be at all surprised," said a youth thoughtfully, "if he was a holy gardener whom God has sent to discover where, in this world, those flowers bloom which are hereafter to be transplanted into Paradise."

The old man, though apparently possessed of nothing, was the benefactor of the whole country-side. He was the physician of the sick, he played the violin for the dances of the young folks on the village green, and related pretty fairy tales and legends to the eager children.

Thus approached the beautiful leafy midsummer day. The sun stood like a golden shield on the outskirts of the forest. The evening and morning, these two sisters so dissimilar, bowed their glowing crimson cheeks and clasped hands as they met in a quiet, loving embrace. The people had ascended the mountain in order to see the sun, at this season visible all night long. The old man had received many visitors. He stood at his cottage door and appeared glorified in the gorgeous sunlight.

A stranger approached him.

"Do you dwell up here, my father?" he inquired, and presently they entered into an animated conversation.

But the children of the surrounding villages crowded round the old man, eagerly watching their opportunity to engage his attention. Presently he greeted the gay country people most courteously, and prayed them to be seated on the soft lichen. Then he looked round the little circle.

"How are your little blue flowers getting on, Annie?" he gently asked a young girl.

She blushed and looked down. "They have closed their pretty petals and their leaves are withering," she answered, turning pale; "but, just as I was leaving home a few were beginning to unfold their leaves again."

"Tell me the reason of this," said the old man. "You know, my father," pursued the young girl, "that the wonderful flowers which you gave me, unlike other flowers, do not close their petals at sundown, or even on the approach of rain, or cold and stormy weather, but only at such times as the sun of love is overcast, or when one is in a bad humour."

"Yes, indeed, I know that," said the old man, smiling.

"Well, I was unkind towards my brother," continued the girl ingenuously; "we had quarrelled, and confidence no longer reigned between us. Then I became aware that a sort of hoar-frost had fallen upon the leaves of my little blue flowers. But this morning I passionately reproached my mother with having allowed the bouquet, which Eric brought me yesterday during my absence from home, to wither by neglecting to put it in water. My mother's feelings were greatly hurt, and she looked very sad. I went to the window, and behold, I saw that all the blue flowers had closed their leaves. When I began to weep, however, and heartily to repent my behaviour, they commenced slowly to unfold again."

"The root is fresh and healthy," said the old man, "but pay attention to the tender, sensitive leaves; they do not speak a great deal."

The old man now observed that little Eva looked dejected, and that her eyes were red with weeping. "What grieves you, my child?" he inquired tenderly. "Oh!" answered the little one, and began to sob afresh, "I had a little hedge outside the window, on which the red, white and blue convolvuli blossomed most beautifully! Now they are all dead! Lisa poured a bucket of hot water over them. I would not weep so bitterly for them now if they would only go to God, but I asked the pastor and he says no."

And Eva burst out weeping again.

"Listen to me, little one," said the old man, lifting her on his knees, "the flowers have their own heaven, and do you know where it is?"

"No," answered Eva, and looked up wistfully.

"Well, then, listen," continued the old man; "the spirits of the pretty blue forget-me-nots go into the clear eyes of good girls; those of the beautiful, white virgin lilies dwell upon their pure brows, and the spirits of the crimson roses glow upon their cheeks."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Eva, "and when these girls die and become angels, the little flower spirits follow them to paradise. Is it not so?"

"Yes, indeed, it is so. God sent you a liitle sister a short time ago—look at her and see if the spirits of your flowers have not wandered to her."

Eva smiled. "Surely, she has clear blue eyes and a little rosy mouth," she said, joyously.

The old man arose. "Dear friends," he said, and a peculiar smile hovered on his lips, "you all look so serene and happy now, how will you all appear forty years hence? When that period of time shall have elapsed, I will visit you again and ask you whither the roses of your cheeks have fled. I am well aware that to a certain extent the advancing years must rob the cheeks of their lovely tints, but yet a very great deal depends upon yourselves. In some way you must strive to protect your roses against Time and his encroaching power."

Although not fully comprehending his actual meaning, they stretched forth their hands and bade him, as well as the stranger, a kind and hearty farewell.

Many, many years passed away, and it was once again the evening of a midsummer day.

In a beautiful little house in the country sat a happy woman. 'Tis true time had already sown some silvery threads among the masses of her wavy hair, and robbed her delicate cheek of some of its rosy tints. Her eyes, too, no longer sparkled with the fire of youth, but they shone with a look of peace and calm content. By the dimple in her cheek, called forth by her serene and cheerful smile, the little Eva of former times is recognized.

There was a knock at the door, and the old man from the mountain entered. He was all unchanged, he had the same awe-inspir-

ing figure. Eva arose, and with a joyful exclamation hastened towards him.

"The peace of God be with you!" said the old man, "I come, according to promise, to ask you where the roses of your cheeks are to be found."

Eva did not mention the dreary nights of work and watching which had destroyed their bloom, but exclaimed in a gladsome tone of voice: "Look here!" and raised the curtain of a cradle in which slumbered a lovely rosy child; "and there," pointing to a little crib in which a beautiful red-cheeked boy lay sleeping peacefully,—"And here," exclaimed the sonorous voice of a vigorous man, who entered at that moment and put his arm fondly around her waist; "the bloom of health on my cheeks cost poor Eva many a night's weary watching and anxiety."

"I am content," said the old man, preparing to depart.

"Will you not stay with us?" asked both husband and wife.

"I must travel still far to-night," answered the old man, and went his way.

He came to the town and walked towards a large, handsome stone house. He mounted the steps and knocked at the door, which was at once opened for him.

There sat the stranger by his lamp, stooping over a book. He was pale and emaciated, his brow was furrowed and his hair grey, but in his eyes there was a pure and holy light.

"Do you remember our conversation on the mountain? Where are the roses of your cheeks?"

"Here," answered the scholar, and opened his book, "here they lie. Here I have laid down the blossoms of my joys and the fruits of my experience. I only trust that men will make use of them."

The old man smiled and gave him his hand. He wandered farther and knocked at another door. It was opened. There sat a solitary, pale and attenuated figure. He started and looked up suspiciously.

"Where are the roses of your cheeks?" queried the old man, solemnly.

"The years have robbed me of them," he whispered and shuddered.

"No! you have sacrificed them to a contemptible idol, to your golden calf!" said the old man sternly; "the cold gold has destroyed them, and you sit here alone, unhappy, and with an utter void in your heart. Amend your ways, perhaps they will then bloom anew, though perhaps they will only grow again out of your grave."

He departed, and the miser locked his door carefully, in spite of which he could not sleep the whole night.

The old man knocked at another door. Here sat a lady at her toilet. She was attired for a party, and had carefully selected everything that could enhance her beauty, but it, alas! belonged to the past.

"Where are the roses of your cheeks?" inquired the old man.

"It is asserted that I possess them still," replied she, pale with vexation and annoyance at his rudeness.

"You have sacrificed them to vanity, and strewn their withered leaves on the floors of ball-rooms. You have won not even a single noble grain of seed out of them! There remains to you not even the fragrance of their memory, for your joys were blank and empty. Your rouge does not deceive me, do not deceive yourself—seek something better. Farewell."

A door stood open, and from the room proceeded a loud and boisterous laugh. The old man looked in. There sat a man with crimson cheeks, a goblet by his side; he was singing, but his voice trembled, and his eyes were gazing into vacancy.

"Where are the roses of your cheeks?" resounded through the room.

"They have been transformed into peonies," answered the drunkard, stammering, and filled his goblet again. "I drowned the roses in wine, they were too pale and worthless."

The old man went sorrowfully from thence; a friendly light seemed now to beckon invitingly. He entered. There sat a small but select company, some were young, some older, but they were all grouped around a pale noble-looking woman, who was reading to them her notes and reminiscences; therein lay the roses of her youth; their fragrance seemed to linger over the little circle, for the eyes of all were beaming.

The old man nodded quietly, and walked away unperceived.

He came to the cottage of a labourer. The latter lay in a deep sleep. He had strewn the blossoms of his cheeks along with the sweat of his labour and amid prayers into the ground, and they had borne ears of corn, and fruit for his children. A pleasant dream refreshed his sleep and blessed his rest.

The old man passed on and came to a house of mourning. In an illuminated and decorated room lay a dead man in his coffin. His was a noble face, glorified with a peaceful smile. The flowers on and around the coffin were wet with tears.

"Where are these roses?" asked the old gardener, in a gentle voice.

"They bloomed anew on the formerly pale cheeks in the homes of want and destitution," answered a mild voice, and a young girl robed in mourning rose from her knees. "They bloom in heaven, and live in the memory of love."

The old man bowed reverently his hoary head, and returned slowly to his home on the mountain.

HONOUR.

All things that make life sweet to man were mine,
All things that make death bitter—gold and lands,
Youth, health and beauty—these, with loving bands
Of, friends around my heart conspired to twine
Their strong allurements; and my sense was fine
And keen, and to the full felt hope and fear,
Delight and anguish; yet I grasped the spear,
And when the trumpet thrilled along our line
Unwavering met the steel and foremost fell.
Another took the mansion of my pride,
Another made her whom I loved his bride,
And where I dwelt, careless of me, they dwell,
While I lie mouldering on the bloody plain
Tombless—and keep my honour free from stain.

SURENA.

"CHEEK."

BY W. GEO. BEERS, MONTREAL.

THERE are writers and speakers in the United States, so anxious to *improve* our mother-tongue, that they would fain include in the Munroe doctrine the Americanization of the speech of Shakspere. This taint of Democratic irreverence has as yet but faintly affected general usage; but there have been peculiar phrases coined across the lines, which fit themselves so well to the lips and instincts of men as to gain almost immediate currency, and became woven into our best literature. At first they may have the ring and reputation of slang, but gradually lose their inelegancy, and gravitate into "the pure well of English undefiled." Every country, particularly with the civilization of this continent, must necessarily add words to its language, and there are indigenous phrases used generally by our most cultivated men in America, which are perfectly in place here, though unclassical in the literature of Great Britain.

It is bliss to be ignorant of the pedigre of many of the words we use, as it is bliss to some noble families to be oblivious of their ancestry beyond one generation, or as we are content to drink water without a microscopical examination. Among words whose origin might possibly be traced back to an unenviable period, but which have become fairly adopted as American additions to the English tongue, I have selected the one heading this paper, as expressive of a very prevailing infirmity in the atmosphere of America.

Borrowing from the license now monopolized by poets—and which has contributed immensely to encourage poor poetry, I will venture to class this "cheek" among the mental disorders of the present day; one which, like Diptheria and some contagious affections, is a modern complaint, unknown to Celsus, and, like shop-lifting and drunkenness, deserves to be dubbed as a genuine disease, and dignified with a Greek derivation. Brain diseases are getting more common—not because we have more or better brains than our forefathers, but because we work them harder and more spasmodically, and get less fresh air; and there are social and political circumstances to-day exciting mental extravagances that had no existence in eras gone by.

A sarcastic Italian once observed, that possibly a sufficiently powerful microscope might be made to reveal the globules of nobility in the human blood; but we need nothing so extraordinary to detect the "disease germs" of "cheek" in the human mind and character. We take the child. There is no instance of intelligent innocence as perfect as that of the genuine, natural boy, excepting, of course, the genuine natural girl. Real children have a native frankness that can never be mistaken for "cheek." They are always innocents, even in spontaneous sport or premeditated mischief. They are neither the street-waif with orphan heart and neglected soul, nor the species of young parties who ape the false show and the artificial manners of their seniors; who put on airs, and grow into their teens with an affected disrelish for marbles and ragdolls. They have hearts beating for play, not for moping, and take to childish games as instinctively as goslings take to water. You may meet clusters of such children anywhere, of parentage rich and poor, but all rich in content, mingling and manufacturing mud-pies together, without a thought

of formality or a blemish of pride. But let harsh orthodox precepts of propriety be constantly dinned in their ears; let noise be proscribed in nurseries, and parlours made sacred against the intrusion of the sunshineof home and the sunshine of heaven; let the children be taught to frame pretty responses, and to show off their talkativeness and training; let them be flattered to their faces, and given a good deal their own way, and you may safely trust to their instinct and human nature to develop the quick growth of cheek.

There are few more offensive specimens of inordinate "cheek" among young people, than those outrages on boyhood who missed their due share of thrashing in their tender years; who aspire to be better dressed than their companions; and whose chief good, like the cinnamon tree, is confined to their bark; who know the art of matching a glove to a coat long before they know how to spell; who give up manly field-sports to be, as they think, more manly in learning to smoke; who fondly imagine stray twigs of hair below the lobe of the ear to be incipient whiskers, and the tender down which has been on the upper lip since the hour of their birth, to be preternatural moustaches; who would be in a perpetual blush in church, and wear a look of the deepest degradation if they knew that they had on pants bagged at the knees; whose friendship is won when you don a new suit of clothes, but lost when time makes it threadbare, and who think less of a stain in the character than a crease in a shirt.

There can be no mistake made in distinguishing cheek from that self-confidence which forms one of the finest master-traits in the character of the Anglo-Saxon race. There are circumstances of favour or fortune in the life of individuals, as in the geographical position and history of nations, which tend to develop a quiet consciousness of power. But no one would put in the same category the confidence of Palmerston, guiding the helm of State, and the conceit of Sancho Panza ruling a kingdom; the consciousness of Nelson, when a middy, that he would one day have a despatch to himself, and the fixed opinion of coxswain Harry that he ought to have command of the fleet; the faith in himself and his men of Sir Colin Campbell, when he received the Russian cavalry with British infantry in line instead of in column—and beat them;—and the sanguine conviction of the Fenians that they could take Canada; the belief of D'Israeli, that the House of Commons would one day listen to him, and the belief of that quintessence of cheek, George F. Train, that he will be the next President of the United States.

I do not pretend to defend great men from the imputation of cheek. History and Biography are full of familiar instances of their weakness in this respect; yet it is more the exception than the rule. Cicero's constant cry was "Praise me!" Epicurus, writing to a minister of state, declared: "If you desire glory, nothing can bestow it more than the letters I write to you." Buffon, speaking of great geniuses, said there were not more than five—"Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz, Montesquieu, and *myself*."

When great men err, there is surely some excuse for us. It can scarcely be considered egotism when one talks of himself disparagingly, and attempts to point a moral and illustrate a case from the follies of his own youth. Long before the eruption of my wisdom teeth, about the time of St. Valentine's Day, I awakened one morning to the conviction that the Muses had inspired me with the poetic spirit, and that I was the coming man: an experience common to most of us in our tender years. I had picked up the trick of jingle, and the art of measuring poetic feet, and had set my eyes in fine frenzies rolling over epics and odes, sonnets and lays, until I could turn the lowing of a cow into a pastoral, and the death of a pup into a monody.

A New York monthly had at that time a

large circulation in Canada, and I selected it as the harbinger of my fame, with a very confident feeling that it was going to be good for the monthly. Like a respected Montreal editor who, in relating his early literary efforts said : "I wrote for Blackwood, but my articles never appeared," I can say that I wrote for that New York monthly, but the only notice taken of my productions was among the "Answers to Correspondents," where I found the titles of my poems, with the polite and pithy "Declined with thanks." It was a long time before I could feel or say a good word for New York, but there was a grim grain of consolation to a boy in these "thanks," and I persisted in besieging various other journals at home and abroad, until at last one unfortunate editor inserted my masterpiece of pathos, which had been six times sent to other quarters, and as many times politely returned. Such are the vicissitudes of genius !

I remember this divine effusion was entitled "Dear to me," and began as follows :

> "Dear to me is the spot where I was born,
> Dear to me is the cot where I saw morn,
> Dear to me is the sky in blue arrayed
> Dear to me are the fields where once I strayed,"

and so on, as long as my arm. Now the genius in this effort was to me quite apparent. It was the fine scope given for bringing in everything in general, and anything in particular one wanted to say, comprising volumes in a single poem, and by the addition of an infinity of "Dear to me," line below line, leaving room for filling up the blanks as one's ideas of things "dear" became enlarged.

In the love of political life we find a strong incentive to cheek. There is something in the atmosphere of municipal and legislative halls which develops the bad parts of human nature, as some localities engender miasma. The patriotism loudly proclaimed on nomination day tames down after election ; and in cases not a few, Sam Slick's interpretation of the Latin line may be well applied—"mori," the more I get, "pro patria," by the country, "dulce est," the sweeter it is. I do not know whether European Governments attract the fifth-rate men who so frequently rise to the surface in political matters in America ; but if so, they are cheated of notoriety, unless in a prison, and a better interpretation of "liberty" than we possess soon closes their career. The rascality which succeeds in American politics, has become a by-word of the world, and is only an emanation of the most inordinate cheek, forcing itself into position by virtue of its consummate impudence. Democratic institutions are more prolific of this than any other. They equalize the political value and, to some extent, the social standing of men, without equalizing talent and education. Mere wealth is a first consideration, and the bar-room bully who can influence most votes, no matter whence they come, is a greater man in the eyes of an aspirant than the first gentleman in the land.

In the professions we find the highest development of cheek, because in them the individuality of a man is most marked. In the highest, that of Theology, we probably find the least ; but with due respect to the Pulpit—and it ought to be open to criticism and better able to stand it than the Press—there is sometimes an element of cheek creeping up, which is not only absurd but dangerous in a profession concerned with the highest interests of the human race. A respectable young man mounts the rostrum before an audience who have no superstitious fear of his office. His profession is with him a matter of dollars and cents and decency ; his piety is mechanical. His first aim is to remind the audience of his individuality ; he dogmatizes on doctrines he little understands, and lays down the law with his tongue and fist as if the truth depended solely upon his opinions. The thoughts and desires of "I" seem to have more interest for himself, and more convincing force, in his own estimation, than the

thoughts and desires of St. Paul. I have in my mind, as I write, a certain young parson, and young parsons are no more free from error in their specialty than young doctors and lawyers in theirs. He has some talent, great physical energy, and a desire to do good; but his conceit impels him to thrust into prominence his own views, or the views of others as his own, thinking originality of expression to be genius as well as gospel, and a succession of light feats of emphasis and heavy ones of gesture the sure way to success. The personal pronoun "I" overshadows every doctrine, and crosses every thought; and he is not unlike the artist, Haydon, who took ten times more pains to persuade people he had painted certain pictures than he took to paint them. The views of old theologians he impatiently and impertinently denies, with something of the effect of a terrier yelping at the full moon. To be forcible he thinks he must be peculiar. He leaves his congregation musing more upon his manner than his matter, without a grain of good or a germ of thought to carry away.

In every church—except ours of course—for in churches like professions there is something rotten in all except our own—there are persons who constitute themselves sermon-critics, by grace of a work or two on theology they have read, and who are very fair examples of cheek. Looking around upon the audience during a sermon, one may pick out these sermon-cynics as easily as copper coin from silver. Knowing nods and sapient looks distinguish them, or shakes of disapproval, from the shoulders to the heels. Let the preacher misquote, and you know just the pews to look to for the sage and sarcastic grin; let him make a *lapsus linguæ* of any kind, and you know just who will show their quickness of perception. There are conceited and envious cynics in church as well as in literature, who, like the two critics that regularly dogged the writings of Racine and Pope as they appeared, pay the most devoted attention for no other purpose than to feed their self-complacency and nourish their spleen. "The defects of great men," says D'Israeli, "are the consolations of the dunces." These are the people who expect a preacher to dovetail the gospel with their views; to conform his tone of voice, his gestures, and his clerical and every-day dress to their ideal; to smother his political opinions, and subdue his love of recreation; to marry the woman they choose, or which is worse, not to marry the woman they do not choose; and to consider the purchase of his freedom of opinion and action a stipulated condition of his call.

The Press affords some characteristic illustrations of inordinate cheek; for newspaper men in this thinking age are too prone to believe that they are expected to be positive in matters beyond their ken, and to "say something" about every question, however abstruse; and are thus tempted to try their prentice pen in speculations beyond the bounds of even *their* intelligence. Hundreds of newspapers are mere rehashes of others, and, like a parenthesis, could be taken away and never be missed. In Pekin they occasionally behead editors who print false news, and the Pekin papers are very trustworthy. It is perhaps better that the loss of caste and the possibility of litigation should supersede this peremptory kind of punishment, else a large number of the "Fourth Estate" would need be hydra-headed.

Every profession has its men of cheek, whose chief delight is in expatiating on their own merits, and depreciating their confreres. They are just the same in theology, politics, law, medicine and dentistry. They owe their prominence much more to the force of their impudence than to any ability they possess. They "talk shop" at every opening; modesty is not in their nomenclature. As politicians they will lay claim to the origination of great national undertakings, on the strength of having referred to them in conversation, as other men probably did for

decades before them; and they live in a small atmosphere of their own, with the self-satisfied conviction that the prosperity of the country is due to their personal exertions. As lawyers they are ready to "hire out their words and anger" for any and every scheme where they may advertise their eloquence, and will even condescend to sacrifice fair prospects in their profession that they may be pilloried in the annals of their country. As physicians or dentists they arrogantly boast of their superior knowledge, and go to any extreme to obtain a practice. By dint of quack advertising, and, to speak truly, plain lying; by poking cards and circulars and pamphlets into every available and advantageous nook and corner; by the use of show-cases and barbarous signs, and by boasting of their superior facilities, peculiar methods, practice, and "previous residence in New York" (save the mark!) they contrive to gain what they would never have gained by honest means. They are not students or lovers of books; they have a mere smattering of their profession, yet assume to be inspired; they are perfect parasites where they fear, and slanderers where they dare. Jealousy is the fever of their existence, and the success of a faithful confrere is to them a sort of a personal insult. They have no professional *esprit de corps*; if they associate it is to fish for office or to find fault. The pleasantest paragraph they can read relating to a competitor is his obituary. An epidemic which carries off two or three, or a fire which burns out a dozen, restores their amiability, and puts them in the seventh heaven of delight. They cannot recognize cheek in themselves, but scent it out with a sort of instinct in any one else. Anything they do is "unusual;" they never admit having failed; and the idea of competitors being able to do what they have done is beyond the bounds of possibility. Indeed they will look you in the face with the stolidity of eye of an oyster, and assume a sort of monopoly of knowledge of their particular profession. Yet when you lay the scalpel of criticism to their pretensions, you expose their superficiality, and prove them to be cheek.

No educated talent is more commonly productive of cheek than fluency in speaking. One of the peculiar propensities of this intellectual age seems to be that of all classes for speaking in public. Men are no more generally fitted to become public speakers than authors and artists, yet how many thousands have wasted lives in fruitless efforts to be one or the other! There is an innate faith, no doubt, in some natures, which failure only strengthens and neglect only stimulates, impelling to persistence and often to success; but has not every scribbler who could persuade his words to rhyme, and every aspirant who could deface a foot of canvass with his emptiness, imagined the "divine afflatus" to have been specially vouchsafed to him? True, our first efforts must be immature, and first failures ought to be an incentive to perseverance, or the world will retrogade; but more than half the failures in every literary sphere have their origin in a disregard of the study of first principles, and of the faithful reiteration of lessons that may be dull, but which the finest genius cannot afford to contemn. In the matter of public speaking, it is so common to suppose that facility of expression should be the chief aim of those whose ambition it is to address an audience, or to utter their thoughts in print, that many come to regard the man who can say the most words in a breath, even if he has to gasp for very life at the end, and the writer who can spin out the longest yarn on any given subject, (such, for instance, as the *savant* mentioned by Moore in his Diary, who wrote several folio volumes on the "Digestion of a Flea") as the men who have mastered their subject and are amply qualified to teach. One who has a superabundance of check, and the accompanying contempt for his audience, may soon learn

to be fluent, though he may never learn to be wise.

It is a modern fanaticism to believe that it is an object in life to be fluent in public speech, and that in many circles, such as the numerous literary societies in the country, persons who have made no preparation whatever should be indiscriminately encouraged to stand up and "say something." Admitting that a man gains dignity and shows power who can stand on his feet and face an audience with his opinions, when his opinions are worth hearing, I think he is proportionately ridiculous if his opinions are worth nothing. This is not said to discourage our efforts to form opinions, and to express them as well as we can, but to discourage the idea that, because John Jones has overcome the usual impediments to public speech, he should jump up at every opportunity to express his views on any subject under the sun, particularly when he has not given it any previous reflection. The spontaneous opinion of Jones on a question concerning his everyday business, or concerning some special subject, is likely to be worth hearing at any time; but it is absurd to think that because his opinions on these points are sound, his ideas on any other are sound too. And if unsound, why encourage him to bore us by making us wade through a stream of words in hope of picking up an opinion on the way. The worst of mere fluency is just this—that it is sure to create in a man's mind the oppressive conceit that the sound of his voice is music to his listeners' ears, and that anything he says is worth hearing. You might as well transfer human brains to a cocoa-nut shell and expect them to reason, as place some educated men before an audience, and command them to speak; but every sane man has a special constitutional aptitude for a certain line of public usefulness, and to force him outside of this line, into a sphere which nature clearly designed he should not occupy, must either tend to dwarf his energies or to develop his cheek.

We cannot look with indifference upon the associative spirit, and the desire for mutual mental improvement now prevalent among the youth of Canada; but, in the debating societies, I venture to believe, there is a proneness to determine the wants of human nature from their own stand-point, and to exaggerate the advantages to be derived from encouraging indiscriminate talking. It is a serious question whether a youth is better for having overcome timidity before an audience, if he has not previously been incited to self-study and diligent preparation. It is a fact that, in many of these societies in Canada, as elsewhere, notwithstanding that appointments for debates are made two weeks beforehand, it is often the case that nearly every speech is prefaced with an apology for superficial preparation, or, perhaps, no preparation at all; and yet ready speakers will run on talking with more or less fluency and no depth for fifteen minutes or half-an-hour at a stretch. Would not one hour's faithful study of the subject at home, fill the mind fuller, and be better exercise, if read aloud as an essay in the quiet of one's own room?

This fluency, or rather flippancy, which degenerates into unbearable cheek, is a cardinal vice—perhaps a natural one—of debating societies, and, no doubt, is not of very recent origin, as Archbishop Whateley, in his Rhetoric, gives it as his opinion that they are generally more hurtful than beneficial, "because when the faculties are in an immature state, and their knowledge scanty, crude and imperfectly arranged, if they are prematurely hurried into a habit of fluent elocution, they are likely to retain through life a careless facility of pouring forth ill-digested thoughts in well-turned phrases, and an aversion to cautious reflection." "An early habit of empty fluency," continues Dr. W., "is adverse to a man's success as an orator." Dr. Blair, in his Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, also condemns the custom of cultivating a readiness of speech

without a conscientious preparation. He also says that the habit of taking a side in a debate antagonistic to one's convictions cultivates flimsy, trivial discourse. I might quote from many other eminent authorities for testimony that we are perhaps disposed to over-estimate the usefulness of debating societies in connection with the cultivation of readiness of speech. I repeat, I would not wish to be understood as depreciating the principle of these organizations, or the many direct and indirect benefits to be derived from them; but let their members, zealous to improve their minds, take care to be well assured that they do not sometimes mistake self-complacency and fluency for progress and power, and that the object of mutual improvement does not degenerate into mutual admiration. The especial point I venture to enforce is this—that there is no practice in these societies in which a beginner cannot be better exercised and educated in the quiet of his own room.

There are traits in almost every character to admire and esteem; there are little hidden nooks of gentleness in the bosom of the boldest and worst of men. Cheek, like crime, is repulsive. Yet both are simply human nature. I do not ignore the merits and virtues that may live in the heart where cheek holds its most offensive reign; but I know that any of us would rather listen a day to an eulogy of our virtue than a moment to a censure of our vice. The truth about us is palatable, if, like some bitter pills, it is sugar-coated. The age is productive of mutual admiration, and to see one's name in print is a modern stimulus to benevolence. Men are getting scarce who

> "Do their good by stealth,
> And blush to find it fame."

To call the exhibition of cheek self-reliance and nobility of character, is to assume that cheek is the indispensable qualification for success in life. We know that without ability, without devotion, without character, it has at best a transient and unsatisfying career. Posterity has never enshrined cheek in the roll of honour, either in war, literature, politics, science, or commerce.

Each age and country must have its great men—not created by schools, nor to be annihilated by neglect or opposition, but who rise as the sun, not as a rocket. No gift of God is more providently bestowed than the gift of genius. Rough hands may be steering ploughs or hewing stone to-day, which may yet make the songs or the laws of a people; which may paint its landscapes, and force the world to admire the unparalleled genius of their conceptions; whose works may become household words in the hearts of a nation, and immortal in the history of their time. A man cannot force himself into genius if he was never endowed with it by nature. Can a parrot in half a century mimic itself into a crying child?

The hot rush for fame has an antidote in the hotter rush for wealth, but the true philosophy of life lies nearer Heaven, and far from both. "Then what consolation have we for our ambition?" This—that whether we are to be famed or not, cheek will never promote our aim or tend to genuine success. Individual application, faith, and honesty, will win their deserts and no more; and this is the secret of success for us. If we get not the fame or the wealth we desire, let us console ourselves with the sober reflection that neither have we got the misery we deserve, and if, while we cheerily do our best, without a whine or a boast, either fame or wealth should reward our struggle, will it not be all the more pleasant as a surprise?

POLITICAL STRUGGLES ON BOTH SIDES OF THE LINE.

THE Founders of the American constitution, while they broke away from the old world, were unable to clear their minds of its political superstitions; and among other things, they fancied that it was absolutely essential to have a single head of the State. They accordingly provided that every four years the nation should be torn in two, and all questions brought to a violent and dangerous issue by a Presidential election. To this error is due in some measure at least the Civil War; for the question of slavery might have smouldered on indefinitely had not the struggle for the Presidency caused it to burst into a flame. It is said that these elections give the people of all the States an interest in Federal politics, and preserve the unity of national feeling; but this is setting your house on fire to boil an egg.

As a struggle between Grant and Greeley, the present contest has no interest for any human being except the political adventurers who are scrambling, in the names of the candidates, for power and pelf. The best Americans are at a loss to choose between the two men, and are utterly ashamed of them both. Grant is not the political ogre that he is painted in the turgid harangues of Mr. Sumner: he has not conspired to overthrow the constitution and make himself absolute: nor has he exceeded the iniquities of the Roman Emperors and the nepotist Popes. But he is a failure, and worse than a failure, as a President. That he would show political genius there was no reason to expect. Even of genius for war, few successful generals have shown less. His one quality was ruthless tenacity in the use of the human material furnished him without stint by the unlimited wealth of the North. To wear out his enemy by sheer carnage, was, according to his own profession, his whole game. Probably there is nothing in military history more discreditable, either to the skill or to the humanity of a commander, than the butchery of Cold Harbour. But if Gen. Grant had not genius, it was believed that he had integrity and firmness of character: and it was hoped that, feeling himself in a special manner the elect of the nation, and sure of national support, he would resist the influence of the political hacks, and make a resolute stand against corruption. His very first act, however, was to perpetrate a singularly flagitious job in favour of his personal friend and supporter, Mr. Washburne, whom he allowed to seize the Secretaryship of State, hold it for a few days, exercise its patronage, and then go off as Ambassador to Paris. In his other appointments he did make an attempt to shake off the politicians; but from his ignorance of men the attempt proved abortive; he fell into the hands of the politicians again, and at last into the hands of the very worst of the tribe. Of the only two men of really high character about him, he allowed one to be driven from office for refusing to be a party to jobbery, and the other for resisting the levying of blackmail, for party purposes, on the clerks in the department. A man almost as infamous as Tweed was appointed to the Collectorship of the Port of New York, with the management of the party in the State; and the appointment was upheld by General Grant against the protests of all the best men of the party. Too much has been made of General Grant's nepotism, which, though pretty gross, does not seem to have been, in any particular instance, injurious to the public service. Too much has, also, been made of his reception of presents, in which he has, at

worst, shown a certain lack of delicacy, such as might be expected in a man of coarse moral fibre, capable of carrying on war by the system of "attrition," and of allowing his soldiers to rot by thousands in Southern prison camps, rather than consent to an exchange of prisoners by which his enemy would have received reinforcement. Nor is there any evidence for the assertion that his personal probity, which when he was at the head of the army was unimpeached, has failed since he has been at the head of the State, or that any of the plunder collected by his partisans has found its way into the pockets of their chief. But partly from the desire of retaining his office, or rather the White House, and preserving the patronage to his friends and relations; partly, and perhaps principally, from sheer helplessness and inability to control the evil men about him, he has acquiesced in a vast system of jobbery and corruption. Whatever is lowest, vilest, most destructive of public morality in party government, and in the management of party, has flourished and abounded under the Presidency of General Grant. In the North the state of things has been bad enough; but in the South corruption, supported by party bayonets, has ridden rampant, and there has been an orgy of misrule from Richmond to New Orleans. In the South, General Grant has also lent himself to sabre-sway, the love of which, whatever his violent opponents may say, is not in his character, and to which he has shown no tendency elsewhere. The movement in favour of civil service reform, earnestly supported by all true friends of the country, has been dallied with, baffled, and put off to a more convenient season. As to statesmanship, if little was expected of General Grant, he has shown less than that little. In politics he is simply a man out of his sphere, and without any of the power and versatility which sometimes enable men of genius promptly to adapt themselves to spheres different from their own. His messages have not been merely devoid of any kind of ability, however rough, however redolent of the camp; they have been tissues of absolute platitudes. The stupid insult which he levelled against Canada was probably dictated by intriguers at his elbow; but the economical lucubrations in which he serenely airs his ignorance of the first rudiments of the subject, must be regarded as entirely his own. With the reduction of the debt he has had as much to do as with the Precession of the Equinoxes; it went on just as well under his predecessor Johnson, "the greatest criminal of the age." His annexationist propensities, which, if any weight was to be attached to the boastings of his confidential friends, were at first very extensive in their range, have shrunk to the acquisition of St. Domingo, with regard to which he has displayed some of his old military obstinacy, but has been baffled by the good sense of the nation, which resisted the incorporation into a body politic, already too heterogeneous, of a horde of black barbarians, managed, as they inevitably would be, by carpet-baggers. In his eagerness to compass the annexation, he committed what was probably a breach of the constitution, though without any intention of usurpation. The strongest point in General Grant's record is the Treaty of Washington, which, however, was saved not by him and his advisers, but in spite of them. His manners are simple, modest, and suitable to the chief of a Republic; but his lack of statesmanship is redeemed by no personal dignity, his love of horses is rather too prominent, and the notorious incidents of his early life have left clinging to him, perhaps unjustly, the odour of habits which the moral sentiment of the people will not tolerate in the head of the nation. As the lesser of two evils he will receive the votes of a large number of worthy citizens: but otherwise it may be doubted whether there is a single honest, sensible and independent man, who sincerely desires the re-election of President Grant.

His defeat would have been certain had his opponent been Mr. Adams. But his opponent, thanks to the diabolical skill of the wirepullers, is not Mr. Adams, but Horace Greeley, a man whose nomination for the Presidency would have been regarded as an impossibility till it took place, and when it took place was at first hardly received as serious. Horace Greeley is the most grotesque and obtrusive specimen of "the self-made man." He appeals to the people in an old white coat, an old white hat, his pants tucked into his boots, and his neck-cloth tied under his ear, with manners to correspond. His origin is as availably popular as that of Abraham Lincoln. His savage protectionism is supposed to have arisen partly from a notion that, in his boyhood, the privations of his humble home were aggravated by free trade legislation. He affects the farmer and the rural sage; and the vast circulation of his journal in the country districts is due to his great command of the sort of wisdom and moral sentiment which suit the bucolic taste. It is just to add that when he is at his best he writes a good, racy, English style. He enjoys the reputation of being very crotchetty but very honest. That he is very crotchetty is certain. Every one of the long train of American chimeras, political, social, economical and sanitary, he has taken up in its turn; and it has been observed that he must not only ride his hobby-horse but ride it alone: when any one else gets up he immediately gets down. The question as to his honesty is more complicated. He would not steal: he is careless of money even to a foolish extent. No doubt he has genuine though unsteady sympathies and antipathies, and is so far superior to the mere political hack. But there is no more unscrupulous partizan, no more unscrupulous enemy; and in point of veracity his journal is by no means above its New York peers. In slandering England it perhaps bears away the palm. In New York State politics Mr. Greeley is connected with bad men; and the same bad men "engineered" his nomination at Cincinnati. Viewing his past course in the light of his present candidature, it is hard to believe that his coquettings with the South, and his signing of Jeff Davis' bail bond, were the simple results of his goodness of heart without any ulterior object; or that his flirtation with Fenianism arose from a disinterested sympathy with the Irish cause. His ardent advocacy of the single term principle is suggestive of a similar remark. In fact the finding after many days of the bread which he thus cast upon the waters is the most hopeful sign of his political sagacity. The confidence of his party he has never been able to obtain: often they have been on the brink of nominating him for office, but at the last moment they have always shrunk from doing it. His vanity is extreme and easily played upon by designing men. He would no doubt go into office a reformer; but the end which he had "rough hewn" would be "shaped" by the men who have him in their hands, and whose aim is not reform. As an administrator he is probably in no way superior to Grant, or superior to him only as eccentricity is superior to dulness: to Grant's power of blundering there is a limit fixed by his want of imagination, to Greeley's there would be none. There are those indeed who think that the Presidency would be as fatal to the rural sage of Chippaqua as it was to the hard-cider-drinking hero of Tippecanoe. Greeley's one really strong point is that he would be inclined by his humanity, as well as bound by his present connections, to "shake hands across the bloody chasm," and put an end to the military and carpet-bagging tyranny at the South. Other qualifications for the great and perilous trust for which he is a candidate, he has none.

The Greeleyite movement may be said to consist of four elements, in part connected with each other, in part merely concurrent, and indeed as strangely brought together as

any "fortuitous concourse of atoms" in political history.

In the first place there is a schism in the Republican party such as generally occurs when the victors, swollen in number by all the waiters on fortune, come to divide the spoils. Indignation against abuses is of course the pretext of the schismatics, but inadequate requital of their personal services is the real cause. The schism first openly broke out in the State of New York, where two sub-factions, one led by Senator Fenton, Greeley's not immaculate friend, and the other led by Senator Conkling, struggle for the local leadership of the party and the disposal of its local patronage with a fury at least as intense as that with which Republicans and Democrats struggle for the leadership and patronage of the nation. But it has spread to all parts of the Union. In Pennsylvania, the most corrupt State after New York, Simon Cameron and Col. Forney, lately twin pillars of the Grant Administration, seem, with their followings, to have fallen out over a prize of which it may be said that both are equally worthy. With this element of the movement rather than with any other, we must identify Mr. Sumner, though his grief is not disappointed cupidity, but mortified self-esteem. If his motives are less coarse than those of Fenton and Forney, his position is scarcely more respectable than theirs; for, with the malignant philanthropy characteristic of him, he was one of the main instigators of that cruel and tyrannical policy at the South which it is the best object of the Greeleyite movement to overthrow. That the nominee of the Baltimore Convention is the real champion of negrophilism is a belief too extravagant to be sincerely entertained even by the distorted fancy which engendered the Indirect Claims.

Secondly, there is a genuine movement in favour of administrative reform, principally among the best men of the Republican party, who were goaded to revolt by the hopeless jobbery and corruption of the Grant Administration. Foremost among these reformers, foremost perhaps among American statesmen, is Carl Schurz, the worthy representative of the German element, in which, since the commercial morality of the native American has so deeply infected his politics, seems to reside the best remaining hope of national redemption. The reform party went to Cincinnati probably to nominate Mr. Adams, Carl Schurz himself being ineligible as a foreigner by birth; but the Greeley Ring got the Convention into its hands. Schurz was so overwhelmed by the result that he forgot to perform the duty, which fell to him as President of the Convention, of reporting the nomination. Could the honest minority, which had been thus jockeyed, have repudiated the decision and nominated Mr. Adams, there would still have been a fair chance of success; but the vote of the Convention was regarded as binding. Carl Schurz has taken the stump for Greeley; with an aching heart no doubt; but he evidently regards Grant and his satellites with cordial detestation; and probably deems it best for the country to break up the present system at whatever cost. On the other hand the New York *Nation*, the editor of which was one of the Cincinnati Reformers, has reluctantly gone back to Grant.

Thirdly, there is a reaction against centralization. An increase of the powers of the Central Government was inevitable during the civil war; but the victorious party, or a large section of it, aims at perpetuating centralization in its own interest. The aspirations of the extreme unionists are disclosed in a book called "The Nation," which is understood to have found great favour with Mr. Sumner and others of that school. The author of this book preaches the divine right of the Nation as fanatically as any sycophant of the Stuarts ever preached the divine right of Kings, and in the name of his theory proposes, on highly transcendental grounds, but with very practical

objects, to extinguish State rights, cancel the authority of their guardian, the Supreme Court, and reduce everything beneath the absolute sway of the Government and Legislature of Washington. Nothing more subversive of true liberty, of independent self-development, and with them, of genuine progress, is to be found in the Leviathan of Hobbes. If the tone of the book, instinct with unctuous malignity and hypocritical ambition, is in any degree shared by the party to which the book is addressed, a reaction of sentiment may well be combined with the reaction of conviction. In combating such Unionism as this, the Democratic party is fighting for its ancient principles though with strange confederates at its side; for it was originally the party of State Right, on which Slavery afterwards fastened itself, and by its parasitic growth overshadowed and almost killed the standard tree. Jefferson, the founder of the Democratic party, was a declared enemy of Slavery, while he was the champion of State Right as well as an adherent of the sound doctrine that, under republican institutions, the least delegation of power is the best, and the greatest security for the integrity of the delegate is the immediate supervision of his constituents. Rid of slavery, the Democratic party is doing its "first works," far better works than those which it did as the subordinate ally of the slaveowning oligarchy of the South.

The fourth element, the most important, and the one which appeals most to the interests and sympathies of humanity at large, is a political insurrection of the South against the tyranny of Grant and his Carpet-baggers, as to the scandalous character of which there appears to be no room for doubt. The Carpet-baggers, vultures who descended upon the conquered nation in the wake of the victorious armies, have acted as the emissaries and satraps of the party installed at Washington, which has lent them the support of the Federal bayonets, while they have secured to the party the congressional votes of the Southern States. Their reign has been one of profligate corruption. The State debts and taxes have been increased to an astounding extent, partly to enrich the carpet-baggers and their satellites, partly to supply the means of political corruption.* While bayonets have formed the chief support of the system, a semblance of elective authority has been sought in the votes of the negroes, who are of course the merest tools in the hands of their crafty managers. Ignorant blacks and unworthy whites have been thrust into all the offices, even those of the judiciary. The bench of justice in the Supreme Court of South Carolina was occupied by a Carpet-bagger, a Negro, and a Jew. Political amnesty, though demanded by the general good sense of the people, was put off till it could be put off no longer, and was then conceded only in stinted measure. The South has, in short, not been ruled in the interest of the nation, with a view to reconcilement and the restoration of prosperity, but "run" in the interest of a party; and in the process a greater justification has been given to the Southerners for rebellion than ever was given to the Colonists by George III. How far the Ku-Klux outrages in the South would have warranted exceptional measures, such as those for which Whiteboyism and Fenianism have called in Ireland, it is difficult to say; that there has been outrage, and grave outrage, is undeniable; but the number and atrocity of the cases always increased when capital was needed at the North for a campaign. It is certain, however, that Ku-Klux outrage could in no way justify Carpet-bagging corruption and misrule; and equally certain that the feud between the whites and blacks, which gave birth to Ku-Kluxism, was not likely to be allayed by doing injustice to the whites. In fact the reconciliation of the races has probably been indefinitely delayed by thus making the lower race agents in the oppres-

* The State debt of Louisiana has been increased $45,000,000 in three years.

sion and humiliation of the higher. No excuse for this policy can be found in the circumstances of Secession. For the curse of Slavery, and the other curses attendant on it, including Secession and the Civil War, not the South alone was responsible, but the whole Union, which, for a political object common both to North and South, had made Slavery a part of the Constitution. The special growth and predominance of Slavery in the Southern part of the country was an accident of climate, not the crime of the Southern people. After the division of the Union into two nations, which had been so long foreseen and so repeatedly predicted, as a consequence of the social antagonism which slavery produced, the Northern nation conquered the Southern nation and forcibly re-annexed it, scarcely in accordance with the principle that government rests on the consent of the governed, but in strict accordance with the laws of war. Those laws also warranted in the case of the conquered South, as in the case of Alsace and Lorraine, military rule, till all resistance was completely quenched; but they did not warrant party tyranny such as the Carpet-baggers have carried on. General Grant's name is the symbol of conquest and of the conqueror's sway. This is his claim to the allegiance of the party which refuses to "shake hands across the bloody chasm." His campaign portraits are adorned with the titles of his victories over the South; a proof, by the way, that in its real character the war was international rather than civil, and that the position of the South is, in fact, that of a conquered nation; for Cromwell, when at the head of the whole nation, did not talk to his parliaments about Naseby, and Napoleon always strove to bury the memory of his participation in civil war. Greeley's record in this respect is chequered; he has had alternating fits of humanity and party violence. But there can be no doubt that if he is elected by Democratic votes, military and Carpet-bagging rule at the South will fall, and the Southerners would be insane if they failed as one man to support him against Grant; that is if they mean to act again with Northern parties, and to vote for Northern candidates at all. If we feel disposed to sympathize with the South in its effort to recover political liberty, Slavery need not stand in our way. It is dead and buried. Were the South to become independent and self-governed to-morrow, slavery would never be revived again.

What the result will be no one can at present pretend to say. As matters now stand, Greeley must have a majority on his side. That the split in the Republican party is large the course taken by the Springfield *Republican* and the Chicago *Tribune* is sufficient to prove; but we know this by more direct observation. The accession of the Chicago *Tribune* also indicates that the Free Trade Reformers of the West are satisfied with Greeley's promise of legislative neutrality on the Tariff question. The Democratic party has been greatly weakened by the effects of the civil war, which not only cut off its Southern wing, but divided the Northern wing and weakened it by desertion. Still it can bring a powerful contingent into the field, and the mass of the party seems to hold pretty well together in favour of the nominee of the Baltimore Convention; though there has been some bolting, owing a good deal to the conduct of the New York *World*, the cleverest and the most calamitous organ ever possessed by any political party, in labouring to render intolerably nauseous a nomination which it was evident, from the prompt adhesion of the South, would have to be swallowed after all. The Irish will vote for the name "Democratic," as in their mother country they used to vote or fight for "Two year old" and "Shanavest." Greeley will probably, through his journal, carry a good many of the farmers of the North, though some of them have never forgiven him for signing Jeff. Davis' bail-

bond. Of the whites at the South he would make a pretty clean sweep if their vote were free; and he will carry the great majority of them as it is. The blacks will probably adhere to the Carpet-baggers and Grant, notwithstanding the siren strains of Mr. Sumner, which indeed are counteracted by the utterances of other leading friends of the negro, who also differed from Mr. Sumner on the question of St. Domingo. In the press Greeley is decidedly stronger than his rival; and it is singular, and rather ominous for Grant, that his principal organ is one conducted by a British Bohemian, formerly the correspondent of the London *Times* and an assailant of American institutions. On the other hand it is not easy to believe that a coalition, so suddenly formed and so heterogeneous—a coalition of ultra-Republicans and ultra-Democrats, of ex-slave-owners and Negrophilists, of Free Traders and Protectionists, of Civil Service Reformers and Irish legionaries of the New York Ring—a coalition of men whose hands were but yesterday on each other's throats, the echoes of whose mutual vituperation have hardly died away, the ink of whose mutual libels is scarcely dry—can stand the strain of a three months' campaign in face of an enemy assiduously labouring to break it up, and under the fatal necessity of carrying on a constant discussion, by which all its divergences and contrarieties will be kept constantly in view. The candidate himself is not exactly the man to ride four horses at a time: his public life hitherto has been a series of escapades, and his managers can scarcely guard against a continuance of the series by any precautionary measure less stringent than that of keeping him locked up during the campaign. His organ, too, to maintain its circulation and his income, must go on writing in a Republican sense and estranging Democratic allies; nor will his formal retirement from connection with it pending the election do much to relieve him practically from this inconvenience. Grant's party, though reduced in numbers, is homogenous and compact. He has throughout the Union a vast army of office-holders whose official lives are bound up with his, and who will fight for him with the unity of perfect discipline and with the energy of despair. His means of corruption and coercion, especially at the South, are immense, and probably have already triumphed in the North Carolina election. As the campaign goes on, and the Republican and Democratic banners are again seen facing each other in the field, many Republican deserters will probably straggle back to their old camp. Wall Street, the influence of which in politics has greatly increased of late, will be apt to shrink from an unsettlement, especially an unsettlement which would launch the ship on an unknown sea with Horace Greeley for commander. This feeling will probably be enhanced by the political maniacs of all kinds, who seem disposed to take the stump for Greeley and the "beneficent revolution." On the other hand some, as little addicted as Wall Street either to beneficence or revolutions, will seriously reflect on the danger of driving the South to extremity by the re-election of its hated oppressor. Mr. Gratz Brown was deemed a strong candidate for the Vice-Presidency; but it seems that he has been damaging the ticket by an offence against public manners. We advise our readers not to bet on the Presidential election; but if they do, we advise them to bet on Grant.

In any event let no false moral be drawn from this exhibition. It is not elective government that is in fault. If Mr. Adams, or any man equally worthy of national respect and confidence, could at this moment be presented to the suffrages of the American people, he would infallibly be elected. What prevents Mr. Adams, or any man like him, from being presented to the American people, is the machinery of party, which always has been, is, and always will

be, in the hands of men whose interests are widely different from those of the nation.

In the meantime we, in Canada, have had what nearly corresponds in our case to the Presidential election, being virtually the election of our Prime Minister, and entails no small measure of the same evils. Man paints himself as the creature of reason, and the lower animals as the creatures of habit. Perhaps, if the lower animals were the artists, the picture might not be so favourable to man. In the Middle Ages, when the King, not the Prime Minister or the Parliament, was the real ruler and lawgiver of the nation, a King of England summoned deputies from all the counties and boroughs of his dominion at once, by a general election, to grant him supplies and confer with him about the affairs of the nation. He might do so with impunity, since the government remained all the time undisturbed in his own person. But because he did so we, when all is changed, when the Prime Minister and the Parliament have become the real rulers, stick to the custom of general elections, instead of elections by instalments, and put up the government of the country periodically as the prize of a grand faction fight, inflicting on the community, by the process, a considerable portion of the moral evils of a civil war.

Not only so, but because in past ages, when accuracy in taking the votes was of little consequence, elections were held after a rough fashion by show of hands in the shire or borough court, we religiously retain, in addition to the modern polling, this old form of election, under the name of a nomination, to the great encouragement of rowdyism and the great detriment of public manners. Ingenious defences are always invented for every time-honoured absurdity; and in England it used to be said that the show of hands on the nomination day was the consolation of the unenfranchised masses; but we have no unenfranchised masses here.

So again with regard to the issuing of the writs and the appointment of the election days. It was quite safe to leave all this in the hands of a King who had no object in playing tricks. But it is not so safe to leave it in the hands of a party leader, who has an object in playing tricks, and who does it with a vengeance. The appointment of election days ought not to be left to the arbitrary discretion of an electioneering government: it ought to be regulated by law. It would be well if, at the same time, the redivision of election districts could be controlled by some general enactment or committed to some neutral tribunal, instead of being "gerrymandered" as it is by the party leader and the party majority of the day.

No national character, however strong, can withstand the maddening and degrading influences of these great faction fights. In election amenities, we may flatter ourselves that we have faithfully reproduced the Eatanswills of our father-land. Language has been bandied on all sides which, if we had read it in Dickens, would have seemed too broad a caricature; and the most infamous charges against personal character have been mingled with the utmost fury of political invective. We might easily cull, in proof of our statement, a whole bouquet of these flowers of electioneering rhetoric, if their beauty and fragrance would not be too overpowering. And let us say that, in looking for them we should not go to the country press, in which they are commonly supposed most to abound. It is comforting to see that the country press of Canada maintains a tone on the whole at least as high as that of its city rivals. If it can also maintain its independence of party tyranny, and its loyalty to those great interests of the community, which are the last things considered by party leaders and their devoted organs, it may prove itself, in the times that are coming, the political sheet anchor of the country.

A few months ago a new daily journal of

first class character made its appearance, with professions of a less narrow partisanship and a higher tone. In point of literary ability and general management, this journal has proved a great accession to our press. But in point of partisanship it runs in the old groove. It was folly to expect any thing else. Largeness of mind, comprehensiveness of view, justice and courtesy to opponents, would be treason to the party. And yet, even for the purposes of party, calmness and sobriety of language are more effective than unmeasured denunciation.

Unfortunately we did not confine ourselves to a wordy war. Other things occurred which made people cry out "what will they say of us in England?" It would be better perhaps, if we thought less of British opinion, which is not very intelligent so far as our affairs are concerned, and more of our own self-respect. No nation can be disgraced by the acts of individuals, unless it chooses to accept the disgrace. Nor was it necessary, in seeking precedents for that which no precedent could defend, to cross the Atlantic and ransack the archives of British history. There are treasures of that kind in abundance nearer home. "Political discussions at Springfield," says an American biographer, "were apt to run into heated, and sometimes unseemly, personal controversies. When Douglas and Stuart were candidates for Congress in 1838, they fought like tigers in Hovendon's grocery, over a floor that was drenched with slops, and gave up the struggle only when both were exhausted. Then, as a further entertainment to the populace, Mr. Stuart ordered out a barrel of whiskey."

It is commonly said, that as soon as the contest is over, public feeling calms down and all the bad effects pass away. This, unfortunately, is very far from being the case. Mean and malignant passions can no more be excited with impunity in the case of a nation than in that of a man. National character is lowered, public life is degraded, sectional animosities are inflamed, the love of our common country is impaired, sneaks and ruffians are encouraged, men of honour are deterred from going into public life.

The parting address of Mr. Harrison, of course, afforded a butt for the arrows of small wit. Yet amidst the torrent of electioneering trash it was perhaps the one thing worthy of a moment's remembrance. We shall find that it is necessary to make public life tolerable to sense and self-respect, or to pay for their exclusion.

It would hardly be fair to set down the lamentable occurrences at Quebec among the normal effects of a general election. They were an effect of the antagonism of race. But general elections stir up and bring to a head all the vicious humours of the body politic, of whatever kind they may be.

The recklessness of the public good, common to all party leaders at the moment of a party conflict, was displayed in a feature of this contest, which was noticed by a writer in these columns before, and which assumed an aggravated form as the contest went on—the attempt to make political capital out of an industrial war between employers and workmen. The unpatriotic character of the proceeding was specially marked by the fact that the industrial war in this instance had been set on foot by an emissary from a foreign country, with whom the trusted guardians of Canadian interests found themselves virtually combining. An amendment of the Law respecting Strikes was very necessary; but the electioneering policy to which we advert was quite a different thing from an amendment of the law. Workingmen are terribly mistaken if they fancy that the great cause of justice to labour can be advanced by connecting it with the manœuvres of electioneering factions. The result is that they make one party their sincere and lasting enemies, and the other their hollow and transient friends. When they have served the turn of the wire-puller they are contemptuously thrown aside.

Independently of the allegations of bribery which parties always hurl at each other, there seems real reason to fear that, under cover of the unreformed Election Law, a good deal of money has been spent, and that constituencies have been corrupted which were pure before. In truth, the effects of bribery at elections upon the character of our people, even upon that of very respectable classes, becomes a cause for serious alarm.

And this barbarous and senseless party war, with all its demoralizing consequences, is, we are told, the only mode in which political questions can ever be solved, or political progress carried on. It is destined to endure for ever, in spite of the growing influence of reason in human affairs generally, and the increasing ascendency of the scientific spirit, not only among the highly educated, but among all who are in any way reached by the ideas of the times. You must be a "doctrinaire" if you think otherwise. In England the other day, in a wrangle about the site of a barrack, all other terms of abuse, even "parallelepiped," having been exhausted, one of the combatants called the other "a doctrinaire." Is it doctrinairism to say that the proof of the pudding lies in the eating? Can the party system be final perfection when, according to the very writers and speakers who most vehemently support it, it has saddled the country with a government of jobbery and corruption?

It has been interesting to watch the efforts of each party to decide what its principles were, and embody them in an attractive name. On the Government side this was rather superfluous. The *Ins* always have a principle which everybody can understand, and which is sure to excite the enthusiasm of their friends. A name, however, may still be, if not necessary, at least convenient. "Tory" is discarded as unsavoury here, at the moment when, curiously enough, it is being revived by the party in the mother country, and put forward as the symbol of a highly strategical alliance between the aristocracy and the working men. Even "Conservative" seems to be too reactionary for the new world, unless qualified by the deodorizing prefix "Liberal." A "Liberal Conservative" who could realize the idea conveyed by his name, might boast that he was dancing on the very tightest and slenderest rope ever occupied by any political acrobat in history. The title finally adopted, however, was "The Party of Union and Progress." Union and Progress are comprehensive terms. Who are the parties to the union, and what are their ends? Is the progress over a surveyed or over an unsurveyed route? Sir James Brooke, in colonizing Borneo, encountered a piratical fleet manned by native Dyaks, and commanded by Malays. The Dyaks were simple, religious people, who collected heads as offerings to their gods; the Malays were astute adventurers, who collected booty for themselves. Union and progress of a certain kind were the result.

On the side of the Opposition the theory was promulgated, on the highest authority, that the political world is eternally divided between two antagonistic principles, that of Reform and that of Anti-Reform, like the two mundane principles of light and darkness in the Manichean philosophy, and that our political existence depends on the everlasting struggle of these principles for place. An almost Athanasian subtlety of intellect is required to discern this essential duality beneath the apparent unity of the Macdonald-Brown administration of 1864, especially as the leading Reformer in that administration advocated the appointment of a nominative Senate. We are the victims of the idols of our cave, and regard as necessary and universal a state of things which here is but the unreflecting imitation of the habits of the mother country, and in the mother country herself is of comparatively recent date, and the mere offspring of historical accident. It is not more certain that to-morrow's night will give place to the

succeeding day, than it is that, with the growth of popular intelligence, the party principle will give place to the national principle in government.

But the party system exists, and while it exists it will be absolutely essential to the purity of government and the preservation of real liberty that we should have a strong Opposition. In the last Dominion Parliament the Opposition was so weak, especially after its great defeat on the Treaty, that it was incompetent to perform its constitutional functions, and the Ministers were left practically without a check. They might have legislated the hat off your head if they had chosen, and they did choose to do some very objectionable, or at least some very questionable, things. That they intend to make any bad use of the powers which they voted themselves in regard to the Pacific Railway Contract, it would be unjust to insinuate, or even to suspect, before anything wrong has been done; but it may safely be said that a Government which has obtained possession of such powers needs to be watched and controlled in its proceedings, if ever a government did. Seldom, perhaps, has a more serious peril threatened the independence of any legislature, or the polical character of any nation.

The creation of votes for the unpeopled lands of Manitoba and Columbia, the refusal of the constitutional guarantees against the abuse of the secret service money and retention of the unreformed election law, were also undeniably questions of the most serious character, both in themselves and as indications of the tendency of the Government.

Looking at the matter from a national point of view, therefore, we must rejoice that the Opposition has gained strength. It might have gained more if it had inscribed definite issues, such as that of the Pacific Railway Contract, more clearly on its banners, talking less about general party creeds and party histories, and if it had not given the contest so much the air of a personal and vindictive conflict with the Prime Minister —an error of which he knows well how to take advantage in his appeal to the sympathies of the people. But it has gained, and the Government will no longer be uncontrolled in the exercise of power.

Those who look solely to the broad interests of the country will also rejoice at the election of some half dozen members belonging more or less to the class "Independent." Of course these members will not be able to act as if they were in a political vacuum; they will be obliged to fall more or less into party associations. But if they can preserve their independence of mind, and keep country above party in their allegiance, they may, in certain cases, render services which would entitle them to the gratitude of the country. Nor would they or any patriotic members of the legislature lack popular support in contending against the vices of government. The great advantage which we have over the people of the United States lies not so much in the superior purity of our Government as in the superior power of resistance to corrupt influences among the people. A Hampden is now scarcely possible in the United States, but a Hampden is still possible here. What we may think with regard to the special issues of the late election, we must own that the independent yeomanry of Canada have shown themselves worthy representatives of those old English yeomen who in former days were the sinews of British freedom; and we may feel assured that the cause of constitutional liberty here has a body of defenders who will not quail before any government, however great may be the means influence in its hands.

SELECTIONS.

MATHEWS—THE COMEDIAN.*

(From Julian Young's Diary.)

DURING Mathew's visit to us at the end of October, 1833, one of the sons of the nobleman (at whose gate, almost, we lived) dined with us; and having an acute sense of fun, and thoroughly appreciating our guest's wit and humour, and learning from us that the star of his genius always began to rise when that of ordinary mortals set (viz. at bed-time), he used every night after to drop in about eleven o'clock, for the pleasure of enjoying our visitor's incomparable society. These *Noctes Amportianæ*, delightful as they were, and temperately as they were conducted (for potations were not required by way of stimulus), were very trying to me; for, about a week after our little party had broken up, the late hours to which I had been exposed, and the excess of laughter in which I had indulged, told upon me, and I fell ill. The night before Mathews left Amport, he told us that he was going to Oxford the next day to give two or three entertainments; and he implored my wife and myself so urgently to accompany him, that, in compassion to his anticipated dejection, we consented. As we were only some twenty-five miles from Oxford, I undertook to drive him there in my phaeton. When the noble lord already alluded to found that my wife and myself were going to Oxford with Mathews, he begged permission to accompany us. As I had one vacant seat, I was only too glad to have so agreeable an addition to our party; and on the following morning we set off. From nine in the morning till six in the evening it poured with rain incessantly. Mathews sat in front with me; Mrs. Young and her noble companion behind. We started about twelve o'clock, and baited two hours on the road. Mathews besought me to get him into Oxford by six p.m., as he was engaged to meet a large party at the Rev. Mr. Rose's, of Lincoln College, at seven. It was a curious fact, and one so far justifying Mathews' theory of his invariable ill-luck, that, though Lord F. P—— had merely a dreadnought on, my wife her ordinary cloak, and I a common greatcoat, Mathews, who was enveloped in waterproof wraps in addition to a greatcoat and cloak, was the only one of the party who was soaked through and through. Fearing that, on his arrival, he might be hurried, and in order to save himself the trouble of unpacking his portmanteau in undue haste, he had taken the precaution of wrapping up the clothes he would require for dinner in two towels. Boundless, therefore, was his disgust on unpinning his packet, which had lain at our feet, protected, as we thought, alike from wind and rain by the thick leathern apron over our knees, to discover that his dress coat and kerseymere pantaloons were saturated with wet, and that the pattern of his sprigged velvet vest had been transferred to his shirt-front. When, therefore, he entered our sitting-room at the Star Hotel, and observed the table laid for dinner, the clean cloth, the neatly-folded napkins, the glittering glass, and the blazing fire, he could not help contrasting our cosy condition with his own draggled plight, and began to reflect gloomily on the length of time his clothes would take to dry, and on the several disadvantages under which he would have to make his rapid toilet; till at last he vowed that 'Mr. Rose might go to Jericho, and all the heads of houses be drowned in the Red Sea, before he would desert us.' It was in vain that we expostulated with him on the indecency of such behaviour; in vain we depicted the cruel disappointment he would inflict on a gentleman who had paid him the compliment of asking the Vice-Chancellor and other men of University distinction to meet him. In vain we appealed to his self-interest, telling him that he would, by his rudeness, estrange his friend, and convert a patron into an enemy. The more we urged him to consider what he owed to others, the more obstinately he vowed he would not

* From "A Memoir of Charles Mayne Young," Tragedian, with extracts from his Son's Journal. By Julian Charles Young, A.M. Published by Macmillan & Co., London and New York.

victimize himself for the sake of acquiring a reputation for good manners. Dine with us he would.

As we were enjoying, with keen relish, our salmon and cucumber, the waiter entered, and thus addressed the culprit:—'Please, Sir, here's a messenger from Mr. Rose, of Lincoln, to say that his dinner is waiting for you.' 'My kind compliments to Mr. Rose, of Lincoln,' was his rejoinder; 'I am sorry I cannot dine with him, as I am obliged to share the fortunes of three friends who have been nearly drowned. I dine with them. Tell him I have not a dry rag to cover my nakedness with, and that we are all four now steaming before the fire preparatory to going to bed to nurse.'

Every instant I sat in fear and trembling that we should either see the much-wronged gentleman *in propriâ personâ*, or have to receive a deputation from him, or else an angry note; but fortunately our threatening evening passed off without a storm; and as, after our meal, we drew together round the fire, and Mathews sipped his negus and lolled back in his armchair, his spirits rose, and 'Richard was himself again.'

He had an inveterate propensity to keep late hours; and was given to lie in bed till midday in consequence. If he were disturbed earlier, he would say he had been woke in the middle of the night. It was as good as a servant's place was worth if she called him before twelve o'clock. Knowing all this, it was greatly to the diversion of Lord F. P——, Mrs. Young, and myself, that, the morning after our arrival, one of the waiters told us there was a messenger from Mr. Rose, of Lincoln, waiting in the hall to see Mathews. We desired him to be shown up, and then, pointing to Mathews' bedroom, which was on the same floor with our sitting-room, and well within our view, we advised him to rap at his door and give him the note with which he was entrusted. In the spirit of mischief, and longing for a scene, we three ensconced ourselves behind our own door, impatient to witness the result. The messenger at first tapped humbly and hesitatingly. No answer. A second rap, and then a third, waxing louder each time. As the patience of the messenger was giving way, a strange figure, clad in a long night-shirt, with an extinguisher cotton nightcap on his head, and irrepressible fury in his visage, emerged from the room, and, with clenched fist, asked his visitor—'If he was weary of life?—if he desired to be ruthlessly murdered?' &c., &c. 'No, Sir.' 'Then how dare you disturb me at this unearthly hour?' (N.B. 9.30 a.m.) He then slammed the door violently to, in a state of wrath implacable, and bolted himself in. Once more the poor 'scout,' in undisguised trepidation, appealed to us for advice as to what he should do next, adding, that his master had enjoined him strictly, on on consideration, to return without an answer. Greedy of more fun still, we insisted on his attending, above everything, to his own master's instructions; and, disregarding Mathews' bluster, again to try his fortune, and not to leave it without receiving the answer required.

With evident misgiving he again crept up to the dreaded bedroom, and after a free and frequent application of his knuckles to the panels of the door, finding he received no reply, he took heart, and hallooed through the key-hole—'I 'umbly ax your pardon, Sir, but Mr. Rose, of Lincoln, says he *must* have an answer.' The hero of my tale, exasperated beyond all bounds by this persecution, once more appeared, in the same questionable attire as before, and, indifferent to the titters of the waiters and chambermaids who were flitting up and down the corridor, and unconscious that his friends were watching him, screamed out—'Confound Mr. Rose, of Lincoln, and all Mr. Rose, of Lincoln's, friends, and all Mr. Rose, of Lincoln's, messengers! Mr. Rose, of Lincoln, *must* have an answer, eh? Then let him get it by law. Does Mr. Rose, of Lincoln, think that I go to bed with a pen in my mouth, and ink in my ear, that I may be ready to answer, instantly, any note, Mr. Rose, of Lincoln, may choose to write to me?'

I forget whether we remained at Oxford more than two nights; but, having first ascertained that he made matters straight with Mr. Rose, we left with easy conscience. He did not return to Amport with us, but followed afterwards, in a day or two. After sleeping a night with us, he asked me if I would go with him to Salisbury on the morrow, where he was due for one night's entertainment. It was on our road across Salisbury Plain that the accident befell us which is told in Mrs. Mathews' memoirs of her husband. I never was more surprised than

at reading, in the *Morning Chronicle*, two or three days afterwards, the particulars of our adventure. It seems that Mr. Hill, the original from whom John Poole took his *Paul Pry*, was sitting with Mrs. Mathews in Great Russell Street, when a letter from her husband was put into her hand. She begged permission to read it, and as, in doing so, she could not suppress a few ejaculations of surprise, he begged he might hear it. She was quite willing to gratify him, and, at his request, gave him permission to take it home and show it to his wife. On that understanding he was allowed to take it; but, instead of taking it home, he took it to the printer of the paper with which he was connected, and inserted it in its columns. As many may never have read it, I shall presume to give my own version of the accident, which is much fuller in its details than the one given in Mrs. Mathews' Life of her husband.

Before he left our house, I had promised Mathews, who could not bear being alone, to drive him to Salisbury, and keep him company while there. The distance from Amport to Andover was five miles; from Andover to Salisbury, by the road, eighteen; but across the intervening Plain, fully three miles shorter. Now although, under the pilotage of Lord W. and Lord George P——, I had ridden that way two or three times, I had never driven it. To the rider nothing could be more delightful than the long unbroken surface of untrodden turf; though the tameness of the surrounding scenery, and the absence of landmarks to steer by, made the route rather a difficult one to find. Before starting, I had serious misgivings that the frequent intersection of deep waggon-ruts, of the existence of which I was quite aware, might put my charioteering powers to a severe test; but the prospect of a 'short cut' was a temptation not to be withstood. For the first two or three miles we got on capitally; but afterwards encountered such a succession of formidable inequalities in the ground, that Mathews got nervous, and my horses became excited. Out of consideration for his hip-joint, I advised him to alight and walk a few yards, till we had passed over the roughest part. This he was only too glad to do; while I, throwing the reins over the splashboard, went to the horses' heads, and, by voice and hand, endeavoured to coax them gently over the uneven ground. However, in descending a sharp dip in the ground, which was succeeded by a rise as sudden, the pole sprung up, hit me a violent blow under the chin, and sent me spinning to the ground. On recovering my footing, I saw my carriage jolting and bumping along at the rate of twenty miles an hour, rendering any hope of my overtaking it, for a long time to come, an apparent impossibility. In utter dismay, I appealed to my friend for advice, but found him all but paralysed, and incapable of giving it. 'Good heavens, Julian!' he cried out, 'in that bag of mine are, not merely all my clothes, but three hundred sovereigns in gold, the fruit of four "At Homes," and all that I have written of my Autobiography. Run! Run!'

It was easy for him to say 'Run,' but not so easy for me to do so; for, owing to the extraordinary velocity with which the panic-stricken animals had darted off, and the undulation o the land over which they had passed, they were lost to sight in no time.

The foremost difficulty which suggested itself to me was how, even if I recovered my carriage and horses, I was to find my disconsolate companion again; for, in consequence of the complete circumnavigation of the hill which the runaways had probably made, I knew I should find myself, before long, in a *terra incognita*. As Mathews could not walk, I pointed to some miserable furze bushes, and told him to lie down under them, and not to stir till he saw me again. He squatted down most submissively; while, in attestation of my good faith, and, at the same time, that I might run the easier, I disencumbered myself of my great coat, flung it to him, and left it in pawn till I should return and redeem it. Away I darted, and ran and ran till I could run no more: and I was about to fling myself on the grass to regain my wind, and rest awhile, when I beheld in the distance, four carriage-wheels in the air, and a pair of greys, detached from the vehicle, standing side by side, as if in one stall, trembling in every limb, sweating from every pore, and yet making no attempt to stir. I felt re-nerved at this sight, pursued my object, went up to my truant steeds, and captured them without any show of resistance on their part. They were thoroughly blown. They had been seen by a band of gipsies, encamped hard by, to charge a precipitous embankment which separated the Plain from the high road; but unable, from exhaustion, to surmount it, they thought better of it, turned

round, and, dashing down again into the valley, ran with such headlong fury against the stump of a blighted old pollard oak as to upset the phaeton, break the traces, snap the pole in twain, and scatter Mathews' precious treasures far and wide over the ground. My first anxiety was to rejoin their owner as quickly as possible; for it was then half-past three o'clock, and I knew that he had to reach Salisbury, dress, order and eat his dinner, and be on the stage by seven p.m. I went, therefore, up to the gipsies, described how the accident had occurred, told them of the dilemma in which I had left a lame gentleman a mile off, assured them that it was of the greatest importance that he should arrive in Salisbury by five o'clock, and begged them to spare somebody to lead one of the horses, while I rode the other in search of my friend.

Seeing that they had a tent pitched in sight, I told them, with a frankness that most people would have deemed imprudent, that the contents of the carpet-bag confided to their care were very precious to the proprietor, and that, if they would be kind enough to set up the carriage on its wheels, and protect my property, the instant I reached Salisbury I would return in a post-chaise with ropes to take the fractured phaeton in tow, and reward them handsomely for their trouble.

They undertook to carry out my wishes, while I, jumping on one of the horses (with all its traces and trappings, and breeching, and collar, and pad upon him), and followed by my esquire on foot with the other, galloped off to look for him who, I was certain, was for once anything but 'at home' wherever he might be.

In my feverish impatience to overtake my horses, I had forgotten to take notice of the ground I passed over; and as it was in a totally different direction from that I had been used to, it was no easy matter for me to retrace my route. However, whichever way I went, my gipsy aide-de-camp had orders to keep me well in sight. For some twenty minutes, which appeared an hour, I whooped and hallooed at the top of my voice, directing it north, south, east, and west; but neither received answer nor beheld sign of living creature. Turn which way I might, there was nothing before me but a wide expanse of dreary plain. The bray of a jackass, the bark of a watch-dog, the bleating of a stray sheep, even the quack of a duck, would have been as music in my ears. To contribute to my perplexity, the skies began to assume a leaden and lowering hue, and sleet and flakes of snow to fall. Our stipulated trysting-place, the furze bushes, could nowhere be seen for the projecting brow of table-land on which I was. They were at the base of the hill, and I was on the summit. As I sat bewildered on my horse, with my esquire behind me, I fancied I saw something stirring below me which resembled the fluttering of a corn-crake's wings, though they certainly seemed unusually long and unsteady, and the wind appeared to have extraordinary power over them. I made for the object, and, as I did so, I found, to my ineffable relief, that it was no bird which I had seen, but a white silk handkerchief tied to a stick, and doing duty as a signal of distress. As I drew nearer to it, I saw my lost companion drop on his knees, and raise his hands to heaven in token of thanksgiving. No wonder. Had I not found him, he must have passed the livelong night in utter helplessness and solitude, and perhaps have fallen a victim to hunger, cold, and mental perturbation.

When we met, I found Mathews almost speechless from agitation. He threw his arms around me, and was so extravagantly and comically demonstrative, that, in spite of all my sympathy for him, I could not refrain from laughter. I feared he would be offended with me; but was delighted to ascertain from his published letter that my ill-timed mirth was attributed to an 'hysterical affection.' As soon as I could persuade him to hearken to me, I told him there was not a moment to be lost, that we had three or four miles to go before we could reach the high-road, and that manage we must, somehow or other, by hook or by crook, to get there in time to catch 'The Light Salisbury' coach, and reach his quarters at the White Hart by five p.m.

On my further telling him that he must get on the horse from which I had dismounted, and that I would lead it for him, he said, 'My dear fellow, I never, in the prime of life, bestrode a bare-backed horse; how then can I do so now, old and crippled as I am?' I said no more; but, making my gipsy follower stand at the horse's head, I went on all-fours by its side, and insisted on his stepping on my back, and holding by

the horse's mane, while I gradually raised myself up, so as to enable him to fling his leg over the animal. It was a weary and an anxious walk for both of us. However, as luck would have it, we had no sooner sighted the chalky road, than I saw my old acquaintance Matcham, driving 'The Light Salisbury' towards us. I gave both my horses to the gipsy to lead leisurely to Salisbury, while I mounted on the outside the coach with my sorely harrassed friend. He was in a most devout frame of mind, thanking God loudly and earnestly for His merciful deliverance from a miserable death, when a Dissenting minister behind him, learning from the coachman who he was, thought it a good opportunity for 'improving the occasion,' and preached to him in such bad taste, and with such utter want of consideration for his feelings, that Mathews, humbled as he was, could not brook it, and told him his mind. 'Until you opened upon me, I never felt more piously disposed in my life; but your harsh and ill-timed diatribe has made me feel quite wickedly. Hold your canting tongue, or you'll find me dangerous, Mr. Mawworm.'

To finish my tale:—As soon as I had seen Mathews comfortably seated at his dinner, I called for a post-chaise, drove to the scene of action, and was rather mortified to find that the gipsy family had not touched the carriage, though I had begged them to set it up again upon its wheels. On remonstrating with them, they very civilly said, 'Why, you see, Sir, if, in moving it, anything had gone wrong with the carriage, owing to some injury you had not detected, or if anything were missing, you'd ha' been sure to suspect the poor gipsies: so, on second thoughts, we considered 'twould be better to leave it—as they leaves a dead body before a hinquest—without moving or touching anything.'

They then turned to with a will, in my presence,—put the carriage on its legs again, helped me to cord it on to the hinder part of the post-chaise, and thrust inside Mathews' carpet-bag and portmanteau, and a few articles for the night which I had put up for myself. I sprang into the chaise, wishing to get back and relieve Mathews' mind about his goods. I drew out my purse, and was going to take out money to give the gipsies, when one of them came up to me and said, 'Are you sure, Sir, that you have got everything belonging to you?' 'Yes, yes; thank you.' The man smiled, and, by way of answer, thrust into my hand my oilskin sponge-bag, which had fallen out of my hat-box, and which I had overlooked. 'Now, my good fellows,' said I, 'what shall I give you? You deserve something handsome, and you shall have it. Will a couple of sovereigns satisfy you?' 'No, Sir, no!' they all cried out. 'We won't have nothing. You've paid us enough! You've trusted us, gipsies as we are! You've left your property in our keeping, and never cast a suspicious glance at it, when you came back, to see if we had been tampering with it.'

I pressed them over and over again to reconsider their determination, and consider my feelings. 'Well, Sir, we will ask one favour of you. Tell your friends that, whatever your glass and crockery and brush-selling tramps may be, a *real* gipsy *can* be honest.'

Mathews was so struck with the conduct of these people, and so touched by it, that at the next Theatrical Fund dinner he took occasion to allude to it. It was a few days after our adventure that I received the following letter from him, from Exeter, where he was playing:—

'Exeter, November 15, 1833.

'MY VERY DEAR J. C. Y.—What have I done? Did we not part friends? Did you not promise to write to me? Do you not imagine I am anxious to hear how our adventure ended? and how you were received at home? and if I am forgiven for having allured you from your fireside? Every morning at Weymouth I craned my neck after the postman, but no tidings. There must be some reason for this most cruel and unnatural conduct; and know it I will. I shall not repeat my proposal about justice and honour as to damage. *Verbum sat.* I am still stout upon the point.

'Pray write to me at Plymouth, if not to acknowledge this, yet to say you have received a quarter of mutton and a brace of pheasants, which will be sent from hence by the subscription Exeter coach to Woodward's, Andover, where the coach arrives on Monday morning at five o'clock. It will be franked all the way.

'I am happy to say Charles is arrived safely at home, in high health and spirits, delighted with his trip; lighter in heart and pocket than when he went. My pictures are all warehoused safe under the same roof (Bazaar) where they

were exhibited, which is a comfort to me.

'Weymouth was a poor business; but there were excellent reasons for it. The manager had a crammed, packed, forced house on Monday, and kept my performance on Wednesday a profound secret. An amateur performance for Saturday, for charity, was also hanging over my head. Dorchester, the same receipts as Salisbury. Here £60, the first night. Good box plan for to-night.

'I have now said my say, and more than you deserve. I hope you will be sensible of my benignity.

'The mutton I have sent because they rave about it here. Some call it Oakhampton, some Dartmoor. What's in a name? Kindest regards to dear Mrs. Young and to dear Wynny; and, with a true sincere appreciation of your affectionate attentions to me in calamity, believe me, ever gratefully and sincerely yours,

'C. MATHEWS.'

'Eleven o'clock p.m.—I've kept this open to say I had here, second night, £61 18s; and I suppose, with a presentiment that I might have some addition to my most extraordinary and adventurous life, I had to-night another miraculous escape—the second of the same nature. The drop that was taken up to discover my bed, was half raised, when the windlass broke, and the roller came down with a tremendous impetus, and must have killed me, had not the fall been broken by the top of the bed. It still struck me with such force as to stun me, and the fright made me so faint and sick that there was no expectation of my going through another act. Again have I been providentially preserved and again am I grateful to God. For what am I reserved? Oh, let me not think!'

On the first night of one of his 'At Homes,' when the theatre was packed to the very ceiling, and all his best friends and adherents were there to support him, I witnessed a singular instance of his sensibility to the opinion of others. At the end of the first part of the entertainment, Manners Sutton, the Speaker (afterwards Lord Canterbury), Theodore Hook, Gen. Phipps, and others, went behind the scenes to congratulate him and assure him that, as far as the piece had proceeded, it was an indubitable success. He accepted their compliments rather ungraciously. All they said to buoy him up only seemed the more to depress him. At first they could not make him out, till he explained himself by blurting out the truth. 'It is all very well, and very kind of you, who wish me success, to tell me the piece is going well: I know better. It ain't "going well" and it can't be "going well"—it must be hanging fire, or that man with the bald head, in the pit, in the front row, could not have been asleep the whole time I have been trying to amuse him!' 'Oh,' said the Speaker, 'perhaps he is drunk.' 'No, no! he ain't; I've tried hard to "lay that flattering unction to my soul," but it won't do. I've watched the fellow, and when he opens his eyes, which he does now and then, he looks as sober as a judge, and as severe as one; and then he deliberately closes them, as if he disliked the very sight of me. I tell you all the laughter and applause of the whole house—boxes, pit, and gallery put together—weigh not a feather with me while that "pump" remains dead to my efforts to arouse him.' The call bell rang; all his friends returned to their seats in front, and he to the stage. The second part opened with one of the rapid songs, in the composition of which James Smith, the author, excelled so much, and in the delivery of which no one ever equalled Mathews, except his son, who, in that respect, surpasses him. All the time he was singing it, as he paced from the right wing to the left, one saw his head jerking from side to side, as he moved either way, his eyes always directed to one spot, till, at the end of one of the stanzas, forgetful of the audience, and transported out of himself by the obstinate insensibility of the bald-pate, he fixed his eyes on him as if he were mesmerizing him, and, leaning over the lamps, in the very loudest key, shouted at him 'Bo!' The man, startled, woke up, and observing that the singer looked *at* him, sang *to* him, and never took his eyes off him, he became flattered by the personal notice, began to listen, and then to laugh—and laugh, at last, most heartily. From that instant, the actor's spirits rose, for he felt he had converted a stolid country bumpkin into an appreciative listener. After such a triumph, he went home satisfied that his entertainment had been a complete success.

This excessive sensibility to public opinion is not uncommon. The late Sir William Knighton told my uncle, George Young, that if

George the Fourth went to the play, which he rarely did, and heard *one* hiss, though it were drowned in general and tumultuous applause, he went home miserable, and would lie awake all night, thinking only of that one note of disapprobation.

Curran, again, was so notoriously susceptible to inattention or weariness on the part of his hearers, that, on more than one occasion, advocates engaged against him, perceiving his powerful invectives were damaging their client's cause, would pay some man in the court to go into a conspicuous part of it and yawn visibly and audibly. The prescription always succeeded. The eloquent spirit would droop its wing and forsake him; he would falter, forget the thread of his argument, and bring his peroration to an abrupt and unsatisfactory conclusion.

Mathews was one day riding down Highgate Hill from his cottage, to rehearsal, when he met a post-chariot crawling up, with my father and another gentleman in it, who happened to be the late Lord Dacre. Mathews, not knowing him by sight, or even by name, asked my father, as he saw he was going into the country, if he was going down to Cassiobury, to Lord Essex's (where, at that time, he was a constant visitor). 'No,' replied my father, 'I am on my way to "The *Hoo*."' '*Who?*' asked Mathews. 'I am going to stay a few days at Lord Dacre's,' was the answer. Mathews, imagining Young to be poking fun at him, by ennobling Bob Acres,* laughingly exclaimed, 'I have half a mind to go with you. Mind you give my kind regards to Sir Lucius O'Trigger, who is sure to be staying with him.' No man could have enjoyed the mistake more than the noble lord himself.

Mathews had such an inordinate love of drollery in every form that he would often engage very indifferent servants, if they had but originality to recommend them. I remember a gardener he had, a Lancashire man, who was a never failing fund of amusement. I was on the lawn at the cottage at Milfield Lane one day, when I overheard the following dialogue:

'I say,' said the master, patting a huge Newfoundland by his side, 'we shall have to put a muzzle on this brute. I am having so many complaints made about him from the neighbours, that I shall have to get rid of him. He worried Mrs. ——'s dog, I hear, the other day, and frightened two little children nearly to death.

'Well, I don't know aboot that; but if you wants to get rid on't, I know one as 'ud like to have un; for t'other day, as I was a-going by Muster Morris' labyratoury (laboratory), Duke St. Aubon's cam louping over t' edge, and he says, says he, "Who's dog be that?" So I says, says I, "'tis master's, Muster Mathews." "Would you sell un?" says he. "No," says I; "but I dussay master would let you have a poop." "Oh, no," says he; "Doochess has poops enough of her own!"'

'How,' asked Mathews, 'did you know it to be the Duke of St. Alban's?'

'How did I know it? How did I know it? Lor bless ye; any one might ha' knowed it was the duke. He had gotten a great gowd chain, wi' lots o' thingumbobs hanging to it, round his neck, and it run all the way into his waistcoat pocket.'

At one time he had a footman, whose boundless credulity principally recommended him to his notice. A title inspired him with awe, and having seen a nobleman, now and then, at his master's table, he took it for granted that he was familiar with half the peerage. The Duke of Sussex called one day to see the picture-gallery. On announcing His Royal Highness, Mathews fully expected that he would have gone off by spontaneous combustion; for he retreated backwards, puffed out his cheeks to their fullest powers of expansion, and then poised himself on one leg, like a bird, awaiting to see the effect produced on his master by the appearance of such a visitor. Knowing his weakness, Mathews used to tell all his intimates, whenever they called, to be sure to present themselves under some assumed title. Thus Charles Kemble always announced himself as the Persian ambassador; Fawcett called himself Sir Francis Burdett; my father was the Duke of Wellington.

This habit of jocular imposition once involved Mathews in an awkward scrape. He had no idea that there existed such a title as that of 'Ranelagh.' So that, when the veritable nobleman of that name called one day on horseback at the door, and sent up a message by the man-servant to say that "Lord Ranelagh would be

* Vide Sheridan's play of the *The Rivals*.

much obliged if Mr. Mathews would step down to him, as he could not dismount,' Mathews, convinced it was one of his chums under a feigned title, sent down word to say that Lord Ranelagh must be kind enough to put up his horse in the stables, and walk up, as he could not go out of doors, having a cold, and being particularly engaged at the time with Lord Vauxhall.

Lord Ranelagh could hardly believe his ears when he received this familiar, flippant and impertinent message. He rode off in a state of boiling indignation, and forthwith despatched a note to the offender, commenting severely on his impudence in daring to play upon his name. Of course, as soon as Mathews discovered his mistake, he wrote and explained it, and apologized for it amply.

Mathews had often told Charles Kemble of the great amusement his man-servant's peculiarities afforded him, but Kemble said he had never been able to discover anything in him but crass stupidity. 'Ah,' said Mathews, 'you can't conceive what a luxury it is to have a man under the same roof with you who will believe anything you will tell him, however impossible it may be.'

One warm summer's day, when Mathews had a dinner party at Highgate, and there were present, among others, Broderip, Theodore Hook, General Phipps, Manners Sutton (then Speaker of the House of Commons), and Charles Kemble, and dessert was laid out on the lawn, Mathews, without hinting his intention, rang the bell in the dining-room, and on its being answered, told the man to follow him to the stables whilst he gave the coachman certain directions in his presence. The instant Mathews reached the stable-door, he called out for the coachman (who he knew was not there) looked in, and, before the man-servant could overtake him, started back, and, in a voice of horror, cried out, 'Good heavens!' go back, go back—and tell Mr. Kemble that his horse has cut his throat!'

The simple goose, infected by his master's well-feigned panic, and never pausing to reflect on the absurdity of the thing, burst on to the lawn, and, with cheeks blanched with terror, roared out, 'Mr. Kemble, Sir, you're wanted directly.' Seeing Kemble in no hurry to move, he repeated his appeal with increased emphasis, 'For heaven's sake, Sir, come; your poor horse has cut his throat!'

'From that time Kemble, the Persian ambassador, admitted fully that if his friend's servant was not funny himself, he could be the fruitful cause of fun to others.

After Mathews' death, and long after his *Life* had been published by his widow, she wrote to me to say that she was writing an article for one the magazines; that she was sure I must recollect anecdotes of her husband which, in the lapse of many years, had escaped her memory, and she should be grateful to me if I would put on paper anything I could recollect not contained in the *Life*. I complied with her wish; and she afterwards wrote and thanked me for what I had sent her, telling me it was printed and published. But, as I have never seen the periodical which contains it, I have no scruple in repeating the substance of my contribution, as, in so doing, I am plagiarizing from no one but myself.

Whenever Mathews brought out a new 'At Home,' he was sure to receive a summons to Windsor to produce it before George the Fourth. On one such occasion, after giving imitations of Lords Thurlow, Loughborough, Mansfield, and Sheridan, he concluded with the most celebrated one of all, that of John Philpot Curran. The felicity of his portraiture of the first four, the King readily admitted, nodding his head in recognition of their resemblance to their originals, and now and then laughing so heartily as to cause the actor to pronounce him the most intelligent auditor he had ever had. He was, therefore, the more mortified after giving his *chef d'œuvre*, to notice the King throw himself back in his chair, and overhear him say to Lady Coningham' 'Very odd, I can't trace any resemblance to Curran at all.' He had scarcely uttered the words before he regretted it; for he perceived by the heightened complexion and depressed manner of the performer that his unfavourable stricture had been heard. As soon, therefore, as the entertainment was concluded, the King, with generous sympathy, went up to Mathews, shook him warmly by the hand, and, after presenting him with a watch, with his own portrait set in brilliants on the case, took him familiarly by the button, and thus addressed him:—'My dear Mathews, I fear you overheard a hasty remark I made to

Lady Coningham. I say, advisedly, "a hasty remark," because the version you give of Curran, all those who know him best declare to be quite perfect; and I ought, in justice to you, to confess that I never saw him but once, and therefore am hardly a fair judge of the merits of your impersonation. You see, I think it very possible that, never having been in my presence before, his manner under the circumstances may have been unnaturally constrained. You will, perhaps, think it odd that I, who in my earlier days lived much and intimately with the Whigs, should never have seen him but once. Yet so it was.

'I always had had a great curiosity to know a man so *renommé* for his wit and other social qualities; and, therefore, I asked my brother Frederick, "How I could best see Curran?" He smiled and said, "Not much difficulty about it. Your Royal Highness has but to send him a summons to dinner through your Chamberlain, and the thing is done." This hint was acted on, and he came; but on the whole he was taciturn, and *mal a son aise.*'

'Oh, Sir,' replied Mathews, 'the imitation I gave you of Curran was of Curran in his forensic manner, and not in his private capacity. Would your Majesty permit me to give you another imitation of him as he would appear at a dinner-table?' On receiving the King's sanction to do so, he threw himself with such *abandon* into the mind, manner, wit, and waggery, of his original, that the King was in ecstasies.

He then went up to Mathews, and resumed his chat. 'I was about to tell you, that after my brother's suggestion, I said to him, "You shall make up the party for me; only let the ingredients mix well together." I don't think, between ourselves, that he executed his commission very well; for he asked too many men of the same profession—each more or less jealous of the other. The consequence was, that the dinner was heavy. However, after the cloth was removed, I was determined to draw out the little ugly silent man I saw at the bottom of the table; and, with that object in view, I proposed the health of "The Bar." To my unspeakable annoyance, up sprang, in reply, Counsellor Ego.* He certainly made a very able speech, though one rather too redolent of self. He wound it up with some such words as these:—"In concluding, he could only say that, descended as he was from a long and illustrious line of ancestry, he felt himself additionally ennobled on the day he was admitted to the rank of Barrister." I was not going to be thwarted in my purpose; and, therefore, the next toast I proposed was "Success to the Irish Bar." Then up sprang our little sallow-faced friend, and by his wit and humour, and graceful elocution, made me laugh one minute and cry the next. He annihilated Erskine by the humility of his bearing; and closed his speech, I recollect, as follows:—"The noble Lord who has just sat down, distinguished as he is by his own personal merits, has told you, Sir, that though ennobled by his birth, he feels additionally so by his profession. Judge then, Sir, what must be my pride in a profession which has raised me, the son of a peasant, to the table of my Prince."'

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Mathews was once on a visit in Shropshire to Mr. Ormsby Gore. On the first morning after his arrival, when at breakfast, his entertainer expressed his regret at having to leave him to his own devices till dinner-time, as the assizes had begun, and he was summoned on the grand jury. 'If,' he added, 'you like to beat the home-covers, my gamekeeper and the dogs shall attend you; or, if you prefer it, as you are not much of a walker, you can accompany the ladies in their afternoon's drive.' 'Oh,' replied Mathews, 'if you wish to afford me a real treat, you will allow me to accompany you to Shrewsbury; for there is no place I am so fond of attending as a court of justice; and no place which affords a richer field for the study of character.' Mr. Gore declared he should be delighted to have his company, and would take care he should get well placed in the court, and have, moreover, a chair to sit down on. Mathews declined these considerate offers, saying that he much preferred mixing with the crowd, listening to their talk, jotting down in his commonplace-book anything he might see or overhear worth remembering, and watching the faces of the criminals and witnesses. When he had mingled for some time with the herd of idlers directly or indirectly interested in the proceedings of the court, he elbowed his way into the very centre of the hall,

* Viz., Lord Erskine, a brilliant advocate in the Law Courts, but a dead failure in the House of Commons.

just as the judge was taking his seat. He had not been there two minutes before the judge was seen making courteous signs to some one in the thick of the crowd—beckoning to him to come up, and occupy the vacant seat by his side. Mathews, though he perceived that the judge's eye looked, and his finger pointed, in his direction, felt assured that the summons could not be meant for him, as he had not the honour of knowing the great functionary; therefore he looked behind him, to notify to any more probable person that he might see that he was signalled to. The Judge (the excellent James Allen Parke), hopeless of making himself understood, scribbled on a small piece of paper these words, 'Judge Parke hopes Mr. Mathews will come and sit by him.' He then folded it up, put it into the notch of the long rod of one of the ushers, and ordered it to be delivered to its address. On opening it, Mathews told me he felt himself blush like a maiden at the compliment thus unexpectedly paid him. That he, a poor player, should be singled out for such distinction by one of the judges of the land, and one known to be of strict piety and blameless life, gave him more intense gratification than the notice of his sovereign. It was evident that he had been recognized under the most flattering conditions, not as Mathews the comedian, but as Mathews the *man*, and that, too, by an eminent legal dignitary who probably had never entered the walls of a theatre. Threading his way through an obsequious multitude, who were duly impressed with his importance by the notice taken of him, and then passing through a chamber full of country squires and neighbouring magnates, he mounted the judgment-seat, and humbly, yet proudly, took the place awarded to him. The Judge shook him cordially by the hand, as if he had been an old friend, put a list of the cases for trial before him, directed his special attention to one which, he said, would prove of painful and pathetic interest, and completed his civilities by placing a packet of sandwiches at his side. After the business of the day had terminated, Mathews, on his drive home, dilated at length on his enjoyment of his day, and grew wanton in commendation of the urbanity and condescension of Parke. Before dressing for dinner, he wrote to his wife an enthusiastic description of the honours conferred on him, telling her henceforth to mark the day in her almanack with a red letter.

Two or three years after this memorable visit to Shropshire, he went into Monmouthshire, to stay with his friend, Mr. Rolls. While he and his host were over their wine and walnuts, the latter, looking up at the ceiling, and trying to recall some incident which had escaped his memory, said, as if speaking to himself, 'Who was it? Who on earth was it that was here sometime ago, and was talking of you? I cannot think who it could have been. Oh, yes, I remember now. It was Judge Parke. Did not you and he meet somewhere or other? 'Ah,' said Mathews, 'I am proud to say we did! What a fascinating person he is. I think I never saw a man of such sterling benevolence and such captivating manners.' By this time Mr. Rolls had recalled the circumstances that had slipped his recollection: so that, when Mathews began to indulge in a glowing eulogium on Parke, he could not repress a smile. This his thin-skinned guest was not slow to perceive; and his withers began to wince. 'Pray,' said he, 'did the good Judge say anything about me, then, eh?' 'Well, returned Rolls, 'if you will not be offended, I will tell you the truth. When he was here, he said to me, "I think, Rolls, you are a friend of Mathews the actor—a man, I hear, with a dreadful propensity for taking people off. Conceive, then, my consternation, two years ago, at Shrewsbury, on seeing him directly in front of me, evidently with the intention of studying me, and showing me up! Well; what do you think I did? Knowing that I should not be able to attend to my notes while the fellow was there, I sent a civil message to him, and invited him to come and sit by me: and thus, I trust, propitiated him, so that he will *now* have too much good feeling, I should think, ever to introduce me into his gallery of Legal Portraits."

BOOK REVIEWS.

PRE-HISTORIC TIMES, as illustrated by ancient remains, and the Manners and Customs of Modern Savages, by Sir John Lubbock, Bart. Second Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

Sir John Lubbock may justly claim to have written one of the standard text-books on Pre-Historic Archæology—the latest born of the sciences. His work treats of man from his first appearance in Europe to the historic period; and though there is much in the author's views which may reasonably be dissented from, still none can fail to be interested and instructed by the perusal of this now well-known treatise. We are presented here with the record of "times and events far more ancient than any which have as yet fallen within the province of the Archæologist." The record is, naturally, a fragmentary one, but it is far less disconnected than might be supposed. The new science of Pre-historic Archæology bridges over the great gap between geology and history, and it traces the career of man, from the time when he was contemporary with the extinct mammals of the Drift, to the later period when iron had been discovered, and the art of writing had been rendered possible. In some respects the materials of this science are more full and complete than those on which the generalizations of the geologist are founded, but they are very imperfect as compared with those which the student of history has at his disposal. The geologist has to base his reasonings upon the remains of the actual bodies of animals which have been preserved in a fossil condition, or upon such evidence of their past existence as may be derived from footprints and the like. These remains, however, are generally of such a nature as to allow of the most certain deductions being drawn from them, which cannot always be said of the remains of man. In the case of all the quadrupeds, save man alone, "we can, from their bones and teeth, form a definite idea of their habits and mode of life, while, in the present state of our knowledge, the skeleton of a savage could not always be distinguished from that of a philosopher. But, on the other hand, while other animals leave only bones and teeth behind them, the men of past ages are to be studied principally by their works; houses for the living, tombs for the dead, fortifications for defence, temples for worship, implements for use, and ornaments for decoration."

Sir John Lubbock accepts the now universally current classification of the pre-historic period into the four great "Ages:" the Early Stone period, or Palæolithic Age; the Later Stone period, or Neolithic Age; the Age of Bronze; and the Age of Iron. The Iron Age closes the pre-historic epoch, and opens the historic period. In it iron had been discovered, and this metal had superseded bronze, copper and stone in the manufacture of all implements requiring a cutting edge. In the Bronze Age, the art of smelting iron from its ores had not been discovered, and all arms and cutting implements were made of bronze, that is, of an alloy of copper and tin. Hesiod appears to have lived during the transition between the Ages of Bronze and Iron, and the Trojan war seems to have taken place about the same time; so that we are trenching here upon the verge of the Age of Iron—a period which commenced shortly after the siege of Troy, and is still in full force. In the later Stone Age, or Neolithic period, no metals seem to have been known to man, if we except gold, which occurs in a native state, and which even at this early stage seems to have been sometimes used for ornaments. The men of this period, therefore, like the Fuegians and Andamaners of the present day, were compelled to construct all their implements of stone, wood, or bone. The stone implements, however, are generally beautifully made, and have their edges carefully ground. All the quadrupeds also, of the Neolithic period, were referable to species now in existence, or to forms which may be regarded as the immediate progenitors of existing species. Lastly, in the Early Stone Age, or Palæolithic period, we meet with man in the most primitive condition as yet known to us. Palæolithic man not only knew no metal, but his knowledge of the art of working stone was of a most limited description. His implements are made of flint, merely chipped by a most laborious process out of a block, and their edges are never ground. Not only is this the case, but Palæolithic man inhabited Europe at a time when it was roamed over by the mammoth, the woolly-haired rhinoceros, the cave-bear, the cave-lion, the cave-hyæna, and other animals, either long since extinct or not now found in Europe. Finally, there is ample evidence that the physical geography and surface-configuration of Europe were extremely different during the Palæolithic period to what they are at present, whilst the climate must have greatly changed since that time.

The greater portion of Sir John Lubbock's work is occupied with a full exposition of the leading facts that are known at present as to the habits and mode of life of the men of the Palæolithic, Neolithic and Bronze Ages. We cannot attempt to condense any part of this, and we must content ourselves with saying that the whole of this wide subject is treated in a scientific spirit, and that the general reader will find here an admirable *resumé* of the more important facts which have been discovered as to the earlier races of men, both in Europe and in North America. We may also say that we do not discover here any undue desire to press the undoubted co-existence of man in Western Europe with various extinct mammals into the service of some of the very "advanced" views of which Sir John Lubbock has been such an ardent supporter.

In the twelfth chapter the author handles, briefly and succinctly, the complicated and much-vexed question of the antiquity of man. It is hardly necessary to say that the conclusion arrived at is essentially the same as that first prominently brought forward by Sir Charles Lyell. "Our belief," he says, "in the antiquity of man, rests not on any isolated calculations, but on the changes which have taken place since his appearance; changes in the geography, in the fauna, and in the climate of Europe. Valleys have been deepened, widened, and partially filled up again; caves, through which subterranean rivers once ran, are now left dry; even the configuration of the land has been materially altered, and Africa finally separated from Europe. Our climate has

greatly changed for the better, and with it our fauna has materially altered. In some cases, for instance in that of the Hippopotamus and African Elephant, we may probably look to the diminution of food and the presence of man as the main cause of their disappearance; the extinction of the Mammoth, the *Elephas antiquus*, and the *Rhinoceros tichorhinus*, may possibly be due to the same influences; but the retreat of the Rein-deer and Musk-ox are probably in great measure owing to the change of climate. These and similar facts, though they afford us no means of measurement, impress us with a vague and overpowering sense of antiquity. All geologists, indeed, are now prepared to admit that man has existed on our earth for a much longer period than was, until recently, supposed to have been the case." There is no doubt that almost all, if not all, modern geologists, are agreed in thus ascribing a high antiquity to the human race; but it is often overlooked to what an extent the evidence is beyond the appreciation of any but the practical geologist himself. It is often assumed that any man of ordinary intelligence and education can weigh the evidence on both sides in this question, and can thus arrive at a just opinion on the merits of the case; but this is only partially true. On the contrary, it requires a more or less profound acquaintance with the actual out-door work of geology to be able properly to estimate the value of the single fact that implements of human workmanship have been found in valley-gravels one hundred feet above the present level of the river by which these gravels were deposited. And, still more, it requires a very wide range of biological knowledge to truly appreciate the meaning of the fact that man existed in Western Europe along with the Mammoth, woolly Rhinoceros, and Hippopotamus.

The remainder of the work is occupied with a review of the customs and manners (when they can be said to have any) of modern savages. Those who are acquainted with the public utterances of Sir John Lubbock do not need to be told that he is an ardent upholder of the views of Mr. Darwin; and the bias caused by this is more or less observable throughout all the latter portion of this work. Sir John looks upon savagery as the primitive condition of the entire human race, and believes that the further you go back in time the more brutal and the less human is the man of the period. This may or may not be the case; but we cannot think that, in judging of this point, a fair interpretation is put by Sir John Lubbock, and the men of his school, upon the degraded and bestial habits of savages. They point triumphantly to the many respects in which savage man sinks below the level of the brute, and expend a great deal of ingenuity and labour in proving that no animal exhibits the cruelties and lusts of the lower races of mankind; and they then deduce from this the conclusion that man in his most degraded development approximates to the higher Mammals. The facts are unquestionable, but they seem to us to support an exactly opposite conclusion. It is precisely by his capacity for evil, and his contravention of the ordinary brute instincts, that man in his most savage condition is separated immeasurably from all the Mammals. If man were *merely* an animal, it would be almost a contradiction in terms to speak of him as "degraded," the capacity for degradation implying of necessity a capacity for elevation. If man could not rise, he certainly could not sink; and what we term the "degradation" of a savage man or race is clearly a departure from an ideal standard, which we do not expect the brutes to reach, and which they cannot be blamed for falling below. We may conclude this notice with one or two striking passages as to the conditions of savage existence, as these will probably present this subject in a light very different to that in which it has been popularly viewed. It has been very common for poets and sentimentalists to speak of the pleasures of savage life, and the happiness of "the free and noble savage," ignorant of evil, and thoughtless of the future. If any of our readers should be disposed to hold to this opinion, we recommend to their consideration the following passages from one who has made a careful study of savages in all parts of the world:—

"Throughout Australia, among some of the Brazilian tribes, in parts of Africa, and in various other countries, natural death is regarded as an impossibility. In the New Hebrides 'when a man fell ill, he knew that some sorcerer was burning his nilbish; and shell-trumpets, which could be heard for miles, were blown to signal to the sorcerers to stop and wait for the presents which would be sent next morning. Night after night, Mr. Turner used to hear the melancholy too-tooing of the shells, entreating the wizards to stop plaguing their victims.' Savages never know but what they may be placing themselves in the power of these terrible enemies; and it is not too much to say that the horrible dread of unknown evil hangs like a thick cloud over savage life and embitters every pleasure. The mental sufferings which they thus undergo, the horrible tortures which they thus inflict on themselves, and the crimes which they are led to commit, are melancholy in the extreme. . . . . The true savage is neither free nor noble; he is a slave to his own wants, his own passions; imperfectly protected from the weather, he suffers from the cold by night and the heat of the sun by day; ignorant of agriculture, living by the chase, and improvident in success, hunger always stares him in the face, and often drives him to the dreadful alternative of cannibalism or death. . . . . He is always suspicious, always in danger, always on the watch. He can depend on no one, and no one can depend on him. He expects nothing from his neighbour, and does unto others as he believes they would do unto him. Thus his life is one prolonged scene of selfishness and fear. Even in his religion, if he has any, he creates for himself a new source of terror, and peoples the world with invisible terrors." We must not forget, however, that there are savage races of whom these statements would not be true; whilst most would be prepared to admit that a high moral standard may, in theory at any rate, be reached by men extremely ignorant of the arts and sciences. In other words, a low state of civilization, in the ordinary sense of this term, is not theoretically incompatible with a high moral development; unless it be maintained that the innocence of ignorance is less perfect and praiseworthy than innocence which arises from knowledge.

FIFINE AT THE FAIR, and other Poems, by Robert Browning. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Fifine at the Fair is another charisteristic work of Mr. Browning. To the initiated we have no doubt

it is intensity of light : to the uninitiated it is almost total darkness. A Frenchman and his wife go to the fair at Pornic, and there see, among a troop of strolling players, the dancing-girl Fifine. She is an unmistakeable denizen of Bohemia, but the gentleman is morally and æsthetically smitten by her, and gives vent to his emotions. The wife of his bosom is hurt by his doing so. He explains, and then, as they walk away along the sands, launches into a dissertation on Bohemia, its value, its saving qualities, its relations to the respectable world, on morality, art, life, and things in general, of which we seldom see the drift and still more seldom the poetry.

The piece begins with some bright descriptive lines.

" Oh, trip and skip, Elvire ! Link arm in arm with me :
Like husband and like wife together let us see
The tumbling troop arrayed, the strollers on their stage
Drawn up and under arms and ready to engage.

Now, who supposed the night would play us such a prank ?
That what was raw and brown, rough pole and shaven plank,
Mere bit of boarding half by trestle propped, half tub
Would flaunt it forth as brisk as butterfly from grub.

This comes of sun and air, of autumn afternoon,
And Pornic and St. Gille whose feast affords the boon,—
This scaffold turned *parterre*, this flower-bed in full blow,
Bataleurs, baladines—we shall not miss the show.
They pace and promenade ; they presently will dance :
What good were else i' the drum and fife ? O pleasant land of France !"

The description of Fifine herself, with her Bohemian charms, is also as pretty and vivid as possible.

"This way, this way, Fifine !
Here ; she shall make my thoughts be surer what they mean.
First let me read the signs portray you, past mistake,
The gipsy's foreign self, no swarth our sun could bake.
Yet where's the woolly trace degrades the wiry hair ?
And note the Greek-nymph nose and—oh, my Hebrew pair
Of eye and eye—o'erarched by velvet of the mole—
That swim as in a sea, that dip, and rise and roll,
Spilling the light around ! while either ear is cut
Thin as a dusk-leaved rose carved from a cocoa-nut.
And then her neck !—now grant you had the power to deck,
Just as your fancy pleased, the bistre-length of neck ;
Could lay, to shine against its shade, a moonlike row
Of pearls, each round and white as bubble Cupids blow
Big out of mother's milk : what pearl moon would surpass
That string of mock turquoise, those almondines of glass
Where girlhood terminates? For with breast's birth commence
The boy and page costume, till pink and impudence
End admirably all : complete, the creature trips
Our way now, brings sunshine upon her spangled hips.
As here she fronts us full, with pose half frank, half fierce !"

The bubble blown by Cupids out of mother's milk, is one of Mr. Browning's strange, forced figures, and to our minds disfigures the picture. But Fifine is the very spirit of the fair and of Bohemia. Assuming the fact that there is such a thing as a "compensating joy unknown and infinite," which "turns lawlessness to law, makes destitution wealth, vice virtue, and disease of soul and body health,"—she undoubtedly is the perfect type of it.

Beautiful, too, though marred by strangeness of language and obscure imagery, is the contrast called forth by Elvire's remonstrance between the transitory impression made by the superficial fascinations of the Bohemian and the enduring influence exerted by the never-fading image of the wife's beauty in the husband's heart. But then we run off into Browningian maze of versified metaphysics, and there wander through far the greater part of the poem.

" While, Oh, how all the more will love become intense
Hereafter, when to love means yearning to dispense
Each soul its own amount of gain through its own mode
Of practising with life, upon some soul which owed
Its treasure all diverse and yet in worth the same
To new worth a changed way ! Things furnish your rose-flame,
Which turns up red, green, blue, nay, yellow, more than needs.
For me, I no wise doubt, why doubt a time succeeds
When each one may impart, and each receive, both share
The chemic secret, learn, where I lit force,—why, there,
You drew forth lambent pity ; where I found only food
For self-indulgence, you still blew a spark at brood
I' the grayest ember, stopped not till self-sacrifice imbued
Heaven's face with flame? What joy when each may supplement
The other, changing each, as changed, till wholly blent
The old things shall be new, and what we both ignite
Fuse, lose the varicolor in achromatic white !
Exemplifying law apparent even now
In the eternal progress,—love's law which I avow.
And thus would formulate ; each soul lives long, and works
For itself, by itself, because a loadstar lurks,
Another than itself,—in whatsoe'er the niche
Of mistiest heaven it hide, whoe'er the Glumdalclich
May grasp the Gulliver ; or it, or he, or she,—
Theosutos e brotèios eper kekramene,—
(For fun's sake, where the phrase has fastened, leave it fixed !
So soft it says—God, man, or both together mixed !)
This, guessed at through the flesh, by parts which prove the whole,
This constitutes the sense discernible by soul,
Elvire, by me."

The idea which the poet is here struggling to convey does not seem to be really a very new one. But

taking it for what it may be worth, is it improved by being forced into verse, and encumbered with all this strange imagery of chemical compositions and varicolors and achromatics? Is there anything essentially poetic in it? Would it not be much better if clearly expressed in prose? "Blew a spark at brood in the grayest ember"—what does this mean? And why is Glumdalclich brought in, except to make a rhyme? The Greek line we are willing to "leave fixed for fun's sake," if anybody can see any fun in it, and if this again is not brought in merely to meet the exigencies of verse. But we prefer to have it as Æschylus wrote it. The substitution of ἥπερ for ἤ seems to show that Mr. Browning knows very little of the Greek language, and that he cannot scan a common Greek Iambic line; in which case it is wiser to abstain from the needless introduction of Greek.

Fifine is followed by *Prince Hohenstiel Schwangan, Saviour of Society.* This is in fact a pamphlet in verse in defence of the ex-Emperor Napoleon, of whom Mr. Browning is, as Mrs. Browning was, a strong partisan. The Ex-Emperor is made to represent himself as a pre-eminently practical man, whose function it was to preserve order for a time and to save what was good in the social edifice from being recklessly pulled to pieces by reactionists on the one hand and dreamers on the other, leaving the regeneration of society to some inspired genius who might possibly arise in the future.

> Well, that's my mission, so I save the world,
> Figure as man o' the moment—in default
> Of somebody inspired to strike such change
> Into society,—from round to square,
> The ellipsis to the rhomboid,—how you please,
> As suits the size and shape o' the world he finds.
> But this I can,—and nobody my peer,—
> Do the best with the least change possible;
> Carry the incompleteness on a stage;
> Make what was crooked straight, and roughness smooth,
> And weakness strong: wherein if I succeed,
> It will not prove the worst achievement, sure,
> In the eye, at least, of one man,—one I look
> Nowise to catch in critic company;
> To wit the man inspired, the genius' self
> Destined to come and change things thoroughly.
> He, at least, finds his business simplified,
> Distinguishes the done from undone, reads
> Plainly what meant and did not mean this time
> We live in, and I work on, and transmit
> To each successor; he will operate
> On good hard substance—not mere shade and shine.
> Let all my critics born to idleness
> And impotency get their good and have
> Their hooting at the giver: I am deaf,
> Who find great good in this society,
> Great gain, the purchase of great labour—

And the ex-Emperor sums up his apology by saying:

> I rapped your tampering knuckles twenty years,
> Such was the task imposed me, such my end.

But this version of the character is the direct opposite of that given by the closest observers, and, we believe, of the truth. "Napoleon III," says the author of an excellent article on the Policy of the Second Empire, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "was essentially a dreamer, a mind at once meditative and romantic, visibly inclined to Utopianism. It is characteristic of minds of this class to brood over certain ideas, to pursue visions more or less defined, and to return to them by roads more or less circuitous, while all the time this disposition does not, in the least degree, imply steadiness of purpose. Far from it, the aim of these visionaries generally remains vague and undetermined. Their dreams have always something unsettled in them; the vaster they are the less clearly are they defined, and those of Napoleon III, with his name and his fancied mission, could not fail to be of the vastest." Does the Mexican expedition, undertaken 'to restore the balance in favour of the Latin races in the new world correspond with Mr. Browning's view of the character of Napoleon III. or with that taken by the writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*? The main question, however, which we have to ask, is not whether the historical or political theory embodied in Mr. Browning's pamphlet is correct, but whether a pamphlet in verse is poetry or a work of art.

Hervé Riel, the short poem with which the volume concludes, is one of those semi-lyric, semi-dramatic pieces in which Mr. Browning's most unquestioned excellence lies; and it is all the more agreeable because the subject of it is healthy, not morbid like that of some of its most powerful compeers, such as the *Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister* and *My Last Dutchess.* In this line we fully recognise Mr. Browning's genius; much of his more purely intellectual poetry, of the kind of which *Sordello* is the type, we must own, affords us little instruction and still less pleasure. His special admirers will tell us that the fault lies in our own want of intellect. We do not attempt to deny the impeachment. We can partly appreciate some of the great poets of the abstruser kind: Æschylus, Dante and Goethe. Mr. Browning, in his more metaphysical moods we cannot appreciate, and we frankly own our incapacity without desiring to interfere with the enjoyment of our neighbours.

LITERARY NOTES.

It is not colonial vanity merely which makes Canadians anxious to secure fair treatment from the exponents of public opinion in England. We possess a vast extent of territory, capable of sustaining, in ease and comfort, all the surplus population of the British Isles. It is essential, therefore, to the progress of the Dominion that our resources should be fully appreciated by those who influence the Government and people at home. It is undeniable, however, that until within a comparatively recent period, the claims of Canada as a field for immigration have been strangely overlooked. That English journalists are unpatriotic enough to prefer that their countrymen should seek a home under an alien

flag, we do not believe; we only know that their influence has been cast in favour of Minnesota and Colorado instead of Ontario and Rupert's Land. It is impossible that this can long continue; the inducements offered by the North-West, as well as by the unsettled districts of Ontario, are immeasurably superior to any that can be urged on behalf of the Western States. Indications are not wanting that the tide is on the turn, and that it will soon set in strongly upon the shores of the Dominion. We may give one example. A recent number of the *Saturday Review* devotes no less than three articles to Canadian subjects. In the first, the English people are taken to task for listening to American speculators and directing emigrants to the States in preference to Canada. In the second, our militia system is made the subject of eulogy and a description given of the summer camps of instruction. The third is a review of Capt. Butler's "Lone Land," in which the writer gives a brief but glowing account of the great North-west. There seems no doubt that in a year or two Canadians will have no ground of complaint that their country is either misunderstood or neglected by the English people.

If we except one or two departments of literature in which the printing-press is allowed no respite, the publications of the month are neither numerous nor important. Mr. Thos. Clark, of Edinburgh, in a circular recently published, points with pardonable pride to 120 volumes of early Christian literature issued by his house. St. Augustine's works have been widely circulated, and he hopes shortly to complete St. Chrysostom. "Thoughts for the Times," by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, the well-known author of "Music and Morals," gives us some idea of the serious side of the author's character, as his former work did of his æsthetic and humorous feelings. "The Valiant Woman" is a translation of seventeen discourses by the Archbishop of Rheims, addressed to women, and intended as advice in all matters of daily life and conduct. It contains little or nothing of a polemical character, and may be advantageously consulted in all home matters, even to early rising. Dean Alford has left behind him what we presume was intended to form part of a new version of the Old Testament—the book of Genesis and part of Exodus revised, with references and an explanatory commentary. Dr. Vaughan, Master of the Temple, announces a new work—"The Two Temptations—the Temptation of Man and the Temptation of Christ." Mr. McColl, a minister of the Church of England, who threatens to resign should the use of Athanasian Creed be made optional, publishes a formal defence of the "damnatory clauses," in which we are treated to the astounding avowal that the author would rather see a people in possession of a true faith and given over to immorality, than in possession of false faith, or no faith at all, and living morally.

Scientific works are not produced in great numbers during the summer months; still there are a few which deserve mention. "The ancient stone implements, weapons, and ornaments of Great Britain," by Mr. Evans, author of a well-known book on "The Coins of Ancient Britain," is a valuable addition to British Archæology. "The Beginnings of Life," by Dr. Bastian, is intended to be a comprehensive account of the modes of origin and transformation of lower organisms. "The Fuel of the Sun," by Mr. Mattien Williams, a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, deserves attention as an elaborate exposition of a subject at present attracting general interest; Earle's "English Philology," and Morris's "Historical Development of the English Language," are two excellent works from the Clarendon Press, and may be safely commended to teachers and students. We observe that Dr. Porter's work on the "Human Intellect" has been reproduced in England; as we have had occasion to remark before, it is a very useful introduction to the study of Psychology from an historical point of view. "Work and Wages," by T. Brassey, M.P., comes opportunely at the present stage of the labour, question and is written by a gentleman of practical knowledge. Mr. Edwin James, erewhile Q.C., but for sometime an exile in New York, has published a shilling *brochure* on the Political Institutions of America and England. He threatened some year or two since to give the Americans a lecture, and it is contained, we presume, in the pamphlet referred to. With the exception of Tourists' guides there is little worthy of notice in Geography and Travels. "Over Volcanoes," by Mr. Kingsman, gives a very lively account of France and Spain in 1871—especially of the latter country. "Other Countries," by Major Bell, hurries us over Ceylon, India, China, Australia and America, after the modern style of travelling. The Major's observations are necessarily superficial, but they are perhaps as accurate as those in most books of the class; at all events, they are entertaining. A writer who describes the Vale of Cashmere, the Durbar of Umballah, the Australian bush, Chinese opium-smokers and Brigham Young's tabernacle and theatre at Salt Lake, whatever else he may be, can hardly be dull. In Art we only desire to call attention to two works, "The British Museum Photographs," a series of splendid reproductions of the antiquities, sold singly or in groups, and "Modern Etchings," a Portfolio set of the best specimens from the Art periodical of that name.

No one will grudge Sir Arthur Helps the honour of Knighthood; he has deserved it on many accounts, and we hope will wear it long. He has just published, with a graceful dedication to Her Majesty, "The Life and Labours of Mr. Brassey;" it has not yet reached us, but it is sure to be instructive as well as entertaining to the reader. "Planche's Recollections and Reflections" are sure to entertain a wide circle of readers. It is true his sympathies and aspirations are principally connected with the dramatic profession, still there is much to interest anybody in this autobiography. "Recollections of Society in France and England," by Lady Clementina Davies, is one of those "Society" books not generally to be commended. This one may perhaps be an exceptional one, because the writer (*née* Drummond, and sister of the Earl of Perth) writes piquantly and with feeling—for she is a thorough Jacobite. Beginning with Louis XVI. we have a torrent of great personages, royal, literary, and democratic, about whom much fresh and interesting gossip is communicated. Mr. C. Edmund Maurice announces a series of works on "English Popular Leaders,"—No. I. being Stephen Langton. The "Autobiography of John Milton" is an attempt to construct Milton's life from his works. On the whole Mr. Graham has succeeded, especially in the love-passages of the great poet's life.

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THE BRIDAL VEIL.

CHAPTER I.

A YOUNG and beautiful girl was leaning over a balcony in one of the largest houses in Eccleston Square. It was a lovely summer night, lovely even in London, now that the glare and heat had been exchanged for a soft breeze and the light of the moon. Even by this light the girl's beauty admitted of no dispute. Hers was a face Sir Peter Lely would have painted; a face that hundreds had turned back to look at once more, as she had ridden in the Row that morning. It was her *face*, people said, that had won her an offer of marriage from Sir Henry Sefton, a man who had been already talked of as the best match of the London season. Young and beautiful as Ada Willingham was, until this man came upon the scene she had played with all realities; and, like a butterfly, only sported in the sunshine, taking her homage as a queen might claim her rights, like the proud young beauty that she was. Sir Henry's wealth and position had perhaps dazzled her a little at first; but he ended by winning her love, and, when she promised to be his wife, she gave him her heart.

As she listened for his coming footsteps that evening, her face resting on a bouquet of flowers which he had sent her, and which she had found on her dressing-table before going down to dinner, her eyes had the restless unsettled look of expectation, and one of the little feet that peeped out from beneath the soft folds of her white dress was beating impatiently on the floor. In a few minutes a cabriolet drove quickly round the corner, and a young man sprang out. The girl's face flushed in the soft light, and both her hands wandered over the bouquet, which she laid in her lap as she sat down on a low chair; but an expression of satisfaction came into her deep blue eyes, and a smile to her parted lips. A moment afterwards and the drawing-room door had opened, the lace curtains which separated the balcony had been drawn apart, and Sir Hen-

ry Sefton was by her side. Young, handsome, and distinguished in appearance, he was, to a looker-on, a man in every way fitted to wed the woman he had chosen. As they stood together on that June evening, he bending over her, whilst her beautiful face was lifted up to his with an expression of infinite love and trust, it seemed that nothing was wanting to insure their future happiness.

"How late you are," she said, after one of those long silences that are more eloquent than words.

"I have been dining in Bryanstone Square. I would not have gone, but I remembered that I was asked to meet some particular people, and that my Conservative interests required the sacrifice."

"You call it a *sacrifice*," she replied with a low musical laugh, "in the same way, perhaps, that *I* consider balls a part of my duty to society; and yet I gave up a ball to-night for you."

"You don't repent, Ada; you don't wish to be surrounded by admirers night after night, and never to be alone with me?"

"Of course I don't, but when we are married I can reform."

"Ada, when we are married I shall have the greatest pride in taking you out—in feeling that all men admire you, and knowing that you are mine."

She shrank back a little as he drew her vehemently towards him. Her life had hitherto been too full of sunshine and pleasure for her to pause much in order to define a serious feeling; but a sensation, as nearly approaching to pain as she had ever known since her engagement, came over her at that moment.

"You love me for myself, Henry," she said, "not for what you call my beauty?"

"I love you," he replied, "as you love me, because we were made to love each other; because we should not have fulfilled our destiny if we did not. Everything about you is beautiful and loveable to me; I cannot separate you from yourself."

She put her hand in his, those soft white fingers on which the diamond rings he had given her flashed and sparkled, and then she leant her head against his arm and whispered something in a low voice, and he raised her hand and held it to his lips, answering her in the same tone. And so the short remainder of the evening went by. Presently the lace curtains were again drawn aside, and the butler, with the respectful air, and in the well modulated accents those functionaries know so well how to assume, requested leave for a young woman to speak to Miss Willingham on particular business.

"Say I am engaged, Palmer," his mistress said, "and at *this* hour I can see no one."

Her face flushed angrily as she spoke, and beautiful as she still looked, the expression she had worn a minute before was quite gone, and she was a proud, haughty, spoilt beauty once more. The man withdrew in silence, but only a few minutes elapsed before another interruption came, in the form of Miss Willingham's maid, Mademoiselle Victorine. She made a thousand apologies for her intrusion, but the young person was so anxious to speak to Miss Willingham, that at last she had been obliged to give way and bring the message.

"What is it she wants," exclaimed Ada—"I will not see her."

"She has brought your veil."

"Oh! indeed. I did not guess it was that. I will go immediately. Stay where you are, Henry, and I will be back in a few minutes. I am longing to see my veil."

And leaving Sir Henry standing in the balcony, Ada passed into the brilliantly lighted drawing-room, and, followed by Mademoiselle Victorine, went up stairs to her own room. At first she did not see the girl who was waiting in it, but when Mademoiselle had lit the wax candles on the dressing tables, the girl stood revealed. She was

young and slight, with large dark eyes, and pale thin cheeks, a girl who seemed to have lived all her life on just the opposite side of the wall to the London beauty—the side where the sun never comes. Her fingers were small, and most delicately shaped, but her clothes were so old and faded that they told their own tale and the wearer's—a tale of poverty and privation. The poor girl seemed dazzled by the light, and all the luxurious fittings up of a room which, to Ada, appeared only barely comfortable; but after her eyes had wandered around for a few moments, she recovered herself, and opening a box she held in her hand, took out of it a rich lace veil.

"I am obliged to bring it home unfinished," she said in a low, melancholy voice, strongly marked with a foreign accent. "I cannot help it. We are in distress enough, God only knows how great, but my mother is very ill, and I have no longer any time for work."

Ada snatched the delicate fabric from the girl's hand.

"Not going to finish it!" she exclaimed. "It was promised for next Friday, and it *must* be done."

"I would willingly do it if I could," the girl replied, "but I know I cannot. I am sorry it was promised, but I did not think then that my mother was going to be ill. She was helping me to work it, but now that she is so bad I must leave everything and nurse her."

"My wedding is fixed for Thursday week," Ada said, "my dress is all trimmed with this lace, and after all it seems I am not to have the veil. It is too bad. I shall speak to-morrow to Madame Brader, who recommended you to me.

"We are in *such* distress," pleaded the girl, "we are strangers here; Madame liked our lace, and making it has kept us from starvation."

But Ada hardly heard the words—she was turning over the veil with Mademoiselle Victorine.

"How long would it take you to finish it?" she asked abruptly.

"I should have to work hard all this next week, and I know I could not give the time. I am so sorry, but indeed, indeed it is not my fault."

"The lace is very lovely," Mademoiselle Victorine said, "and it would be a thousand pities not to get it done, more especially since the dress is trimmed with it; the effect would not be complete without it."

"It is most provoking," replied Ada, "however I shall go myself to-morrow to Madame Brader's, and tell her positively that she must do something." Then, without even glancing at the girl, Ada swept out of the room, taking the veil away with her.

Sir Henry had come in from the balcony, and was standing alone by the fire-place. Ada's father, Mr. Willingham, generally preferred the quiet of his own library after dinner, and Mrs. Stonor had gone up stairs, finding the drawing-room dull. Ada was an only child, and her mother had died when she was quite young. Her father, during his early life, had worked hard and saved money—money that he only cared about inasmuch as it enabled him to surround his idolized daughter with the luxuries that money alone can procure. He was a man of naturally quiet tastes, but he never forgot that Ada was young, so, not liking to go much into society himself, he had engaged Mrs. Stonor, a lady of undoubted respectability, as chaperone and companion.

"What is the matter?" Sir Henry asked, seeing the angry flush on Ada's face.

"I am *so* disappointed," she exclaimed, "my veil, my beautiful lace veil, which Madame Brader promised to have worked for me by some Belgian family, has just been returned unfinished. It was to match the trimmings on my white satin dress, and now all will be spoiled."

The young man smiled; dress does not appeal to a man as it does to a woman.

"Nothing can spoil my Ada, no matter what she wears," the lover answered, and taking the veil from her hands he drew her caressingly towards him and threw it over her head. She looked up at him from beneath the clouds of lace, the angry flush all gone, only the soft love-light shining in her eyes. He drew her arm through his own and led her across the spacious drawing-room, whose gilded mirrors reflected again and again the numberless elegancies that were scattered everywhere, the blue silk hangings, the statues and pictures and the brilliant chandelier. He paused before a large mirror that reached the floor, and gazed at her with an expression of rapt admiration. It was a fair picture to see—both so young, with life and love before them, and everything that can make this world worth having. There were a few minutes silence, then something like a shadow came over his handsome face as, leaning down, he whispered to his bride elect.

"I wish I could marry you now," Ada. I wish the few days were passed that still divide us."

"It is not long," she replied, "and then ——"

"Then Ada, you are *mine*—mine forever, and I shall have no fear of anything coming to separate us."

A light shiver passed through her as he spoke, but he only felt the trembling of the little hand that rested in his own, as he said, in a low firm voice:—"I take thee, Ada, to have and to hold, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death us do part."

He lifted her veil and lightly kissed her.

"You are my wife now," he said, smiling down upon her, "are you happy, Ada?"

She leant her head against him. "I am very, very happy," she replied, "because you love me; because the world would be a blank without you."

"If it were a blank to you, what would it be to *me* without my Ada?"

She looked at him and smiled as she answered:

"You would still have Constance Brereton! I believe, in spite of the Conservative interest, it *was* Constance you went to Bryanston Square to meet this evening?"

A slight flush rose to the young man's face, but he only laughed. "They say there is no real love free from a little jealousy, but you must promise me, Ada——"

What he wanted promised did not transpire, for at that particular moment Mrs. Stonor returned to the drawing-room, the butler brought in the tray, and the conversation necessarily became general.

The next day, as she had intended, Ada ordered the carriage—which always during the height of the season came to the door at four o'clock—to drive direct to Madame Brader's; so that at about quarter past the landau, which had been built by the most fashionable makers for her especial use, drew up at Madame Brader's door, in Hanover Square. There was a little bustle of excitement among the dressmakers and milliners as Miss Willingham passed into the show rooms, and then Madame Brader came forward, with a bland and respectful air, to receive her orders. The trousseau had been committed to her care, and, great authority as Madame Brader was in the world of fashion, it was nevertheless a triumph to have secured so important a customer as the belle of the London season; a young lady who was about to make a brilliant marriage, which would be talked about for a month at least.

"I have come about my veil," Ada said, "It is in the carriage, and I will trouble you to send for it—it has come home unfinished. The young woman who undertook to do it brought it back last evening, and refuses to add a stitch more."

Madame Brader was all surprise and despair. The people had promised it. The

lace on the dress was all complete—nothing wanting save the veil.

Ada had thrown herself into a chair, her training skirt of delicate mauve silk sweeping round her, her delicately gloved hands beating impatiently on a pink lined lace parasol.

"I will see the dress presently, but the fact that I cannot have my veil remains, unless you can get some one else to finish it."

Madame Brader feared that was impossible. It was Belgian lace, and she knew of no one who could make it but this family, poor people whom she (Madame Brader) had discovered by chance, and recommended to Miss Willingham. Would no other lace do? Should she fetch the wedding dress and try some different effects?

Ada allowed the dress to be brought, and its costly elegance excited her admiration so much that she determined to have the veil at all hazards. Madame Brader was quite satisfied with her own work; she put the dress on two chairs, and spread out the beautiful wilderness of lace and flowers.

"It is a dress unequalled in London," Madame Brader confidently said, "and when worn by Madame would excite the envy of thousands."

"Yes, it is very lovely," Ada said, musingly, "but as I am bent upon having the veil, I think I shall go myself to the girl's house, and speak to her mother."

Madame Brader approved of the plan. If Miss Willingham was good enough to go herself she could not fail, though perhaps others might. If she would permit, one of the apprentices knew the address, and it should be given to the coachman.

Ada acquiesced, and after carelessly tossing over a number of other elegant items, which were considered the proper appendages to her trousseau, went down stairs, got into the carriage, and threw herself back on the soft cushions. She was not inclined to talk even to Mrs. Stonor, who always accompanied her on these expeditions, but who generally remained in the carriage. She had, it is true, been once or twice into Madame Brader's show rooms, to see the trousseau, which had been on view for some time, but as a rule, when Ada made purchases, she went alone. The direction the coachman had received was to an obscure street in Westminster, at the back of the Victoria Flats. Brought up as Ada had been, she knew little or nothing of poverty or misery. She knew it existed, for she had seen the squalid faces in the street, had given largely for charitable objects, and served behind stalls at fancy fairs, to raise funds for purposes of benevolence, but she had never been face to face with real suffering in all her life. When the carriage stopped, and the footman had, with some difficulty, ascertained that they had come to the right place, she shrank back, unwilling to get out in such a doubtful neighbourhood, and it might be she would have been contented with sending a message, if it had not happened that Mrs. Stonor begged and prayed her to remain where she was, and on no account venture into such a low-looking place.

Ada was self-willed, and opposition had often the effect of strengthening, instead of shaking, her resolutions. When her inclinations and her duty met, as in the case of accepting Sir Henry Sefton, she appeared gentle and yielding; but, when they did not, she took her own course. She was too young, too bright, too happy to be hard or bitter, but she was self-willed and imperious, as Mrs. Stonor and Mademoiselle Victorine could have testified if it had been to their interests to have done so. Her better nature, all that was most loveable, had been given to Sir Henry, and he might have moulded her to what he wished, through her affections, though she had never bowed to a sterner master. In the present instance the desire to have her veil, added to Mrs. Stonor's feeble remonstrances, decided her, and, ordering the door to be opened, she got out. A woman was standing in the entrance, hold-

ing a sickly looking infant in her arms, and she directed her up an old rickety staircase. For another moment Ada paused, an impulse she could not define drawing her back, then gathering her dress round her, she went daintily up, the boards creaking beneath her feet, and a vague alarm filling her mind at finding herself alone in such a place. The room she sought was on the third floor, and after toiling up the steep narrow stairs to what seemed an endless height, she found herself at last standing before a door bearing on its broken frame the number she was seeking. The paint was all worn off, and the handle gone. She knocked gently, and waited a summons to enter. As it did not come, with some difficulty she pushed back the door and went in.

Surrounded, as Ada had been all her life, with everything that could make her luxuriously comfortable, the misery of the scene before her seemed like an appalling dream; she did not realize its truth. She had never imagined that her fellow creatures could support life under the wretched circumstances in which she saw them that day. A small, close room; a straw bed upon the floor, with a few rags of covering; a broken chair, a wooden table propped up by bricks; the broken window, through which the June sun even did not penetrate, mended with brown paper, the figure of a woman stretched upon that pauper bed, and a young girl kneeling beside her—such was the picture that met her eyes.

It was almost a minute before Ada sufficiently recovered herself to remember why she had come there. The girl had advanced towards her and seemed to be warning her back.

"I—I have come," said Ada, trying to recover herself, "about my veil. I wanted to see, and speak to your mother myself," and passing on she went to the bed side. She had not seen the woman's face. Now, as she bent over her, the sick woman turned towards her. A cry escaped Ada.

"Why did you let me come here, girl?" she exclaimed;" your mother has————"

"The small-pox. But indeed I did not know you were coming, or I would have prevented you. I would have told you the other evening, but my mother, they say, is dying, and we are so poor, so miserable."

The woman had slowly risen in her bed, and all unconscious as she was, in the delirium of fever, she muttered something about "the veil." A sudden faint sickness came over Ada as she tried to reach the door, which with difficulty she managed to do. Then she rushed down the stairs and sprang into the carriage. Mrs. Stonor vainly endeavoured to ascertain the cause of so strange a proceeding; but she was unable, for Ada had fainted away. She was taken home immediately, and the doctor was hastily sent for. The beautiful ball dress which she was to have worn that evening at a grand ball given at the Austrian Embassy was removed from her bed, and she was laid upon it. The doctor said her nerves had received a severe shock, but that he trusted time and perfect rest would restore her. For a few days an anxious watch was kept over her by her father, the doctor, and Mrs. Stonor. Then the fatal truth became known, that the beautiful Miss Willingham, Sir Henry Sefton's bride elect, had taken the small-pox.

CHAPTER II.

SIR Henry Sefton had not seen Ada since the day she had gone to Westminster. They had ridden together in the Row that morning, and parted to meet again at the ball. The bouquet of flowers he had sent her for the occasion was standing in a glass of water on the toilette table; but Ada had been too ill to notice it or even know that it was there; though long years after, those very same flowers, all dead and faded, were found carefully preserved.

Sir Henry called every day at Eccleston

Square, and expressed all the anxiety which might be expected on the occasion. His fear of Ada's dying, and his losing her, made him for the time being a really unhappy man; but when, after a severe struggle with death, life triumphed, and the doctor pronounced the crisis to be over, he went back again into society, and consoled himself as best he might, till her complete recovery and *les convenances* allowed them to meet again.

From the day that Ada had gone from the lace-maker's room, her life had been completely a blank. As she regained consciousness, with the sensation of extreme weakness weighing down every limb, her memory failed to bridge over the intervening time. She remembered nothing, and for a time enjoyed blessed immunity from a knowledge of the trial that awaited her.

Mr. Willingham, though a man who seldom left his library, was so deeply attached to his child that, day and night, he had watched beside her bed, and, loving her as he did, she seemed as if given back to him from the dead. When Ada was told how long she had been ill, and that the day fixed for her wedding had come and gone, she listened quite patiently. They gave her the notes and flowers that had been sent from Sir Henry, and endeavoured to interest her in the things she had been wont to love. Ada's spirits were naturally bright, and the disease which had swept over her like a tempest had only bowed her for the time. But she rose again when it had passed, and clung more closely to the life she had so nearly lost. "When shall I be well?" was her constant question; "when may I leave my bed, and this darkened room? I long for the light. I cannot breathe till I have it." When it was no longer possible to keep her any more as she was, they laid her on a sofa and partly drew up the blinds.

"I *must* see myself," she said, nervously, to a young girl who was for a few minutes left in attendance upon her, "I dread being disfigured. The doctors assure me I shall not be, but that does not content me; I must see and judge for myself."

Mademoiselle Victorine was not there, or she would, on some pretext, have prevented her mistress from having a glass—a thing which had been positively forbidden by the doctors. The girl dared not disobey, so she gave a hand mirror to her mistress. Then a wild shriek rang through the house, and Ada sank back insensible on the cushions.

Her second recovery was far more tedious than the first. She baffled the doctors' skill, and drove her father to despair. The shock, coming at a time when her constitution was weakened by disease, made it difficult for her to rally; and, besides this, she suffered from a depression which made her lie for hours at a time without taking the least interest in anything that was going on, prostrated by a melancholy it seemed impossible to divert. The London season was now nearly over, but, as Parliament had not been prorogued, some people yet lingered on, and among others, as a matter of course, Sir Henry Sefton. He expressed the greatest anxiety to see Ada, but it was Ada now who begged that the interview might be deferred. She saw his name in the papers, for she eagerly sought it. The *Morning Post* which brought sensations of gratified vanity to many breakfast tables, brought only misery to her. At all, or almost all the parties, balls, or fêtes, at which Sir Henry's name was metioned as being present, Miss Brereton's name appeared also. She had laughed in her heart once at the thought of rivalry with Constance Brereton, but now the seamed and scarred face that had been reflected back from the mirror rose before her; and she feared that, as far as Sir Henry was concerned, when he had once seen her, her power over him would be gone. He had loved the beautiful Ada Willingham, but that Ada was no longer. She almost failed to recognise her own face, and the pain of seeing it again made her shun a glass as eagerly as she had once sought it. Still, in spite of everything,

she clung to hope. "He loved me so," she said to herself a thousand times a day. "*For better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death us do part.*" Would that death might come sooner than he should cease to love me," but the words he had spoken on that last night kept rising in her memory, a fiend she could not lay: "Ada, when we are married, I shall have the greatest pride in taking you out, in feeling that all men admire you, and knowing that you are mine."

Would he feel that pride now? Better to know the truth at once than linger in such uncertainty. Sometimes she thought of him as so good and noble,(for we are apt to deify the object we love) that she upbraided herself for entertaining suspicions that were perhaps both cruel and unjust. What would life be to her without him, she said. To lose him would be to lose everything—everything that makes life worth having. Surely he had won her for herself; he must love her still; that he would not was too bitter a thought to be seriously entertained.

At last the day came when her fate was to be decided; arrangements were being made for their leaving London. Sir Henry could no longer be refused; he insisted that he *must* see the girl who would have been his wife six weeks before, but for the *bridal veil* and that ill-starred visit to Westminster. Ada was placed upon her sofa, the light from the window softly shaded by partly drawn curtains; every arrangement made that could lessen the shock all her attendants felt Sir Henry must experience when he saw the fearful ravages which disease had made in the once beautiful face. Ada had tried to nerve herself to bear the interview, and the struggle had been hard and long.

"If I only look in his face," she said, "I shall know!"

When the dreaded moment arrived, and she heard the footsteps she knew so well, a faint feeling came over her. Then the door opened, and she felt that her lover was before her.

"Ada, my darling," he exclaimed, advancing quickly. "Ada look at me—speak."

Then she turned her face, and he stood spell-bound. He saw no trace of Ada, he only saw the scarred lines, the disfigured features, a face which men would turn to look at now for its unsightliness, as they had once done for its rare loveliness. The eyes —only the eyes—had the lingering remains of the look of old, and those eyes sought his, and hung upon their expression, as criminals await their verdict. He turned white, —whiter even than she had done, and tried to speak the words that rose to his lips, but he could not. The eager look died out of Ada's eyes, though the love remained.

"Henry," she said softly, "you were not prepared for this. You cannot love me as I am."

Again he tried to speak, again he failed.

"It was not me you loved, after all," she whispered, "oh, I have hoped against hope."

"Ada," he exclaimed, kneeling beside her couch, and kissing her, "you are unjust."

"No, I am not unjust, but we are all human, you most of all. Henry, you could not bear to have your wife pointed at as I should be."

The flush she knew so well of old rose to his cheek.

"Ada" he said, "you promised to be my wife; you promised, and I accepted the promise in brighter days—I am come now, as willing to give effect to that promise as I was then."

"As willing, perhaps, but not as ready," She saw that in his face, felt it in the shrinking touch of his hand, but the words he said were so sweet to her that she tried to imagine they were real. As he knelt there beside her, as he had so often done before, she forgot everything—lived only in the present. He spoke of her illness, and of all the miserable anxiety he had suffered; he told her what he had been doing, and tried to inter-

est her with details of the outside world, but Ada remembered, after he was gone, that the future had been an avoided subject, that he had never mentioned their marriage day.

Ada got better, but returning health and strength brought no happiness with them; her life was no longer the same as it had been before her illness. Sir Henry came daily to Eccleston Square, though his visits were often hurried, and he pleaded engagements, and business that had never existed in the old times. She would watch and wait hour after hour, listening for the sound of his horses' feet in the square—wait only to be disappointed. Ada had been so accustomed all her life to love, flattery, and adulation, that her present position fretted her spirits—her existence became almost a burden to her. Her father spent more of his time with her than he had been used to do, continually leaving his favorite studies, the library, or the club, in order, if possible, to cheer her up; but everything was of no avail. At last the doctors recommended change of air, and as the Willinghams had always been accustomed to leave town in July, and it was now the middle of August, they decided to go at once.

Ada had generally chosen for their summer retreat some gay and fashionable watering-place, where the chances were they would meet again many of their London friends. Now her greatest desire was to avoid being seen; her dread of pity exceeded her former love of admiration. When Sir Henry was told of the arrangement he acquiesced at once, and promised to join them as soon as he possibly could, but he left himself tolerably free by deciding nothing. Ada did not press the point, but her heart sank when, accidentally driving home through the Park late one afternoon, she recognised her lover and Constance Brereton riding together in the Row.

Her lover! Was he her lover, or was that all over and gone—a delusion of the past?

Mr. Willingham selected, in deference to Ada's wishes, a very retired little watering-place on the East Coast, a place where they might be as quiet as they liked. Here they were soon comfortably established, but the change of scene did not bring to Ada the rest she expected. The uncertainty of her position weighed on her mind, but she shrank from being herself the instrument of destroying all her remaining hopes. She would stand before the glass and compare her face with the face that had once been reflected back, and she knew that it was no longer one that men would care to look upon. She might be the same herself, but she could no longer inspire love. If Sir Henry had loved her as she loved him, he would be unchanged. But did he? That was the thought that rose again and again. She remembered now how often he had spoken of her beauty, and his pride in her, and how sweet the praise was then. And now even the remembrance of it was very bitter.

The end of August had come before Sir Henry Sefton fulfilled his promise of joining them at Cromer Bridge.

Ada soon found that Sir Henry's visit was likely to be a hurried one, and he still avoided the subject of their marriage. When they strolled together on the beach in the lovely summer evenings, scenes that of old would have made his tones lower and his accents more tender, now only made him constrained and absent. In vain, night after night, Ada tried to delude herself into the belief that it was something more than honour that bound him to her, but the truth, in all its bare reality, forced itself upon her. At last she could no longer endure the suspense. Sir Henry was going away again to fulfil another of those engagements which he now considered unavoidable, and still he made no mention of their marriage. "Rather," Ada said, as she knelt beside her open window in the soft twilight, the sound of the waves breaking on the grey shingle beach, "Rather anything than this; better to give him back his promise myself, than let him

give me up." Her father neither observed nor suspected any difference in Sir Henry Sefton. He thought that Sir Henry merely awaited his child's complete recovery, and Ada determined to leave him under this impression till all was decided.

It was not till the last day of Sir Henry's visit at Cromer Bridge that she gained sufficient courage for her purpose, but during a long sleepless night she had made up her mind, and she would not allow herself to be turned from her purpose. Sir Henry was to start by an evening train, and she expected him every moment to come from the hotel where he was staying, to wish her good bye, so she went slowly down stairs and waited in the drawing-room. It was getting dusk, for already the days were visibly shortening; and she was glad that it was so, for her heart was beating and her hands trembling. Presently he came in and stood beside her at the window. After a silence she said; "Henry, I have something to say—something I must tell you before you go."

Her voice had fallen so low that he could hardly catch her words.

"Henry, I could not marry a man who did not love me for myself. I know that everything is different now to what it used to be. *I release you.*"

Even then she clung to the thought that he would refuse his freedom, and for a few minutes he did; for a few minutes her arms were round him, and her face leaning against his as of old—then the dream was over.

"Ada, you must not be hasty. God knows I wish to do what is right, and if ever a man loved a woman, Ada, I have loved you."

"Never *me*," she said, softly.

The young man got up, and paced the room.

"Ada, I will write to you; this is a mistake—it must be overruled."

"Remember," she said, going to him and taking his hand, "whatever happens, I shall not blame you. You are as free,—as free as if we had never met."

"Ada, you are better than I am. You are too good for me—can you forgive me?"

Once more she twined both her arms round his neck and whispered low, loving words. Then suddenly she released herself.

"It is not good bye, Ada," he exclaimed; "remember, Ada, we shall meet again."

"Yes—*we shall meet again!*" and she turned resolutely away, and left the room.

He had tried to speak, to prevent her going, but he felt that he was once more alone, and a free man.

In the depths of her heart, Ada still hoped against hope. She could not bring herself to believe that he would accept his release; but late that night a letter, with the writing she knew so well, was put into her hand. She opened it eagerly, her heart beating wildly as she did it, and read,—

"As I said, Ada, you are better than I am. You are too good for me. I shall always love you, but I accept my release, and I pray for your forgiveness for the wrong I have done you; for if unhappiness comes to you through any mistake of mine, the thought of it would cast a shadow over all my future life."

After reading the first few lines the paper dropped from her hand. She had seen enough. The words burned like fire into her brain. Everything had gone into darkness. She was no longer the lovely Ada Willingham, admired and courted wherever she went, the spoiled darling of society and the first object in life to the man she had chosen before all the world to bestow her wealth of love upon. She was no longer any of these, but a miserable, rejected woman.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER a time the Willinghams went back to Eccleston Square, but Ada refused all invitations to go into society, and determined to dismiss Mademoiselle Victorine.

Mademoiselle Victorine professed to be *désolée* at the idea, but allowed herself to become reconciled in the prospect of higher wages, and a greater scope for the exercise of her talents.

"Mademoiselle Ada" she said, "had been *charmante*, when turned out of her skilful hands in former days, but now *que voulez vous*—what could she do with any one *si affreusement laide*."

Ada debated some time whom she could get to supply her place; then the Belgian lace maker flashed upon her memory. She ordered the carriage, and that very afternoon drove once again into the obscure street in Westminster, at the back of the Victoria Flats. Once more she went up the ricketty stairs—once more she pushed back the broken door. There was only one occupant of the room now, the figure of the dying woman was absent from the straw pallet. Only the girl remained. She was crouching over an empty grate, sewing by the waning light at a delicate bit of embroidery. She started up on Ada's entrance, but failed to recognise her visitor.

"I am Miss Willingham," Ada said, "the lady to whom you once brought an unfinished wedding veil."

The work had dropped from the girl's fingers, and the compassion she felt was gleaming in her dark eyes.

"It was not your fault," Ada said, quietly, "only mine, and to show you that I feel what I say, I am come here to-day to ask you if you would like to enter my service, and live with me as my maid, instead of working all by yourself. I would not have asked you, although I came on purpose, but I see that you have nothing to keep you here."

The girl hid her face and burst into tears —then she took Ada's hand and kissed it, pouring forth as she did so a torrent of thanks. She was alone, miserable, starving. Ada had rescued her from death, she would serve her all her life.

Ada tried to cheer and comfort her, then gave the girl some money to enable her to get what clothes she required, and arranged for her to come to Eccleston Square on the following day. Lizette, that was the girl's name, went with her to the door, and watched her as she went down the ricketty stairs, a smile on her pale thin face that did more for Ada than all the prescriptions that were ordered for her perfect restoration by her physicians and attendants. When Ada re-entered the carriage, her heart was lighter than it had been any time since her illness: and a resolution was made that night, on bended knees, that her future life should be given more to the service of her fellow creatures. She looked upon the squalid faces in the streets now with different eyes. To help them in their poverty and wretchedness should be her appointed work in life—the life she had once thought to spend so differently. She had lost all the world considers worth having, but she could still be of use to her fellow creatures. And nobly she fulfilled her intentions. Accompanied by Lizette, she sought out the miserable homes of the sick and dying, carrying comfort and hope with her; and realizing, in a life of self-sacrifice, that peace which the world could never have bestowed, and which it was powerless to take away.

Before the bright green leaves of early spring had opened on the beech trees that skirt Rotten Row, the scene of so many of her former triumphs, Sir Henry Sefton had married Constance Brereton. Ada read the announcement in the paper, and that day was a very dark one to her. She could not rest, or take any pleasure in her usual occupations. Lizette, who had become much attached to her young mistress, wondered sorrowfully, but Ada did not mention, even to her father, what she knew he must have seen as well as herself. The bridal bells seemed ringing in her ears, and the words, "I take thee, Ada, to have and to hold, for better for worse, in sickness and in health,

till death us do part," were ever present to her mind.

Alas! something worse than death had parted them.

Sir Henry Sefton and his lovely bride went abroad on the orthodox wedding tour, and then they returned to a house in Park Lane, which had been sumptuously fitted up for their reception. Constance was beautiful enough to gratify the most *exigeant* husband's desires, but somehow Sir Henry was not as much pleased as he ought to have been. He felt that all men admired his wife, but he did not feel as certain that her affections were his. He had found her, as Constance Brereton, surrounded by admirers, and had carried her away from them all; but although she professed to love him, a miserable doubt regarding her sincerity would come over him. She did not love him as Ada had once loved him. A day came when *that* truth forced itself upon him.

Dress, society, and admiration, were as essential to Constance in her married life, as they had been in her single days. Her house in Park Lane was constantly thronged with visitors, and she became a star in the fashionable world; so that before the season was over, half London struggled for the *entrée* to her kettledrums, her concerts, and her balls.

Years went by, and little children claimed her care; but this made no difference. Sir Henry remonstrated; differences arose, and coldness crept in. One trial succeeded another, till at last a morning came when all London was electrified by the startling intelligence that the admired and courted *Lady Henry Sefton had eloped from her husband's roof*. Sir Henry's pride and honour were more wounded than his affections, and, in that hour of retributive justice, the memory of Ada haunted him like a dream. He would have gone to her but he dared not, fearing that she would turn from him, scorning even his friendship. He retired from the world, and although he remained principally in London, the opinion of society, which he had once valued so highly, became as nothing to him. Circumstance had changed and marred all his previous views of life, and left him a sadder, but perhaps a *better* man. It was not for some years after his wife's desertion of him that he saw Ada Willingham again. He had said once, "we shall meet again." Alas, he dreamt not how that prophecy would be fulfilled.

He was riding through Eccleston Square; He often went there now—went in the vague hope of meeting Ada. Suddenly a deadly pallor spread itself over his face. The blinds in the old house he knew so well were all drawn.

It might be her father who was dead, or Mrs. Stonor. Why did something whisper to him that it was Ada. In that moment the intervening time had all vanished; he was standing on the balcony again, the lovely face turned up to his, and Ada was his affianced bride once more. A sudden impulse seized him. He got off his horse, and ordered the groom to return to Park Lane. Then he went up to the door and knocked gently. The summons was answered, and the words he had so feared were spoken—

Ada was dead!

"Mr. Willingham sees no one?"

Might he speak to Mrs. Stonor, if she was still there?

The servant hesitated, but Sir Henry's importunity prevailed, and he was shown into the drawing-room. There was a picture of Ada hanging against the wall—Ada, as she had once been, dressed all in cloud-like white, and flowers in her hair. It seemed to speak to him, to be breathing of life, and love, and hope—the hopes he had destroyed. Everything reminded him of Ada, and made the past years seem only a dream. When Mrs. Stonor opened the door, he was sitting with his face buried in his hands, vainly trying to believe that his dreams had been realities.

He started up on her approach, and took the offered hand.

"I have no right," he said, "to intrude myself on you at a time like this, but I have a favour to ask, which I cannot help hoping you will grant. May I—may I see Miss Willingham?"

Mrs. Stonor started back.

"You do not know, perhaps," she said, "the melancholy event that has happened, that Ada—our dear Ada—is no more?"

"I did not know until just now," he replied.

"If you had only come before," said Mrs. Stonor, "Ada has been ill a long time, and"——

"What was the matter?"

"Well, I don't know, and it is my firm belief the doctors did not know either, but one thing is quite certain, she overworked herself. She was never the same after that time—you know—the time of—of her engagement being broken off—giving up all society and devoting herself to visiting the poor. It was not a natural life, was it, for one so young as Ada? But she always would have it she was happier in doing that than in anything else."

Something like a moan issued from Sir Henry's lips.

"They tell me she has done so much good," Mrs. Stonor continued, "that her loss will be deeply felt by hundreds in the poor districts."

Sir Henry started up, and taking Mrs. Stonor's hand, looked earnestly at her.

"Did—did Ada ever mention my name?"

Mrs. Stonor paused in her reply.

"No—she never spoke of you; but she made a request that——"

Sir Henry watched her anxiously, but she put her finger on her lips, and beckoning him to follow, opened the drawing-room door and went up stairs.

At another door she paused, and, very silently opening it, they both passed in. The shutters were closed, but enough light struggled in to reveal the long narrow coffin that stood in the middle of the room.

Prepared as Sir Henry was, he started back. He had not realized being face to face with *death*.

Mrs. Stonor looked round anxiously—she had admitted him into the sacred chamber, and perhaps she feared Mr. Willingham would know it. Sir Henry saw the look, and advanced at her bidding.

For a moment, and though he looked he could not see anything—then the darkness passed from his eyes. Mrs. Stonor had drawn aside the covering, and Ada was before him. He had fulfilled his promise; they had met again!

Death, as it sometimes does, had laid a restoring hand on the face that disease had so cruelly marred. Ada was the Ada of the long ago days, the face calm and sweet, with an expression of rapt repose.

Sir Henry stood beside her, looking and listening for the voice that had once spoken in such accents of love—the voice he would never hear again in all the coming years. How long a time passed he never knew, but Mrs. Stonor touched his arm;

"That was her request," she whispered; "her last wish." Then for the first time Sir Henry Sefton saw that she was wrapped in her bridal veil, with a bouquet of dead flowers lying on her breast.

RUNNING THE DOURO RAPIDS.

BY M. E. MUCHALL.

Three cheers for the lumbermen, wild and free,
The sweep of their long oars I love to hear,
The sound of their voices is joy to me,
For then I know that a crib is near.

Hurrah! I am off to Otonabee's side,
Not far from its steep banks I care to roam;
They'll come in a moment to take the long slide
Right over the rapids and down through the foam.

They're heaving in sight, see the brave pilot stand,
Unawed by the wild rushing water below;
They're ready to try it—one wave of his hand,
And down the long slide they so fearlessly go.

All covered with spray see their forms now appearing;
The Frenchmen are tossing their caps up on high;
The poor shivering fellows, how loudly they're cheering,
'Twould only be civil to join in the cry.

They laugh at their ducking when danger is o'er,
They care not a farthing for all their hard knocks;
One word from the pilot, each man at his oar
Is manfully rowing to keep off the rocks.

But swift runs the stream, such a stiff breeze is blowing,
Methinks 'twill be hard work to keep the crib straight;
Oh, yes, my poor raftsmen, in vain was your rowing,
It strikes on the hard rock—just hark to the grate.

The timbers are parting, the waters are rushing
Up, up through the opening, and off go the men;
But still, 'tis far better than if they were crushing
Amongst the great timbers just closing again.

Come, landsmen, make ready, push quickly 'long side.
Keep cool, my poor fellows, one short moment more.
Cling to the timbers—soon out of the tide
We'll bear you in triumph and joy to the shore.

THE HALF-BREEDS OF RED RIVER.

THEIR HABITS AND CUSTOMS.

FROM different causes a great deal of attention has of late been directed to the Red River Territory, which before had been a "*terra incognita*." Although we cannot but regret some of the events, they served to advertise the country to the world, and were the indirect means of immediately opening up communication through Canadian territory.

Without referring to the different routes by which the territory can be reached, we will proceed to give a short epitome of its history, before we touch upon the present condition of the people and their peculiarities and customs.

In 1811, Lord Alex. Selkirk obtained a grant of land from the Hudson Bay Company, in the Assiniboia territory. In 1812 a small party of settlers, from Scotland, arrived in the territory, and erected houses for those who were to follow. And in 1814 the number had increased to about two hundred. After undergoing many reverses, enduring great hardships, having twice to give up their farms and leave the settlement, the people overcame all their difficulties, and attained to their present prosperous condition.

About the same time that Lord Selkirk started his settlement of Scotch, or within two or three years after that date, a few straggling families, principally of French half-breeds, took up their abode on the banks of the Red River. It was customary for the employees of the Hudson Bay and North-West Companies either to marry or cohabit with the Indian women around the posts to which they were attached. In time, and after having children, many of them looked upon their concubines as their wives, and treated them as such, taking them about from post to post. These men, after a service of from twenty to forty years, becoming tired of it, joined the previous settlers, and sought a retreat and a quiet old age in tilling the soil on the beautiful banks of the Red River.

The officers of the companies usually entered the service when from fourteen to sixteen years of age; and it was not only the low ranks of the service that intermarried with the Indian women of the country; those holding the highest positions, the chief traders and chief factors, did the same. The consequence was, that men receiving large pay, and occupying good positions, on retiring from the service found that they had recognized families of half-breeds looking to them for support. When deciding upon a place to settle, they naturally took up their quarters where they could spend their old age among a people with whom they felt at home, and could live in the free and easy manner to which they had been accustomed from their earliest days. They did this rather than take home to the old country families that their relatives might be ashamed of—rather than undergo the restraints of a civilized life, now grown irksome to them—rather than return after a lengthened absence to their homes, either to find their old friends dead, or themselves unrecognized and forgotten.

In a statement, published in 1818, of the Selkirk Settlement, the half-breed population was then thus spoken of:—"Technically termed in that country *Metiss*, *Bois Brulés*, or *Half-breeds*. These are the illegitimate progeny, chiefly, of the Indian traders and others in the service of the North-West Company, by Indian women."

Many of the forts and posts of the Hud-

son Bay Company are now in charge of the half-breed children of the earlier chief traders and chief factors, and the name half-breed, if it ever was so, has ceased to be a term of reproach. One old officer of the Company, who died last year, was a descendant of one of the oldest and best families in Montreal. He entered the service of the Company about fifty years ago, married or cohabited with an Indian woman when he was young, and had a son by her who is now in charge of one of the Company's posts. The father died, leaving a property valued at twenty-five thousand pounds, and about a dozen half-breed children.

An intelligent half-breed thus descended is the best man that can be found for the charge of the interior posts. He has the intelligence of the white man, with the Indian sagacity. He can live on the coarsest food, can endure the greatest hardships, can bear to be isolated from the world year after year. No one better understands the Indian character, or can deal to greater advantage with the race. There are two large classes of the half-breeds—the English and French. The former appear to take more after the white and less after the Indian, while the latter, on the contrary, seem to descend more to the Indian level. This is shown in various ways. They care less than the English half-breeds for cultivating the soil, are satisfied with coarser and plainer food, are more improvident, and evince greater fondness for buffalo hunting and its gipsy life. From the earliest history of the settlement, it has been the custom to go out to summer and winter buffalo hunts. These parties are made up almost exclusively of French half-breeds. They rendezvous at a certain point in the settlement, with their ox-carts, buffalo-runners, and their whole families—in some years having been known to number as many as fifteen hundred carts. After quitting the settlement, they agree amongst themselves upon a captain, chosen for his boldness, experience and success in the hunting field. He is to say when they shall start in the morning, how long they shall travel, and when they shall camp at night. All disputes are referred to him. When they approach the buffalo, they mount their runners, as their trained horses are called, and pursue the herd. On bringing down a buffalo, the hunter who shoots it drops a glove or something by way of token. The women, following with the carts, take the carcases belonging to their lords, and commence converting them into pemmican.

The half-breeds, with their long hair and dark complexions, when dressed in their usual style, with fur cap, capote or carriboo shirt, leggings and moccasins to match, carrying flint-lock guns, and mounted on roving little Indian ponies, caparisoned with a gorgeously worked beaded saddle-cloth and beaded saddle, with long lassoes of buffalo hide trailing on the ground yards behind them, present really a picturesque appearance. The horses always walk or gallop. You might ride about the settlement for days together and never see a horseman trotting.

The half-breeds are uncommonly fond of horse-racing. It is a very ordinary occurrence in Winnipeg, to see a horse-race between half-breeds up and down the street. There are impromptu matches made for small stakes. Often a couple of half-breeds may be seen tearing down the street on horseback with their hair flying and arms working, amid the applause of the bystanders. They all ride uncommonly well, being used to it from their infancy, and almost living in their saddles. They dash up the street in small troops at full gallop, stop suddenly at an hotel, throw themselves off their horses, which, if wild, are cobbled with their lassoes, enter the hotel, spend their money most freely, and after drinking a good deal come out, and dash off again in the same wild, reckless, devil-may-care style. They are rather given to gambling, and are a very intemperate race, particularly the

French. They can frequently be seen coming out of the Hudson Bay Company's store with small bottles filled with rum, which they proceed to empty before leaving the yard. A day never passes but some are seen returning home intoxicated on foot, or reeling about on their horses. They are naturally quiet and inoffensive if unprovoked, fond of a joke, and laugh a good deal, but, when under the influence of liquor, their worse nature shows itself, and their Indian passions appear for the time to predominate. In a fight they would probably be cowardly, and take an unfair advantage of an adversary where it was possible. They are passionately fond of dancing and of the fiddle. In nearly every family, one can be found who plays that instrument. After the snow falls they have numberless gatherings for dancing. They do not, as we do, assemble at 10 p.m. and break up at 1 or 2 in the morning—that would be considered utterly absurd—they meet at the reasonable hour of 6 in the evening, dance all that night until about eight the following morning, breakfast in the house by daylight, and then return home, often driving as many as twenty miles. After weddings these dances have been known to be kept up (we have it on the very best authority) for two and even three days, until the guests have eaten up every thing in the house. The dances are always crowded, as the Red River cottage usually contains but two or three rooms. The principal dance, in fact their only one, is called a Red River jig, which somewhat resembles a hornpipe, male and female participating in it; every little while some new couple cutting out those dancing; so that it can go on for hours together, till the fiddlers and their reliefs are all exhausted. As a dance for females it is most ungraceful.

Another curious custom of Red River is that at any chance meeting on New Year's day, whether at one of their dances, or in calling, or elsewhere, the men and women iss each other. It used to be indulged in on all hands, from the highest to the Indian, the women taking their kiss as a matter of course, sometimes from entire strangers. It is now dying out, since the advent of strangers and the opening up of the settlement. Red River has changed greatly in the last two or three years : before, it was fifty years behind the rest of the world. It was exceedingly difficult of access, being bounded on the west by a thousand miles of uninhabited prairie, and many hundreds of miles of mountainous and broken country ; on the north it had access to the Atlantic ocean by way of a most dangerous river and the Hudson's Bay, only open on an average about six weeks of the year ; on the east a canoe voyage of about fifteen hundred miles was required to reach Toronto ; so that the settlers remained cut off from the world until they gave up the old routes to the north and east, and adopted that to the south. This was an overland journey, by the vast trackless prairie, of between five and six hundred miles, to St. Paul's, one of the earliest settlements in that quarter, and from St. Paul's to Chicago. The length of the journey deterred visitors, and the settlers were contented to remain as they were, seldom hearing from the outside world, and taking little or no interest in it.

As a rule the half-breed, like the Indian, eats inordinately. If he has fasted for a time his cravings seem never to be satisfied. The writer recollects seeing an Indian and a half-breed sit down to a pot filled with a fish that must have weighed, before it was cooked, close upon twenty-five pounds, and finish it before they stopped, leaving only the head and bones untouched ; after which they swallowed a quantity of pemmican. Even then they looked as hungry as ever, and as if it would be dangerous to leave any edible within their reach.

At a citizens' ball in the village of Winnipeg, a stout half-breed happened to place himself beside the writer at the supper table. Taking up a fork he deliberately transferred

a whole duck from the dish on to his own plate, and, after totally demolishing it, proceeded with the rest of his supper. There are exceptions to all rules, and some half-breeds, of course, do not eat to excess. In fact, there are some *in every respect* like full-blooded whites.

Half-breeds naturally can adapt themselves with ease to the habits of the Indians. The half-breed whose gastronomic feat is mentioned above, was a most respectable and intelligent fellow, could read and write well, had a good farm in the settlement, stocked with forty or fifty head of cattle, and was accustomed to living very comfortably. He once took the writer into a wigwam tenanted by an old squaw, her daughter and grandchild. The owner, just returned from a long journey, had taken up his grandchild and was kissing and fondling it, with a greater appearance of feeling than one would expect to find in an Indian. The writer stood at the door, afraid to touch the sides of it for fear of vermin (Indians always being very dirty), while my friend walked in, sat down on some blankets, picked up an old pot filled with water, in which a fish had been boiled, and drank a quantity, seemingly with great relish. After he had held a long conversation with them in the Indian tongue, we came away. All half-breeds can speak some Indian dialect. The French and English can always communicate freely with each other by their common language.

The women generally dress in dark coloured clothes; out of the house they invariably wear a black shawl over their heads, which serves the place of bonnet and cloak, and looking out, with a sly glance from the corner of their eyes, with their bright red or bronzed complexions, they appear rather attractive.

On Sundays the French women may be seen in crowds crossing the ferry at St. Boniface. When delayed there, they have a way of resting themselves by squatting down on the ground, not caring whether there is grass or not—a habit they have inherited from their Indian mothers.

It is not an uncommon thing to see a leather tent standing near the houses of the half-breeds, and used a good deal in the summer months; it is cooler for sleeping in, and they can have their smudge for keeping off the musquitoes, and can gratify a taste for out-door life.

It has always been considered totally unnecessary to have locks on the doors of the houses; doors can be left open, articles left lying about in the most careless manner, without any danger of their being stolen or the house being entered. Till lately crime was almost unknown in the settlement. There was only one Judge for the whole place, who held court at Fort Garry about every three months. The jail was a wooden building, and nearly always unoccupied.

During the summer many of the settlers employ their time in what is called "tripping," that is, in making trips between Fort Garry and St. Paul's, in Minnesota. They go with loads of fur, and return with all sorts of merchandize for the shopkeepers of Red River. They take with them all their working oxen, of which some have only six or eight, others thirty or forty. The oxen are harnessed singly to carts made completely of wood, without tires, these being the most convenient, as they can be floated over the streams on the route where there are no ferry-boats. As a general thing there is a man in charge of every five or six carts, to load and unload, attend to the oxen morning and evening, and other work. The leading ox of the train is an old stager that walks fast. He usually has blinds on, so that the driver need not be always at his head goading him on, a call being enough. The second ox is tied by the horns with buffalo thongs to the leading cart, the third to the second, and so on all through the train, consequently they are unable to lag.

All summer these trains are arriving and leaving the settlement, from the small ones

of eight or ten carts to a string of a hundred or more. They are often heard before they are seen ; the wheels, through want of greasing, emit a sound anything but agreeable to the ear. A good-sized train can easily be heard a mile off.

As winter sets in this traffic is stopped, and many then go for the winter buffalo hunting. Those left devote themselves to pleasure, drive about in their little carioles, or in small sleighs with racks, their own handiwork, and appear to enjoy life as well as the best of us. After the snow falls all long journeys into the interior are made with dog trains, consisting of three or more dogs harnessed in tandem fashion, with Dutch collars, to small carioles, or, as we should call them, toboggans, a half-breed driver with a whip completing the turnout. The "huskies,"or Esquimaux dogs, from the north, are considered the best for this purpose. They are only fed once a day, that is in the evening, the meal consisting of fish or about a pound of pemmican. This keeps them in good condition. In camp, with the dogs about, unless they are very well fed, nearly everything has to be hung up out of their reach, even moccasins and snow shoes. The cariole itself (on account of the deer thongs about it,) has also to be hung up, otherwise it would be destroyed. In the dog cariole the passenger can sit or lie down with the greatest comfort and warmth ; it being low, little wind is caught. The driver by practice can run all day, making from forty to sixty miles, and only occasionally jumping on the rear of the cariole, which projects beyond the place where the occupant sits, or where the load is placed.

The inhabitants of Red River, Scotch or half-breed, invariably wear moccasins made of moose or buffalo skin, called by them shoes. Winter or summer, cold or warm, dry or muddy, they always wear their moccasins—in summer generally without socks or stockings. When it is muddy their feet of course are always wet or damp ; they are accustomed to this, and it does not appear to injure their health in the least. During the cold weather they wear inside the shoes pieces of warm cloth like blanket, technically termed "duffel."

They are the fortunate possessors of a splendid country. As regards soil, it is one of the gardens of the earth. It is impossible to travel over those countless acres of waving grass, without meditating on the great future which awaits Canada when they shall have been converted into thriving farms by our industrious and loyal fellow-subjects.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

BY HENRY RAINE.

WE crept along the pine-clad shore,
'Mid looming hills that vaster grew,
And said,—"Farewell, for evermore,—
Farewell the *Old*, we greet the *New*."

We came across the tossing foam,
Athwart the restless sea-walls borne,
And said—"Adieu to thee, dear Home,"
With faces to the brightening morn.

The land grew large; and manifold
The shining valleys vast and fair.
Sweet voices echo from the Old,
But yet I breathe a freer air.

The cycle of the long, long year,
The first slow-pacing year of pain,
With weary pulses draweth near,
And echoes for the Old again.

Once more there breaks the sunlit glow
Of long fled, golden memories;
And through my soul vibrations flow,
The heralds of sweet reveries.

I stand upon the rugged shore,
And look, and list across the main;
I muse—"Shall I not see them more?"
And yet mine eyes with yearning strain.

I stand upon the rugged shore,
And watch the homeward ships go by,
And hearken through the breakers' roar,
For music that will never die.

There is sweet music fancy-bred,
That softly calls across the sea,
Like voices from the happier dead,
For truly dead they seem to me.

The shadows flee, back rolls the pall,
There stand the maidens on the shore,
They wave their beckoning hands, and call
To one who loves them more and more.

Transfigured! in the shining track,
Afar their radiant faces shine;
They breathe—"O summer winds bring back
Our friend, long lost, across the brine."

O white-winged sea-bird flying far,
  Take my fond love-words o'er the wave,
To where green downs and roses are,
  And tell them yet my will is brave.

Before me waves a shadowy throng,
  Behind, the snow-clad armies lurk,
But evermore doth float the song—
  "Bide thou thy time, endure, and work."

I draw my hand across mine eyes,
  And turn a sad heart once again
To life;—now kindlier gleam the skies,
  The earth seems brighter for the rain.

BARRIE, Ont.

A TRUE CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY.

THE vast works of the railway and steamboat age called into existence, besides the race of great engineers, a race of great organizers and directors of industry, who may be generally termed Contractors. Among these no figure was more conspicuous than that of Mr. Brassey, a life of whom has just been published by Messrs. Bell and Daldy. Its author is Mr. Helps, whose name is a guarantee for the worthy execution of the work. And worthily executed it is, in spite of a little Privy Council solemnity in the reflections, and a little "State paper" in the style. The materials were collected in an unusual way—by examining the persons who had acted under Mr. Brassey, or knew him well, and taking down their evidence in short-hand. The examination was conducted by Mr. Brassey, jun., who prudently declined to write the biography himself, feeling that a son could not speak impartially of his father.

Mr. Helps had been acquainted with Mr. Brassey, and had once received a visit from him on official business of difficulty and importance. He expected, he says, to see a hard, stern, soldierly sort of person, accustomed to sway armies of working-men in an imperious fashion. Instead of this he saw an elderly gentleman of very dignified appearance and singularly graceful manners—"a gentleman of the old school." "He stated his case, no, I express myself wrongly; he did *not* state his case, he *understated* it; and there are few things more attractive in a man than that he should be inclined to understate rather than overstate his own case." Mr. Brassey was, also, very brief, and when he went away, Mr. Helps, knowing well the matter in respect to which

his visitor had a grievance, thought that, if it had been his own case, he would hardly have been able to restrain himself so well, and speak with so little regard to self-interest, as Mr. Brassey had done. Of all the persons whom Mr. Helps had known, he thought Mr. Brassey most resembled that perfect gentleman and excellent public man, Lord Herbert of Lea.

Mr. Helps commences his work with a general portrait. According to this portrait, the most striking feature in Mr. Brassey's character was trustfulness, which he carried to what might appear an extreme. He chose his agents with care, but, having chosen them, placed implicit confidence in them, trusting them for all details, and judging by results. He was very liberal in the conduct of business. His temperament was singularly calm and equable, not to be discomposed by success or failure, easily throwing off the burden of care, and, when all had been done that could be done, awaiting the result with perfect equanimity. He was very delicate in blaming, his censure being always of the gentlest kind, evidently reluctant, and on that account going more to the heart. His generosity made him exceedingly popular with his subordinates and workmen, who looked forward to his coming among them as a festive event; and, when any disaster occurred in the works, the usual parts of employer and employed were reversed—the employer it was who framed the excuses and comforted the employed. He was singularly courteous, and listened to every body with respect; so that it was a marked thing when he went so far as to say of a voluble and empty chatterer, that "the peas were overgrowing the stick." His presence of mind was great; he had in an eminent degree, as his biographer remarks, what Napoleon called "two o'clock of the morning courage," being always ready, if called up in the middle of the night, to meet any urgent peril; and his faculties were stimulated, not overcome, by danger. He had a perfect hatred of contention, and would not only refuse to take any questionable advantage, but would rather even submit to be taken advantage of—a generosity which turned to his account. In the execution of any undertaking, his anxiety was that the work should be done quickly and done well. Minor questions, unprovided for by specific contract, he left to be settled afterwards. In his life he had only one regular law-suit. It was in Spain, about the Mataro line, and into this he was drawn by his partner against his will. He declared that he would never have another, "for in nineteen cases out of twenty you either gain nothing at all, or what you do gain does not compensate you for the worry and anxiety the lawsuit occasions you." In case of disputes between his agents and the engineers, he quietly settled the question by reference to the "gangers." In order to find the key to Mr. Brassey's character, Mr. Helps made it a point to ascertain what was his "ruling passion." He had none of the ordinary ambitions for rank, title or social position. "His great ambition—his ruling passion—was to win a high reputation for skill, integrity, and success in the difficult vocation of a contractor for public works; to give large employment to his fellow-countrymen; by means of British labour and British skill to knit together foreign countries; and to promote civilization, according to his view of it, throughout the world." "Mr. Brassey," continues Mr. Helps, "was, in brief, a singularly trustful, generous, large-hearted, dexterous, ruling kind of personage; blessed with a felicitous temperament for bearing the responsibility of great affairs." In the military age he might have been a great soldier, a Turenne or a Marlborough, if he could have broken through the aristocratic barrier which confined high command to the privileged few; in the industrial age he found a more beneficent road to distinction, and one not limited to the members of a caste.

Mr. Brassey's family is stated by Mr.

Helps to have come over with William the Conqueror. If Mr. Brassey attached any importance to his pedigree (of which there is no appearance) it is to be hoped he was able to make it out more clearly than most of those who claim descent from companions of the Conqueror. Long after the Conquest—so long, indeed, as England and Normandy remained united under one crown—there was a constant flow of Norman immigration into England, and England swarms with people bearing Norman or French names, whose ancestors were perfectly guiltless of the bloodshed of Hastings, and made their entrance into the country as peaceful traders,and,perhaps, in even humbler capacities. What is certain is that the great contractor sprang from a line of those small landed proprietors, once the pillars of England's strength, virtue and freedom, who, in the old country have been "improved off the face of the earth" by the great landowners, while they live again on the happier side of the Atlantic. A sound morality, freedom from luxury, and a moderate degree of culture, are the heritage of the scion of such a stock. Mr. Brassey was brought up at home till he was twelve years old, when he was sent to school at Chester. At sixteen he was articled to a surveyor, and as an initiation into great works, he helped, as a pupil, to make the surveys for the then famous Holyhead road. His master, Mr. Lawton, saw his worth, and ultimately took him into partnership. The firm set up at Birkenhead, then a very small place, but destined to a greatness which, it seems, Mr. Lawton had the shrewdness to discern. At Birkenhead Mr. Brassey did well, of course; and there, after a time, he was brought into contact with George Stephenson, and by him at once appreciated and induced to engage in railways. The first contract which he obtained was for the Pembridge Viaduct, between Stafford and Wolverhampton, and for this he was enabled to tender by the liberality of his bankers, whose confidence, like that of all with whom he came into contact, he had won. Railway making was at that time a new business, and a contractor was required to meet great demands upon his organizing power; the system of sub-contracts, which so much facilitates the work, being then only in its infancy. From George Stephenson Mr. Brassey passed to Mr. Locke, whose great coadjutor he speedily became. And now the question arose whether he should venture to leave his moorings at Birkenhead and launch upon the wide sea of railroad enterprise. His wife is said, by a happy inspiration, to have decided him in favour of the more important and ambitious sphere. She did so at the sacrifice of her domestic comfort; for in the prosecution of her husband's multifarious enterprises they changed their residence eleven times in the next thirteen years, several times to places abroad, and little during those years did his wife and family see of Mr. Brassey.

A high place in Mr. Brassey's calling had now been won, and it had been won not by going into rings or making corners, but by treading steadily the upward path of honour. Mr. Locke was accused of unduly favouring Mr. Brassey. Mr. Helps replies that the partiality of a man like Mr. Locke must have been based on business grounds. It was found that when Mr. Brassey had undertaken a contract, the engineer-in-chief had little to do in the way of supervision. Mr. Locke felt assured that the bargain would be not only exactly but handsomely fulfilled, and that no excuse would be pleaded for alteration or delay. After the fall of a great viaduct it was suggested to Mr. Brassey that, by representing his case, he might obtain a reduction of his loss. "No," was his reply, "I have contracted to make and maintain the road, and nothing shall prevent Thomas Brassey from being as good as his word."

As a contractor on a large scale, and especially as a contractor for foreign railroads,

Mr. Brassey was led rapidly to develop the system of sub-contracting. His mode of dealing with his sub-contractors, however, was peculiar. They did not regularly contract with him, but he appointed them their work, telling them what price he should give for it. They were ready to take his word, knowing that they would not suffer by so doing. The sub-contractor who had made a bad bargain, and found himself in a scrape, anxiously looked for the coming of Mr. Brassey. "Mr. Brassey," says one of the witnesses examined for this biography, "came, saw how matters stood, and invariably satisfied the man. If a cutting taken to be clay turned out after a very short time to be rock, the sub-contractor would be getting disheartened, yet he still persevered, looking to the time when Mr. Brassey should come. He came, walking along the line as usual with a number of followers, and on coming to the cutting he looked round, counted the number of waggons at the work, scanned the cutting, and took stock of the nature of the stuff. 'This is very hard,' said he to the sub-contractor. 'Yes, it is a pretty deal harder than I bargained for.' Mr. Brassey would linger behind, allowing the others to go on, and then commence the following conversation: 'What is your price for this cutting?' 'So much a yard, Sir.' 'It is very evident you are not getting it out for that price. Have you asked for any advance to be made to you for this rock?' 'Yes, sir, but I can make no sense of them.' 'If you say that your price is so much, it is quite clear that you do not do it for that. I am glad that you have persevered with it; but I shall not alter your price; it must remain as it is; but the rock must be measured for you twice. Will that do for you?' 'Yes, very well indeed, and I am very much obliged to you, Sir.' 'Very well, go on; you have done very well in persevering, and I shall look to you again." One of these tours of inspection would often cost Mr. Brassey a thousand pounds.

Mr. Brassey, like all men who have done great things in the practical world, knew his way to men's hearts. In his tours along the line he remembered even the navvies, and saluted them by their names.

He understood the value of the co-operative principle as a guarantee for hearty work. His agents were made partakers in his success, and he favored the butty-gang system—that of letting work to a gang of a dozen men, who divide the pay, allowing something extra to the head of the gang.

Throughout his life it was a prime object with him to collect around him a good staff of well-tried and capable men. He chose well, and adhered to his choice. If a man failed in one line, he did not cast him off, but tried him in another. It was well known in the labour market that he would never give a man up if he could help it. He did not even give men up when they had gone to law with him. In the appendix is a letter written by him to provide employment for a person who "had by some means got into a suit or reference against him," but whom he describes as "knowing his work well." In hard times he still kept his staff together by subdividing the employment.

Those who, like Mr. Matthew Arnold, delight in imagining that there is no engineering skill, or skill of any kind, in England, have to account for the fact that a large proportion of the foreign railways are of British construction. The lines built by Mr. Brassey form an imposing figure not only on the map of England, but on those of Europe, North and South America and Australia. The Paris and Rouen Railway was the first of the series. In passing to the foreign scene of action new difficulties had to be encountered, including that of carrying over, managing and housing large bodies of British navvies; and Mr. Brassey's administrative powers were further tried and more conspicuously developed. The railway army, under its commander-in-chief, was now fully

organized. "If," says Mr. Helps, "we look at the several persons and classes engaged, they may be enumerated thus:—There were the engineers of the company or of the government who were promoters of the line. There were the principal contractors, whose work had to satisfy these engineers; and there were the agents of the contractors, to whom were apportioned the several lengths of the line. These agents had the duties, in some respects, of a commissary-general in an army; and for the work to go on well, it was necessary that they should be men of much intelligence and force of character. Then there were the various artizans, such as bricklayers and masons, whose work, of course, was principally that of constructing the culverts, bridges, stations, tunnels and viaducts, to which points of the work the attention of the agents had to be carefully directed. Again, there were the sub-contractors, whose duties I have enumerated, and under them were the gangers, the corporals, as it were, in this great army, being the persons who had the control of small bodies of the workmen, say twenty or more. Then came the great body of navvies, the privates of the army, upon whose endurance and valour so much depended.

There is a striking passage in one of the Erckmann-Chatrian novels, depicting the French army going into action, with its vast bodies of troops of all arms moving over the whole field, marshalled by perfect discipline, and wielded by the single will of Napoleon. The army of industry when in action also presented a striking appearance in its way. "I think," says one of Mr. Brassey's time-keepers, with professional enthusiasm, "as fine a spectacle as any man could witness, who is accustomed to look at work, is to see a cutting in full operation, with about twenty waggons being filled, every man at his post, and every man with his shirt open, working in the heat of the day, the ganger walking about, and everything going like clockwork. Such an exhibition of physical power attracted many French gentlemen, who came on to the cuttings at Paris and Rouen, and, looking at the English workmen with astonishment, said, "*Mon Dieu, les Anglais comme il travaillent!*" Another thing that called forth remark was the complete silence that prevailed amongst the men. It was a fine sight to see the Englishmen that were there, with their muscular arms, and hands hairy and brown."

The army was composed of elements as motley as ever met under any commander. On the Paris and Rouen Railway eleven languages were spoken — English, Erse, Gaelic, Welsh, French, German, Belgian (Flemish), Dutch, Piedmontese, Spanish and Polish. A common lingo naturally sprang up, like the Pigeon English of China. But in the end it seems many of the navvies learnt to speak French pretty well. We are told that at first the mode in which the English "instructed" the French was "of a very original character." "They pointed to the earth to be moved, or the waggon to be filled, said the word "d——n" emphatically, stamped their feet, and somehow or other their instructions, thus conveyed, were generally comprehended by the foreigners." It is added, however, that "this form of instruction was only applicable in very simple cases."

The English navvy was found to be the first workman in the world. Some navvies utterly distanced in working power the labourers of all other countries. The French at first earned only two francs a day to the Englishman's four and a half; but with better living, more instruction, and improved tools (for the French tools were very poor at first), the Frenchmen came to earn four francs. In the severe and dangerous work of mining, however, the Englishman maintained his superiority in nerve and steadiness. The Piedmontese were very good hands, especially for cutting rock, and at the same time well-conducted, sober and saving. The Neapolitans would not take any heavy work,

but they seem to have been temperate and thrifty. The men from Lucca ranked midway between the Piedmontese and the Neapolitans. The Germans proved less enduring than the French; those employed, however, were mostly Bavarians. The Belgians were good labourers. In the mode of working, the foreign labourers had of course much to learn from the English, whose experience in railway making had taught them the most compendious processes for moving earth.

Mr. Hawkshaw, the engineer, however says, as to the relative cost of unskilled labour in different countries: "I have arrived at the conclusion that its cost is much the same in all. I have had personal experience in South America, in Russia, and in Holland, as well as in my own country, and, as consulting engineer to some of the Indian and other foreign railways, I am pretty well acquainted with the value of Hindoo and other labour; and though an English labourer will do a larger amount of work than a Creole or a Hindoo, yet you have to pay them proportionately higher wages. Dutch labourers are, I think, as good as English, or nearly so; and Russian workmen are docile and easily taught, and readily adopt every method shown to them to be better than their own."

The "navvies," though rough, seem not to have been unmanageable. There are no trades' unions among them, and they seldom strike. Brandy being cheap in France, they were given to drink, which was not the French habit: but their good nature, and the freedom with which they spent their money, made them popular, and even the *gendarmes* soon found out the best way of managing them. They sometimes, but not generally, got unruly on pay day. They came to their foreign work without wife or family. The unmarried often took foreign wives. It is pleasant to hear that those who had wives and families in England sent home money periodically to them; and that they all sent money often to their parents. They sturdily kept their English habits and their English dress, with the high-low boots laced up, if they could possibly get them made.

The multiplicity of schemes now submitted to Mr. Brassey brought out his powers of calculation and mental arithmetic, which appear to have been very great. After listening to a multitude of complicated details, he would arrive mentally in a few seconds at the approximate cost of a line. He made little use of notes, trusting to his memory, which, naturally strong, was strengthened by habit. Dealing with hundreds of people, he kept their affairs in his head, and at every halt in his journeys, even for a quarter of an hour at a railway station, he would sit down and write letters of the clearest kind. His biographer says that he was one of the greatest letter-writers ever known.

If he ever got into serious difficulties, it was not from miscalculation, but from financial embarrassments, which in 1866 pressed upon him in such a manner and with such severity, that his property of all kinds was largely committed, and he weathered the storm only by the aid of the staunch friends whom his high qualities and honourable conduct had wedded to his person and his fortunes. In the midst of his difficulties he pushed on his works to their conclusion with his characteristic rapidity. His perseverance supported his reputation, and turned the wavering balance in his favour. The daring and vigorous completion of the Lemberg and Czarnovitz works especially had this good effect; and an incident, in connection with them, showed the zeal and devotion which Mr. Brassey's character inspired. The works were chiefly going on at Lemberg, five hundred miles from Vienna, and the difficulty was, how to get the money to pay the men from Vienna to Lemberg, the intervening country being occupied by the Austrian and Prussian armies. Mr. Brassey's coadjutor and devoted friend,

Mr. Ofenheim, Director-General of the Company, undertook to do it. He was told there was no engine; but he found an old engine in a shed. Next he wanted an engine-driver, and he found one; but the man said that he had a wife and children, and that he would not go. His reluctance was overcome by the promise of a high reward for himself, and a provision, in case of his death, for his wife and family. The two jumped on the old engine and got up steam. They then started, and ran at the rate of forty or fifty miles an hour between the sentinels of the opposing armies, who were so surprised, as Mr. Ofenheim says, that they had not time to shoot him. His only fear was that there might be a rail up somewhere. But he got to Lemberg, and paid the men, who would otherwise have gone home, leaving the line unfinished for the winter. The Emperor of Austria might well ask, "Who is this Mr. Brassey, this English contractor, for whom men are to be found who work with such zeal, and risk their lives?" In recognition of a power which the Emperor had reason to envy, he sent Mr. Brassey the Cross of the Iron Crown.

It was only in Spain, "the land where two and two make five," that Mr. Brassey's powers of calculation failed him. He and his partners lost largely upon the Bilbao railway. It seems that there was a mistake as to the nature of the soil, and that the climate proved wetter than was expected. But the firm also forgot to allow for the ecclesiastical calendar, and the stoppage of work on the numberless fête days. There were, however, other difficulties peculiarly Spanish,—antediluvian finance, antediluvian currency, the necessity of sending pay under a guard of clerks armed with revolvers, and the strange nature of the people whom it was requisite to employ—one of them, a Carlist chief, living in defiance of the Government with a tail of ruffians like himself, who, when you would not transact business as he wished, "bivouaced" with his tail round your office, and threatened to "kill you as he would a fly." Mr. Brassey managed notwithstanding to illustrate the civilizing power of railways by teaching the Basques the use of paper money.

Minor misfortunes of course occurred, such as the fall of the Barentin Viaduct on the Rouen and Havre railway, a brick structure one hundred feet high and a third of a mile in length, which had just elicited the praise of the Minister of Public Works. Rapid execution in bad weather, and inferior mortar, were the principal causes of this accident. By extraordinary effort the viaduct was rebuilt in less than six months, a display of energy and resource which the company acknowledged by an allowance of £10,000. On the Bilbao railway some of the works were destroyed by very heavy rains. The agent telegraphed to Mr. Brassey to come at once, as a bridge had been washed down. Three hours afterwards came a telegram announcing that a large bank was carried away, and next morning another saying that the rain continued and more damage had been done. Mr. Brassey, turning to a friend, said, laughing: "I think I had better wait till I hear that the rain has ceased, so that when I do go I may see what is *left* of the works, and estimate all the disasters at once, and so save a second journey."

Mr. Brassey's business rapidly became developed to an immense extent, and, instead of being contractor for one or two lines, he became a sort of contractor-in-chief, and a man to be consulted by all railway proprietors. In thirty-six years he executed no less than one hundred and seventy railway and other contracts. In his residence, as in his enterprises, he now became cosmopolitan, and lived a good deal on the rail. He had the physical power to bear this life. His brother-in-law says, "I have known him come direct from France to Rugby, having left Havre the night before—he would have been engaged in the office the whole day.

He would then come down to Rugby by the mail train at twelve o'clock, and it was his common practice to be on the works by six o'clock the next morning. He would frequently walk from Rugby to Nuneaton, a distance of sixteen miles. Having arrived at Nuneaton in the afternoon, he would proceed the same night by road to Tamworth; and the next morning he would be out on the road so soon that he had the reputation among his staff of being the first man on the works. He used to proceed over the works from Tamworth to Stafford, walking the greater part of the distance; and would frequently proceed that same evening to Lancaster, in order to inspect the works there in progress under the contract which he had for the execution of the railway from Lancaster to Carlisle."

In constructing the Great Northern Railway the difficulties of the Fen Country were met and surmounted. Mr. Brassey's chief agent in this was Mr. Ballard, a man self-raised from the ranks of labour, but indebted for the eminence which he ultimately attained to Mr. Brassey's discrimination in selecting him for the arduous undertaking. He has borne interesting testimony to his superior's comprehensiveness and rapidity of view, the directness with which he went to the important point, disregarding secondary matters, and economizing his time and thought.

The Italian Railway enterprises of Mr. Brassey owed their origin to the economical genius of Count Cavour, and their execution drew from the Count the declaration that Mr. Brassey was "one of the most remarkable men he knew; clear-headed, cautious, yet very enterprising, and fulfilling his engagements faithfully." "We never," said the Count, "had a difficulty with him." And he added that "Mr. Brassey would make a splendid minister of public works." Mr. Brassey took shares gallantly, and, when their value had risen, most generously resigned them, with a view to enabling the government to interest Piedmontese investors in the undertaking. So far was he from being a maker of "corners." It is justly remarked that these Piedmontese railroads, constructed by English enterprise, were a most important link in the chain of events which brought about the emancipation and unification of Italy.

Mr. Brassey has left on record the notable remark that the railway from Turin to Novara was completed for about the same money as was spent in obtaining the Bill for the railway from London to York. If the history of railway bills in the British Parliament, of which this statement gives us an inkling, could be fully disclosed, it would be one of the most scandalous revelations that ever startled the world. The contests which led to such ruinous expense and to so much demoralization, both of Parliament and of the commercial world, were a consequence of adopting the system of free competition in place of that of government control. Mr. Brassey was himself in favour of the system of government control. "He was of opinion that the French policy, which did not admit the principle of free competition, was not only more calculated to serve the interests of the shareholders, but that it was more favourable to the public. He moreover considered that a multiplicity of parallel lines of communication between the same termini, and the uncontrolled competition in regard to the service of trains, such as exists in England, did not secure so efficient a service for the public as the system adopted in France." Mr. Thomas Brassey says that he remembers that his father, when travelling in France, would constantly point out the superiority of the arrangements, and express his regret that the French policy had not been adopted in England. "He thought that all the advantage of cheap service and of sufficiently frequent communication, which were intended to be secured for the British public under a system of free competition, would have been equally well secured by adopting the foreign system, and

giving a monopoly of the interests of railway communication in a given district to one company; and then limiting the exercise of that monopoly by watchful supervision on the part of the State in the interest of the public." With regard to extensions, he thought that the government might have secured sufficient compulsory powers. There can be no sort of doubt that this policy would have saved the country an enormous amount of pecuniary loss, personal misery, and public demoralization. It is a policy, it will be observed, of government regulation, not of government subsidies or construction by government.

For the adoption of the policy of free competition Sir Robert Peel was specially responsible. He said, in his own defence, that he had not at his command power to control those undertakings. Mr. Helps assumes rather characteristically that he meant official power; and draws a moral in favour of the extension of the civil service. But there is no doubt that Peel really meant Parliamentary power. The railway men in the Parliament were too strong for him, and compelled him to throw overboard the scheme of government control formed by his own committee under the presidency of Lord Dalhousie. The moral to be drawn therefore is not that of civil service extension, but that of the necessity of guarding against Parliamentary rings in legislation concerning public works.

Of all Mr. Brassey's undertakings none were superior in importance to that with which Canadians are best acquainted—the Grand Trunk Railway, with the Victoria Bridge. It is needless here to describe this enterprise, or to dwell on the tragic annals of the ruin brought on thousands of shareholders, which, financially speaking, was its calamitous sequel. The severest part of the undertaking was the Victoria Bridge. "The first working season there," says one of the chief agents, "was a period of difficulty, trouble and disaster." The agents of the contractors had no experience of the climate. There were numerous strikes among the workmen. The cholera committed dreadful ravages in the neighbourhood. In one case, out of a gang of two hundred men, sixty were sick at one time, many of whom ultimately died. The shortness of the working season in this country involved much loss of time. It was seldom that the setting of the masonry was fairly commenced before the middle of August, and it was certain that all work must cease at the end of November. Then there was the shoving of the ice at the beginning and breaking up of the frosts, and the collision between floating rafts 250 feet long, and the staging erected for putting together the tubes. Great financial difficulties were also experienced in consequence of the Crimean war. The mechanical difficulties were also immense, and called for extraordinary efforts both of energy and invention. The bridge, however, was completed, as had been intended, in Dec. 1859, and formally opened by the Prince of Wales in the following year. "The devotion and energy of the large number of workmen employed," says Mr. Hodges, "can hardly be praised too highly. Once brought into proper discipline, they worked as we alone can work against difficulties. They have left behind them in Canada an imperishable monument of British skill, pluck, science and perseverance in this bridge, which they not only designed but constructed."

The whole of the iron for the tubes was prepared at Birkenhead, but so well prepared that, in the centre tube, consisting of no less than 10,309 pieces, in which nearly half a million of holes were punched, not one plate required alteration, neither was there a plate punched wrong. The faculty of invention, however, was developed in the British engineers and workmen by the air of the new world. A steam-traveller was made and sent out by one of the most eminent firms in England, after two years of experiments and an outlay of some thou-

sands of pounds, which would never do much more than move itself about, and at last had to be laid aside as useless. But the same descriptions and drawings having been shown to Mr. Chaffey, one of the sub-contractors, who "had been in Canada a sufficient length of time to free his genius from the cramped ideas of early life," a rough and ugly machine was constructed, which was soon in full work. The same increase of inventiveness, according to Mr. Hodges, was visible in the ordinary workman, when transferred from the perfect but mechanical and cramping routine of British industry, to a country where he has to mix trades and turn his hand to all kinds of work. "In England he is a machine, but as soon as he gets out to the United States he becomes an intellectual being." Comparing the German with the British mechanic, Mr. Hodges says—"I do not think that a German is a better man than an Englishman; but I draw this distinction between them, that when a German leaves school he begins to educate himself, but the Englishman does not, for, as soon as he casts off the thraldom of school, he learns nothing more unless he is forced to, and if he is forced to do it, he will then beat the German. An Englishman acts well when he is put under compulsion by circumstances."

Labour being scarce, a large number of French-Canadians were, at Mr. Brassey's suggestion, brought up in organized gangs, each having an Englishman or an American as their leader. We are told, however, that they proved useless except for very light work. "They could ballast, but they could not excavate. They could not even ballast as the English navvy does, continuously working at filling for the whole day. The only way in which they could be useful was by allowing them to fill the waggons, and then ride out with the ballast train to the place where the ballast was tipped, giving them an opportunity of resting. Then the empty waggon went back again to be filled; and so alternately resting during the work; in that way, they did very much more. They would work fast for ten minutes and then they were 'done.' This was not through idleness but physical weakness. They are small men, and they are a class who are not well fed. They live entirely on vegetable food, and they scarcely ever taste meat." It is obvious to suggest that the want of meat is the cause of their inefficiency. Yet the common farm labourer in England, who does a very hard and long day's work, hardly tastes meat, in many counties, the year round.

In the case of the Crimean railway, private enterprise came, in a memorable manner, to the assistance of a Government overwhelmed by administrative difficulties. A forty years' peace had rusted the machinery of the war department, while the machinery of railway construction was in the highest working order. Sir John Burgoyne, the chief of the engineering staff, testified that it was impossible to overrate the services rendered by the railway, or its effects in shortening the time of the seige, and alleviating the fatigues and sufferings of the troops. The disorganization of the government department was accidental and temporary, as was subsequently proved by the success of the Abyssinian expedition, and, indeed, by the closing period of the Crimean war itself, when the British army was well supplied while the French administration broke down. The resources of private industry, on which the embarrassed Government drew, on the other hand are always there; and the immense auxiliary power would be at once manifested if England should become involved in a dangerous war. It should be remembered, too, that the crushing war expenditure in time of peace, which alarmists always advocate, would prevent the growth of those resources, and deprive England of the "sinews of war."

The Danish Railways brought the British navvy again into comparison with his foreign

rivals. Mr. Rowan, the agent of Messrs. Peto and Brassey, was greatly pleased with his Danish labourers, but, on being pressed, said "No man is equal to the British navvy; but the Dane, from his steady, constant labour, is a good workman, and a first-class one will do nearly as much work in a day as an Englishman." The Dane takes time: his habit is in summer to begin work at four in the morning, and continue till eight in the evening, taking five intervals of rest.

The Danish engineers, in Mr. Rowan's judgment, are over-educated, and, as a consequence, wanting in decisiveness. "They have been in the habit of applying to their masters for everything, finding out nothing for themselves; the consequence is that they are children, and cannot form a judgment. It is the same in the North of Germany; the great difficulty is that you cannot get them to come to a decision. They want always to inquire and to investigate, and they never come to a result." This evidence must have been given some years ago, for of late it has been made pretty apparent that the investigations and inquiries of the North Germans do not prevent their coming to a decision, or that decision from leading to a result. Mr. Helps seizes the opportunity for a thrust at the system of competitive examination, which has taken from the heads of departments the power of "personal selection." The answer to him is Sedan. A bullet through your head is the strongest proof which logic can afford that the German, from whose rifle it comes, was not prevented by his knowledge of the theory of projectiles from marking his man with promptness, and taking a steady aim. That over-exertion of the intellect in youth does a man harm, is a true though not a very fruitful proposition; but knowledge does not destroy decisiveness: it only turns it from the decisiveness of a bull into the decisiveness of a man. Which nations do the great works? The educated nations, or Mexico and Spain?

The Australian Railways brought out two things, one gratifying, the other the reverse. The gratifying thing was that the unlimited confidence which Mr. Brassey reposed in his agents was repaid by their zeal and fidelity in his service. The thing which was the reverse of gratifying was, that the great advantage which the English labourer gains in Australia, from the higher wages and comparative cheapness of living, is counteracted by his love of drink.

The Argentine Railway had special importance and interest, in opening up a vast and most fruitful and salubrious region to European emigration. Their territories offer room and food for myriads. "The population of Russia, that hard-featured country, is about 75,000,000; the population of the Argentine Republic, to which nature has been so bountiful, and in which she is so beautiful, is about 1,000,000." If ever government in the South American States becomes more settled, we shall find them formidable rivals.

The Indian Railways are also likely to be a landmark in the history of civilization. They unite that vast country and its people, both materially and morally, break down caste, bring the natives from all points to the centres of instruction, and distribute the produce of the soil evenly and rapidly, so as to prevent famines. The Orissa famine would never have occurred had Mr. Brassey's works been there. What effect the railways will ultimately have on British rule is another question. They multiply our army by increasing the rapidity of transport, but, on the other hand, they are likely to diminish that division among the native powers on which the Empire is partly based. Rebellion may run along the railway line as well as command.

There were periods in Mr. Brassey's career during which he and his partners were giving employment to 80,000 persons, upon works requiring seventeen millions of capital for their completion. It is also satisfac-

tory to know, that in the foreign countries and colonies over which his operations extended, he was instrumental in raising the wages and condition of the working class, as in affording, to the *elite* of that class opportunities for rising to higher positions.

His remuneration for all this, though in the aggregate very large, was by no means excessive. Upon seventy-eight millions of money laid out in the enterprises which he conducted, he retained two millions and a half, that is as nearly as possible three per cent. The rest of his fortune consisted of accumulations. Three per cent. was not more than a fair payment for the brain-work, the anxiety and the risk. The risk, it must be recollected, was constant, and there were moments at which, if Mr. Brassey had died, he would have been found comparatively poor. His fortune was made, not by immoderate gains upon any one transaction, but by reasonable profits in a business of vast extent, and which owed its vast extent to a reputation fairly earned by probity, energy and skill. We do not learn that he figured in any lobby, or formed a member of any ring. Whether he was a Norman or not, he was too much a gentleman, in the best sense of the term, to crawl to opulence by low and petty ways. He left no stain on the escutcheon of a captain of industry.

Nor when riches increased did he set his heart upon them. His heart was set on the work rather than on the pay. The monuments of his enterprise and skill were more to him than the millions. He seems even to have been rather careless in keeping his accounts. He gave away freely—as much as £200,000, it is believed—in the course of his life. His accumulations arose not from parsimony but from the smallness of his personal expenses. He hated show and luxury, and kept a moderate establishment, which the increase of his wealth never induced him to extend. He seems to have felt a singular diffidence as to his capacity for aristocratic expenditure. The conversation turning one day on the immense fortunes of certain noblemen, he said, "I understand it is easy and natural enough for those who are born and brought up to it, to spend £50,000 or even £150,000 a year; but I should be very sorry to have to undergo the fatigue of even spending £30,000 a year. I believe such a job as that would drive me mad." He felt an equally strange misgiving as to his capacity for aristocratic idleness. "It requires a special education," he said, "to be idle, or to employ the twenty-four hours, in a rational way, without any calling or occupation. To live the life of a gentleman, one must have been brought up to it. It is impossible for a man who has been engaged in business pursuits the greater part of his life to retire; if he does so, he soon discovers that he has made a great mistake. I shall not retire; but if, for some good reason, I should be obliged to do so, it would be to a farm. There I should bring up stock which I would cause to be weighed every day, ascertaining at the same time their daily cost, as against the increasing weight. I should then know when to sell and start again with another lot."

Of tinsel, which sometimes is as corrupting to vulgar souls as money, this man seems to have been as regardless as he was of pelf. He received the Cross of the Iron Crown from the Emperor of Austria. He accepted what was graciously offered, but he said that, as an Englishman, he did not know what good Crosses were to him. The circumstance reminded him that he had received other Crosses, but he had to ask his agent what they were, and where they were. He was told that they were the Legion of Honour, of France, and the Chevaliership of Italy; but the Crosses could not be found. Duplicates were procured to be taken to Mrs. Brassey, who, her husband remarked, would be glad to possess them all.

Such millionaires would do unmixed good in the world; but unfortunately they are apt

to die and leave their millions, and the social influence which the millions confer, to "that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son."

This is not said with any personal reference. On the contrary, Mr. Brassey seems to have been unusually fortunate in his heir. We find some indication of this in a chapter toward the close of Mr. Helps' volume, in which are thrown together the son's miscellaneous recollections of the father. The chapter affords further proof that the great contractor was not made of the same clay as the Fisks and Vanderbilts—that he was not a mere market-rigger and money-grubber—but a really great man, devoted to a special calling. He is represented by his son as having taken a lively interest in a wide and varied range of subjects—engineering subjects especially as a matter of course, but not engineering subjects alone. He studied countries and their people, evincing the most intense interest in Chicago, speculating on the future industrial prosperity of Canada, and imparting the results of his observations admirably when he got home. Like all great men, he had a poetic element in his character. He loved the beauties of nature, and delighted in mountain scenery. He was a great sight-seer, and when he visited a city on business, went through its churches, public buildings and picture galleries, as assiduously as a tourist. For half an hour he stood gazing with delight on the Maison Carrée, at Nismes. For sculpture and painting he had a strong taste, and the Venus of Milo "was a joy to him." He had a keen eye for beauty, shapeliness and comeliness everywhere, in porcelain, in furniture, in dress, in a well built yacht, in a well appointed regiment of horse. Society, too, he liked, in spite of his simplicity of habits; loved to gather his friends around his board, and was always a genial host. For literature he had no time, but he enjoyed oratory, and liked to hear good reading. He used to test his son's progress in reading, at the close of each half year, by making him read aloud a chapter of the Bible. His good sense confined his ambition to his proper sphere, and prevented him from giving ear to any solicitations to go into politics, which he had not leisure to study, and which he knew ought not to be handled by ignorance. His own leanings were Conservative; but his son, who is a Liberal, testifies that his father never offered him advice on political matters, or remonstrated with him on a single vote which he gave in the House of Commons. It is little to the discredit of a man so immersed in business that he should have been fascinated, as he was, by the outward appearance of perfect order presented by the French Empire and by the brilliancy of its visible edifice, not discerning the explosive forces which its policy was all the time accumulating in the dark social realms below; though the fact that he, with all his natural sagacity, did fall into this tremendous error, is a warning to railway and steamboat politicians.

Mr. Brassey's advice was often sought by parents who had sons to start in the world. "As usual, a disposition was shewn to prefer a career which did not involve the apparent degradation of learning a trade practically, side by side with operatives in a workshop. But my father, who had known, by his wide experience, the immense value of a technical knowledge of a trade or business as compared with general educational advantages of the second order, and who knew how much more easy it is to earn a living as a skilful artisan than as a clerk, possessing a mere general education, always urged those who sought his advice to begin by giving to their sons a practical knowledge of a trade."

"My father," says Mr. Brassey junior, "ever mindful of his own struggles and efforts in early life, evinced at all times the most anxious disposition to assist young men to enter upon a career. The small loans which he advanced for this purpose, and the innumerable letters which he wrote in the hope of obtaining for his young clients help or employment in other quarters, constitute a

bright and most honourable feature in his life." His powers of letter-writing were enormous, and, it seems to us, were exercised even to excess. So much writing would, at least in the case of any ordinary man, have consumed too much of the energy which should be devoted to thought. His correspondence was brought with his luncheon basket when he was shooting on the moors. After a long day's journey he sat down in the coffee room of the hotel, and wrote thirty-two letters before he went to bed. He never allowed a letter, even a begging letter, to remain unanswered; and, says his son, "the same benignity and courtesy which marked his conduct in every relation of life, pervaded his whole correspondence." "In the many volumes of his letters which are preserved, I venture to affirm that there is not the faintest indication of an ungenerous or unkindly sentiment—not a sentence which is not inspired by the spirit of equity and justice, and by universal charity to mankind."

By the same authority we are assured that "Mr. Brassey was of a singularly patient disposition in dealing with all ordinary affairs of life. We know how, whenever a hitch occurs in a railway journey, a great number of passengers become irritated, almost to a kind of foolish frenzy. He always took these matters most patiently. He well knew that no persons are so anxious to avoid such detentions as the officials themselves, and never allowed himself to altercate with a helpless guard or distracted station-master."

The only blemish which the son can recollect in the father's character, is a want of firmness in blaming when blame was due, and an incapability of refusing a request or rejecting a proposal strongly urged by others. The latter defect was, in his son's judgment, the cause of the greatest disasters which he experienced as a man of business. Both defects were closely allied to virtues—extreme tenderness of heart and consideration for the feelings of others.

"He was graceful," says Mr. Brassey jun., in conclusion, "in every movement, always intelligent in observation, with an excellent command of language, and only here and there betrayed, by some slight provincialisms, in how small a degree he had in early life enjoyed the educational advantages of those with whom his high commercial position in later years placed him in constant communication. But these things are small in comparison to the greater points of character by which he seemed to me to be distinguished. In all he said or did, he ever showed himself to be inspired by that chivalry of heart and mind which must truly ennoble him who possesses it, and without which one cannot be a perfect gentleman."

Mention has been made of his great generosity. One of his old agents having lost all his earnings, Mr. Brassey gave him several new missions, that he might have a chance of recovering himself. But the agent died suddenly, and his wife died nearly at the same time, leaving six orphan children without provision. Mr. Brassey gave up, in their favour, a policy of insurance which he held as security for several thousands, and, in addition, headed a subscription for them with a large sum. It seems that his delicacy in giving was equal to his generosity; that of his numberless benefactions, very few were published in subscription lists, and that his right hand seldom knew what his left hand did.

His refinement was of the truly moral kind, and of the kind that tells on others. It was not only that coarse and indecent language was checked in his presence; but the pain he evinced at all unkind wrangling, and at the manifestation of petty jealousies, operated strongly in preventing their being displayed before him. As one who was most intimate with him graphically observed, "his people seemed to enter into a higher atmosphere when they were in his presence, conscious, no doubt, of the intense dislike which he had of everything that was mean, petty, or contentious."

Mr. Helps tells us that the tender-hearted-

ness which pervaded Mr. Brassey's character was never more manifested than on the occasion of any illness of his friends. At the busiest period of his life he would travel hundreds of miles to be at the bedside of a sick or dying friend. In his turn he experienced, in his own last illness, similar manifestations of affectionate solicitude. Many of the persons, we are told, who had served him in foreign countries and at home, came from great distances solely for the chance of seeing once more their old master whom they loved so much. They were men of all classes, humble navvies as well as trusted agents. They would not intrude upon his illness, but would wait for hours in the hall, in the hope of seeing him borne to his carriage, and getting a shake of the hand or a sign of friendly recognition. "The world," remarks Mr. Helps, "is after all not so ungrateful as it is sometimes supposed to be: those who deserve to be loved generally are loved, having elicited the faculty of loving which exists to a great extent in all of us."

"Mr. Brassey," we are told, "had ever been a very religious man. His religion was of that kind which most of us would desire for ourselves—utterly undisturbed by doubts of any sort, entirely tolerant, not built upon small or even upon great differences of belief. He clung resolutely and with entire hopefulness to that creed, and abode by that form of worship, in which he had been brought up as a child." The religious element in his character was no doubt strong, and lay at the root of his tender-heartedness and his charity, as well as of the calm resignation with which he met disaster, and his indifference to gain. At the time of a great panic, when things were at the worst, he only said: "Never mind, we must be content with a little less, that is all." This was when he supposed himself to have lost a million. The duty of religious inquiry, which he could not perform himself, he would no doubt have recognized in those to whose lot it falls to give their fellow men assurance of religious truth.

Mr. Brassey's wife said of him that "he was a most unworldly man." This may seem a strange thing to say of a great contractor and a millionaire. Yet, in the highest sense, it was true. Mr. Brassey was not a monk: his life was passed in the world, and in the world's most engrossing, and, as it proves in too many cases, most contaminating business. Yet, if the picture of him presented to us be true, he kept himself "unspotted from the world."

His character is reflected in the portrait which forms the frontispiece to the biography, and on which those who pursue his calling will do well sometimes to look.

A SONG.

I.

No work, no home, no wealth have I,
But Mary loves me true ;
And for her sake, upon my knees,
I'd beg the wide world through :
For her sweet eyes look into mine,
With fondness soft and deep ;
My heart's entranced, and I could die,
Were death but conscious sleep.

II.

But life is work, and work is life,
And life's the way to Heaven,
And hand in hand we'd like to go
The road that God has given.
And England, dear old Mother-land,
Has plenty mouths to feed,
Beside her sons and daughters fair,
Whose strength is as their need.

III.

To Canada ! to Canada !
To that fair land I'll roam,
And till the soil, with heart of grace,
For Mary and a home.
Hurrah for love ! hurrah for hope !
Hurrah for Industry !
Hurrah for aye for Canada !
And the bonnie Maple-tree !

AURORA.

THE SWALLOWS OF ST. JURGENS.

(From the German of Theodor Storm.)

THE little town where I was born makes no pretensions to beauty; it lies on a flat and treeless sea-coast, and the houses are old and gloomy. Nevertheless I have ever considered it a pleasant place, and two birds, regarded as sacred by man, seem to share my opinion. In the height of summer storks may constantly be seen hovering over the town, having their nests in the roofs beneath, and in April the first southern breezes are certain to bear the swallows hither, and one neighbour tells another that they are come.

It is even so now. In the garden, under my windows, the first violets are in blossom, and the swallow already sits on the railing, and twitters her old song—

"Als ich abschied nahm, als ich abschied nahm."

And, as she sings, my thoughts turn to one now long dead, to whom I owe some of the happiest hours of my childhood.

In spirit I wander again up the long street, at the extreme end of which stands St. Jurgens' hospital; for, like most towns in the north of any importance, ours can boast of such an institution. The present house was built by one of our reigning dukes in the sixteenth century, and, through the generosity of the burghers, has gradually attained to a state of prosperity which renders it a most comfortable abode for those old people who, after the battle of life, still need some haven of refuge before they attain to their eternal rest. On one side of the building lies St. Jurgens' church-yard, beneath whose mighty lindens the first reformers preached; the other faces the inner court, with its adjoining narrow strip of garden, where, in my youth, the inmates were wont to gather their Sunday nosegays. A dark gateway, surmounted by two heavy Gothic gables, leads from the street into this court, whence access is had by a row of doors to the interior of the house, to the chapel, and to the rooms of the inmates.

Many a time, as a boy, have I passed through that gateway, for, since the large church of St. Mary had been pulled down, it having fallen into a state of disrepair, public worship was held, during many years, in the chapel of St. Jurgens' hospital.

How often, in summer-time, before entering the chapel-door, have I lingered in the still Sunday morning in the sunny court, filled, according to the season, with the scent of wall-flower, carnations or mignonette, from the neighbouring garden. But this was not the only charm of church-going in those days; for often, particularly when I had risen an hour earlier than usual, I would stroll farther down the court and fix my eyes on a little window in the upper story, flooded with the morning sunshine, in one corner of which a pair of swallows had built their nest. One half of the lattice generally stood open, and, at the sound of my footsteps on the pavement, a woman's head, the grey hair smoothly braided beneath a snow-white cap, would look forth with a friendly nod. "Good morning, Hansen," I then cried; for we children never called our old friend by any other than her surname; in fact, we scarcely knew that she had besides the pleasant sounding one of Agnes, which once on a time had doubtless suited her well,

when the blue eyes were yet young, and the fair hair unmixed with grey.

For many years she had been in our grandmother's service as housekeeper, and later, when I was about twelve years of age, had been admitted to the hospital as daughter of a burgher and tax-payer of the town. From that time forth, the chief attraction of our grandmother's house for us children had disappeared; for Hansen never failed at all times, and that without our being aware of it, to keep us actively and pleasantly employed. For my sister she would cut patterns for new dolls' dresses, while I, pencil in hand, copied from her design all sorts of ornamental capitals, or attempted to draw the old church from a now rare print which belonged to her. In later years it has struck me as singular that, in all our intercourse with her, she never repeated to us any of the tales or legends in which our neighbourhood is so rich; she seemed rather to discourage them as something useless or even injurious, when any one else started such subjects. And yet hers was far from being a cold or unimaginative nature. On the other hand she took great delight in all sorts of animals and birds; swallows particularly were favourites with her, and she managed to protect their nests from the all-destroying broom of our grandmother, whose almost Dutch love of cleanliness could ill tolerate the little intruders. She seemed also to have carefully studied the habits of those birds. Thus I remember once taking a black martin which I had found, apparently lifeless, on the pavement of the court. "The beautiful creature will die," I said, as I sadly stroked the shining brown-black plumage; but Hansen shook her head.

"Oh, no," said she, "That is the queen of the air, and all she wants is the free heavens! She has doubtless fallen to the ground through fear of a hawk, and has not been able to use her long wings to rise again."

Then we went into the garden; I with the swallow, which lay quietly in my hand and looked at me with its large brown eyes.

"Now throw her up into the air!" cried Hansen.

And wonderingly I saw how, thrown from my hand, quick as thought the seemingly lifeless bird spread its pinions, and, with loud and joyful twitterings, shot like a feathered dart into the sunny firmament.

"You should have seen them flying from the tower," said Hansen. "I mean from the tower of the old church, for that was something like a tower."

Then she stroked my cheek with a sigh, and went back to the house to her usual work. "Why does Hansen sigh?" thought I. It was many years after that I heard the answer to this question from the mouth of one then wholly unknown to me.

Now she lived in peace and comfort, but her swallows had followed her, and we children, too, knew where to find her. When I entered her neat little chamber on a Sunday morning before church-time, she was always ready dressed in her best gown, and sitting with her hymn-book before her. If I then wished to seat myself beside her on the little sofa, she would say: "Eh, what! you won't see the swallows there!" Then she would lift aside a pot of geraniums or carnations from the window, and place me in her arm-chair, in the deep recess of the window. "But you must not throw your arms about that way," she would add smiling, "They are not accustomed to see such lively young folks every day." And then I would sit quietly and watch the slender birds as they darted to and fro in the sunshine, building their nests or feeding their young, while Hansen, opposite, discoursed to me of the glories of the old times; of the entertainments in my great grandfather's house; of the processions of the old companies of sharpshooters, or—and this was her favourite theme—of the paintings and altar-pieces of the old church, where she herself had stood as godmother to the last bell-ringer's little grand-daughter. Then,

when the first tone of the organ rolled towards us from the chapel, she rose, and we walked together through a narrow and apparently endless corridor, dimly lighted by the scanty rays which fell through the curtained panes in the doors of the small apartments on either side. Here and there one of those doors would open, and in the gleam which, for a few moments, dispelled the twilight, I saw quaintly-dressed old men and women hobbling along, the most of whom had doubtless dwelt here from before the time of my birth. Many a question would be upon my lips; but, on the way to church, I knew I could expect no answer from Hansen; and so we proceeded, in silence, to the end of the passage, where Hansen, with the rest of the aged company, took their places in the pews reserved for the inmates of the hospital, while I went up to the choir. Here I sat, dreamily watching the revolving chime of the organ, and when the pastor ascended the pulpit, I must confess the words of his (doubtless) excellent sermon fell on my ear like the monotonous murmur of far-off waves, for there hung on the opposite wall the life-sized portrait of an old pastor, with long curling black hair and strangely cut moustache, which never failed to absorb my whole attention. The melancholy black eyes seemed to look forth into the new time, as from a dark world of witchcraft and superstition, and to me were eloquent of by-gone days whose history is still to be found in the old chronicles of our town, down to the wicked huntsman whose last misdeed is recorded in the epitaph of his murdered victim in the old church. Then, when all at once the organ began to peal forth the dismissal, I would take myself off quietly to the open air, for it was no joke to undergo an examination on the sermon at the hands of my old friend.

Hansen seldom spoke of her own past life; it was not till I had been a student for several years that, during a vacation visit to my home, she, for the first time, told me something of her history.

It was in April, on her sixty-fifth birthday. I had to-day, as in former years, brought her the customary two ducats from my grandmother, and some small gifts from our family, and had been treated to a glass of Malaga, which she kept in her little cupboard for such occasions. After we had chatted for a short time I begged her to shew me the state-hall, where for centuries the directors of the hospital had held their banquet, after the settlement of the yearly accounts. To this Hansen agreed, and we went together along the gloomy corridor; for the hall lay beyond the chapel, at the other extremity of the building. In descending the back stairs my foot slipped, and as I stumbled down the last few steps, a door in the passage below me was jerked open, and an old man of ninety thrust forth his bald and ghastly head. He muttered indistinctly some angry words, and then stared after us with his glassy eyes until we entered the chapel-door.

I knew him well. The inmates of the hospital called him the "ghost seer," for they maintained that he was gifted with second sight.

"His eyes are enough to frighten one," said I to Hansen, as we passed through the chapel.

"He does not see you at all," she replied; "he can now only look backward upon his own foolish and sinful life."

"But," I continued jestingly, "he can see the open coffins standing in the corner there, while those in them still wander about among the living."

"These are but shadows, my child; he can do no more evil." "But," she added, "he has no right to be in the hospital, and only managed to slip into a vacancy which was in the bailiff's gift; for we others must shew proof of our character as burghers before we are admitted here."

Meanwhile we had obtained the key from

the housekeeper, and now ascended the staircase to the banquet-hall. It was only a moderately large, low-roofed apartment. At the one end stood an antique time-piece, the legacy of a deceased inmate, while on that opposite the life-sized portrait of a man in a scarlet doublet was hung. These were the only ornaments the room possessed.

"That is the good Duke, the founder of the hospital,"said Hansen; "but people enjoy his gifts and never think of him, though he must have wished to be remembered when he was gone."

"But you, at any rate, think of him, Hansen."

She looked at me with her soft eyes.

"Ay, my child," she said, "that lies some how in my nature; I cannot easily forget."

On both sides of the room was a row of windows, looking to the street and to the churchyard; the small panes were set in a leaden frame, and in almost every one a name was engraved in black colour, chiefly out of well-known burgher families; and beneath: "Manager here, Anno —," and then followed the respective dates.

"Look, that is your great grandfather," said Hansen,pointing to one of these panes; "I shall never forget him either; it was with him my father learned his business, and afterwards he often got both advice and help from him; only when the hardest times came, his eyes were already closed."

I read another name: "Liborius Michael Hansen, Manager here, Anno 1799."

"That was my father," said Hansen.

"Your father? Then how was it——?"

"That I spent half my life in service when my family were people of some position?"

"I mean what was it that brought misfortune on your family?"

Hansen had seated herself on one of the old leathern chairs. "It was no uncommon thing, my child," she said. "It was in the year '7, the time the continental ports were closed; in those days the rogues flourished and honest folks were ruined. And my father was an honourable man! He took his good name with him to the grave," she continued, after a short pause. "I can still remember how once, when we were walking through the streets together, he showed me an old house which has long since been destroyed. 'Mark that,' said he to me, 'that is where the pious merchant, Mericke, gravely lived in the year 1549, when the great fire broke out on the third Sunday after Easter. When the flames came near he rushed into the street with measure and balance, and prayed to God that if he had ever wittingly injured his neighbour by so much as one grain, his house might not be spared. But the flames passed over it, while all around fell in ashes. 'See, my child,' added my father, lifting up his hands, 'I, too, could say the same, and the Lord would leave our house unscathed.'"

Hansen looked at me. "We should never boast," she then said. "You are old enough to hear it now; you must know, too, about me when I am no longer here. My good father had one weakness; he was superstitious. In the time of his greatest misfortune, this weakness led him to do that which soon broke his heart; for he could never again tell the story of the pious merchant.

"Next door to us there lived a master carpenter. When he and his young wife both died, the son they left was put under my father's care. Harry—for that was the boy's name—was a great reader, and had soon got as far as the third class in our grammar school; but he had not the means to study, and so he took to his father's trade. Then, afterwards, when he was a journeyman, he travelled two years, and came back again to work with his master, and soon he came to be known for his great skill in all the finer kinds of work. We two had grown up together; when he was still an apprentice he often read to me out of the books he borrowed from his old schoolfellows. You know we lived at the Market Place, in the

old house with the balconies, opposite the Town Hall; there is still a great box-tree in the garden. How often have we sat with our book under that tree, while the bees hummed above us among the little green blossoms. After his return it was just the same, he often came to us; in short, my dear boy, we were both fond of each other, and did not seek to conceal it.

"My mother was no longer alive; what my father thought, if, indeed, he ever thought of the matter, I never knew. Nor did it ever get so far as to be a formal engagement.

"One morning, in the early spring, I had gone out into our garden; the crocuses and pink hepaticas were just beginning to bud, and everything around was so young and fresh; but I felt troubled and oppressed with a sense of my father's misfortunes. Although he never spoke to me about business, I yet felt that it was always the longer the worse. In the last months I had often seen the town-beadle entering his office door, and when he was gone my father would lock himself in for hours; and many a day he rose from the dinner-table without tasting a morsel. The week before he had passed a whole evening reading the cards, and, when I ventured, as if in joke, to ask what he was consulting his oracle upon, he only motioned me away in silence, and soon after went to his room, bidding me a short 'good night.'

"All this weighed upon my heart; and my eyes, which looked inward, knew nothing of the sweet sunshine which transfigured the whole outer world. All at once I heard a lark singing from the marsh below; and you know, my child, in youth the heart is still so light, that even a little bird has power to lift it up again. In a moment all the clouds of our troubles seemed to have vanished, and the future lay bright and sunny before me. I still remember how I knelt down beside the flower-beds, and with what delight I gazed upon the tender buds and the fresh green which everywhere burst from the teeming earth. I thought of Harry, too, and at length, I believe, only of him. Then I heard the click of the garden gate, and when I looked up, there he was coming towards me.

"Whether he, too, had heard the lark, I know not—he looked the picture of hope.

"'Good morning, Agnes,' he cried, 'have you heard the news?'

"'Is it good news, Harry?'

"'Of course, what else should it be? I am to be made master, and that very soon, too.'

"You may guess how surprised I was! for my first thought was—'Oh me! Now he will be able to take a wife.'

"I dare say I looked quite confused, for Harry asked—'Is anything wrong with you, Agnes?'

"'With me, Harry? Nothing at all,' said I, 'the air felt a little chilly.' This was certainly not true; but it is somehow always the case—at such a time we cannot say the words the other would best like to hear.

"'But there is something wrong with me now,' said Harry, 'the best of all is still awanting!'

"To this I made no reply, not even a word. Harry, too, walked a short way in silence beside me; then suddenly he said—'Agnes, do you think a merchant's daughter ever before married a master carpenter?'

"When I looked up and met his good brown eyes fixed on me so beseechingly, I gave him my hand, and said at once—'Maybe this will be the first time it has happened.'

"'Agnes,' cried Harry, 'what will people say?'

"'I don't know, Harry. But supposing the merchant's daughter were poor?"

"'Poor, Agnes?' and he seized me joyfully by both hands, 'Is it not enough if she is good and pretty?'

"That was a happy day; the spring sunshine was bright; we walked hand in hand; and, while we were silent, the larks above us sang from a thousand clear throats. Thus we had come, without being aware of it, to the well opposite our house, which lay beneath the row of elder trees by the garden

wall. I looked over the wooden frame-work into the depths below. 'How the water glistens down there,' I said.

"Happiness makes people light-hearted. Harry began to teaze me. 'Water?' said he, 'that is gold you see glittering there.'

"I did not know what he meant.

"'Don't you know that there is a treasure hidden in your well?' he continued. 'Just look closer; a little grey man, with a cocked hat, sits at the bottom. Perhaps, after all, it is only the light in his hand that shines so strangely, for he keeps watch over the treasure.'

"The thought of my father's urgent need shot through my mind. Harry picked up a stone and threw it in, and it was some time before the sound reached us.

"'Do you hear, Agnes,' said he, 'that struck the chest.'

"'Harry, don't be foolish!' I cried, 'what nonsense you talk!'

"'I am only repeating what I hear from other folk!' he replied.

"But my curiosity was awakened; perhaps, too, the desire for the hidden riches, which would put an end to all our difficulties.

"'Who speaks of such things?' I asked again, 'for I never even heard of it.'

"Harry looked at me and laughed. 'How should I remember? Hans or Kung; or, I believe, after all, that rascal, the wizard, spread the report.'

"'The wizard?' All sorts of thoughts came into my mind. The wizard, who was a broken-down pedler, was one who wrought charms on man and beast, gave counsel and dealt in all the mysteries by which, in those days, a profitable trade was driven at the expense of the credulous. He is the same they now call the ghost-seer, a name he has just as much right to as to his former one. Within the past few days I had seen him several times, when at work in the entrance-lobby, going into my father's business-room, and he had always slunk past me with a suspicious glance, and without waiting an answer to his whining enquiry: 'Herr Hansen at home?' On one occasion he had been nearly an hour within; shortly before he left I heard my father's well-known desk unlocked, and, as I thought, the clink of gold pieces. All this now came back to my mind.

"But Harry roused me. 'Agnes, are you dreaming?' he cried; 'or do you wish to seek for the treasure?' Alas, he did not know of my father's distress; his thoughts were occupied only with his own future, in which I, too, was bound up. He seized both my hands and cried joyfully: 'We want no treasure, Agnes; your father has already lifted my small fortune, and that is enough to furnish a house and workshop. For the future,' he added with a smile, 'we'll trust to these not altogether unskilled hands.'

"I could make no response to his hopeful words; my thoughts were busy with the treasure and the wizard; I knew not whether it was over-sanguine expectation or the shadow of coming misfortune which so oppressed my bosom. Perhaps it was a presentiment that this well would, ere long, swallow up all the treasure of my life.

"The day after this I had gone to a village in the neighbourhood, where the pastor's wife, a relative of ours, had asked me to help her in nursing her sick child. But when there I had no peace; of late my father had been so silent and yet so restless; I had seen him repeatedly pacing to and fro in the garden, or standing by the well gazing into its depths; a fear seized me that he might do himself an injury. On the third day I fancied I could call to mind his having urged me, in a strange manner, to the journey; as night came on my anxiety became almost unbearable, and when, at ten o'clock, the moon rose, I begged my cousin to drive me to town that same night. And so it was, after vainly endeavouring to calm my fears, he gave orders to yoke, and, as midnight was striking on the church-tower, the carriage halted before our house. All was quiet; it was not till I had knocked for some time

that the chain was withdrawn, and the apprentice, who had a closet on the ground floor, opened the door. Everything was as usual. 'Is the master at home?' I asked.

"'Master went to bed at ten o'clock,' was the reply.

"With a lighter heart I went up to my room, whose windows looked out upon the garden. The night without was so bright that, before lighting my candle, I approached the window. The moon stood above the elder trees, whose yet leafless branches were clearly outlined against the night-sky; and my thoughts followed my eyes up from the earth to the great loving God beyond, to whom I confided all my sorrows. Just as I was in the act of turning back into my room, I saw a red glow shooting upwards from the mouth of the well, which lay hidden in shadow; the tufts of grass around, and the branches of the trees above, were illumined as with golden fire. A superstitious dread seized me, for I thought of the taper of the little grey man who was said to sit at the bottom. On looking more closely, however, I observed a ladder against the side of the well, of which only the upper end was visible to me. At the same moment I heard a shriek from the depths, then a rumbling noise, followed by a confused sound of voices. All at once the light vanished, and I heard distinctly steps ascending the ladder. All my ghostly terrors fled, but an undefined fear for my father's safety took possession of me.

"With trembling knees I sought his bedroom, which was next to mine. As I cautiously drew aside the bed-curtain, the moonlight fell on the vacant pillows, on which, doubtless, it was long since his poor head had found repose; now they lay untouched. In an agony of terror I rushed down stairs to the back door; it was locked and the key gone. I went into the kitchen and got a light; then to the business-room, which also looked towards the garden. For a time I stood helplessly gazing from the window; I heard footsteps among the elder trees, but could distinguish nothing, for the wall behind, in spite of the moonlight, cast deep shadows. Then the door outside was unlocked, and soon after the door of the room opened. My father came in. I am old now, but I have not forgotten that moment; his long grey hair was dripping with water or sweat; his clothes, which he usually kept so scrupulously clean, were covered all over with green slime.

"He gave a great start at sight of me. 'How is this? What are you doing here?' he said harshly.

"'My cousin gave me a drive home, father!'

"'At midnight? He might have let that be.'

"I looked at my father; he stood motionless and with downcast eyes. 'I had no peace,' said I; 'I felt as if I were wanted here, as if could not stay away from you.'

"The old man sank into a chair and covered his face with both hands. 'Go to your room' he murmured; 'I wish to be alone.'

"But I did not go. 'Let me stay beside you,' I whispered. My father took no notice of me; he raised his head and seemed to listen to something outside. Suddenly he started up. 'Hush!' he cried, 'do you hear it?' and gazed at me with distended eyes.

"I turned to the window and looked out. All was silent as the grave, only the elder-branches, swayed by the night wind, smote against each other. 'I hear nothing,' said I.

"My father still stood, as if listening to a sound which filled him with horror. 'I thought it was no sin,' he said as to himself, 'nor is there anything wrong in it; and the well stands, as yet at least, on my own ground.' Then turning to me he continued: 'I know you have no faith in it, my child, but it is nevertheless quite true; the divining-rod turned three times, and the information, for which I paid too dear, agreed in every particular; there is a treasure in our well, buried there at the time of the Swedish war. Why should I not seek for it! We

dammed up the spring, drew off the water, and to-night we dug for it.' "

" 'We?' I asked. 'Who is the other you speak of?'

" 'There is but one in the town who understands such things.'

" 'You surely don't mean the wizard? He is no good assistant!'

" 'There is nothing wicked in the divining rod, my child.'

" 'But those who use it are impostors!'

"My father had seated himself again on his chair and looked despairingly before him. Then shaking his head he said: 'The spade had even struck upon it, but something happened;'—then interrupting himself he went on: 'Eighteen years ago your mother died; when she realized that she was going to leave us, she broke out into a bitter fit of weeping, which never ceased till she fell into her death-sleep. That was the last sound I heard from your mother's mouth.' He paused a moment, then hesitating, as if afraid of the sound of his own voice, he said: 'This night, eighteen years after, when the spade struck the chest, I heard it again. It was not merely in my ears, as it had been so often during all these years, under me; from the bottom of the earth, it came up. Such work must be carried on in silence, but I felt as though the sharp iron pierced your dead mother's heart. I shrieked aloud, the lamp went out, and—and so,' he added gloomily, 'it has all vanished again.'

" I threw myself upon my knees before my father, and put my arms around his neck.

" 'I am no longer a child,' said I, 'let us cling together father; I know that misfortune has fallen upon us."

"He said nothing, but leant his damp forehead upon my shoulder; it was the first time he had sought support from his child. How long we sat thus I know not. Then I felt my cheeks wet with scalding tears, which streamed from his old eyes. I clung closer to him. 'Don't cry, father,' I entreated, 'we are able to bear poverty.'

"He stroked my hair with his trembling hand, and said in a low voice, so low that I scarcely caught the words: 'Poverty perhaps, my child, but not dishonour.'

"And now, my boy, came a bitter hour; but one which I can yet look back upon with comfort. For now, for the first time in my life, I could show my father his child's love, and from that moment it was his chief consolation, and soon too the only thing on earth he could call his own. While I sat by him, and secretly gulped down my tears, my father poured out his heart to me. I now learnt that he was on the verge of bankruptcy; but this was not the worst. During a sleepless night, while tossing on his hot pillows, vainly seeking some way out of his difficulties, the half-forgotten legend of the treasure in the well came back to his mind. The thought haunted him ever after; by day, when he sat over his ledger; by night, when at last he fell into a troubled sleep. In his dream, he saw the gold glittering in the dark water; and, when he rose in the morning, the same spell drove him out to the well, to gaze, as if enchanted, into its mysterious depths. Then he sought out his evil counsellor. He, however, did not enter into the scheme at once, but demanded, in the first place, a considerable sum for the necessary preparations for the undertaking. My poor father, already in desperation, gave him what he asked, and soon a second, and even a third time. The visionary swallowed up the real gold, which was still in his hands; but this gold was not his own, it was only in his keeping, and belonged to his ward. There was no possibility of repaying it; we had no relations able to help us, your grandfather was no longer alive; at last, we were forced to confess that we could look for no help from man.

"The candle had burned down, my head rested upon my father's breast, my hand lay in his; thus we sat on in darkness. What else was spoken between us on that night I do not remember now. But never before,

not even when my father had appeared to my eyes faultless, almost as God himself, had I felt such tender affection for him as in that hour when he confessed his guilty act. Gradually the stars faded in the heavens without, a little bird sang from the elder-trees, and the first gleam of morning light pierced the gloomy chamber. My father rose and went to his desk, on which his great ledgers lay. The life-sized oil-painting of my grandfather, with pigtail and leathern coloured waistcoat, seemed to look down sternly upon his son. 'I shall go over it all once more,' said my father; 'if the sum total remains the same,' he added hesitatingly, and casting a supplicating glance at his father's portrait, 'then a sad prospect lies before me, for I shall have to seek mercy from both God and man.'

"At his wish I left the room, and soon all was astir in the house—it was day. When I had put things in order, I went into the garden, and through the little back gate out to the highway, where Harry generally passed in the morning, on his way to the workshop.

"I had not long to wait; as six o'clock struck, I saw him approaching. 'Harry, one moment!' I said, beckoning him to come with me into the garden.

"He gave me a strange look, for my bad news was no doubt written upon my face; and when I had led him to a corner of the garden and had taken his hand in mine, I stood a long time without being able to utter a word. At last, however, I told him all, and then said: 'My father will speak to you himself, do not be hard upon him.'

"He had turned deadly pale, and an expression came into his eyes, perhaps only of despair, but which frightened me.

"'Harry, Harry, what will you do to the old man!' I cried.

"He pressed his hand upon his breast. 'Nothing, Agnes,' said he, as he looked at me with a sad smile; 'but now I must go away from here.'

"I was startled. 'Why so?' I faltered.

"'I dare not see your father again.'

"'Oh, Harry! you will surely forgive him!'

"'Yes, Agnes, I owe him more than that; but—he must not bow down his grey hairs before me. And then'—he added, as if this was but of small importance. 'I don't think I can become a master quite so soon now.'

"I made no reply; but I saw the happiness, towards which only yesterday I had stretched forth my hand, fading away into the dim distance. But there was no help for it; it was best as Harry proposed. I only asked: 'When will you go, Harry?' I scarce knew myself what I said.

"'Only see that your father does not seek me out to-day,' he replied; 'by to-morrow morning I'll have settled all my affairs here. And don't distress yourself about me, I shall easily find employment.'

"With these words we parted; our hearts were too full to let us say more."

The speaker paused for a time. Then she continued: "The next morning I saw him once more, and never again; all my whole long life, never again."

Her head sank upon her breast; her hands, which had lain in her lap, she pressed gently together, as if thereby to calm the grief which now shook the frail old form, as it had once done the heart of the fair-haired maiden.

She did not remain long in this posture; regaining her composure with an effort, she rose from her chair and approached the window. "Why should I complain!" she said, pointing to a pane on which her father's name was inscribed. "That man suffered more than I did, but I must tell you about that too.

"Harry was gone. He had bidden farewell to my father in a heartily kind letter; they did not meet again. Soon afterwards legal proceedings were taken against us, the publication of the bankruptcy was shortly to follow.

"In those days it was the custom in our

town that all public announcements were made, not as now, by the pastor in church, but were read by the town clerk, from the open window of the town-house; and, beforehand, the small bell in the tower was tolled for half an hour. As we lived opposite the town-house, I had often looked on and seen children and idlers gather under the windows, and on the door-steps of the town-house, during the ringing of the bell. The same took place on the publication of a bankruptcy; but there it was looked upon in a different light, and the phrase: 'The bell has tolled over him' was held as a disgrace. On such occasions, too, I had listened without much thought; but now I trembled at the effect such a proceeding would have on my father's already depressed spirits. He had told me that he had applied to the Burgomaster on the subject, through a friendly Senator, and this Senator had comforted him with the assurance that the announcement would be made, for this time, without the bell being tolled. But I knew, on good authority, that this was not to be relied upon. Nevertheless, I did not seek to disturb my father in his harmless illusion, but tried to persuade him to go into the country and spend that day with our relations. But, as he said with a sad smile, he did not wish to forsake a sinking ship before the final breaking up. In my anxiety, it came into my mind that, in the back division of our deep vaulted cellar no sound of a bell had ever reached me. On this I built my plans. My father went in with my proposal that we should together draw up a list of the goods stored there, which might help to shorten the bailiffs' unpleasant duties, when they came afterwards to make out the inventory.

"By the time the dreadful hour arrived, we had already been long at our under-ground labours. My father arranged the goods, while I, by the light of a lantern, wrote down what he told me on a sheet of paper. Several times I had fancied I heard the distant tolling of a bell; then I spoke some loud words till all sounds from without were again drowned in the pushing and dragging of casks and boxes. All promised well; my father was quite engrossed in his work. Suddenly the cellar door above burst open; our old maid-servant summoned me, I don't remember now about what, and at the same time the clear full tones of the bell came down to us. My father stopped short and put down the box he had in his hands, upon the ground. 'The bell!' he moaned out, and fell as if powerless against the wall. 'I am spared nothing.' This was only for a moment; then he stood erect, and before I had time to utter a word he had left the place, and, immediately after, I heard him ascending the cellar-stair. I, too, now quitted the cellar, and, after vainly seeking my father in his business-room, found him in the sitting-room, standing with folded hands at the open window. At this moment the bell ceased ringing, the three-winged window in the town-house opposite, on which the bright morning sun shone, was thrown open, and I saw the beadle putting out the scarlet window-cushions. A crowd of half grown lads already hung about the iron railings of the door-steps. My father stood motionless and looked on with anxious eyes. I sought, with gentle words, to lead him away, but he put me aside. 'Let me be, my child,' said he, 'this is my concern. I must hear it.'

"So he remained. The old town-clerk, with white powdered hair, appeared in the middle window opposite, and read in his shrill voice, from a paper which he held before him with both hands, the declaration of the bankruptcy, while two Senators at his side leant upon the scarlet cushions. Every word was borne to us distinctly in the clear spring atmosphere. When my father heard his full name proclaimed over the market-place, I saw him shudder; still he kept his place till all was over. Then he drew out his gold watch, which he had inherited from his father, and laid it upon the table. 'It belongs to my creditors with the rest,' he

said, 'put it into its case, that it may be sealed with the other things to-morrow.'

"The following day the men came and sealed everything; but my father could not leave his bed; in the night he had had a shock of paralysis. When, some months after, our house was sold, he had to be carried on a stretcher, borrowed from the hospital, to the small lodging we had taken on the outskirts of the town. Here he lived on for nine years, a helpless and broken down man. In his better hours he did a little in the way of writing and making out accounts for others; the greater part I had to earn with the work of my hands. But at the last he passed away peacefully in my arms, in calm assurance of God's mercy. After his death I came among good friends; that was in your grandfather's house."

My old friend paused. But I was thinking of Harry. "But did you never during all that time hear anything of Harry?" I asked.

"Never, my child," she replied.

"Do you know, Hansen," I said, "I don't think much of your Harry; he didn't keep his promise."

She laid her hands upon my arm. "You must not speak so, child. I knew him. There are other things besides death which men must obey. But let us go to my room; you have left your hat there, and it must be near dinner-time."

And so we locked the empty dining-hall again, and returned by the same way we had come. This time the ghost-seer's door did not open; but within we heard the sound of his footsteps on the sanded floor.

When we had reached Hansen's room, where the last ray of the noonday sun still shone through the window, she drew out a drawer and took from it an old-fashioned, highly polished mahogany box, which, once on a time, might have been a birthday gift from the young carpenter.

"You must see this too," said Hansen, as she unlocked the casket. It contained a number of bills of exchange, all in the name of Harry Jensen, 'son of the late master-carpenter, Harry Christian Jensen, of this place,' and all bearing a date within the last ten years.

"How do you come by this money?" I asked.

She smiled. "I have not worked for nothing."

"But the bills are not in your name."

"It is my father's debt which I repay. All the property of those who die here goes to the hospital. That is why I had the bills made out in Harry Jensen's name at once." Yet a moment, before locking it fast again, she weighed the box in her hand. "The treasure has come back again," she said, "but the happiness, my child, the happiness which was once along with it—that is no longer there."

As she spoke these words a flock of swallows outside darted by with loud cries, and immediately two of the birds fluttered near to the window, and alighted twittering upon the open casement. They were the first swallows I had seen that spring. "Do you hear their congratulations, Hansen," I cried. "They have come back on purpose for your birthday."

Hansen only nodded. Her still beautiful blue eyes gazed sadly on the friendly little songsters. Then she laid her hands on my arm, and said gently: "Go away now, my child; thank all those who remembered me. I would rather be alone now."

Several years later I was on my way back to my native town, after a tour in central Germany. At one of the principal stations on the railroad—for the age of steam had already set in—an old white-haired man entered the carriage, of which I had hitherto been the sole occupant. A small portmanteau was handed in after him, which I helped him to put under the seat; then he sat down opposite me, with the friendly remark: "Well, this is the first time we have travel-

led together." As he spoke, there came around the mouth and into the brown eyes an expression of such kindliness as inspired one, involuntarily, with the utmost confidence. The scrupulous cleanliness of his exterior, visible not alone in his brown cloth coat and white neck-cloth, the natural refinement and courtesy of the man, all attracted me, and before long we had become quite communicative about our several homes and family circles. I learnt that he was a maker of pianos in a pretty large town in Swabia. Hereupon I was struck with the fact that my travelling companion spoke the southern dialect, although I had read the name "Jensen" on his box, which, as far as I knew, belonged only to the extreme north of Germany.

When I made this remark he smiled. "I dare say I am almost a Swabian now," he said, "for I have lived over forty years in that goodly land, and have never been out of it during all that time; but I come orinally from the north, and that is where I got my name." And then he named my own native town as his birthplace.

"Then you are a countryman of mine, as near as possible," I cried; "I too was born there, and am just now on my way home."

The old man seized both my hands, and looked lovingly at me. "That is the good Lord's doing," he said, "and so we shall travel all the way together, if it so please you. I too am returning to my native place; I hope to see an old friend there, if God will." I agreed with pleasure to his proposal.

When we had arrived at the railway terminus of those days, twenty miles of our journey still lay before us, and soon we were seated side by side on the comfortable cushions of a carriage, the cover of which we had thrown back, to enjoy the splendid autumn weather. Gradually the country became more familiar, the woods disappeared, then the hedgerows on either hand, and soon even the banks on which they stood, and the vast treeless plain lay stretched out before us. My companion gazed silently upon it. "I am so unused to this wide expanse," he remarked, "I feel here as if I looked into eternity on every side." Then he relapsed into silence, and I did not disturb him.

About midway on our journey, as we left a village through which the highway passed, and emerged again into the open country, I observed that he bent forward his head and eagerly scanned the distance. Then he shaded his eyes with his hand, and became visibly uneasy. "In general I can see a long way," he said at length, "but I look in vain for our tower; and yet in my youth it was always from this point I was wont to greet it, when I returned from my wanderings."

"You must be mistaken," I replied, "it is impossible that the low steeple can be seen from this distance."

"Low!" cried the old man, almost indignantly, "that tower has for centuries served as a landmark to ships many miles out at sea!"

Then his mistake was apparent. "You must be thinking," I said, with some hesitation, "of the tower of the old church, which was pulled down more than forty years ago."

The old man stared at me with his large eyes, as if I was raving. "The old church pulled down—and forty years ago! My God, how long have I been away; and never to have heard a word of it!"

He folded his hands and sat for some time as if sunk in a train of sorrowful recollections. Then he said: "On that beautiful tower, which it seems exists now only in my imagination, I promised, nearly fifty years ago, to return to her for whose sake I have taken this long journey. If you care to listen, I shall tell you that part of my history. Perhaps you may then be able to give me some idea of whether my hopes are likely to be realized or not."

I assured him of my interest, and while

the postilion nodded on his seat, beneath the glowing noon sunshine, and the wheels rolled slowly through the sand, the old man began his story.

"In my youth I had a great wish to study for one of the learned professions, but as my parents both died early, and I had not the necessary means, I took to my father's trade, that is, turned carpenter. Already in my travels, as apprentice, I had a notion of settling in some distant part, for I was not altogether without means; the sale of my father's house had brought in a good round sum, enough to set me agoing. Still I went back to my house again, and this was for the sake of a fair young girl. I don't think I ever saw such blue eyes again. One of her friends once said to her in joke: 'Agnes, I'll pluck violets out of your eyes.' I never forgot the words." The old man sat silent a time, and gazed before him with a glorified expression on his face, as though he looked once more into those blue eyes of his youth. Then, while I almost involuntarily pronounced the name of my old friend in St. Jurgens to myself, he began once more: "She was the daughter of a merchant who was my guardian. We had grown up together as neighbours' children; her mother was dead, and the girl led a quiet, solitary life with her father. Perhaps it was on this account that she came to have such a regard for me, the only playmate of her own age she ever had. Soon after my return at any rate, we were, between ourselves, as good as engaged. It was already settled that I was to begin business in our native town, when, by an unexpected event, I lost the whole of my small fortune. And so it came that I was obliged to leave the place.

"On the last day Agnes had promised to meet me in the evening, on the road that ran behind their garden, to speak a last word with me, but when, at the stroke of the appointed hour, I reached the place, she was not there. I stood listening behind the wall, under the overhanging linden branches; but I waited in vain. At this time I could not enter her father's house; not that there had been any coolness between us; on the contrary, I believe he would have given me his daughter's hand without much hesitation, for he was fond of me, and he was not a proud man; there was another reason, but one which I would rather let remain buried in the past.

"I remember it well even now. It was a dark and stormy April evening. More than once I was deceived by the weathercock on the roof, and thought I heard the well-known door of the courtyard open, but no step came down the garden path. Long I stood leaning against the wall, and watched the black clouds driving across the heavens; at last with a heavy heart I went away.

"The next morning it had just struck five on the tower when I descended the stair of my lodging, after a sleepless night, and said farewell to my landlord and his wife. In the narrow, ill-paved streets, were still the darkness and dirt of winter; the town seemed yet sunk in sleep, not a single familiar face met me, and thus sad and solitary I went my way. Just as I was about to turn the corner of the church-yard, a bright ray burst forth, and suddenly flooded with spring sunshine the high quaint gables of the old apothecary's house, whose under-story, with its sign of the carved lion, still lay in the misty shadows of the street. As I glanced upward a long-drawn tone rang through the air high over me, then again, and yet again, as if calling aloud to the world.

"I stepped into the church-yard, and when I looked up at the tower I saw the bellringer standing on the gallery, and saw that he still held his long horn in his hand. Then I knew that the first swallows were come, and Jacob had sounded a welcome to them, and had called aloud to the town that spring had come into the land. For this he got his time-honoured draught in the wine vault of the town-house, and a bright dollar from the Burgomaster. I knew the

man, and had often been up beside him—as a boy to look down upon my pigeons flying, afterwards, now and again with Agnes, for the old man had a little grand-daughter who lived with him, who was Agnes' god-child, and a great pet of hers. Once, on a Christmas eve, I had even helped her to drag a complete Christmas tree up to the top of the tower. Now the well-known oaken door stood open; involuntarily I entered, and in the darkness which suddenly surrounded me, slowly ascended the stair, and, when this ceased, the narrow ladder-like steps which formed the continuation. The only sound that broke the solitude was the creaking of the machinery of the huge clock. I remember in those days I had always a horror of the lifeless thing, and was seized now with a strong desire to clutch hold of the wheels and bring it to a standstill. Just then I heard old Jacob clambering down from above. He seemed to be talking to a child, and exhorting it to be cautious. I called up good morning to him through the darkness, and asked if it was little Meta who was with him.

"'Is that you, Harry?' cried the old man; 'of course Meta must go with me to the Herr Burgomaster.'

"At length they both came down to where I had stepped aside into a niche. When Jacob caught sight of me standing beside him, prepared for travelling, he cried, in astonishment, 'What is the meaning of this, Harry? What are you going up the town for, with knapsack and glazed cap on? You're surely not going to leave us all again?'

"'It's too true, Jacob,' I replied, 'it will not be for long, we'll hope.'

"'Ay, ay, I thought there was something else in the wind!' muttered the old man. 'Well, what must be must; the swallows are back again, and that's the best time for travelling. And thank you kindly for coming to say good-bye.'

"'Well, good-bye, Jacob!' said I, 'and when you look down from your tower some fine sunny day, and see me coming back again through gate, you'll blow me a welcome as you've done to the swallows to-day!'

"The old man shook me by the hand, as he took his little granddaughter upon his arm. 'That I will, Master Harry!' he cried, smiling; as he was accustomed to call me in jest. But as I was preparing to descend again with him, he added, 'If you would like a 'God speed' from Agnes, she has been up above since early morning; she is as fond of her birds as ever.'

"Never in all my life had I mounted the last break-neck steps so quickly as I now did, although I could scarce draw my breath for the throbbing of my heart. Yet, when I stepped out on the little gallery into the dazzling brightness of the heavens, I stood still involuntarily, and cast a glance over the iron railing. There, far below, lay my native town, in all the beauty of early spring; cherry trees, already white with blossom, peeped everywhere from between the roofs. Yonder gable, opposite the little tower of the town hall, belonged to my guardian's house. I could see the garden, and the road behind it; my heart was full, and an overwhelming feeling of home-sickness took possession of me. Unconsciously I may have uttered a cry, for suddenly I felt my hands grasped, and when I looked up, Agnes stood beside me. 'Harry,' she said, 'have you come once more?' And a joyful smile flitted across her face.

"'I didn't expect to find you here," I replied, 'and I must go now; why did you keep me waiting in vain yesterday?'

"Then all the joy faded out of her face. 'I could not help it, Harry; my father would not let me leave him. Afterwards, I ran down to the garden, but you were already gone; you did not come back again; and so early this morning I climbed the tower. I thought I might perhaps see you as you went out of the gate.'

"The future lay uncertain before me, but I

had formed a plan. Once before I had been in the employment of a piano maker; now I intended to follow out this trade, hoping in time to earn enough to set up business on my own account; for these instruments began even then to be in great demand. All this I now told the girl, and also where I meant to go to first.

"She stood leaning upon the railing, and seemed to be gazing absently into the heavens. Now she slowly turned her head. 'Harry,' she said, in a low voice, 'don't go away, Harry!'

"But, when I looked at her without answering, she cried again, 'No, don't listen to me; I am a child, I don't know what I am saying!' The morning wind had loosened a little lock of her fair hair, and blew it across the pale face which now looked so patiently up into mine.

"'We must wait, Agnes,' said I; 'I must now go in search of fortune, and try to bring it home with me again. I shall not write; I shall come myself at the right time.'

"She gazed at me a while with her large eyes; then she pressed my hand. 'I shall wait,' she said in a steady voice; 'Go, Harry, and God be with you!'

"I did not go just yet. The tower, on which we two stood, lifted its head high into the solitude of the blue heavens; only the swallows, whose steel-blue plumage glistened in the sunshine, fluttered around us, and bathed in the sea of air and light. I still held her hands; I felt as though I could never leave this spot, as though already we were both free from all our troubles. But time pressed—the quarter-bell beneath us rang out its warning. Then, while the waves of sound still vibrated around the tower, a swallow came flying so near that it almost touched us with its wings, and, alighting fearlessly upon the edge of the railing at arm's length from us, suddenly poured forth a flood of rapturous sounds from its distended throat, while we stood, as if spell-bound, gazing into its bright little eye. Agnes threw herself upon my breast. 'Don't forget to return!' she cried. The bird spread its wings and flew away.

"How I came down to earth through the dark tower I know not. When I had reached the high-road beyond the gate of the town, I stood still and looked back. There, on the tower, in a flood of sunlight, I could discern her dear form; she seemed to me to be leaning far over the top of the railing, and involuntarily a cry of terror escaped me. But the form remained motionless.

"And at last I turned, and went with hasty steps along the high-road, without once again looking behind me.

The old man sat silent for a time; then he said, "She waited for me in vain; I never returned. I must now tell you how this could happen.

"The first employment I found was in Vienna, where the best pianos were made in those days; after a year and a half I went into Wurtemberg, to the place where I still live. A fellow apprentice of mine had a brother there who was in want of a trustworthy assistant. They were a young couple, and I lodged with them. The business was only a small one, but the master was a kind man and skilful, and I soon learnt more with him than I had done in the large factory, where I had only worked in one department. As I applied myself diligently to my trade, and also found my Vienna experience of some value, I soon gained the confidence of these good people. They were pleased, too, that in my spare hours I gave the eldest of their two boys German lessons; for in those days I still had the northern accent, which they liked, and wished, as they said, that their children might learn to speak as good German. Soon the younger brother joined us, and we did not stick to the dry grammar; I got hold of books, out of which I read to them both for their instruction and amusement.

Thus it was that the children, too, became warmly attached to me. When, after a year, I succeeded for the first time in constructing, without assistance, a piano of a particularly fine tone, there was as great rejoicing in the whole house as if one of the family had completed his master-piece. And now I thought of my return.

"But my young master fell sick. A cold brought on a serious chest complaint, the seeds of which had, perhaps, long lain dormant within him. The care of the business fell, as a matter of course, entirely into my hands. Now I could not possibly leave. I began, too, to get more insight into the circumstances of the family with whom I lived on terms of the closest friendship. Unity and industry dwelt beneath their roof. But there was a third, an evil inmate, which these good spirits had not been able to expel. In every dark corner the sick man saw it crouching. This was anxiety for the future.

"'Take the broom and sweep it away,' I would often say to my friend; 'I shall help you, Martin!' Then he would press my hand, and for a moment a melancholy smile spread over his pale face; but soon again he saw the dark shadows on everything.

"Unhappily these were not merely in his imagination. The capital with which he had started business had been all along too small. During the first years he suffered losses through bad workmen, for which he had not laid his account; the sale of the stock, too, was not so rapid as was necessary under the circumstances; now, to crown all, came an illness of which none could foresee the end. At length they were entirely dependent on me, both for their actual support and for consolation in their sorrows. The boys held fast my hands when we sat by the father's bed, which soon he was unable to leave. With him the failing of the bodily strength seemed but to increase the unrest of the spirit; brooding he lay upon his pillows and built plans for the future. At times, when he felt the icy breath of approaching death, he would start up suddenly and cry, 'I cannot die, I will not die!' and then again, with clasped hands, 'My God, my God, Thy will be done!"

And at last came the hour of release. We stood all beside his bed; he thanked me, and took leave of us all. But then, as if he saw before him something from which he must protect them, he drew his wife and the two boys suddenly towards him, gazed at them with woeful eyes, and groaned aloud. When I exhorted him, 'Cast thy care upon the Lord, Martin!' he cried, despairingly, 'Harry, Harry, it is no longer care, it is utter want! Over me it will have no power now, but my wife, my dear children, how can they escape from it!'

"There is a strange power in a death-bed; I don't know if you have ever experienced it, my young friend. But in that moment I promised to my dying master that I would stand by his family until they were beyond reach of the phantom which disturbed his last hours. And when I had made this promise, death waited no longer. Softly he entered the door. Martin stretched out his hand; I thought it sought mine, but before I touched it, it was grasped by God's invisible messenger—my young master had ceased to live."

My fellow-traveller took off his hat and laid it upon his lap, his white hair was lifted by the warm mid-day breeze. He sat silent, as if consecrating these moments to the memory of his long departed friend. But I was forced to think of the words my old Hansen had once spoken; "There are other things beside death which man must obey." And yet it was death which had sundered the living. For, of course, I could no longer doubt the identity of him who sat by my side. After a time the old man resumed his story, as he slowly covered his head.

"I kept my promise," he said, "but in making it I had broken another; for now I

could not go away. It was soon evident that matters were even worse than I had thought. A few months after the husband's death, too, a third child—a girl—was born; under the circumstances only a fresh burden. I did my best, but year after year passed, and we were little better off. I gave not only my whole strength, but the savings of past years as well, yet I was scarcely able to keep the phantom of poverty at bay. I saw clearly that if any one, in the smallest degree less faithful, were to take my place, those committed to my care would assuredly fall a prey to him.

"Often, often, in the midst of my work, did unutterable home-sickness take possession of me, and gnaw and tear my very heart; more than once when, unconsciously, I sat with the chisel idle in my hand, I was startled by the sound of the good woman's voice; for my thoughts were far away in my home, and quite another voice was in my ears. In my dreams I saw the tower of our native town; at first in bright sunshine, encircled by a flock of swallows; later, when the dream returned, I saw it black and threatening against the desolate sky, the autumn wind howled, and I heard the great bell tolling; but always, even then, Agnes stood above, leaning upon the railing of the gallery; she still wore the blue dress in which she had bidden me farewell; but now it was all torn, and the shreds fluttered in the air. "When will the swallows return?" was the cry I heard. I knew her voice, but it had a wailing sound in the stormy blast. When I awoke from such dreams I would hear the swallows in the faint dawn twittering in the eaves above my window. In the earlier years I would raise my head and let them sing my heart full of yearning and tearful longings; later I could not endure it, and more than once, when the twittering would not cease, I have thrown open my window and driven the dear birds away.

"It was on such a morning that I once declared that I must now leave; that at last the time was come that I must think of my own life. But the two boys broke out into loud lamentations, and the mother, without speaking a word, put her little daughter on my lap, who immediately clasped her little arms tightly round my neck. My heart yearned over the children; I could not forsake them. I thought, 'Stay, then, one year more!' But the year passed and still I did not go. The gulf which separated me from my youth grew ever wider. At length all the past seemed to lie far out of reach behind me, like a dream of which I dared no longer to think. I was already over forty, when, in accordance with the wishes of the children, who had, meanwhile, grown up, I married the mother, whose sole support I had been so long.

"And now a strange thing came to pass. I had always had a sincere regard for the woman, as she well deserved, but now that she was irrevocably bound to me, there arose within me a feeling of aversion, nay, almost of hatred, towards her, which I had often difficulty to conceal. Such is man. In my heart I threw all the blame upon her of that which was in reality only the consequence of my own weakness. But God, for my deliverance, suffered me to fall into temptation.

"It was on a Sunday in the height of summer. We had set out on an excursion to a village among the hills, where a relation of the family lived. The two sons, with their little sister, had outstripped us old folks; the sound of their voices and their laughter had died away in the forest through which the road ran. My wife now proposed that we should take a footpath which she knew, alongside of a quarry, by which we could overtake the young people. 'I was once here with Martin when we were engaged,' she said, as we turned aside into the fir trees. A little further on I remember gathering a dark-blue flower; I wonder if it is still to be found there.'

"In a short time the wood ceased on one

side, and the path ran close to the edge of the sloping ground on the one hand, while on the other it was overgrown with bramble-branches and other underwood. My wife walked briskly on before me. I followed slowly, and was soon sunk in my old dreams. Like a lost paradise my old home lay before my eyes, which I knew I never could regain. Only as through a veil I saw that the rocky declivity was blue with gentians, which my wife stooped down to pluck now and again. What was all that to me! Suddenly I hear a shriek and see her hands thrown up into the air; I see the loose stones give way under her feet and roll down over the face of the rock, which a few paces lower falls in a perpendicular line into the abyss below.

"I stood as if paralysed. The thought rushed through my brain: 'Stay, let her fall; thou art free!' but God helped me. In an instant I was beside her, and, throwing myself over the edge of the path, I seized her hands and drew her up to me in safety. 'Harry, my good Harry,' she cried weeping, 'again it is thy hand that has rescued me.'

Like burning drops these words fell into my soul. During all these years no word of the past had crossed my lips; at first from youthful shyness to unveil my inmost secrets, later from an involuntary desire to conceal the conflict that rent my heart. Now, suddenly, an impulse seized me to confess all without reserve. And so, seated on the edge of the precipice, I poured out my heart to the woman whom shortly before I had wished buried beneath it. Nor did I keep back that either. She burst into a violent flood of tears; she wept for me, for herself, but loudest of all she lamented over Agnes. 'Harry, Harry,' she cried, laying her head upon my breast, 'I never knew of that; but it is too late now, and no one can take this sin from us!'

"It was now my turn to console her, and it was some hours later before we reached the village, where we had been long expected by our children. But from that time forth my wife, with her gentle and loving heart, was my best friend, and there was no longer a secret between us. So the years passed away. In time she seemed to have forgotten that the welfare of herself and the children had been bought at the expense of another's happiness, and I, too, grew more tranquil. Only in spring, when the swallows returned, or when, later in the year, they alone of all the birds sang in the deepening evening red, my old sorrow woke, and I heard ever the dear young voice, and ever in my ears sounded the words: 'Do not forget to return!'

"So it was one evening this summer—I was sitting on the bench in front of our door watching the fading daylight, which was visible over the vine-clad hills through an opening in the street. Our youngest son's little girl had climbed into my lap, and, tired with play, had lain down in grandfather's arms. Soon the little eyes closed, and the crimson too had died out of the sky, but a swallow still sat on the neighbour's roof opposite, and twittered softly in the gloaming as of long past days.

"Just then my wife came out. She stood for a time silently beside me, and when I did not look up she asked gently: 'What ails thee, old man?' And when I made no answer, and only the bird's song sounded from out the dusk: 'Is it then the swallow again?'

"'Thou knowest me, mother,' said I. "Thou hast ever had patience with me.'

"But I did not yet know her entirely; she had more than that for me. She laid her hands upon my shoulders. 'What thinkest thou?' she cried, as she looked at me with her kind old eyes. 'Thou must see Agnes once more, now we are able; thou wouldst else have no peace in the grave beside me!'

"I was almost frightened at this proposal, and tried to make objections, but she said: 'Nay, it is right thou shouldst go!' So I

followed her counsel, and that is how it comes that I am on my way home once again; but when we drive through the gate, I fear old Jacob will not blow a welcome now."

My fellow-traveller was silent, but I held back no longer, for I was deeply moved. "I know you," said I, "I know you well, Harry Jensen; and Agnes too I know; she lived many years in my grandmother's house, and has been as a mother to me. I have heard everything from her own mouth; that, too, which you kept back."

The old man folded his hands. "God be praised!" said he, "is it possible that she lives, and still forgives me!"

I little thought I had kindled a hope whose fulfilment already lay within the kingdom of shadows; I only replied: "She knew the friend of her youth; she never blamed him." And now it was my turn to speak. He listened in breathless silence, and drank in greedily every word from my lips.

The postilion cracked his whip. The low spire of our native town appeared above the horizon. When I pointed it out to the old man, he took hold of my hand. "My young friend," said he, "I tremble before the approaching hour."

Before long our carriage rattled over the pavement of the town. The lovely autumn weather had filled the streets with people, and, as I had been long absent, passers-by greeted me on all sides with friendly nods of welcome. Only a glance of surprise, or at most of curiosity, was cast on the aged stranger at my side. At length we halted before the inn-door, and here I thought to take leave of my friend for the day, for he wished to pay his first visit to St. Jurgens alone.

A few minutes later I was at home, surrounded by parents, sisters and brothers. "All well?" was my first enquiry.

"All here are well, as you see," replied my mother, "but—there is one you will see no more."

"Hansen!" cried I; for of whom else could I then have thought.

My mother nodded. "But what is the matter with you, my child? Her time was come; early this morning she fell asleep quietly in my arms."

In a few hurried words I told them of the fellow-traveller I had had, and, while all yet stood deeply moved, I left the house without changing my clothes, for I could not now leave the old man alone.

I went first to the inn, and, having heard there that he was gone, proceeded straight up the street towards St. Jurgens.

When I had got so far I saw the ghost-seer, whom death seemed to despise, standing in the middle of the street in front of the hospital. His hands behind his back, he swayed himself to and fro from the knees, while he stared up, from beneath the broad brim of his cap towards one of the gables. As my eyes followed in the same direction I saw upon the highest ledge, even upon the bell which hung up above in an opening in the wall, a great conclave of swallows sitting one beside the other, while single ones hovered around them, now rising high into the air, then returning again with loud twitterings and chirpings. Some of those seemed to bring new companions with them, who then sought to find place upon the eaves beside the others.

Involuntarily I stood gazing. I saw that they were preparing to take flight; our northern sun was no longer warm enough for them. The old creature beside me pulled his cap off his head and waved it to and fro. "Shoo!" he screamed, "away with ye, ye brutes!" But yet awhile the spectacle upon the gable lasted: then suddenly, as if upborne by a breeze, the whole of the swallows rose straight into the air, and in the same moment were lost to sight in the blue vault of the heavens.

The ghost-seer still stood muttering half-intelligible words, while I passed into the court yard of the hospital, beneath the dark

gateway. One wing of the casement of Hansen's window stood open as of old; the swallow's nest too was still there. Hesitatingly I ascended the stair and opened the room door. There my old Hansen lay, still and peaceful; the linen cloth which had covered her was half thrown back. On the edge of the bed sat my fellow-traveller, but his eyes passed over the corpse, and were fixed on the bare wall above. I saw well that his rigid gaze spanned a vast gulf, and on the other side stood the bright vision of his youth, now quickly fading into the dim air.

I had seated myself, apparently unobserved by him, in the arm-chair by the open window, and looked at the empty nest, from which peeped forth blades of grass and feathers, which had once served as protection to the little fledglings. When I again cast a glance into the room the head of the old man was bent down close above that of the corpse. He seemed to be gazing perplexedly into the aged sunken countenance which lay before him in all the calm solemnity of death. "If I could but see her eyes once more!" he murmured. "But God has closed them!" Then, as if to convince himself that nevertheless it was indeed she herself, he took a lock of the shining grey hair, which flowed down on either side of her head upon the linen sheet, and passed it caressingly between his hands.

"We have come too late, Harry Jensen!" I cried sorrowfully.

He looked up and nodded. "By fifty years," said he, "just as life has passed." Then slowly rising he turned back the sheet, and covered up the peaceful face of the dead.

A gust of wind struck the window. Methought I heard afar from out the high heavens where the swallows fly, the last words of their old song:

"Als ich wiederkam, als ich wiederkam, War alles leer."

THE DANCE OF THE WINDS.

BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

The Wind-god, Eolus, sat one morn
In his cavern of tempests, quite forlorn;
He'd been ill of a fever a month and a day,
And the sun had been having things all his own way,
Pouring o'er earth such a torrent of heat
That the meadows were dry as the trampled street,
And people were panting, and ready to die
Of the fires that blazed from the pitiless sky.

But the King felt better that hot June day,
So he said to himself: "I will get up a play
Among the children, by way of a change;
No doubt they are feeling, like me, very strange

At this dreary confinement—a month and more,
And never once stirring at all out of door!
It is terribly wearisome keeping so still—
They all shall go out for a dance on the hill."

Then aloud he spake, and the dreary hall
Re-echoed hoarsely his hollow call:
"Ho! Boreas, Auster, Eurus, ho!
And you, too, dainty-winged Zephyrus, go
And have a dance on the hills to-day,
And I'll sit here and enjoy your play."

Then Boreas started with such a roar
That the King, his father, was troubled sore,
And peevishly muttered within himself—
"He'll burst his throat, the unmannerly elf!"
But Auster, angry at seeing his brother
Astart of him, broke away with another
As fearful a yell from the opposite side
Of the wind-cave, gloomy, and long, and wide.

One from the South, and one from the North,
The rough-tempered brothers went shrieking forth;
And faster, and faster, and faster still,
They swept o'er valley, and forest, and hill.
The clouds affrighted before them flew,
From white swift changing to black or blue;
But, failing to 'scape the assailants' ire,
Fell afoul of each other in conflict dire.

Now hot, now cold—what a strife was there!
Till the crashing hailstones smote the air,
And men and women in country and town
Were hastily closing their windows down,
And shutting doors with a crash and a bang,
While the rain-drops beat, and the hail-stones rang,
And the lightnings glared from the fiery eyes
Of the furious combatants up in the skies,
And burst in thunder-claps far and near,
Making the timorous shake with fear.

Then Eolus with affright grew cold,
For his blood, you'll remember, is thin and old,
And his turbulent sons such an uproar made,
That, watching the conflict, he grew afraid

Lest, in the rage of their desperate fight,
The pair should finish each other outright.

So he shouted to Eurus: "Away, away!
Come up from the East by the shortest way,
And try and part them; and you, too, go,
Zephyrus! Why are you loitering so?"

Then away sped Eurus, shrieking so loud
That he startled a lazy, half-slumbering cloud,
That fled before him white in the face,
And dashed away at a furious pace.
But he drove it fiercely betwixt the two,
Who parted, and scarce knowing what to do,
Descended, and each from an opposite place
Began to fling dirt in the other one's face.

Then round, and round, and round again,
They raced and chased over valley and plain,
Catching up, in their mischievous whirls,
The hats of boys and the bonnets of girls;
Tossing up feathers, and leaves, and sticks,
Knocking down chimneys, and scattering bricks,
Levelling fences, and pulling up trees,
Till Eolus—oftentimes hard to please—
Clapped his hands as his wine he quaffed,
And laughed as he never before had laughed.

Cried Eurus: "Ho, ho! so this furious fight
Ends up in a romp and a frolic!—all right—
I am in for a share!" Then away went he,
And joined with a will in the boisterous glee,
Till, out of breath, ere the sun went down,
They all fell asleep in the forest brown.

A full hour after, ambling along,
Came dainty Zephyrus humming a song,
And pausing—the truant—to kiss each flower
That blushed in garden, or field, or bower.
But no one was left to be merry with him,
So he danced with the leaves till the light grew dim—
And, as twilight was going to sleep in the West,
He, too, fell asleep on a rose's breast.

YORKVILLE, Oct., 1872.

LORD ELGIN.

(*Concluded.*)

IN Jamaica Lord Elgin had become acquainted with a Planter Colony; in Canada he had become acquainted with a free and self-governed Colony. In China, to enlarge still further the circle of his Colonial experience, he was to become acquainted with what might be called—with regard to a portion at least of its inhabitants—a filibustering Colony. The relations of nations styling themselves civilized with barbarous or semi-barbarous populations, fill one of the darkest pages of the history of mankind in general, and of British history in particular. And, perhaps, on that dark page there is nothing of deeper hue than the record of British opium-smugglers and kidnappers in China.

"Unless I am greatly misinformed," says Lord Elgin, in replying to an address from some missionaries, "vile and reckless men, protected by the privileges to which I have referred, and still more by the terror which British prowess has inspired, are now infesting the coasts of China. It may be that for the moment they are able, in too many cases, to perpetrate the worst crimes with impunity; but they bring discredit on the Christian name; inspire hatred of the foreigner, where no such hatred exists; and, as some recent instances prove, teach occasionally to the natives a lesson of vengeance which, when once learnt, may not always be applied with discrimination." "It is a terrible business," he says, in another place, "this living among inferior races. I have seldom, from men or women, since I came into the East, heard a sentence which was reconcilable with the hypothesis that Christianity had ever come into the world. Detestation, contempt, ferocity, vengeance, whether Chinamen or Indians be the object. There are some three or four hundred servants in this house. When one first passes by their *salaaming*, one feels a little awkward. But the feeling soon wears off, and one moves among them with perfect indifference, treating them not, as dogs, because in that case we would whistle to them and pat them, but as machines with which one can have no communion or sympathy. Of course those who can speak the language are somewhat more *en rapport* with the natives, but very slightly so, I take it. When the passions of fear and hatred are engrafted on this indifference, the result is frightful—an absolute callousness as to the sufferings of the objects of their passions, which must be witnessed to be understood and believed." Is it very wonderful that, under such circumstances, missionary enterprise does not make more progress among the natives? Is there not, in fact, a need of missionary enterprise in another direction?

The event which led to the rupture with China, and finally to a revolution in our relations with that country, and in the policy of the Chinese Government, are too well known to require minute recapitulation. The Lorcha *Arrow*, a pretended British vessel, was boarded by the Chinese on a charge of piracy. The British on the spot seized the occasion for a quarrel, and, finding arms in their hands, took the opportunity of enforcing what they styled treaty obligations, and bombarded Canton. There was no doubt, in Lord Elgin's mind at all events, as to the character of the transaction. "I have hardly alluded," he says, "in my ultimatum to that wretched question of the *Arrow*, which is a scandal to us, and is so considered, I have

reason to know, by all except the few who are personally compromised." In another passage, he distinctly intimates his conviction that the *Arrow* was one of a class of vessels which fraudulently carried the British flag for the purpose of levying piratical exactions on the junks. The House of Commons passed a vote of censure against the Government; but the feelings engendered by the Crimean war were still dominant in the nation; and an appeal to the country, by the dissolution of Parliament, resulted in a complete triumph for Lord Palmerston and the *Arrow*.

Lord Elgin, during the two years of his residence at home, had given a general support to the Government, and the qualities which he had displayed in Canada pointed him out as the right man to be sent to China. The choice proved a most happy one: he secured the diplomatic objects of his mission with the least possible infringement of the laws of humanity; and, by his whole conduct and bearing, did much to redeem the tarnished honour of his country. Fortunately for us he kept a pretty regular journal, and he has thus enabled us to see countries which he visited, the people with whom he came in contact, and the events in which he bore the leading part, through the eyes of a clear-sighted, sagacious, and right-minded man. His command of language was also remarkable, and he had great descriptive power.

He went, of course, by the Overland route. Passing through Egypt, he says, "What might not be made of this country, if it were wisely guided.

"I am glad to have had two days in Egypt. It gave me an idea, at least, of that country—in some degree a painful one. I suppose that France and England, by their mutual jealousies, will be the means of perpetuating the abominations of the system under which that magnificent country is ruled. They say that the Pacha's revenue is about £4,000,000, and his expenses about £2,000,000: so that he has about £2,000,000 of pocket money. Yet, I suppose that the Fellahs, owing to their industry and the incomparable fertility of the country, are not badly off, as compared with the peasantry elsewhere. We passed at one of our stopping places, between Cairo and Suez, part of a Turkish regiment on their way to Jeddah. These men were dressed in a somewhat European costume, some of them with the Queen's medal on their breast. There was a harem in a sort of omnibus with them, containing the establishment of one of the officers. One of the ladies dropped her veil for a moment, and I saw rather a pretty face; almost the only Mahommedan female face I have seen since I reached this continent. They are much more rigorous, it appears, with the ladies in Egypt than at Constantinople. There they wear a veil which is quite transparent, and go about shopping; but, in Egypt, they seem to go out very little, and their veil completely hides everything but the eyes. In the palace which I visited near Cairo (and which the Pacha offered, if we had chosen to take it), I looked through some of the grated windows allowed in the harems, and I suppose that it must require a good deal of practice to see comfortably out of them. It appears that the persons who ascend to the top of the minarets to call to prayer at the appointed hours, are blind men, and that the blind are selected for this office, lest they should be able to look down into the harems. That is, certainly, carrying caution very far."

He arrives at Ceylon, and is charmed with its greenness and beauty, its luxuriant vegetation, its bright nights, and the brilliant phosphorescence of its seas. He takes a ride into the interior, and finds one of the most magnificent views he ever witnessed—in the foreground this tropical luxuriance, and beyond, far below, the glistening sea, studded with ships and boats innumerable, over which again the Malay peninsula, with its varied outline.

"I had hardly begun to admire the scene, when a gentleman in a blue flannel sort of dress, with a roughish beard, and a cigar in his mouth, made his appearance, and was presented to me as the Bishop of Labuan! He was there endeavouring to recruit his health, which has suffered a good deal. He complained of the damp of the climate, while admitting its many charms, and seemed to think that he owed to the dampness a bad cold with which he was afflicted. Soon afterwards his wife joined us. They were both at Sarawak when the last troubles took place, and must have had a bad time of it. The Chinese behaved well to them; indeed they seemed desirous to make the bishop their leader. His con-

verts (about fifty) were staunch ; and he has a school at which about the same number of Chinese boys are educated. These facts pleaded in his favour, and it says something for the Chinese that they were not insensible to these claims. They committed some cruel acts, but they certainly might have committed more. They respected the women, except one (Mrs. C., whom they wounded severely), and they stuck by the bishop until they found that he was trying to bring Brooke back. They then turned upon him, and he had to run for his life. The bishop gave me an interesting description of his school of Chinese boys. He says they are much more like English boys than other Orientals; that when a new boy comes they generally get up a fight, and let him earn his place by his prowess. But there is no managing them without pretty severe punishments. Indeed, he says, that if a boy be in fault, the others do not at all like his not being well punished ; they seem to think that it is an injustice to the rest if this is omitted."

In the midst of the beauties of Ceylon, however, Lord Elgin received the terrible news of the Indian mutiny, with urgent calls from Lord Canning for aid. With a moral courage, and a self-sacrifice really commendable, though, perhaps, rated rather too highly by his friendly biographer, Lord Elgin despatched to India the troops destined for his own support in China. At first he hoped that these troops might be speedily restored to him ; but, finding that this would not be the case, and feeling that, if he remained at Hong-Kong without the means of doing anything, he would damage the position of England with the Chinese, he resolved himself to go to Calcutta. His arrival there in the *Shannon*, in the midst of the awful crisis, called forth great enthusiasm. "I shall never forget," he said, "to my dying day—for the hour was a dark one, and there was hardly a countenance in Calcutta, save that of the Governor-General, Lord Canning, which was not blanched with fear—I shall never forget the cheers with which the *Shannon* was received, as she sailed up the river, pouring forth her salute from those sixty-eight pounders, which the gallant and lamented Sir William Peel sent up to Allahabad, and from those twenty-four pounders which, according to Lord Clyde, made way across the country in a manner never before witnessed."

He evidently formed a high opinion of Lord Canning, and he saw something of the difficulties with which the authors of the policy of "clemency" had to contend. "*August 22.* —— tells me that yesterday, at dinner, the fact that Government had removed some commissioners who, not content with hanging all the rebels they could lay their hands on, had been insulting them by destroying their caste, telling them that after death they should be cast to the dogs to be devoured, &c., was mentioned. A reverend gentleman could not understand the conduct of Government ; could not see any impropriety in torturing men's souls ; seemed to think that a good deal might be said in favour of bodily torture as well ! These are your teachers, O Israel ! Imagine what the pupils become under such leading !"

Fresh troops arriving for China, Lord Elgin proceeded to Hong-Kong, where he at once experienced the caprices of the Chinese climate. "I wish," he says, "I could send you a sketch of that gloomy hill, at the foot of which Victoria lies, as it loomed sullenly in the dusky morning, its crest wreathed with clouds, and its cheeks wrinkled by white lines that marked the track of the descending torrents."

"The weather cleared about noon. I remained in my cabin, as usual, till after five, when I ordered my boat, and went on shore. There were signs of the night's work here and there. Masts of junks sticking out of the water, and on land verandahs mutilated, &c. Loch accompanied me, and we walked up the hill to a road which runs above the town. The prospect was magnificent—Victoria below us, running down the steep bank to the water's edge ; beyond, the bay crowded with ships and junks, and closed on the opposite side by a semicircle of hills, bold, rugged and bare, and glaring in the bright sunset. When we got beyond the town, the hill along which we were walking began to remind me of some of the scenery in the Highlands—steep and treeless, the water gushing out at every step

among the huge granite boulders, and dashing, with a merry noise, across our path. After somewhat more than an hour's walk we turned back, and began to descend a long and precipitous path, or rather street—for there were houses on either side—in search of our boat. By the time we had embarked the hues of the sunset had vanished, a moon, nearly full, rode undisputed mistress in the cloudless sky, and we cut our way to our ship through the ripple that was dancing and sparkling in her beams."

The descriptions of scenery in the journal are excellent, and show that, beneath the practical statesman, there lay a good deal of the poet.

"Head-Quarters, House, Hong Kong, Nov. 22nd. —I wish you could take wings and join me here, if it were even for a few hours. We should first wander through these spacious apartments. We should then stroll out on the verandah, or along the path of the little terrace garden, which General Ashburnham has surrounded with a defensive wall ; and from thence I should point out to you the harbour, bright as a flower bed with the flags of many nations, the jutting promontory of Korsloom, and the barrier of bleak and jagged hills that bound the prospect. A little later, when the sun began to sink, and the long shadows to fall from the mountain's side, we should set forth for a walk along a level pathway of about a quarter of a mile long, which is cut in its flank, and connects with this garden. From thence we should watch this same circle of hills, now turned into a garland, and glowing in the sunset lights, crimson and purple, and blue and green, and colours for which a name has not yet been found, as they successively lit upon them. Perhaps we should be tempted to wait (and it could not be long to wait, for the night follows in these regions very closely on the heels of day), until, on these self-same hills, then gloomy and dark and sullen, tens of thousands of bright and silent stars were looking down calmly from Heaven."

But other work than gazing on the scenery and the stars was at hand. Lord Elgin sent in his demands to the Chinese Governor, Yeh. "I made them," he says, "as moderate as possible, so as to give him a chance of accepting : although, if he had accepted, I know that I should have brought on my head the imprecations both of the navy and army, and of the civilians, the time being given *by the missionaries and the women.* And now, Yeh having refused, I shall do whatever I possibly can to secure the adoption of plans of attack, &c., which will lead to the least destruction of life and property * * The weather is charming : the thermometer about 60° in the shade in the morning : the sun powerful, and the atmosphere beautifully clear. When we steamed up to Canton, and saw the rich alluvial banks covered with the luxuriant evidences of unrivalled industry and natural fertility combined ; beyond, the barren uplands, sprinkled with soil of a reddish tint, which gave them the appearance of heather slopes in the Highlands ; and beyond these again, the white cloud mountain range, standing out, bold and blue, in the clear sunshine, I thought bitterly of those who, for the most selfish objects, are trampling under foot this ancient civilization."

The miserable people of Canton were already suffering deeply from what Lord Elgin calls "this horrid war." The Admiral having sent on shore some casks of damaged biscuit, there was such a rush for it that some people were drowned. The ships were surrounded by boats filled with women, who picked up orange peel and offal. One of the gun-boats having got ashore, the officer coolly ordered the Chinese on the quays to pull her off, which they did. "Fancy," says Lord Elgin, "having to fight such people !"

He fought them, in pursuance of his recorded resolution, as humanely as possible, but very little to the contentment of the "civilized" community, of which he was the representative. "The truth is that the whole world, just now, is raving mad with a passion for killing and slaying, and it is difficult for a person in his sober senses, like myself, to hold his own among them." People wanted "what is styled a vigorous policy in China ; in other words, a policy which consists in resorting to the most violent measures of coercion or repression, on the slenderest provocation." "The settlement here (at Swatow), is against treaty. It con-

sists, mainly, of agents of the two great opium houses, Dent and Jardine, with their hangers-on. This, with a considerable business in the coolie trade—which consists in kidnapping wretched coolies, putting them on board ships, where all the horrors of the slave-trade are reproduced, and sending them, on specious promises, to such places as Cuba—is the chief business of the 'foreign' merchants at Swatow." These worthies did not, by any means, want China opened to fair trade. What they wanted was a privileged monopoly of smuggling and kidnapping, protected by British guns.

Lord Elgin's general testimony is strongly in favour of the Chinese, in their relations with foreigners, provided the foreigners behave well to them. "I have made it a point," he says, "whenever I have met missionaries or others who have penetrated into the interior from Ningpo and Shanghai, to ask them what treatment they experienced in those expeditions, and the answer has almost invariably been that, at points remote from those to which foreigners have access, there was no diminution, but, on the contrary, rather an enhancement of the courtesy exhibited towards them by the natives." He gives more than one instance of prejudiced misconstruction of the conduct of these unfortunate people, and of the ignorant and unsympathizing insolence with which they are treated by Europeans. "I heard that in the Western suburb (of Canton), the people looked 'ill-natured,' so I have been, the greater part of my last two days, in that suburb, looking in vain into faces to discover these menacing indications. Yesterday, I walked through very out-of-the-way streets, and crowded thoroughfares, with Wade and two sailors, through thousands and thousands, without a symptom of disrespect. * * * I know that our people for a long time used to insist on every Chinaman they met taking his hat off. Of course it rather astonished a respectable Chinese shop-keeper to be poked in the ribs by a sturdy sailor or soldier, and told in bad Chinese, or in pantomime, to take off his hat, which is a thing they never do, and which is not with them even a mark of respect. I only mention this as an instance of the follies which people commit, when they know nothing of the manners of those with whom they have to deal."

At Canton, Lord Elgin visited two of the prisons, and found them in a very bad state. The condition of the inmates of one cell was appalling. The authorities offered excuses connected with the bombardment. But the cruelty of the criminal law is one of the things which clearly stamp the imperfect character of Chinese civilization.

After leaving Canton, Lord Elgin paid a visit to Chusan, which he calls a charming island, and wonders how people could have preferred Hong-Kong. From Chusan he visited a Buddhist monastery in the islet of Potou.

"We entered the buildings, which were like all the Buddhistic temples—the same images, &c.—and were soon surrounded by crowds of the most filthy and miserable looking bonzes, some clad in grey, and some in yellow. All were very civil, however, and on the invitation of the superior—who had a much more intelligent look than the rest—we went into an apartment at the side of the temple and had some tea. After a short rest we proceeded on our way, and mounted a hill about one thousand five hundred feet in height, passing by some more temples on the way. I never saw human beings apparently in a lower condition than those bonzes, though some of the temples were under repair, and, on the whole, tolerably cared for. The view from the top of the hill was magnificent, and there was glorious music here and there, from the sea rolling in upon the sandy beach. We met some women (not young ones) going up the hill, in chairs, to worship at the temples, and found in the temples some individuals at their devotions. In one there was a monk hidden behind a great drum, repeating in a plaintive tone, over and over again, the name of Buddha, 'ameta fo,' or something like that sound. I observed some lumps on the forehead, evidently produced by knocking it against the ground. The utter want of respect of these people for their temples, coupled with this asceticism, and apparent self-sacrifice in their religion, is a combination which I cannot at present understand. It has one bad effect, that, in the plundering expeditions which we Christians dignify with

the name of wars, in these countries idols are ripped up in the hope of finding treasure in them, temple ornaments seized, and in short, no sort of consideration is shown for the religious feelings of the natives."

Lord Elgin remarks that the absence of any strong religious antipathies on the part of the Chinese removes one great obstacle to intercourse, which operates most powerfully in other eastern countries. "The owner of the humblest dwelling almost invariably offers to the foreigner, who enters it, the hospitable tea-cup, without any apparent apprehension that his guest, by using, will defile it; and priests and worshippers attach no idea of profanation to the presence of the stranger in the joss-house. This is a fact, as I humbly conceive, not without its significance, when we come to consider what prospect there may be of our being able to extend and multiply relations of commerce and amity with this industrious portion of the human race."

The taking of the forts at the mouth of the Peiho, to secure the passage of the Envoys up to Tientsin was, in Lord Elgin's opinion, a more creditable affair, in a military point of view, than the taking of Canton. "Our gun-boats and men appear to have done well, and though they were opposed to poor troops, still they were troops, and not crowds of women and children, who were the victims of the bombardment at Canton." Still it was, at best, a wretched war. The Chinese were incapable of directing even such fire-arms as they had, and they were totally without tactics or discipline. Lord Elgin was convinced that twenty-four determined men, with revolvers and a sufficient number of cartridges, might walk through China from one end to another. On his way up the Peiho, he writes in his journal: "The night was lovely—a moon nearly full, the bank, perfectly flat and treeless, at first became fringed with mud villages, silent as the grave, and trees standing like spectres over the stream. There we went ceaselessly on through the silvery silence, panting and breathing flame. Through the night watches, when no Chinaman moves, when the junks cast anchor, we laboured on cutting ruthlessly and recklessly through the waters of that glowing and startled river which, until the last few weeks, no stranger keel had ever furrowed! Whose work were we engaged in when we burst thus, with hideous violence and brutal energy, into these darkest and most mysterious recesses of the traditions of the past? I wish I could answer that question in a manner satisfactory to myself. At the same time, there is, certainly, not much to regret in the old civilization which we are thus scattering to the winds. A dense population, timorous and pauperized, such would seem to be its chief product." The last words require some qualification, for Lord Elgin afterwards says of the peasantry on the river Yangtze Kiang, "We took a walk, conversing with the peasants who live in a row of cottages, with their well cultivated lands in front and rear of their dwellings: the lands are generally their own, and of not more than three or four acres in extent, I should think; but it is difficult to get accurate information from them on such points. We found one rather superior sort of man, who said he was a tenant, and that he paid four out of ten parts of the produce of his farm to the landlord. They gave me the impression of a well-to-do peasantry. Afterwards I walked through the country town of Paho, which is built of stone and seemingly prosperous." His description of the country on the road by which he afterwards advanced to Pekin, with the hamlets smiling amidst their clumps of trees, also seems to indicate a good deal of prosperity among the people. Indeed he says, in broad terms, that what he has seen leads him to think that the rural population of China "is, generally speaking, well-doing and contented."

The Envoy's anxious thoughts, on the subject of his mission, never prevent his

mind from being open to the beautiful or curious features of the scenes through which he is passing on the Yantse. He writes :

"After awhile we (the *Furious*) put out our strength and left gunboats and all behind. When the sun had passed the meridian, the masts and sails were a protection from his rays, and as he continued to drop towards the water, right ahead of us, he strewed our path first with glittering silver spangles, then with roses, then with violets, through all of which we sped ruthlessly. The banks still flat, until the last part of the trip, when we approached some hills on the left, not very lofty, but clearly defined, and with a kind of dreamy softness about them which reminded one of Egypt. Altogether it was impossible to have had anything more charming in the way of yachting ; the waters a perfect calm, or hardly crisped by the breeze that played on their surface."

And again—

"The sun has just set among a crowd of mountains which bound the horizon ahead of us, and in such a blaze of fiery light that earth and sky in his neighbourhood have all been too glorious to look upon. Standing out in advance on the edge of this sea of molten gold is a solitary rock, about a quarter of the size of the Bass, which goes by the name of Golden Island, and seems as the pedestal of a tall pagoda. I never saw a more beautiful scene or a more magnificent sunset."

Further on he writes: "We have just passed a bit of scenery on our left which reminds me of Ardgowan—a range of lofty hills in the background, broken up by deep valleys and hillocks covered with trees ; dark-green fir and hardwood, tinted with Canadian autumn colours, running up towards it from the river." And he makes the rather aristocratic reflection—"With two or three thousand acres, what a magnificent situation for a park !"

After beating the Chinese in war, and, what was a good deal more difficult, surmounting the impediments which their ignorance, stupidity and duplicity placed in the way of diplomacy, Lord Elgin succeeded in concluding a treaty which met the entire approbation of his Government. It was not however on the terms of the treaty, but on the manner in which it was obtained, that he reflected with most satisfaction. "Any one," he says, "could have obtained the Treaty of Tientsin. What was really meritorious was that it should have been obtained at so small a cost of human suffering. But this is also what discredits it in the eyes of many, of almost all here. If we had carried on war for some years—if we had carried misery and desolation all over the Empire —it would have been thought quite natural that the Emperor should have been reduced to accept the terms imposed upon him at Tientsin. But to do all this by means of a demonstration at Tientsin ! The announcement was received with a yell of derision by connoisseurs and baffled speculators in tea."

Gladly the Envoy departed from China. "I have gone through a good deal since we parted. Certainly I have seen more to disgust me with my fellow-countrymen than I saw during the whole course of my previous life, since I have found them in the East among populations too ignorant to resist and too timid to complain. I have an instinct in me which loves righteousness and hates iniquity, and all this keeps me in a perpetual boil." His is not the only true English heart that has boiled under the dishonour brought by filibustering iniquity on the British name.

Pending the negotiations in China, Lord Elgin visited Japan, where he also negotiated a treaty. He was pleased with the country and with the state of society which he found in it. On leaving it he writes : "We are again plunging into the China sea, and quitting the only place which I have left with any feeling of regret since I reached this abominable East—abominable not so much in itself as because it is strewed all over with the records of our violence and fraud and disregard of right."

The biographer plaintively contrasts the ovation which awaited Lord Elgin on his triumphant return from China with the indifference of the British public to the great work which he had done in Canada. The

indifference of the British public to the work of Canadian government, and to Colonial concerns generally, is an undeniable fact. While the result of a general election and the fate of the Government depend on the affair of the lorcha *Arrow*, nobody ever heard a Colonial question even mentioned at the hustings. But this indifference is the effect not of disrespect but simply of ignorance, and the ignorance is inevitable and incurable. How can we expect the mass of the British constituencies, the farmers, tradesmen, mechanics, or even the men of business, to know anything about that which does not immediately concern them? What nation is there in which ordinary men give a thought to the affairs of any country but their own? How much do we ourselves know or care about what is going on in other portions of the Empire? What Canadian can give an account of Australian politics, or tell who is the leading statesman of Natal?

Lord Elgin flattered himself that he had come to repose in the happy home to which in his letters and journal his heart always turns. But he was disappointed. Fresh troubles arose with the Chinese Government about the ratification of the treaty; and Lord Elgin, upon an appeal being made by the British Government to his patriotism, consented to undertake a second mission. He was again associated with his old friend, Baron Gros, with whom, as the French envoy, he had cordially co-operated on the former occasion.

On his way he visited the Pyramids, the excursion to which from Cairo he was obliged to make by night, on account of the intensity of the heat and the risk of sunstroke. The moon was nearly full, and by its light he had his first view of the Sphinx.

"We pushed on over the heaps of sand and *debris*, or, probably, covered up tombs, which surround the base of the Pyramids, when we suddenly came in face of the most remarkable object on which my eye ever lighted. Somehow or other I had not thought of the Sphinx till I saw her before me. There she was in all her imposing magnitude, crouched on the margin of the Desert, looking over the fertile valley of the Nile, and her gaze fixed on the East, as if in earnest expectation of the morning. And such a gaze! The mystical light and deep shadows cast by the moon gave to it an intensity which I cannot attempt to describe—to me it seemed a look earnest, searching, but unsatisfied. For a long time I remained transfixed, endeavouring to read the meaning conveyed by this wonderful eye; but I was struck, after a while, by what seemed a contradiction in the expression of the eye and of the mouth. There was a singular gentleness and hopefulness in the lines of the mouth, which appeared to be in contrast with the anxious eye. Mr. Bowlby, who was a very sympathique inquirer into the significancy of this wonderful monument, agreed with me in thinking that the upper part of the face spoke of the intellect striving, and striving vainly, to solve the mystery—(what mystery? The mystery, shall we say, of God's universe or of man's destiny?)—while the brow indicated a moral conviction that all must be well, and that this truth would in good time be made manifest."

The interpretation of the Sphinx's look conveyed in the last sentence is pretty subtle, and must have been a good deal assisted by the moonbeams. Mr. Bowlby, who so readily concurred in it, must have been "very *sympathique*" in the same sense as Polonius. This gentleman was the correspondent of the *Times*, and the closeness of his relations with Lord Elgin is, to tell the truth, a little indication of the one weak point in Lord Elgin's generally fine character—a too anxious desire for public approbation. The public service, as well as the independence of the press, has suffered severely by more than one liaison of this kind.

"Transfixed and awe-struck" Lord Elgin stood before the Sphinx. His French companion exclaimed, "*Ah, que c'est drôle!*"

Again the Envoy finds himself in the "abominable East." From Ceylon he writes: "Have you read Russell's book on the Indian Mutiny? I have done so, and I recommend it to you. It has made me very sad; but it only confirms what I believed before respecting the scandalous treatment which the natives receive at our

hands in India. I am glad that he has had courage to speak out as he does on this point. Can I do anything to prevent England from calling down on herself God's curse for brutalities committed on another feeble Oriental race? Or are all my exertions to result only in the extension of the area over which Englishmen are to exhibit how hollow and superficial are both their civilization and their Christianity? * * * The tone of the two or three men connected with mercantile houses in China, whom I find on board, is all for blood and massacre on a great scale. I hope they will be disappointed; but it is not a cheerful or hopeful prospect, look at it from what side we may."

The single infirmity which has just been mentioned as besetting Lord Elgin enhances the credit due to him for the firmness with which he adhered to his humane policy—in defiance of the depraved opinion by which he was surrounded in the East—and thus saved the honour of the country.

On his way to Peytang, near the mouth of the Peiho, where the landing of the allied forces was to take place, he makes the following, among other entries, in his journal:

"I have just heard a story of the poor country people here (at Talien Whan). A few days ago a party of drunken sailors went to a village, got into a row, and killed a man by mistake. On the day following, three officers went to the village armed with revolvers. The villagers surrounded them, took from them the revolvers (whether the officers fired or not is disputed), and then conducted them, without doing them any injury, to their boat. An officer, with an interpreter, was then sent to the village to ask for the revolvers. They were at once given up, the villagers stating that they had no wish to take them, but that as one of their number had been shot already, they objected to people coming to them with arms."

* * * * * * * *

I am reading the '*Lettres edifiantes et curieuses*,' which are the reports of the Jesuit missionaries who were established in China at the commencement of the last century. They are very interesting, and the writers seem to have been good and zealous people. At the same time one cannot help being struck by their puerility on many points. The doctrine of baptismal regeneration, pushed to its extreme logical conclusions, as it is by them, leads to rather strange practical consequences. Starting from the principle that all unbaptized children are certainly eternally lost, and all baptized (if they die immediately) as certainly saved, they naturally infer that they do more for the kingdom of heaven by baptizing dying children than by any other work of conversion in which they can be engaged. The sums which they expend in sending people about the streets to administer this sacrament to all the moribund children they can find; the arts which they employ to perform this office secretly on children in this state whom they are asked to treat medically: and the glee with which they record the success of their tricks, are certainly remarkable."

A series of military operations and negociations seemed about to lead to the desired result, when the negociations were broken off by the treacherous seizure of Mrs. Parkes and others. Then came the advance to Pekin and the looting of the Emperor's summer palace.

"*Sunday, Oct.* 7.—We hear this morning that the French and our cavalry have captured the summer palace of the Emperor. All the big-wigs have fled, nothing remains but a portion of the household. We are told that the *prisoners* are all in Pekin. * * * *Five p.m.* I have just returned from the summer palace. It is really a fine thing, like an English park—numberless buildings, with handsome rooms, and fitted with Chinese *curios* and handsome clocks, bronzes, &c. But, alas, such a scene of desolation! The French general came up full of protestations. He had prevented *looting*, in order that all the plunder might be divided between the armies, &c., &c. There was not a room that I saw in which half the things had not been taken away or broken to pieces. I tried to get a regiment of ours sent to guard the place, and then sold the things by auction; but it is difficult to get things done by system in such a case, so some officers are left, who are to fill two or three carts with treasures, which are to be sold. * * * Plundering and devastating a place like this is bad enough, but what is much worse is the waste and breakage. Out of £1,000,000 worth of property, I daresay £50,000 will not be realised. French soldiers are destroying in every way the most beautiful silks, breaking the jade ornaments and porcelain, &c. War is a hateful business. The more one sees of it the more one detests it."

The Envoy got on very well with the

French authorities. But he did not admire the habits of the French soldiery. "I am anxious," he says, "to conclude peace as soon as possible after the capture of the Peiho forts, because from what I have seen of the conduct of the French here, I am sure that they will commit all manner of atrocities, and make foreigners detested in every town and village they enter. Of course their presence makes it very difficult to maintain discipline among our own people."

The outrage on Mr. Parkes, and the murder of some of his companions, seemed to Lord Elgin to call for some signal chastisement; and the chastisement which appeared to him likely to produce the most salutary effect on the Emperor, and at the same time to be attended with least suffering to the innocent people, was the burning of the Summer Palace. The palace was accordingly given to the flames.

Lord Elgin afterwards visited the Imperial city, from which the Emperor had fled.

"*Pekin, Nov. 2nd.*—Yesterday, after the mail had left, I mounted on horseback, and with an escort, and Parkes and Credock, proceeded to the Imperial city, within which is the Imperial palace We obtained access to two enclosures, forming part of the Imperial palace appendages; both elevated places, the one ascended by a pathway in regular Chinese intervals on a large scale, and really striking in its way; and the other being a well-wooded, park-like eminence, covered by temples, with images of Buddha. The view from both was magnificent. Pekin is so full of trees, and the houses are so low, that it hardly had the effect of looking down on a great city. Here and there temples or high gateways rose above the trees, but the general impression was rather that of a rich plain densely peopled. In the distance the view was bounded by a lofty chain of mountains, snow-capped. From the park-like eminence we looked down upon the Imperial palace—a large enclosure crowded with yellow-roofed buildings, generally low, and a few trees dotted among them. It is difficult to imagine how the unfortunates shut up there can ever have any exercise. I don't wonder that the Emperor preferred Yuen-ming-yuen. The yellow roofs, interspersed here and there with very deep blue ones, had, however, a very brilliant effect in the sunshine."

Having wrung from the Emperor an edict ratifying and extending the treaty of Tientsin, with an indemnity for the expenses of the war, and having further settled some troubles at Shanghae, the Envoy was at liberty to depart, and joyfully he departed.

On his homeward voyage he visited Manila and Java, and made copious entries concerning both in his journal. Of Java he says in conclusion:

"Altogether I was much interested by Java. As I have said, it is ruled entirely for the interest of the governing race. No attempt is made to raise the natives. I *believe* that the missionaries are not allowed to visit the interior. I asked about schools, and ascertained that in the provinces of which the regency of Bantong forms a part, and which contains some 600,000 inhabitants, there were five; not, I suspect, much attended. It was clear from the tone of the officials that there was no wish to educate the natives. There is a kind of forced labour. They pay a tithe of the produce of their rice fields; are obliged (in certain districts) to plant coffee, and to sell the produce at a rate fixed by the Government; in others to work on sugar estates, and on all to make roads. Nevertheless I am not satisfied that they are unhappy, or that the system can be called a failure. In those districts which I visited there was no appearance of their being overworked; and I was assured that on the sugar estates the proprietors have no power of punishing those who do not work; that it rests with the officials exclusively to do so. The tone of the officials on the subject is, that no punishment is necessary, because, although they are so lazy that if they had the choice they would never do anything, they do not make any difficulty about working when they are told to do so. Economically it is a success. The fertility of the island is very great, so that the labour of the natives leaves a large surplus after their own subsistence is provided for. There are twenty provinces, in each of which the chief officer is the president—a Dutchman; but the native chief (Regent) has the more direct relations with the people, arranges about their labour, &c. The Dutch officials look after him, and see that he does not abuse his power."

At a Royal Academy dinner, on his return to England, Lord Elgin justified the burning of the Summer Palace. He then proceeded to give his views on Chinese intellect, and the probable results of its being

brought into contact with the intellect of Europe.

"And now, Sir, to pass to another topic. I have been repeatedly asked whether, in my opinion, the interests of art in this country are likely to be in any degree promoted by the opening up of China. I must say in reply, that in matters of art I do not think we have much to learn from that country; but I am not quite prepared to admit that even in this department we can gain nothing from them. The distinguishing characteristic of the Chinese mind is this, that at all points of the circle described by man's intelligence, it seems occasionally to have caught glimpses of a heaven far beyond the range of its ordinary ken and vision. It caught a glimpse of the path which leads to military supremacy when it invented gunpowder, some centuries before the discovery was made by any other nation. It caught a glimpse of the path which leads to maritime supremacy when it made, at a period equally remote, the discovery of the mariner's compass. It caught a glimpse of the path which leads to literary supremacy when in the tenth century it invented the printing press; and as my illustrious friend on my right (Sir E. Landseer) has reminded me, it has caught from time to time glimpses of the beautiful in colour and design. But in the hands of the Chinese themselves the invention of gunpowder has exploded in crackers and harmless fireworks. The mariner's compass has produced nothing better than the coasting junk. The art of printing has stagnated in stereotyped editions of Confucius, and the most cynical representations of the grotesque have been the principal products of Chinese conceptions of the sublime and beautiful. Nevertheless I am disposed to believe that under this mass of abortions and rubbish there lie hidden some sparks of a diviner fire, which the genius of my countrymen may gather and nurse into a flame."

Lord Elgin had not been more than a month at home, when he was made Viceroy of India. Much as he abhorred the East, it was destined to be the scene of the last act in the varied drama of his public life.

Calm reigned in India after the storm of the great mutiny. The successor of Lord Canning was not called upon to cope with any great peril or to undertake any new enterprise. Abstinence from new enterprises wh'e the land enjoyed the needful repose, and the wounds of the recent struggle were hea ing, was in fact an obvious part of his duty. The feeling that he would have little opportunity for distinction in truth conflicted with patriotic motives in his mind, when he was debating whether to accept or decline the appointment. But he made a careful study of all the great Indian questions, with a view to triumphs other than those of war. He was remarkably patient in investigation, cautious in forming his conclusions, and sedulous in availing himself of the knowledge and opinions of those around him, while he always acted ultimately on his own judgment. At Calcutta, he had two or three people to dine with him every day when he had not a great dinner. "By this means," he says, "I get acquainted with individuals, and if my bees have any honey in them, I extract it at the moment of the day when it is most gushing. It is very convenient besides, because it enables me to converse by candle-light with persons who want to talk to me about their private affairs, instead of wasting daylight upon them."

We have valuable letters from the Viceroy to Sir Charles Wood, on several questions of importance, such as the Army, the mode of treating the native potentates and the natives generally, and the relations of the Indian Empire with Affghanistan, with regard to which country he was very far from favouring the meddling policy by which Lord Palmerston had brought a terrible disaster on the British arms, and deep dishonour on the British name. The relations between the subject and the dominant race were his great difficulty, as they must be the great difficulty of every Viceroy of India. The mutiny had of course left behind deep feelings of hostility and suspicion. Fearful things had been done by the British as well as by the mutineers. Lord Canning was nicknamed "Clemency Canning," but Lord Elgin says that it was only the clamour for blood and indiscriminate vengeance which raged around him that imparted by contrast the grace of clemency to acts which carried justice to the verge of severity. In proof of this he quotes the report of an officer as to the reign of terror

which followed the fall of Delhi. "The terrors of that period, when every man who had two enemies was sure to swing, are not forgotten. The people declare that the work of Nadia Shah was as nothing to it. His executions were completed in twelve hours. But for months after the last fall of Delhi no one was sure of his own life, or of that of the being dearest to him, for an hour." The natives, as Lord Elgin says, looked with gratitude to the men who alone had the will and the power to arrest this course of proceeding, and prevent its extension over the land.

The panic among the dominant race naturally continued even when the mutiny had been suppressed, and it sometimes manifested itself in ridiculous and disgraceful forms. Stories were spread of designs for the secret assassination of Europeans. Such stories, Lord Elgin says, were the conversation of every mess table, before the native servants, who would be the agents in the plots.

"But talking is not all. The commanding officer at Agra has acted on these suspicions, and, in the face of the native population, taken extraordinary precautions on the assumption that the wells were poisoned. We have no report as yet on the subject. All we know is from the newspapers; but of the fact I fear there can be little doubt, If there be disaffected persons in that locality (and no doubt there are many such), it will be strange indeed if they do not profit by so broad a hint. Then again this panic, beginning with the officers, spreads to the men. Some cases of terrorism have occurred at Delhi, which are a disgrace to our race. And of course we know what follows. Cowardice and cruelty being twins, the man who runs terror-stricken into his barracks to-night, beause he mistook the chirp of a cricket for the click of a pistol, indemnifies himself to-morrow by beating his bearer to within an inch of his life."

The Viceroy himself received, from some of these panic-mongers, letters warning him of plots against his life. "By the bye," he says, "last night was fixed upon, by my anonymous correspondents, for my own assassination,"

The habitual disregard of native life by Europeans was painfully brought under the Viceroy's notice. In stating his reasons for refusing to exercise the prerogative of mercy in the case of a European who had murdered a native, and in whose favour an agitation had been got up, he says: "It is true that this murder was not committed with previous preparation and deliberation. It had not, therefore, this special quality of aggravation. But it was marked by an aggravation of its own not less culpable, and unfortunately, only too frequently characteristic of the homicides perpetrated by Europeans on natives in this country. It was committed in wanton recklessness, almost without provocation, under an impulse which could have been resisted if the life of the victim had been estimated at the value of that of a dog. Any action on my part, which could have seemed to sanction this estimate of the value of native life, would have been attended by the most pernicious consequences." "It is bad enough," he proceeds "as it is. The other day a station-master kicked a native, who was, as he says, milking a goat belonging to the former. The native fell dead, and the local paper, without a word of commiseration for the victim or his family, complains of the hardship of compelling the station-master to go to Calcutta, in this warm weather, to have the case enquired into. Other instances, in which the natives have died from the effect of personal chastisement administered by Europeans, have occurred since I have been here."

The imprudence of missionaries, who, after trampling on native prejudices, claimed the protection of the Government, was another source of occasional anxiety.

"You (Sir C. Wood) may be interested by reading a letter (of which I enclose a copy), written by the officer commanding the country at Delhi, on the subject of the alleged assault by a native trooper on a missionary. I should think that the cause of Christian truth and charity would be as well served by preaching in a Church or building of some sort, as by holding forth in the streets of a city full of fanatical unbelievers.

If I am told that the Apostles pursued the latter course, I would observe that they had the authorities, as well as the mob, against them, and took, not only the thrashings of the latter, but also the judicial penalties inflicted by the former, like men. It is a very different matter when you have a powerful Government to fall back upon, and to quell any riot which you may raise. However, these are burning questions, and one must handle them cautiously."

Indian railways were another great subject of deliberation, and one on which Lord Elgin has left some sensible remarks, derived partly from his American experience. There are some who wished, in the English fashion, to build all the lines, both main and subsidiary, on the most expensive scale, so that railways could not be introduced into any part of India where an expenditure of ten thousand pounds to fifteen thousand pounds a mile could not be afforded. Lord Elgin, on the contrary, advocated the policy of having cheap railroads where you could not afford dear ones. "I have been a good deal in America, and I know that our practical cousins there do not refuse to avail themselves of advantages within their reach, by grasping at those which are beyond it. In 1854, I travelled by railway from New York to Washington. We had several ferries to cross on the way, but we found that the railway with the ferries was much better than no railway at all. In short, in America, where they cannot get a *packa* railway, they take a *hutcha* one instead. This, I think, is what we must do in India.

The terrible climate of India had proved fatal to Lord Elgin's predecessor, and he had himself, on leaving England, expressed a mournful presentiment as to its probable effect on himself. We find him, while hard at work in the deadly vapour-bath of Calcutta, rushing out to get a breath of fresh air, and a little of the exercise which was habitual and indispensable to him, before the sun appeared, "angry and glaring," above the horizon. And again he writes, "It is now dreadfully hot. In search of something to stay my gasping, I mounted on to the roof of the house this morning, to take my walk there, instead of in my close garden, where there are low shrubs which give no shade, but exclude the breeze. I made nothing, however, by my motion, for no air was stirring even there. I had a solitary and ghastly stroll on the leads, surrounded by the *adjutants*, a sort of hideous and filthy vulture. They do the work of scavengers in Calcutta, and are ready to treat one as a nuisance if they had a chance." The luxuries of India, even those which surround the Viceroy, are in part mere palliations of misery.

After a time Lord Elgin fulfilled at once the requirements of his own failing health, and those of his Viceregal duty, by making a progress through the Northern provinces, ending with the great Indian sanatorium, Simla. On the road, the pageantry which surrounds the splendid trust of the Indian Viceroy was displayed in all its magnificence. At Agra, which was to be the scene of a grand Durbar, or gathering of the native chiefs, the Viceroy, as we are told by his secretary, met with a reception worthy of the East.

"The road, thickly lined with native troops, crossed the Jumna by a bridge of boats, and wound along the river's banks beneath those lofty sandstone walls; then, mounting a steep hill, and leaving the main entry into Agra fort upon the right, the Taj remaining to the left, it led through miles of garden ground, thickly studded with suburban villas, to the Viceroy's camp, which occupied the centre of an extensive plain, where tents were pitched for the accommodation of the Government of India and an escort of ten thousand men. Beyond these were ranked, according to priority of arrival, the far spreading noisy camps of those rajas, the number of whose followers was within some bounds; and beyond them again stretched miles and miles of tents, contain-

ing thousands upon thousands of ill-conditioned looking men from Central India and the wildest part of Rajpootana, the followers of such maharajas as Jeypoor, who marched to meet the Viceroy with an army thirty thousand strong, found in horse and foot and guns, ready for the field."

Lord Elgin himself was deeply impressed by the splendour and picturesqueness of the scene. "Perhaps (he wrote) months of the monotony of a Calcutta existence may render the mind more sensitive to novelty and beauty; at any rate, the impressions produced on visiting Agra at this time have been singularly vivid and keen. The surpassing beauty of the buildings, among which the Taj stands pre-eminent; the vast concourse of chiefs and retainers, combining so many of the attributes of feudal and chivalrous times, with the picturesqueness in attire and the gorgeousness of colouring which only the East can supply; produced an effect of fairy-land, of which it was difficult to divest oneself in order to come down to the sterner realities of the present. These realities consisted mainly in receiving the chiefs at public and private Durbars, exchanging presents and civilities with them, and returning their visits. The great Durbar was attended by a larger number of chiefs than was before assembled on a similar occasion."

The Grand Durbar itself was thus depicted, by an eye witness, in one of the Indian newspapers:

"It is difficult to describe, without seeing it is impossible to conceive, a scene like that presented at a grand Durbar of this kind. One may imagine any amount of display of jewels, gold and glitter, gorgeous dresses, splendid uniforms, and handsome faces. You may see far more beautiful sights in the shape of Court grandeur at our European palaces, at Versailles and St. James'; but nothing that will give you an idea of an Indian Durbar. The exhibition of costly jewels, the display of wealth in priceless ornaments and splendid dresses, the strange mixture of wealth and poverty, the means of accomplishing magnificence and splendour, enjoyed to such profusion, yet rendered almost void to this end from want of taste. 'Barbaric wealth,' indeed, you behold; barbaric from its extent and profusion, and barbaric from the hideous use made of it. The host of chiefs, who sat on the right side of the huge Durbar tent, close packed in a semicircle, and who rose as one man when the band outside began 'God Save the Queen,' and the artillery thundered forth the salute, were a blaze of jewels. From underneath head-dresses of every conceivable form and structure—the golden crown studded with rubies and emeralds, the queer butterfly-spreading Mahratic cap, the close-fitting Rajpoot turban, the common *pugree* of the Mohammedan chief, ordinary in shape, but made of the richest material—from under each and all these, are dark, piercing faces, and bright glancing eyes, eager to catch the first view of the great Lord Paramount of Hindostan. What a multitude of different expressions one notices, while scanning that strange group of princes of royal descent, whose ancestors held the very thrones they now hold—far back beyond the range of history. The scheming politician, the low debauchee, the debased sensualist, the chivalrous soldier, the daring ambitious descendant of a line of royal robbers, the crafty intriguer, the religious enthusiast, the fanatic and the sceptic, side by side, you can trace in each swarthy face the character written on its features by the working of the brain within."

High on a throne of massive gold, with crimson velvet cushion, and for arms two lions of gold, the Viceroy addressed all these principalities and powers in weighty words, uttered in a clear and distinct voice, so that he could be heard at the further corner of the vast tent.

It was the gorgeous sunset of his long official day. For a few weeks afterwards, at Dhurmsala, amidst the magnificent scenery of the hills, he was attacked by a disease which his physician pronounced to be fatal. He met his end with religious fortitude. Lady Elgin, with his approval, rode up to the cemetery at Dhurmsala to select a spot for his grave; and he gently expressed pleasure when told of the quiet and beautiful aspect of the spot chosen, with the glorious view of the sunny range towering above, and the wide prospect of hill and plain below. On that grave a grateful country has inscribed the epitaph due to eminent administrative ability and high-souled devotion to public duty.

THE BATTLE OF THE HUNS.

(There is at Berlin a world-renowned picture by Kaulbach, suggested by the legend which is told in the following verses. Through the shadowy gloom of night that has gathered over the deserted battle-field, —strewed with corpses,—are dimly discerned the spectral figures of the combatants, whose spirits were fabled to have renewed the deadly combat above their lifeless bodies,—a combat which is said to have continued without intermission for three days and nights.)

THERE is an ancient legend
Of a fierce and bloody fray;
When, beside the yellow Tiber,
Barbarian cohorts lay.

The savage hordes of Attila
Had wasted like a flame,—
And the proud, imperial city,
Quaked at the conqueror's name.

Yet, issuing from her portals
To battle on the plain;
Went forth her best and bravest,—
But—came not back again!

Then, when the sunset glory
Faded from tower and dome,
There was woe and bitter wailing
Within the walls of Rome.

For the dark night that descended
Upon the bloody field
Cloaked thousands sleeping ghastly
'Neath battered helm and shield.

Close by the dark barbarian
Lay the Roman, proud and pale,
And all was deathly stillness
Save for the women's wail.

But they said,—to whom 'twas given,
To pierce the misty bound,
Which ever lies between us
And the unseen world around.

That, above the weeping women,
Above the stiffened dead;
A strange and fearful battle
Was raging overhead.

For the shades of the departed
Crowded the dusky air ;
And in deadly hate were fighting
A second combat there !

Three days and nights that followed,
Nor truce nor respite brought ;
Where, above the clay-cold sleepers,
The shadowy warriors fought.

Thus runs the weird old legend
Of the warlike days of old,—
But, perchance, a deeper meaning
May lurk within its fold—

That the souls of the departed
Again may come to trace
With a clearer ken, the windings
Of this their mortal race—

That Eternity's long ages,
Shall bear traces of the fight
We have fought in life's hard conflict
For the wrong or for the right !

FIDELIS.

THE PROCTORS.

A SKETCH OF CANADIAN UNIVERSITY LIFE.

BY ALLAN A'DALE.

OH ! nox ambrosiana, on which Dobson and I first met under the roof-tree of St. Innocents' ! With what a grand sense of independence did we lounge in the battered easy-chairs of the absent senior-man, whose castle had been assigned to me as a temporary refuge. Banqueting on the dainties and the ginger wine which a careful parent had provided to support me through matriculation, we recounted to each other such traditions of the college as we had heard, and agreed that we were both uncommonly good fellows, and that, come sorrow or come joy, we should stand by each other. We did stand by each other on many trying occasions, and the friendship which originated on that night continued without interruption till Dobson, having twice failed to conquer his "little-go," gave up his design of entering the Church, and exiled himself to the far west, with a view to cattle-dealing.

We may have been carousing, in the innocent manner I have described, for an hour

or more, when a knock at the door introduced a young gentleman, unknown to us, of mild and benevolent aspect.

"The Senior Proctor," said the mild and benevolent young gentleman, in hurried tones, "asked me if I'd be so kind as to look up all the new gentlemen in residence, and beg them to come to his room to see about their preliminaries." The Senior Proctor! Who, in the name of terror, was he? The preliminaries! What fateful things were they?

"Didn't know about the proctors?" the mild young gentleman inquired, "why the proctors put you through the preliminary examination, to see if you're fit to go before the Professors to-morrow. Come on, and I'll take you to them. Exam. hard? Well, a leetle, though fellows often get through. Particular about Euclid? Oh no, not in the least; oh perhaps not; by no means. Here's the door. You come in first." And before Dobson could bid me one farewell, the benevolent young gentleman had him inside the mysterious chamber, and the heavy door closed with a bang upon them both.

A high sense of honour forbade my listening at the key-hole, as curiosity prompted, so I paced the floor in nervous expectation, and vainly endeavoured to fix in my mind some faint conception of the thirteenth proposition of the Second Book.

In about fifteen minutes Dobson re-appeared. His face was deadly pale; his eyes fixed on vacancy.

"Dobson!" I murmured. He smiled sadly.

"Dobson!" I said again. "Tell me the worst. Speak, I adjure you."

Again that sad smile. Still that long look into the future.

At length he spoke, and with unnatural calmness. "I wouldn't like to swear to it; but I rather think—indeed I may positively say—that I'm plucked—and you're to go in at once."

I stood aghast. An icy terror chilled my heart.

"Oh Dobson," I asked tremulously, "do you think I'll pass?"

"No," said Dobson, with a faint gleam of cheerfulness.

"One word more, Dobson. Did they give you the thirteenth of the Second?" But he was again exploring the future, and, with trembling hand, I opened the door.

I stood in a large room, lined from floor to ceiling with books. Before me, and behind a green table, sat three preternaturally solemn gentlemen in academic costume. The centre person of the three first caught my gaze. He was robed in a gown gorgeous with purple and gold. (The next time I saw it was on the Chancellor, at Convocation.) A college cap, with velvet top and gold tassel, adorned his striking head. He had bushy whiskers of uncompromising redness, corresponding nicely with his complexion, which was florid. His cheeks probably blushed for his nose, which was most fiery red of all, and moreover larger, and less decided in shape, than that of the Apollo Belvidere. The nose supported a pair of heavy spectacles, or rather spectacle rims, for I could see that no glasses dimmed the lustre of his keen eyes. Wearing spectacles, with the glasses knocked out, I put down as merely a learned eccentricity. He appeared to have a contempt for the barber's art, for his hair was unshorn and his chin unshaven, and as he was, on the whole, extremely ugly and rather slovenly, I felt myself to be in the presence of a man of singular genius. The gentlemen on each side were much younger, and cleaner. They wrote a good deal in ponderous books which lay open before them, and seemed inclined to laugh at times at the learned gentleman's peculiarities, which I thought very irreverent. Besides these, three other individuals, in gowns and tremendous white bands, sat in three great arm-chairs. They assisted occasionally in the examination

which ensued, and evinced a kindly interest in my domestic affairs.

"I shall not conceal from you the fact," said the learned gentleman, with much affability and a Celtic accent, "that I am the Senior Proctor, and Emeritus Professor of Things in General. These gentlemen who support me are the junior proctors, and the three gentlemen on your right are members of the Senatus, who have kindly consented to assist with their valuable suggestions in the preliminaries of the matriculants."

The junior proctors here bent over their books, and took notes diligently, which struck me as a little superfluous, as they ought to have known all this before.

"You will oblige us, in the first place," continued the courteous Senior Proctor, "by candidly stating your name in full, your post-office address, your age next birthday, and whether you have ever been vaccinated."

Though exceedingly surprised at the peculiar nature of the opening questions, I answered them without reservation, and the junior proctors made a frantic note.

At this point a member of the Senatus anxiously inquired if I had any uncles in the lumbering business. I set his mind at rest, when another member of the Senatus asked me if my mother's family name was Hobbs. I was catechized at some length after this fashion, and when I had made a clean breast of all my domestic secrets, though with some unwillingness and resentment, we came to sterner matters.

"Would you prefer to translate a passage from a Latin, Greek, or Sanscrit author?" said the Senior Proctor. "Latin," I answered, without a moment's hesitation.

"The Latin," soliloquized the Senior Proctor, in a sort of learned reverie, "is undeniably a fine language, a very fine language. At the same time, it lacks the peculiar joyousness, the vivacity, the sparkling humour of the Sanscrit. In no Latin writer do we find the delightful pleasantry, the irrepressible love of fun, which makes the Rigvedas the pastime of the student's leisure hour. Nor is there, in the Latin, that solemn grandeur and unfathomable mystery which establishes the Greek verb deep in the affection of the scholar. But, in spite of these disadvantages, I consider the Latin a fine, a highly respectable language, and you will be so good as to mention any favourite passage of yours from any Latin author."

The junior proctors appeared struck with the comparative merits of the three tongues, so lucidly expounded, and took a note.

I did not hesitate to mention the opening lines of the Second Book of the Æneid, as possessing peculiar attractions for me. I must confess that my choice was not grounded on any particular excellence of style, or loftiness of imagination, which distinguishes this passage, so much as on the circumstance that I had been familiar with it from my earliest years, and considered myself equal to its translation. That pleasing delusion was soon dispelled. I was requested to pause at every full stop, and my construing was most unsparingly criticized by the Senior Proctor, whose comments were echoed by the other learned dignitaries. Thus, having rendered the first two lines in time-honoured fashion—

"All became silent, and kept their looks intently fixed upon him;
"Thereupon father Æneas thus began, from his lofty couch"—

the Senior Proctor interrupts me.

"Pardon me, but you entirely fail to transfer the poetic fire, which flashes through the original lines, to your translation."

Chorus of senators and junior proctors —"Not a spark of poetic fire!"

S. P. "Where, in your construction, is the breathless, eager multitude, hushed into awe and reverence? Where the benign countenance of the pious Æneas, beaming with benevolence, fascinating the gaze of the love-sick queen?"

Chorus—"Where, indeed?"

I might have suggested, "Nowhere, that I can discover;" but I didn't.

Then followed questions, critical and explanatory:

By the Senior Proctor—"Can you quote from Homer to prove that the habit of whistling and imitating the cries of domestic animals, at public meetings, was held in contempt?"

Answer—"No."

By a member of the Senatus—"What was the name of the step-mother of pious Æneas?"

Answer—"I'm afraid I've forgotten."

By a junior proctor—"What was the exact height, in cubits, of the 'lofty couch' from which 'father Æneas thus began?'"

"I knew that once, but it has escaped my memory."

In this style did the examination proceed till I was completely bewildered, and had resigned all hope of passing these appalling preliminaries. Yet, at times, in such unseemly levity did the junior proctors indulge, and so utterly unintelligible did their question become, the idea flashed across my mind that the learned examiners were not all they pretended to be. In the midst of a rather noisy argument between a junior proctor and a senator, as to whether the police of Troy wore helmets, (during which I learned a good many facts hitherto unknown to me) the door opened quietly behind me. Glancing over my shoulder I observed a gentleman in clerical clothes, and a trencher. The discussion went on, for the scholars, heated with their argument, did not notice the new arrival.

"I tell you sir," shouted the junior proctor, "I have heard the Dean himself say that the helmets of our modern police are constructed on the model of one brought by faithful Achates, for he was a policeman, to Italy, and preserved in the Roman Capitol."

"Are you sure the Dean said that, Mr. Thompson?" said the clerical gentleman at the door, stepping into full view. Then my suspicions were proved true. In an instant a complete transformation came over the scene. The junior proctors looked foolish, and turned as red as their senior. They closed their note-books with celerity, and attempted the impossible feat of dragging them, unnoticed, out of sight. The members of the Senatus abandoned their chairs of state, consulted the nearest book-shelves with close attention, and, in an abstracted way, tried to transfer their long bands to their pockets.

The Senior Proctor alone preserved his equanimity. Without the least embarrassment he rose from his chair, elegantly doffed his trencher, removed his spectacles from his nose, and with the suavity he had all along exhibited, expressed the hope that he saw the clerical gentleman in good health, and that the long vacation had restored his shattered faculties to their usual vigour.

"It is a very strange circumstance, Mr. O'Rourke," said the clerical gentleman, in frigid tones, and taking no notice of these considerate inquiries, "that this is the third time I have found you in this very position, tricked out in the Chancellor's robes."

The Senior Proctor appeared to assent to this, and muttered that it *was* strange when you came to think about it.

"I don't think the Master would feel gratified if he knew his senior men were in the habit of desecrating his lecture-room, and usurping his authority. He would probably tell you that your own knowledge is not so extensive that you can afford to waste time, which should be devoted to reading, in undignified practical joking of this sort. We can get through the examinations without any assistance from officious undergraduates. Get off to your rooms, gentlemen, every one of you, and Mr. O'Rourke must expect that the next time he is found here, the Master will hear of his vagaries."

The Senior Proctor smiled with unruffled

sweetness of temper, divested himself of his borrowed plumes with much deliberation, gave the clerical gentleman "good night" with charming affability, and left the room humming a psalm tune. Then followed the senators, conscious of their bands, and his junior disciples, who only waited to get through the door to indulge the laughter with which they had been struggling all evening.

"You're one of the freshmen, I suppose?" said the clerical gentleman, addressing me, "and these amiable young fellows have been trying to frighten you a little. You'll soon learn to know professors from undergraduates. Come with me and have a glass of wine."

And this was my introduction to the Dean.

POLITICAL CORRUPTION.

WHATEVER difference of opinion there may be as to the general results of the elections, on one point there is none. Everybody says that Corruption has made a gigantic stride among us. It has not only increased in amount, but attacked classes hitherto untainted; not only the venal populace of the cities, but, in too many cases, the substantial farmers, the sinews of the body politic, have been tempted to forget their self-respect, and to accept the bribe which, a few years ago, they would have rejected with scorn.

This may be due in part to special causes. It is said that the Protectionists and the Pacific Railway men have opened their purses for the Government, and have stimulated a corresponding expenditure on the side of the Opposition. But, supposing this to be the case, the entanglement of commercial interests with political parties is not likely to end here. Nor will the Pacific Railway contract be the last thing of the kind under a system which improvidently commits the direction of public works, without check or control, to the majority of a party legislature.

Corruption grows by what it feeds upon. It will increase, and increase in an ever accelerating ratio, while the moral resistance will become continually weaker, till among us, as in other countries, bribery becomes a jest, and corruptionist a name hardly more odious than that of politician. The progress of electoral demoralization is as certain as the increasing volume and rapidity of the descending avalanche. We shall sink to the level of the States, and perhaps below it. For corruption is deeper, more complete, and more hopeless in a small nation than in a great one.

How is the evil to be checked? This cry is loudly raised to-day by the still unextinguished morality of the nation. To-morrow it will be heard no more, and the thought of reform and purity will be derided as an impracticable dream.

Will the ballot suffice? The ballot is a sovereign remedy for intimidation, of which we have comparatively little here; but conclusive arguments and decisive experience show that it is inefficacious as a remedy for corruption. It is needless to repeat the jocose but cogent reasonings of Sydney Smith. If there is reason to fear that those who sell their votes will not deliver the article for which they have been paid, the corruptionist has only to buy the voters in bodies instead of buying them individually, and to make the payment conditional on his election. But the fact is, there is honour enough among thieves to assure the general

fulfilment of the corrupt bargain, especially as it would soon be seen that a breach of contract spoiled the trade. Bribery will not be rendered impracticable by the ballot, while detection will.

An amendment of the law, substituting impartial judges for partizan committees in the trial of controverted elections, would be more efficacious. So, apparently, think our corruptionists, and so British experience and the experience of Ontario show. But neither this remedy, nor any legal or administrative remedy that could be devised, would apply to any corruption but that which takes place at the time of the election. We knew an instance of a constituency in England, one of the two seats for which was held for life by a very wealthy man, practically without a contest, while the other seat was fiercely contested. This man was not resident in the constituency; he was politically undistinguished; he was no speaker; he had no very popular qualities of any kind; he came little among his constituents, and gave himself, personally, very little trouble to conciliate their good will. He never bribed, and had an inquiry been instituted into his conduct, or that of his agents, in connection with the elections, he would have come out white as driven snow. What was his talisman? It was one of the simplest kind. Every year, at Christmas, one of his local friends distributed for him, among the poorer electors, a large sum of money as Christmas gifts. Not a question was asked as to the vote which any of the recipients had given or intended to give; but it was distinctly understood that the distribution would continue so long, and so long only, as the benevolent donor remained member of Parliament for that borough.

A good law is preferable to a bad one, if it were only as a declaration of public morality; but let the law chase corruption as it will, corruption will find a lurking place. It is Protean in its forms, and will evade the most skilfully forged chains.

And supposing that we could repress electoral corruption, should we be much better off while Parliamentary corruption remained? We have heard of a Minister saying that the constituencies might do what they pleased, that what he wanted to buy was not the constituency but the member. We have seen one Opposition leader after another debauched, and either turned into a tool of the Government, or flung out into political nonentity, so that no Opposition, sufficiently strong to control the abuses of the Administration, could be formed. We have heard numberless charges of bribing opponents with place and patronage, levelled by each party against the other, and we know that in the charges on both sides there is a good deal of truth. It would be something, of course, that the electors should escape the demoralizing effects of bribery; but the Government of the country would scarcely be more pure.

Who doubts the unsatisfactory character of the present state of things? Who believes that the deliberations of a party cabinet have, for their paramount object, the welfare of the country, and not the retention of office? The Opposition orators and journals thunder indignantly against the questionable acts of the Government—the subsidy given to Nova Scotia; the terms of the compact with British Columbia, which has placed all the Columbian votes in the pocket of the Minister; the refusal of securities for the independence of Parliament, so manifestly threatened by the Pacific Railway contract; the retention of the unreformed election law; the attitude of the Ministers on the subject of the Secret Service Money; the numerous instances in which patronage has been employed for other objects than the service of the public. Without entering into details, at once needless and disagreeable, we do not doubt the general fact to which these various accusations point. We do not doubt that the present Government of the Dominion subsists, like other govern-

ments of the same description, by means which are more or less corrupt. We do not doubt that, even in dealing with the greatest interests of the nation, even in dealing with such momentous undertakings as the Pacific Railway, it is influenced by a motive which renders its decisions more or less untrustworthy, and its action more or less injurious to national morality, as well as to the material prosperity of the nation.

"Then," cry the Opposition, "the remedy is obvious. Vote for us. Turn out the Government; put us in power. Corruption will vanish, and a reign of purity will commence." But is it so? The general system, and the mode in which the cabinet is formed —out of a special group of office-seekers— remaining the same, will a mere change of Ministers make much difference in the morality of the Government, or in its method of maintaining itself in place? We have been furnished from an unexpected, but most authoritative, quarter, with a decisive answer to the question. The leading organ of the present Opposition, an organ which, if we may venture on the expression, is more than leading, gave us the other day an editorial, heralding the approaching triumph of the Opposition. In this editorial it rehearsed all the acts of corruption alleged to have been committed by Sir John A. Macdonald's Government, alluding especially to the means by which it has obtained support in the smaller provinces, and then said: "*Sir John Macdonald's own system of government will be turned upon himself.* He has taught men to follow him for the favours he could confer; will it be strange if his disciples should take into account the possible advantages that might accrue from following another and stronger chief? The strength of the Reformers lies in the possession of certain definite principles, giving unity and cohesion to their ranks, and imparting to their policy a directness and force in which their opponents are wholly wanting. Under our Federal system, sectional and constitutional questions are constantly arising that place a weak Government at the mercy of the Opposition leader who can control, within a few votes, a clear majority of the House. A weather-cock in a North-Wester, or a cork in a tornado, would show steadiness itself compared to poor John A., thumping his desk and shaking his head, in impotent rage, at the desertion of a whole province over some local difficulty or dilemma. How often, even with a majority of two to one at his back, was this political harlequin baffled and worsted in the late Parliament? How was it he could never pass a permanent and general Election Law? What became of his Supreme Court Bill? How often did he shift and alter the tariff? What was the fate of his buncombe 'National Policy?' By how many votes did he save his precious British Columbia scheme? How many defeats did he avoid by amendments begging the question? How many times, last session, did he wheel about and turn about, Jim Crow fashion, during debates on the New Brunswick School Bill? Let his supporters recollect a few of these incidents, now become historical, and tell us what are his chances, with the game of brag played out, and an Opposition as strong in numbers as his own pledged supporters."

"The system of Sir John A. Macdonald will be turned upon himself." This, we have no doubt, is what the future, so bright in the eyes of the great Opposition journalist, really has in store for us. When Parliament meets, or rather long before Parliament meets, will commence a political auction, at which the articles bid for will be the votes of the unattached members for the smaller provinces, and the bidders will be a "corrupt" Government on one side, and a virtuous Opposition on the other. Prince Edward's Island, now that it shows a tendency to follow the example of Columbia, will, probably, be the subject of a supplementary competition. The bidding will be high, parties being so evenly balanced, and the stake, under

the present circumstances, being so large; and the expenses, whatever they may be, will be defrayed by the public. In the New Brunswick School case, to which the journalist refers, and which certainly was sufficiently ignominious, the Opposition was influenced, as every impartial observer must have seen, by exactly the same motive which influenced the Government—the fear of losing the New Brunswick vote on one side, and the fear of losing the Roman Catholic vote on the other. A similar remark may be made as to the proposal to purchase the Nova Scotia buildings, by which the Opposition tried to cap the Government grant. And if the votes of the Churches are an element in the game, the relations of both parties to the Roman Catholics are equally affectionate, and their object in forming these relations palpably the same.

We have great faith in the honourable intentions of the leaders of the Opposition; and we are at the same time perfectly convinced that, as soon as they became the heads of a party Government, struggling for its life against a hungry and vindictive enemy, nearly a match for it in force, their intentions would give way to the exigencies of their position, and that they would do first things for which they would be sorry, and then things of which they would be ashamed. At last shame itself would cease.

Electoral corruption has its source in Parliamentary corruption, which affords inducements to candidates and Ministers to purchase seats; and the source of parliamentary corruption is the system of making the offices of State, with the patronage annexed to them, the prize of a perpetual conflict between two organized factions, euphemistically styled party government.

This question has been more than once presented to our readers within the last half-year; but we wish to keep it before their minds for a time, on account of its transcendent importance to the country, and because it is more likely to command attention while the memory of the elections, and the evil influences revealed by them, is fresh. Moreover, as we have said before, this is the accepted season; soon the malady may be beyond control, and the last chance may be lost of saving the country from the gulf into which it is too manifestly sinking.

Already the sinister forms of American corruption have made their appearance among us. Already some of the most unprincipled members of the community have taken to politics as their congenial trade. The Wire-puller is here. The Log-roller is here. The Ward Politician is here. The Working Man's Friend is here. And at Ottawa, since the recent development of public works, we have seen plainly enough the sinister face of a Canadian Lobby.

Party government, in England, dates as a regular institution from the reign of William III., who, after vainly attempting to form a cabinet without distinction of party, was compelled, by the factiousness and selfishness of the men about him, and his position as the occupant of a disputed throne, to form a cabinet on the party principle. And with party government at once came organized corruption. "From the day," says Macaulay, "on which Caermarthen was called a second time to the chief direction of affairs, Parliamentary corruption continued to be practised, with scarcely any intermission, by a long succession of statesmen, till the close of the American war. * * * * It at length became as notorious that there was a market for votes at the Treasury as that there was a market for cattle in Smithfield. Numerous demagogues out of power declaimed against this vile traffic; but every one of these demagogues, as soon as he was in power, found himself driven by a kind of fatality to engage in that traffic, or at least to connive at it. Now and then, perhaps, a man who had romantic notions of public virtue refused to be himself the paymaster of the corrupt crew, and averted his eyes

while his less scrupulous colleagues did that which he knew to be indispensable and yet felt to be degrading. But the instances of this prudery were rare indeed. The doctrine generally received, even among upright and honourable politicians was, that it was shameful to receive bribes, but that it was necessary to distribute them. It is a remarkable fact that the evil reached the greatest height during the administration of Henry Pelham, a statesman of good intentions, of spotless morals in private life, and of exemplary disinterestedness. It is not difficult to guess by what arguments he, and other well-meaning men, who like him followed the fashion of their age, quieted their consciences. No casuist, however severe, has denied that it may be a duty to give what it is a crime to take. * * * And might not the same plea be urged in defence of a Minister who, when no other expedient would avail, paid greedy and low minded men not to ruin their country."

The only intermission of corruption, during the period mentioned by Macaulay, was when Chatham for a few years put party under his feet, and ruled as the Minister of the nation.

But the mutual hatred, the mutual slander, and the reckless sacrifice of patriotism to factious passions, which party government brought with it, were worse, if possible, than the corruption. Chatham himself conspired from merely factious motives — motives which were afterwards admitted to have been merely factious by the conspirators themselves—to drive Walpole into the iniquitous and disastrous war with Spain, which, as its natural consequence, brought on the attempt of the Pretender, and a renewal of civil war in England. In the recent controversy respecting the Treaty of Washington, Lord Cairns, a man who had held one of the highest offices in the State, supported with the utmost violence and with all the resources of legal casuistry at his command, the most outrageous pretensions of the American Government, simply for the purpose of embarrassing the Government of his own country. The same man had done his utmost, at the time of the American war, to impede the efforts of Lord Palmerston's Ministry to prevent the escape of cruisers and preserve the neutrality which was so essential to us as a commercial nation. Can it be doubted that Lord Cairns had been taught by the party system to hate Englishmen of the opposite party more than he loved England? Did not Lord Derby, when he took his tremendous "leap in the dark," by carrying an extension of the suffrage, which, whether expedient or not in itself, was contrary to all the avowed principles of his party, and which he must have believed to be fraught with the utmost peril to his country, find comfort in the reflection that he had "dished the Whigs?" And would not the Whigs have sacrificed the public good with equal facility for the satisfaction of dishing Lord Derby?

In France party government was introduced with constitutional monarchy, on the restoration of the Bourbons, and reintroduced with the constitutional dynasty of Louis Philippe. There again it bred corruption, (the Government multiplying offices for corrupt purposes, till, under Louis Philippe, the number of officers actually exceeded the number of electors,) and not only corruption, but, as the fury of the factions increased, civil war and political ruin. Transported with hatred of his rival Guizot, Thiers, himself an adherent of constitutional monarchy, headed the movement which overthrew the constitutional throne.

It is needless to show how corruption has attended party government in the United States. But it is equally certain that the spirit engendered by the struggle of the two factions for place contributed in no small degree to prepare the way for the civil war: and if any one feels assured that the possibilities of such calamities in the United States are exhausted, he reads the situation with different eyes from ours.

In Belgium, to which it is the habit to point as an instance of the success of the system, the two factions have been religious —one ultramontane, the other rationalist— and their struggle has lately led to most dangerous convulsions.

In Spain and her emancipated colonies, the strife of parliamentary factions soon terminated in civil war, which has become the normal condition of these countries.

We are, happily, far removed as yet from any peril of the kind last mentioned. Yet every true Canadian must have felt that the passions excited in the late contest, and which found their expressions in the most frantic invective and calumny on both sides, were not only hideous in themselves but dangerous to our moral unity as a nation. Even those most responsible for the public welfare did not scruple to countenance inflammatory appeals to the bitter memory of the Fenian raids, which, considering the general conduct of the Irish portion of the community, and considering also the admission of previous wrong involved in the late acts of justice done by the British Parliament to Ireland, ought, as between Canadians, to be buried in oblivion. A journalist, whose seat was contested by an Irish Roman Catholic, actually publishes in the columns of his journal a list of all those who voted for his opponent, with a picture of the monument to the Canadians slain by the Fenians at its head. This is done, be it observed, in cold blood, when the contest is over, and the journalist has gained his election. Is the distance very great between such malignity and the passions which lead to civil war?

As we have said before, in England party has at least an intelligible basis, and one which may determine the allegiance of a reasonable man and a lover of his country, inasmuch as the great conflict between aristocratic and democratic principles of government, carried on for so many years and with so many vicissitudes, is not yet closed. But in Canada, since the establishment of Responsible Government and religious equality, party has had no intelligible basis; it has been faction and nothing else. In all the speeches and manifestoes of the party leaders during the late contest, it was impossible to discover any principle which could form a permanent line of demarcation. There were reminiscences of a political past, before the concession of responsible government, when principles were really at stake; but, as regards the present, there were only administrative questions, such as that of the Pacific Railway, which, however important at the time, cannot furnish permanent articles of party faith. Saving such questions, we had nothing but vague though vehement assertions of the necessity of party government, and of the impracticable and visionary character of all who looked beyond it. British institutions, we were told, could not be carried on without party. If by British institutions is meant party government, the proposition is indisputable, though not profound; but if it is meant that we cannot possibly have representative assemblies, self-taxation and trial by jury, without putting up the government periodically as the prize of a faction fight, the proposition agrees neither with reason nor with facts. Again, it was laid down that party was necessary because God had so constituted us as to think differently on most subjects. We imagined that God had so constituted us as to think alike on all subjects, truth being one, and our faculties being the same; and that difference of opinion arose from error on one side, or both, which further investigation and discussion would in the end remove. Such has been the case in science and in all rational inquiry. But it seems that in politics Providence has made half the community incapable of ever arriving at truth, in order that there may always be a Parliamentary Opposition. A Ministerial orator avowed his theoretical belief in party, and in the necessity of having a body of "astute and able men" as an Opposition, to

criticize and control the Government; but afterwards, coming to parties in Canada, he laid it down that there ought to be only two —one, that of patriots like himself, at once in the best sense Conservative and Reforming, carrying on the government in the highest interest of the whole nation; the other that of "Independents," "Annexationists," and other infamous and disloyal persons, making it their business to "paralyse" the government, and prevent it from promoting the union and prosperity of the country. So that half, or nearly half, of the community are to be always disloyal, enemies of the nation, and devoted to the malignant work of paralysing the efforts of a Government which is labouring successfully for the public good. This is to be the basis of our political system for ever!

On no subject but politics are such absurdities now current. But in former days the scientific world was divided into factions which throttled each other as the political factions do now. Perhaps, if lucrative offices had been the prize of the conflict, we should still have the parties of Nominalists and Realists wrestling over a psychological question which has long since been settled by mental science, and consigned to the grave of the Middle Ages. In truth, the theory that all men are born Nominalists or Realists would be more tenable than the theory that they are born Macdonaldites or Grits. We use the only two available names, though the first denotes adherence to a person, not a principle, and the second has no meaning whatever. The supporters of the Government call themselves Conservatives, Liberal Conservatives, Moderates, and finally, the party of Union and Progress, which last appellation might as well be exchanged for that of the party of Virtue and Happiness. To this *mélange* some of them, in compliment to their mixed antecedents, persist in adding the title of Reformer. The member of the Government to whom we have just referred, for instance protests that no one is so true a Reformer as he is. But if Reformer means anything in politics, it means the opposite to Conservative.

In the case of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, it is admitted that "the party lines are not yet drawn." It would seem that Providence, in the application of its universal law to humanity, has overlooked the small Provinces. The lines of party, in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, are not yet drawn, and never will be drawn, because there is no abiding difference of principle by which party lines can be traced. But the lines of faction will be drawn, and that soon, by the process to which we have already referred as about speedily to commence.

When Lord Elgin became Governor-General, the parties which had fought the great battle of Responsible Government were still in existence, and the Clergy Reserves question was still unsettled. Yet Lord Elgin remarked that "there was little, if anything, of public principle to divide men." He complained that, in the negotiations between the leaders of different parties, "no question of principle or of public policy was mooted," and that "the whole discussion turned upon personal considerations." "There are half a dozen parties here," he says, "standing on no principle, and all intent on making political capital out of whatever turns up." And again he speaks of the absence of any grievance to stir the depths of the popular mind, as a circumstance that may account for "the selfishness of public men, and their indifference to the higher aims of statesmanship." Far more is this the case now, when political self-government and religious equality have been fully established, and the country asks only for an honest and vigorous administration. As a matter of fact we have hardly, for some time past, had any but Coalition Governments. The present Dominion Cabinet is made up by a combination of men who still call themselves Reformers with men who have always called themselves Conservatives. The late Ontario Govern-

ment was a Coalition Government; and the present contains a member whose accession proves, at least, that there is no impassable gulf between Canadian Conservatism and Canadian Reform. The two rivals, whose organs now interchange daily volleys of every description of projectile, were a few years ago sitting as colleagues in a Cabinet, formed, no doubt, specially with a view to Confederation, but which also carried on the general government of the country: and when one of them seceded from that Cabinet, it was not on a question of general principle, such as would render union dishonourable, but on a purely administrative question connected with the Reciprocity negotiation.

If there is a permanent line of demarcation, of a rational and moral kind, between Canadian parties, it must be capable of being plainly stated. We may fairly expect that the statement will be brief as well as plain. A juryman, in one of the State Trials under George III., reasonably refused to convict the prisoner of an offence, when it had taken the Attorney General eight hours to explain what the offence was: and we may, with equal reason, decline to dedicate our political lives to a struggle for a principle which cannot be expounded in less than three columns of close print.

In the old country, which we affectionately but somewhat unreflectingly imitate in spite of the great difference of our circumstances, party government, we repeat, has at least a rational and moral basis. It has also, to temper its evils, antidotes which are wanting here. In England there is a strong and settled public opinion which restrains the excesses of the party chiefs; there is a great body of independent wealth and intelligence which, though it may to a certain extent belong to the parties, belongs more to the country; there is a corps of public men whose tenure of their places in Parliament is practically assured to them for life, and who are deeply imbued with traditions of government, which, amidst all their rivalries, they continue to respect; there are the grave experiences and heavy burdens of an old country, which impose, even on the most unscrupulous, a prudence unknown to political adventurers gambling with the virgin resources of a young nation; there is a great Civil Service, which fortunate accident has combined with wisdom to place outside party, and which carries on the ordinary administration of the country almost independently of the party chiefs who form the Cabinet; there is a press in which, though there are plenty of organists and Bohemians; there are also a great many independent writers on politics of the best kind, furnished in many instances by the numerous fellowships of the great universities, which thus exercise, in their way, a critical and corrective power. And yet, even in the old country, how superior to all mere party governments was the government of Sir Robert Peel during that brief hour for which faction permitted him to rule, in some measure, as the Minister of the nation! How mournfully did the hearts of the people follow the retirement, how anxiously did they expect the return, of the one statesman who aspired to rule, not for a faction, but for the country!

A party government is essentially a weak government. It cannot venture to offend or estrange any one who commands votes. It is unable to grapple with the selfishness of local interests, sections, rings—the perpetual enemies of the common weal. It cannot even give its attention steadily to its proper work. The greater part of its energies is devoted to the maintenance of its own existence against the attacks of the Opposition—the smaller part to the public service. It can contain only half the leading statesmen of the country, while the faculties of the other half are devoted to obstructing and paralyzing the conduct of affairs. Probably it will not contain the greatest administrators of all; since the temper of the

great administrator is peculiarly alien to the narrowness of faction.

Now Canada cannot afford to have a weak government. We flatter ourselves that we are a strong race, and that we do not, like the feebler races, stand in need of a ruler's paternal care. Probably there is reason in our boast. But this very strength, and the self-reliance which accompanies it, are apt to produce an intense individuality, and a want of regard for the interests of the community. This is sure to be especially the case among emigrants, who are only half attached to their new country, and each of whom has come, emphatically, to shift for himself, and to improve his own condition, with the memory, perhaps, of a community which was not very kind to him in his breast. One has only to walk about our streets to see how much people of this kind think of themselves, and how greatly they need good laws, firmly administered, to make them think of the rights and interests of others. Moreover, though we have not here those abuses of personal government or class privilege which once justified in this country, and may still justify in England, the existence of a reform party, we have abuses of another kind. The administration of great cities, throughout this continent, may in fact be said to be one vast abuse; and with a party government looking for support to the ward politicians, or afraid to excite their enmity, there can be no prospect of reform. The course of the labour movement may also render necessary measures for the protection of liberty of contract, and the general rights of the community, against tyrannical interference; and the incidents of the late elections have shown what we have to expect from a party government in that direction. There is something typical of the present system in the aspect of the Parliament at Ottawa fiercely debating the Proton outrage, while the navigation of a noble river is being choked with slabs and sawdust, beneath the very building in which the wranglers sit.

If Canada cannot afford to have a weak government, still less can she afford to have a bad one. Our union is not yet properly cemented, and the attempt, for instance, of a reckless party leader to dragoon a great Province by buying up votes in the smaller Provinces, might rouse such resistance in the great Province as would lead to a very serious crisis. Geography is all against us, and we abound with sectional interests, local and commercial. Not only so, but our Confederation embraces two distinct nationalities, sharply contrasted in social and religious character, as well as differing in blood and language,—one a pioneer offset of the Anglo-Saxon race; the other a petrified remnant of the France before the Revolution. But yesterday the two nationalities were in conflict, and to-day the conflict is rather suppressed than extinct. The struggle between the races and the religions in Manitoba bore a sufficient analogy to that between the Slavery and Free-Soil parties in Kansas, which heralded the American civil war, to warn us that we cannot venture to let the Government, which should be the instrument of consolidation, be turned by the furious rivalries of faction into an instrument of disruption.

The subject of public works, again, at the present juncture, is one of exceptional importance, and, at the same time, of exceptional peril. If we allow the resources of a young country, and undertakings vital to its commercial prosperity, to become dice on the gambling table of party, fiscal disaster will follow, and perhaps bring Annexation in its train. Without pronouncing on the policy of the compact with Columbia, we may point to the magnitude of that transaction as a measure of the power of mischief which an unprincipled party leader might exercise in this direction.

On the other hand, if we can keep our

political institutions pure and sound, Canada will possess attractions, compared with her chief rivals on this Continent, which will give her a great advantage in the race.

The politicians who framed the constitution of the Dominion were, in many respects, highly qualified for their momentous task. They were men of undoubted ability; they had an adequate sense of the resources and hopes of Canada; they were thoroughly versed in provincial politics and in the details of provincial administration; they possessed the confidence of the country, and were in a position to secure the adoptions of their plans. But they had all, without exception, been trained in those party, and almost personal, conflicts, the pettiness of which Lord Elgin justly characterises as unfavourable to statesmanship of the broader kind. Their political information seems to have been confined to that which they had acquired in the limited sphere of their own practice. The day is probably yet far distant when politics will assume the character of a science. But we have arrived at a period when general experience may greatly aid and qualify local experience in legislation of all kinds, and especially in framing constitutions. The civilized world, including the various British Colonies, has, during the last century, been the scene of a vast series of most pregnant experiments in the construction of governments on the elective principle, the results of which, when all due allowance has been made for peculiarities of national character and circumstances, are to a great extent applicable to the solution of similar problems in all civilized countries. Of knowledge of this kind, not a trace is to be seen in the speeches or writings of the framers of our Constitution. Beyond their local experience they seem to have had only two things present to their minds—the British Constitution, of which they took the conventional view stereotyped in Blackstone, which is widely at variance with actual facts, and the example of the American Union, which they somewhat misconstrued, taking the Civil War to have been caused by the weakness of the Federal power, when, in fact, if there was any cause besides the social antagonism between Slavery and Free Labour, it was the apprehension of Federal interference with the local institutions of the Southern States. They do not seem even to have formed a distinct conception of the character and objects of Federal government, for they proclaim as their guiding principle a desire of reproducing the British Constitution, which is National, not Federal, and furnishes no model for a federation. Nor does it appear that they were clearly conscious of the fact that the Provinces were already federated under the British Crown, and the special functions of a Federal Government—that is to say, foreign relations and peace and war—already vested in the British Cabinet. One of their number has just told us that it was their great aim to make the Dominion Parliament the sole theatre of the party conflict, excluding it from the Provincial assemblies; if so, we must commend their benevolence at the expense of their forecast, more especially as they had the results of conclusive experience in the State legislatures of the Union at their very door. But they gave themselves little time to exercise forecast. They were eager to escape from the deadlock which the strife of their factions had brought about, and to avert the dangers which they erroneously imagined to be impending on the side of the United States. The speech of the Prime Minister, in proposing Confederation to the Legislature, is little more than an exhortation to haste.

Already we have reason to suspect that this narrowness of vision and haste combined have led to serious errors and omissions. Our nominee Senate, an attempt to reproduce the House of Lords under social conditions hopelessly uncongenial, has few and faint defenders. The practical relations between the central and local legislatures have

evidently not been settled, and it is not easy to foresee how they will settle themselves. that the plan of the framers has, in this respect, miscarried, we have authoritative assurance. The terms of admission into the Confederation, which ought to have been regulated, as in the United States, on general principles of justice, independent of all party, have been left to be regulated in each particular instance by a party government, whose paramount object it is, and must always be, to attract the votes of the new province to its own side. An

An equally calamitous error was committed in consigning, absolutely, to a party government and its partisan majority the expenditure on public works. Perhaps a similar remark may be made with regard to the taking of the census, on which the balance of political power is made to depend, and which ought, therefore, to have been placed, by the Constitution, in strictly impartial hands. No tribunal of any kind is provided for the repression of political corruption and malversation, in spite of the signal warning afforded by the example of the United States. No power is reserved to the nation of amending the Constitution so that if, for instance, the nominee Senate should persist in putting a veto on a reform affecting its own constitution, there would be no escape from the dilemma.* But the most palpable and the most fatal error of all was that which is here specially under consideration—the permanent infliction on Canada of the English system of party government, which, in a country where there are no dividing lines of principle, inevitably becomes a government of organized factions, constantly bidding against each other for power and patronage by demagogism, intrigue and corruption. The error was a pardonable one in legislators who knew no other system, though they might have taken warning from the dead-lock of faction, which was the immediate cause of the Confederation movement. But it was most calamitous, and it is visibly bringing political ruin on the country.

It cannot be said that this was the natural course, or the one which statesmen, not biassed by sinister training and misleading analogies, would have adopted in framing an elective government. The natural course was, fairly to carry into effect the elective principle, and, as the Parliament was to be elected by the nation, to vest the election of the Executive Council in the Parliament, with a reservation of the formal authority of the Crown, and with such securities for the preservation of harmony between the Executive and Legislature, and against one-sidedness in the former, as a proper rotation of elections and the minority clause would afford. Such a government would neither be immaculate nor infallible; its members would often be elected on grounds far from the most satisfactory, and would themselves be far below the highest standard in point of ability and virtue. But as a body, it would at least be free from the present temptations to the practice of corruption. Holding power by a certain, though limited, tenure, it would have no inducement to buy support for the purpose of maintaining its own existence; under the operation of the minority clause it would embrace elements sufficiently independent of each other, and mutually watchful enough, to prevent it from acting, like a bad party cabinet, as a united gang in the prosecution of sinister designs. Its energy would not be diverted, by the constant struggle for self-preservation, from the business of the country; it would have no need to quail before rings and sections; its traditions would be unbroken, and its policy would probably be stable. Finally, it might preserve a certain amount of dignity, as it would not be called upon to take the stump, to clasp hands with rowdyism, emulate it in ribaldry, or brawl with it on the hustings.

* It will be observed that none of these errors, if errors they be, are covered by the excuse which covers some other defects in the Constitution—the recalcitrant nationality of Quebec.

It would be an incidental advantage of no mean kind that a government so constituted would have no special object in bedevilling the press, and turning the journals, which should be organs of public instruction, into organs of the mendacity of faction. Our journalists would be at liberty to do higher, and, we may fairly suppose, more congenial work, than they have been doing for the last six months.

Granting that the elections to the Dominion Parliament would be sometimes bad, there would at least be an even chance in our favour. But the system of government by organized factions is a process by which the most unprincipled members of the community are almost infallibly selected as the holders of power, and as cynosures for the imitation of the community at large. It may safely be said, that no rational being would have thought of instituting such a system if he had not been misled by false examples and blind adherence to tradition.

It would probably be a further improvement if the election of members for the Dominion Parliament were vested in the Provincial Parliaments, as that of the American Senate is in the State Legislatures. This would at once settle the relations between the local and central Assemblies, and bind them together into a united whole. It would spare the country one set of popular elections without derogating from the electoral supremacy of the people. It would, probably, act in some measure as an antidote to localism in the choice of representatives, the prevalence of which has ruined the character of the representation in the United States, and to which there is a marked tendency here. The standard of English statesmanship has been hitherto maintained by keeping the representation national, and freely electing eminent men to seats for constituencies with which they had no local connection, as in the case of the present Premier, and in those of Lord Palmerston and Canning before him. Of late the House of Commons has been invaded to a formidable extent by "locals," and the consequence has been such a falling off in ability that, when the present leaders go, it is difficult to say who will take their places. It might fairly be hoped that in elections to the Dominion Parliament, conducted in the manner here suggested, by the members of the Provincial Parliaments, exercising their electoral power as a trust in presence of the people of the province, while mere wealth would generally prevail, room might sometimes be found for capacity, and that a sufficient succession of statesmen might be provided for the government of the nation. It may perhaps be thought by some that statesmanship has become unnecessary, and that we can get along very well with a Parliament of opulent gentlemen, who subscribe liberally to local objects, and give picnics to their constituents. Those who have studied with attention the critical changes which are now going on in the whole tissue of society, religious, moral, social and industrial, will probably be of a different opinion.

There is nothing cloudy or chimerical in the proposal to substitute legal elections for faction, as the mode of selecting the Executive Council out of the Legislature. It is a definite remedy for a specific disease, a remedy for which is urgently needed, and being perfectly feasible in itself, it is a fit subject for practical consideration. That which is cloudy is the theory that Nature or Providence has divided the community into two sections, which are destined to be for ever waging political war against each other without the possibility of agreement. That which is chimerical is the notion that faction, when recognized as the instrument of government, and called by a soft name, will cease to be faction, and, at the height of a furious struggle for power and pelf, curb its own frenzy, and keep its selfish ends in subordination to the paramount claims of the public good.

It is suggested that the abolition of party and its conflict would consign the political world to a miserable stagnation. Alas! close at hand is the Labour Question, and looming behind it, some of them not in a very remote distance, are other questions, the greatest that have ever stirred the mind of humanity, which itself was never before so sensitive or so liable to disturbance. There is little reason to fear that stagnation will be the lot of this or of the next generation, even though our political institutions should become instruments for the promotion of union and good will instead of firebrands of discord, and though, while we are solving the tremendous problems which beset life in all its aspects, we should be impartially and quietly governed.

To escape from a parliamentary deadlock, brought on by party, the leaders of party resorted to Confederation. Another deadlock has now been brought about by the same agency. The accounts given by the organs of the results of the late elections are extravagantly contradictory, and illustrate the influence of faction on the veracity of the press. But the fact is that, among the members whose opinions are declared, the two parties are very evenly balanced. A solution cannot be found in another Confederation: Faction has no more worlds to conquer, except, perhaps, Prince Edward's Island. A majority, to carry on a Government, can be found only in the Provinces "where the party lines are not yet drawn." The majority so obtained will have to be kept up by the same means, and the country will be launched in a course of interminable corruption. The only alternative is to obtain from the Imperial Government leave to make use of the experience gained in this first session of our Dominion Parliament, by revising the Constitution, and so to alter the mode of selecting the Ministers of State, and forming the Cabinet, that the men whose rivalries are now distracting the country, and corrupting it to the very core, and neither section of whom can reasonably be expected to resign its pretensions, may be united in a Government entitled to the general support of the community, as an organ, not of faction or personal ambition, but of the public good.

SELECTIONS.

THE SCIENCE OF SELLING.

From the French.

TO know how to sell, all difficulties notwithstanding, is a problem to her success in solving which Paris owes most of her greatness. —There are two classes of men who distinguish themselves in this science of selling: the traveling agent and the shopman. The former is one of the most curious specimens of humanity of modern times. He has seen everything, he knows everybody. Saturated with the Paris vices, he can at any given moment affect the simplicity of the province. He is the link between the village and the capital, although he is neither a Parisian nor a Provincial—he is merely a traveller. He likes a joke and a song, sides apparently with all parties, but is quite patriotic on the whole. He is obliged to be an observer, or else give up his trade, for has he not to sound men by a single glance, to guess at their actions, their manners, above all their solvency; and not to lose his time, to make a rapid estimate

of all chances of success? Thus has he acquired the habit of judging promptly, and acting with decision. He talks magisterially of the theatres in Paris, of their actors and those of the province, knows the good and bad parts of France, and could pilot you, if necessary, from vice to virtue with the same assurance. His collection of set phrases is ever at hand, and the words flow uninterruptedly, producing on his victims a sort of moral shower-bath that does not allow them to consider any question very closely. He smokes and drinks, and tells a good story. He wears charms on his watch chain, and makes generally a sort of lordly impression on country people, who are apt to mistake him for his betters. He never allows himself to be bored, but knows exactly when and how to bore others. As to his activity, there is nothing like it. Nor the kite darting upon its prey; nor the stag inventing new outlets to escape the hounds and hunters; nor the dogs scenting the game, can be compared to the rapidity of his flight when he suspects a commission, or to the skill with which he trips up a rival, or to the cleverness with which he pounces upon an investment. How many superior qualities are not requisite to make such a man!

Now the clerk in the store has to be equally clever to succeed in his department, and must apply his wit and philosophy to the same purpose. Out of his store, and away from his specialty, he is as a balloon without gas; he owes his faculties only to the centre of merchandize where he is placed, just like the actor, who is only brilliant on the stage. Compared with the other clerks or salesmen of Europe, the Parisian clerk is better informed; he can talk about asphaltum, the Bal Mabille, the polka, literature, illustrations, railroads, politics, but he is exceedingly stupid the moment he leaves the counter, or forgets the graces of his salesmanship. On his tight rope in the store, the ready word on the lip, the eye alive to the object, the shawl in his hand, he would eclipse Talleyrand himself. In his own house, however, Talleyrand will get the better of the clerk. The following anecdote will go to prove this fact.

Two pretty Duchesses were one day chattering around the illustrious Prince: one of them wanted a bracelet. A bracelet had been ordered from one of the most celebrated jewellers of Paris, and they were awaiting the clerk that was to bring the desired article. One of these special geniuses comes at last with three bracelets, three marvels, between which the two ladies are at a loss. To hesitate in a matter of choice is to declare oneself vanquished. After ten minutes' hesitation, the Prince is consulted; he sees the two ladies caught in the snares of two of the enchanting ornaments, for, from the first, one of them had been laid aside, and the doubt lay between the two others. The Prince hardly looked up from his book, did not even examine the bracelets, he fixed a searching glance upon the clerk: "Which would you choose for your lady love?" he said to him. The young man pointed to one of the two articles in question. "Then," continued the astute diplomatist, "take the other for your Lisette, and two charming ladies will be made happy." The Duchesses smiled, and the clerk withdrew, as flattered with the present as with the good opinion the Prince had of his taste.

Had the same question been put to the innocent salesman whilst behind his counter, he would infallibly have decided otherwise, and reserved the most saleable of the jewels for another occasion, for incredible is their tact in selling what they fear might be left on their hands.

It is quite a curious study to watch the various movements of both buyers and sellers when intent on a bargain. Follow two ladies into one of those palatial stores, and you will have a living demonstration of the degree of acuteness the human mind has reached. The same drama is played for a fifty cents' worth barège or muslin as for an Indian shawl, except that the purchase of a cashmere will, as a matter of course, cause greater emotions than that of the lighter and cheaper fabrics. To buy so important an article as a shawl, ladies go generally two together, and two are none too many to resist the ensnaring graces of the crafty salesmen. They will be met for example, either by a handsome young man of most candid looks, and a voice as soft as the material he is displaying, one whom no one would think of distrusting, or by another, resolute in manner, with black eyes and a sort of imperial air, who shows the goods with a laconic "There!" By another still, light-haired, with merriment in his eye, full of activity and persuasion; and still another bearded and cravated as becomes the imposing severity of a judge. These different kinds of clerks, who correspond to the different kinds of female character, are the arms of their master, generally a corpulent, good-natured gentleman, who has made his mark in the world, has been decorated perhaps with the Cross of the Legion of Honour, for having proved the superiority of the French loom, has a wife and children, a country house and a large banking account. This personage descends into the arena, whenever the plot, too long entangled, requires a sudden *dénouement*. But it is the remarkable perspicacity of these young men that deserves the attention of the physiologist. They seem to understand thoroughly the slightest vibrations of the cashmere fibre in the female heart. Let a miss, an elderly lady, a young mother, a fast woman, a duchess, a plain house-keeper, an innocent stranger, present themselves, and each is at once analysed by these men, who read her through from the moment she approaches the door; for these serviceable agents are posted at all points of observation; near the door, at the windows, behind the counter, in a corner, in the middle of the store—and nothing escapes

them. You wonder what they can be thinking about, so listless do they appear; and yet, at that very moment are the wishes, the purse, the intentions, the fancies—of a woman—better searched, than the Custom-house officers can search a suspicious carriage at the frontiers. These intelligent fellows see a thing at a glance, the slightest detail in dress, an almost invisible stain on the boot, a faded hat, an ill-sorted ribbon, the old or new style of the dress, the freshness of the gloves, the jewellery in vogue, all, in short, that can betray in a woman her quality, her fortune, her character. Then, with telegraphic rapidity is the opinion transmitted from one to the other, by a look, a sign, a smile, a motion of the lips, and every one is under arms to secure a bargain. If it be an English lady, the sombre, mysterious, Byronic personage is in attendance; if a plain sort of a woman, the oldest of the clerks. In less than a quarter of an hour, he shows her a hundred shawls—intoxicates her with colours and designs; unfolds as many shawls as the kite describes circles around the hare he is going to seize, and the good woman, all in a maze, not knowing what to choose, and flattered in all her notions, gives herself up to the clerk, who gains his point with the customary phrase, the question lying between two shawls: "This one, madam, has everything to recommend it; it is apple green, the fashionable colour, but the fashion changes, whilst this one (a black or white one, the sale of which is urgent,) will last for ever, and will suit all dresses."

"You have no idea," said lately one of these masters in the art of selling, to a friend of ours, "what eloquent ingenuity is required in this shawl business. You are a discreet fellow, and I will let you into a little secret which, as a study of the morality of our times, cannot fail to interest you, and will give you an idea of the inventive genius of our master. He invented what we call the Selim-shawl—a shawl the sale of which is considered an impossibility, and which we always sell. We keep in a cedar box of very plain exterior, but richly lined with satin, a shawl worth from five to six hundred francs, and which we pass off as having been sent by Selim to the Emperor Napoleon. This shawl is our Imperial Guard, we bring it forward at all critical moments: it is sold, and never dies. Our last one was palmed off on an English lady—the greatest triumph we have yet achieved, for the English women are our battle of Waterloo—escape us always. We meet with women that slip out of our hands like eels, but we catch them again on the staircase; others that fancy they can get the better of us with a joke; we laugh with them and hold them fast; questionable foreigners, to whom we bring our second rate shawls, and whom we inveigle with flatteries; but the English women are unconquerable, you might as well attack the bronze statue of Louis XIV: they seem to take a particular pleasure in fooling us. This makes our last victory so notable; but you shall judge yourself what it cost us in ingenuity and patience when I tell you the story—the manœuvre occupied the whole establishment. As soon as we saw her come we knew what sort of conflict was before us. One of us met her: "Does madame wish an Indian shawl or a French shawl, a highly priced or—— ?"

"I will see."

"How high a price is madame willing to give?"

"I will see."

Several shawls were hung in the best light to exhibit their designs and colours.

"These are our best shawls," continued my colleague, calling her attention to them; "our best qualities in blue, red and orange; all ten thousand francs. Here are others at five thousand, and some at three thousand."

She looked all round with the most complete indifference before deigning to notice the articles in question, and when at last she gave some attention to the shawls, she asked, without giving any sign of approbation or disapprobation: "Have you any others?"

"Yes, madame; but perhaps madame has not quite made up her mind to buy a shawl?"

"Oh yes, I have."

Inferior shawls were brought forth, but spread out with the importance necessary to fix the attention, and with the customary phrase: "These are much dearer; they are entirely new, and have not been worn yet; they have come by mail recently, and have been bought from the manufacturers of Lahore themselves."

"Oh, I understand," she replied; I like them pretty well." Still no marked sign of preference. We are all very patient, and know how to wait. My colleague waited, but we could see his irritation in the few glances he cast towards us.

"What's the price of this one?" she said at last, after an unusually long pause, and pointing to a shawl, sky blue, and covered with birds nestling in pagodas.

"Seven thousand francs."

She took the shawl, wrapped herself in it, looked in the glass, and returned it to its place.

"No, I don't like it."

Another long quarter of an hour passed in fruitless attempts.

"We have nothing else, madame," said my colleague, looking at our master.

"Madame is hard to please, like all persons of taste," said the latter, and advanced to the attack in his turn.

But our English customer took up her eye-glass, and looked at the head of the establishment with a curious "*who are you*" air, which he would never have tolerated from any-one except a foreigner. She evidently did not know that he was qualified to be elected deputy at any time, and that he dined sometimes at the Tuileries.

"We have but one shawl left, madame," he said, after she seemed to have satisfied herself with her scrutiny, and with that peculiar blandness you well know, "but I never show it to any one, because nobody likes it—it is so odd. I thought this morning of giving it to my wife. We have had it since 1805; it comes from the Empress Josephine."

"Let me see it, sir."

"Go and get it," said the chief to one of us; "it is at my house."

"I should like to see it very much."

This remark sounded like a triumph, for we had all thought she was going away. The shawl came, myteriously imprisoned in the above-mentioned cedar box.

"This shawl cost sixty thousand francs in Turkey, madame," said our master.

"Oh!"

"It is one of the seven shawls sent by Selim before his rupture with Napoleon. The Empress Josephine, a creole, as milady knows, was very capricious, and exchanged it against one of those that were brought by the Turkish ambassador, and which my predecessor had bought. I have never been able to get its real price, for in France the ladies are not rich enough to buy such costly articles; it is different in England. This shawl is worth seven thousand francs; adding the interest which has accrued, the sum would amount to fourteen or fifteen thousand."

"How has interest accrued?"

The patron was a little startled by her sharp query, but continued with the same assurance:

"Here, madame," and with precautions which the demonstrators of the Grün-Gewölbe of Dresden would have admired, he opened, with a diminutive key, a square cedar box, the form and simplicity of which seemed to make a profound impression upon the English lady. From this box, lined with black satin, issued a shawl worth about fifteen hundred francs, of a bright yellow with black designs, whose brilliancy was only surpassed by the oddities of Indian inventions.

"Splendid," exclaimed the lady. "Truly beautiful."

"The Emperor Napoleon," continued the patron, taking every possible advantage of the position, "admired it very much himself and—"

"Indeed." She took the shawl, draped it around her, examined herself, and returned it to the patron, who in his turn took it up, held it to the light, tumbled it, in fine made it go through all the shawl gymnastics. He knows how to play with shawls as Thalberg plays on the piano.

"Very fine—very!"

We all thought the shawl was sold.

"Well, madame," remarked the chief, as he saw the lady absorbed in a rather prolonged meditation.

"Really, I think I prefer buying a carriage."

An electric shock would not have startled us more than this unexpected announcement,

"I have a very fine one," observed our master, quite composedly. "I got it from a Russian princess, the Princess Narzikoff, who left it to me in payment of some goods. If madame would like to see it, I am sure she would be much pleased. It is a very handsome carriage; quite new; has not been in the street ten times; there is not one like it in Paris."

Our stupefaction was only equalled by our profound admiration for our chief.

"Well, let us have it."

"Madame, be pleased to keep the shawl on," said he, "and you will be able to judge what its effect is in the carriage." He took his hat and gloves, handed the lady into the carriage, one which we keep always in attendance, and they drove off. We all wondered how the matter would end. Twenty minutes later the chief returned. "Take this bill to the hotel Lawson," he said to our errand man, "and wait for the payment; there are six thousand francs to be paid."

"You sold the shawl then," we all cried.

"Sold the shawl! Milady was so pleased with the notice it attracted, that she determined to buy it. 'You can keep your carriage,' she said, 'and I will take the shawl.'"

So we ordered at once a new cedar box, and selected from among our oldest shawls the one best calculated to play the part of the Selim Shawl.

BOOK REVIEWS.

How the World was Peopled. Ethnological Lectures by Rev. Edward Fontaine, Professor of Theology and Natural Science, &c., &c. Appleton & Co. New York. 1872.

Few things are more acceptable in the present day than to find an intelligent, thoroughly-informed theologian, of liberal and well-cultured mind, undertaking to deal with the truths of science as fairly and impartially as with any other revelations of truth. But whether the modern theologian become the patron or the contemner of science, one essential pre-requisite would seem to be that he shall have mastered the subject of which he treats. To hear a good man denouncing from the pulpit the "godless

science, and philosophy, falsely so called," of a Lyell, a Huxley, or a Darwin; while he betrays, by his blundering misstatements, that his whole knowledge has been acquired from some prejudiced review article, concocted for the denominational organ of his own prescribed opinions: is not calculated to give weight to his teachings in matters lying more legitimately within his range.

If the blind are to be the accepted leaders of the blind, we know where both must land at the last Of our present learned Professor of Theology and Natural Science, one extract will suffice, in illustration of his competency for the task he undertakes. He is proceeding to consider "the objections to the commonly received theory that all mankind are the descendants of Adam and Eve;" and he thus proceeds:

"Among these objections I will not include the theory of development, or the transmutation of species, advocated by Lamarck, Darwin, and others. From their premises the startling conclusion is educed that the present races of mankind, by the natural process of transmutation, and evolution from pre-existent animal types, have been gradually developed into varieties of the *genus homo* from gorillas, apes, or other forms of *quadrumana*. The absurdity of the idea that the progenitors of *men* were *monkeys*, or inferior mammalia of some sort, has been exposed sufficiently by Lyell, Agassiz, Mivart, and other naturalists;" and so he thinks it sufficient to "refer those who have the curiosity to examine it, to the able refutations of the grotesque theory in their lectures!"

Where this reverend combiner of the professorial mastery of Theology and Natural Science has fixed his New York study for the last score of years—unless he has succeeded to old Rip Van Winkle's sleeping-chamber in the Catskills, on the Hudson—we are puzzled to guess. That Agassiz differs from Darwin is undoubted; but the Boston professor must be a little amused to be quoted in defence of the Adamic descent of man. It is now upwards of a quarter of a century since Agassiz published, in the *Revue Suisse* for 1845, his peculiar views as to "human races as distinct primordial forms of the type of man;" which has since expanded into his theory of realms of peculiar animals, including men, specifically belonging to the regions in which he assumes them to have originated. According to him the American Red Man and the Grizzly Bear are equally primordial American forms. The Negro and white European have no more relation to either than the Giraffe or the Chamois.

So notorious are the peculiar views of Agassiz, that when, in 1857, the savants of Boston celebrated his fiftieth birth day, the Poet Lowell wrote an ode for the occasion, of which one stanza will suffice:—

> "To him who every egg has scanned,
> From roe to flea included,
> Save those which savants find so grand
> In nests where mares have brooded!
>
> To him who gives us each full leave,
> His pedigree amended,
> To choose a private Adam and Eve
> From whom to be descended!"

But then Lyell's lectures have at any rate exposed the absurdity of Darwin's ideas. We had always fancied that Lyell was the very man who first announced to the British Association the promised revelations of Darwin; and preceded them with his own unqualified faith in every proposition they embrace. The Reverend Professor evidently has not seen a later edition of Lyell's principles than the first. Of his "Antiquity of Man" he has never heard; and, with amusing innocency he tells us on page 228, "The view of the unity of the human race which I have presented is supported by the opinions of Sir Charles Lyell and Baron Humboldt." The truth is, the author's knowledge of geology is confined to a perusal of Hugh Miller's "Footprints of the Creator;" and Lyell is known to him only as the author of a work styled his "Visits to the United States of North America," of which the latest was made twenty-seven years ago. It is by such silly displays of orthodox presumption, as the work now referred to, that ignorant prejudice is taught to believe itself a virtue; and a needless antagonism is fostered between theology and science, as though there necessarily existed an irreconcileable conflict between the revelations of divine teaching and the disclosures of scientific truth.

HIGHER LAW: a Romance. By the author of "The Pilgrim and the Shrine. London: Tinsley Brothers.

This writer's second work is, to a great extent, a reproduction of his first. It is, in fact, little more than a kaleidoscopic variation. The themes, as before, are Scepticism and Woman-worship. The chief characters are essentially the same. Herbert Ainslie is cut in two, and the larger portion of him is embodied in Edmund Noel, the smaller in James Maynard; but there is hardly any thing in these two put together which there was not in the single character before. Margaret Waring is Mary Travers over again, with only a change of name and circumstances. Like Mary Travers, she is not a woman but a goddess. "She seemed, by the ethereal essence of her nature, to be so far removed from the range of ordinary humanity as to arouse feelings nearly akin to those with which they (the Mexicans) regarded their patron saints." When she is on a journey you are reminded of the flight into Egypt, and it appears to Edmund Noel that "if ever mother was virgin, surely none was ever more essentially so than Margaret." The effect which her presence produces is always like that which might be produced by a divine apparition. But this divinity has one weakness—she is apt to reproach herself with having done wrong. "Noel had discovered this peculiarity of her nature, and reminded her that she was now upon earth, and no longer in a sphere where love is omnipotent to keep all evil from the beloved; and that *it was unreasonable to indulge in self-reproach for the limitations of her mortality.*"

The new characters are Sophia Bevan, a strong-minded, witty woman of the Beatrice type, who, however, takes little part in the action, and, in fact, is not much more than an abstraction; and Lord Littmass, a peer, a brilliantly successful man of the world, and a writer of philosophic novels, full of beautiful sentiment and a selfish villain at heart. Lord Littmass can hardly be said to be one of those airy nothings to which only the poet's fancy has given a local habitation and a name. Few can fail to know his local habitation, and even his name is half syllabled in Debrett. This had better have been avoided. It was not necessary to run the slighest

risk of giving personal pain, or pandering to the love of personal slander, in order to illustrate the union, which in itself is only too possible, of literary sentimentalism and philosophy with practical selfishness and knavery.

James Maynard is the unacknowledged, though legitimate, son of Lord Littmass. Singularly enough, he seems never to have had the curiosity to inquire into his own origin. He is a Fellow of a College at Oxford, an intellectual monk, devoted to physical science and to an enquiry into primitive religions. That there is a world of affection and passion besides the world of pure intellect, is a fact of which he is first made aware by the results of his researches into religious antiquities. In the spirit of the primitive cultus, he falls in love with Margaret Waring, the ward of Lord Littmass. But as that intellectual nobleman has been making free with his ward's fortune, he does not find it convenient to let the marriage take place. He is, however, obliging enough, just at the right moment, to vacate life in a highly sensational manner, by a spasm of the heart, with his pen in hand, leaving some important confession written under the influence of a mysterious stimulant, on his last page. Having married Margaret, James Maynard takes her to Mexico, where he is superintendent of a mine for a European company—an appointment which he owes to his high scientific acquirements. But the pair had not been destined for each other; James cannot really win Margaret's love, and his somewhat scientific attempts to analyse the causes of her coldness only make the matter worse. Edmund Noel goes to visit them at their Mexican *hacienda*, and an "elective affinity" at once makes itself divinely manifest. "He (Noel) saw that Margaret and himself were indeed one and identical in temperament, in character, in soul—the other half of each other, long dreamed of and yearned for; and now at length found, found when too late." It is evident that the feeling is shared by Margaret, though she is the most faithful and dutiful of wives; and the reader at once divines that it will not be "too late" for the purpose of destiny to be fulfilled. Sophia Bevan, seeing how matters stand, says "I never before appreciated the beauty of divorce." This, however, is not the way in which the knot is eventually untied. James Maynard, in the prosecution of his researches into primitive religion, has been in the habit of visiting Stonehenge. He wanders thither once more; a storm comes on; he takes shelter under one of the great stones; it is blown down upon him; and his corpse is found by a working party under the direction of Edmund Noel, not so much mashed as might have been expected, owing to the wetness of the ground. So perish all husbands who commit such an offence against the religion of love as to marry a goddess when they are not her other half, and when her other half is in existence, and yearning for union with her in a divine whole. The scene is laid—though a great part of the novel is laid in Mexico, as that of "The Pilgrim and the Shrine" was—in California, the exodus from traditional religion and morality being in each symbolized, as it were, by an exodus from the civilized world. The description of Mexico and its inhabitants, with the account of Juarez, the type and restorer of the Indian race, are the portions of the work which we have read with the most unalloyed satisfaction. The philosophy has the same kind of interest which it had in "The Pilgrim and the Shrine," being a strong and vivid statement of the sceptical view, both in its intellectual and emotional aspect. But it takes so many things as proved which seem to us not to have been proved, and so many things as disproved which seem to us not to have been yet disproved, that it excites in us controversial feelings which almost exclude the possibility of æsthetic enjoyment. It is also anti-ascetic to an extreme, which will offend not a few. It pervades the whole of this tale as it did the last. Each personage distils it at every pore. As from the Homeric gods, when wounded, flowed not blood but ichar, so we feel that if James Maynard or Edmund Noel cut his finger, there would flow not blood but dissertations about religion, the formation of character, art, marriage, or the theory of love. Even Mrs Partridge, Margaret's nurse, philosophises, and tells her young lady that "life is a riddle to all until they learn to love." This is at least three centuries in advance of the old nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*.

As to the woman-worship, it would make women fools, and men drivellers, unworthy of any woman's love.

The composition, like that of former novels, is good throughout. It is a specimen of that easy and graceful style of which John Henry Newman may be regarded as the chief originator or restorer.

The writer seems very familiar with Oxford, and with the life of Oxford Fellows. We should certainly conclude that he had been one, were it not for some strange little slips which he makes in scholarship. He speaks of the words *medio de parte dolorum surgit amari aliquid* as occuring in a Latin *ode*, a blunder which could hardly have been made by any one who had ever scanned a Latin verse.

LITERARY NOTES.

The principal literary announcement of the month, in fact the only one which can be said to attract general interest, is that of Mr. Stanley's promised book on the discovery of Dr. Livingstone. Although an exceptionally high price has been paid for it, the sale of the book will, no doubt, prove remunerative, unless some more exciting subject take possession of the public mind and consign Mr. Stanley and his adventures to premature oblivion. Its title is thus advertised:—"How I Found Livingstone: Travels and Adventures in Central Africa, including an account of Four Months' residence with Dr. Livingstone. By Henry M. Stanley." The illustrations are to be engraved from the author's own drawings, and maps given of his route. The publishers take pains to inform the public that "this work is not made up of correspondence which has already appeared in print." This may, in some sense, be true. They further assert that it will contain "valuable geographical and ethnographical information,—which we take leave

to doubt. Anything of scientific worth to be found in the book will be easily gleaned in the published works of Livingstone, Speke, Baker, and the other African authorities. The Four Months' Residence with Livingstone might certainly be turned to account; and if, to the courage and perseverance Mr. Stanley unquestionably possesses, he could add a little of the self-abnegation and devotion to his hero which animated James Boswell, his disclosures would be valuable. This we are forbidden to expect, for he stands pledged not to anticipate Dr. Livingstone's own account of his explorations. The indignation of the *Herald* at the astonishment and incredulity with which the letters to its editor were received, should be poured upon Mr. Stanley, and not upon the British public. It was he, as it turns out, who dissuaded the traveller from writing anything worthy of himself. To the worn-out traveller, whose earnestness of purpose would have been a rebuke to any impudence but that of a Yankee interviewer, he submitted that the proprietor of the *Herald* wanted puffs, and that the readers of the *Herald* wanted "gossip,"—hence the voluptuous descriptions of African beauty and the fulsome adulation of Bennett and his journal. Dr. Livingstone was, no doubt, grateful; but the drafts upon his gratitude, although he was bound to honour them, must have been irksome indeed. The publishers of Mr. Stanley's book are not responsible for the quality of this work; they have of course, to take the author's word for it. It seems, however, that considerable uncertainty prevails as to the quantity. In the *Athenæum*, seven hundred pages are promised, but in the *Saturday Review*, as a concession, we presume, to the cynical character of that journal, only six hundred are announced. Mr. Stanley is new at the modern art of "book-making," and has not yet ascertained how much "padding" his venture will bear. For the sake of the publishers, we trust the book may serve the only end for which it was written—to sell. Mr. Stanley deserves every credit for the energy and zeal he displayed. No one will grudge him all the honour and all the profit which deservedly follow the active exercise of qualities Anglo-Saxons instinctively admire. There our commendations must cease. The expedition was sent forth in the interest neither of philanthropy nor of science, but simply as a means of notoriety and money-making. The doubts thrown on Mr Stanley's veracity would never have found expression if he had not been the agent of a journal avowedly conducted without regard to truth and honour. Mr. Greeley once said that "the crying evil of the United States is the toleration given to liars and lying." The *Herald* is a symptom of the disease, and its success an aggravation of it. It had no right, therefore, to expect that any of its agents should command belief upon his bare word, until corroborative evidence were forthcoming. Even now, in commenting upon a passage in one of Livingstone's letters, penned under the watchful eye of Stanley, it dares to say (Sept. 21st.): "The contrast it cannot fail to suggest between his treatment by those of his native land and a foreign nation seems to find *cheery* allusion in this phrase." If Dr. Livingstone knows nothing of the anxiety his absence has caused in England, if he is ignorant of the exertions of the late Sir Roderick Murchison, of Sir S. Baker, and of his own son, the *N. Y. Herald* is cognizant of both, and has, therefore, no excuse for the constant reiteration of an untruth. We fear that Mr. Stanley will not be found guiltless in this matter. It is too plain, from the "cheery allusions" referred to, that the American deliberately concealed from the traveller any information respecting the efforts of the Government and the Geographical Society in order that he and his journal might reap all the advantages of the position. The "leperous distilment" poured into Livingstone's ear has taken serious effect. Should it rankle there during the next two years, the Doctor's return, instead of being the occasion of general congratulation, may be the signal for strife and recrimination. If this should be the case, we shall have to thank the disingenuousness of the *Herald* and its agent for so untoward a result. That Livingstone was reached and relieved by Stanley, we sincerely rejoice; but we cannot be expected to trace the expedition to motives which had no share in its inception, or in carrying it to a successful issue. Vanity and the love of pelf have frequently been over-ruled for good; but it is not often that a successful adventurer succeeds in concealing his ruling passions under the high sounding names of philanthropy, science and religion.

An English critic takes malicious pleasure in pointing out the blunders committed by newspaper writers in reference to the history of Canterbury Cathedral. The attack is hardly fair. When such an event as the late fire occurs, people require to know next morning by breakfast time all that can be discovered on the subject. Journalists are usually well-informed, but they are not omniscient, and consequently an important matter has often to be "read up *pro re natâ*"—for the emergency as it arises. The result is, of course, inaccuracy and blundering. The *Telegraph* has unearthed a list of no less than three "conflagrations," omitting altogether the great historical fire, that of 1174. It further explains to the unlettered reader that Louis VII of France is the same as St. Louis—a most notable discovery. The *Standard*, however, has decidedly the advantage, on this occasion, of its magniloquent contemporary. St. Anselm, (ob. 1109) is put before Lanfranc (ob. 1089), the latter dying, we are erroneously told, in 1109, at the age of a hundred. Longevity must have been a characteristic feature of the times; for, according to the *Standard*, St. Augustine of Hippo and St. Augustine of Canterbury were one person —"the great author of the 'Civitas Dei' himself." If so, he must have reached the patriarchal age of 250 years. Newspaper men should either take more time in consulting the authorities, or abstain from penetrating so far into the mists of antiquity.

"The History of India, as told by its own Historians. The Mahomedan Period. Vol. IV.," consisting of the posthumous papers of Sir H. M. Elliott, revised and continued by Prof. Dowson, of Sandhurst, is announced. Archbishop Trench has completed a revised and enlarged edition of "Gustavus Adolphus in Germany," and other lectures on the Thirty Years' War. "Struggles and Experiences of a Neutral Volunteer," by Mr. Furley, is the record of the labours and trials of the army of the Red Cross, which went forth into France not to slay but to heal. We strongly recommend to the student Messrs. Woodward & Cates's Encyclopedia of Chronology. It is constructed on an entirely different plan to the ordinary chronological tables. The persons, events, &c., &c., are mentioned in systematic connection. The work will greatly facilitate the study of history.

Works on Art and Belles Lettres we are compelled to leave unnoticed until our next number.

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CARMINA.

A STORY IN FOUR PARTS.

BY LOUISA MURRAY.

I.

THERE is a little bay or creek on the Calabrian shore of the Mediterranean Sea, which, from its peculiar situation, is scarcely ever visited by travellers or tourists, yet, perhaps, there is not in all Italy a lovelier spot, or one that the poet might more fitly designate as "*un pezzo di Cielo caduto in terra*,"—a piece of heaven fallen to earth. Rocks of the most picturesque forms and most brilliant hues—red, yellow, purple and green—and often broken into lovely little caverns and grottoes, are grouped about the shore, and among them the broad-leafed fig, the aloe, the cactus, rosemary, lavender, myrtle, and the golden cistus, grow in richest profusion. Higher and higher rise the great mountains behind, till they fade into purple clouds on the edge of the horizon. Far away towards Sicily spreads the beautiful sea, serene, unruffled, smiling—a mirror in which the azure heaven above may see itself reflected. The chirp of the cicala at noon, and the lizard basking in the hot sunshine; the sweet sad cry of the aziola and the fire-flies gleaming through the myrtle hedges in the scented twilight, are the only sights and sounds that break the summer stillness. It would be easy to fancy that nature had made the spot thus lonely and inaccessible, that its beauty might remain for ever unprofaned by mortal eye.

But in spite of the silence and solitude of the place, a few years ago some signs of human life and habitation might be seen about it. In a tiny natural basin among the rocks, into which the sea flowed by a narrow opening, a small skiff was made fast and a steep path, looking very much as if it had been made by goats, led from thence to a little platform or terrace, lying, as it were, at the very feet of the mountains, on which was a rude stone cottage, shaded by a huge and ancient fig tree. On a certain evening, at that

lovely season in Italy when the fierce heats of summer merge into the balmy mildness of early autumn, two girls stood at the door of this cottage. One, an ill-made, dwarfish figure, with dull and vacant features, was spinning with a hand-spindle, or distaff; the other, a beautiful girl of fifteen or sixteen, tall and graceful, and with an expression of the most vivid intelligence lighting up her face, held a pitcher of milk, which she had just taken from some goats that were browsing near.

"Take it into the house, Ninetta *mia*," she said, giving the pitcher to the spinner, "and be sure you give the *madre* a cupful while it is warm. I must go and try if there is anything in the nets."

"Yes, yes, Carmina," said the spinner, with alacrity, but in a weak, childish voice; and, taking the pitcher, she went into the cottage.

A stranger unaccustomed to mountain paths would not have found that which led from the cottage to the sea either safe or pleasant, but Carmina had been used to it all her life, and was as active and sure-footed as a young kid. It was quite as safe and easy to her as any level road could have been and she ran quickly down, singing, in a clear melodious voice, one of those wild, thrilling airs with which the Pifferari attract admiring crowds in the streets of Naples or Rome. She was soon beside the little basin in which the skiff lay. Casting loose the fastening, she jumped in, and, taking up the paddle and pushing it against the rocks, first at one side and then at the other, she quickly got her skiff through the narrow entrance and out into the bay.

Any vessel much larger than Carmina's little skiff was prevented from entering this bay by a barrier of sunken rocks, which extended nearly all the way across its mouth, and towards the centre of the reef raised their great heads above the water, too scattered and unconnected a group to be called an island, but large enough for many shrubs and plants to find root and nourishment in their crevices. They were not much more than a hundred yards from the land, and it was to this point that Carmina directed her skiff. Guiding it among them till she reached the first of the little fishing nets set in the narrow channel, she was stooping over it, when the sudden fall of a fragment of stone close beside made her start and look up.

Leaning over the rock just above her, so close that she could have touched him with her paddle, she saw the head and shoulders of a man. A very handsome head it was, too—a broad, square brow, shaded with dark curling hair, dark, brilliant eyes, a straight well-formed nose, a jaw somewhat square, perhaps, but a singularly handsome mouth, not at all disfigured by his well-trimmed, black moustache. It was a face that could look stern enough on occasions, no doubt, but now it was gentle and smiling, and though she was startled and surprised, Carmina did not feel much frightened.

"Do not fear me, *cara mia*," said the stranger, gently, "I would not harm you for the world."

He had one of those exquisite voices which penetrate the heart like a strain of rich music, and its tones confirmed his words, as much as the frank and pleasant expression of his handsome face.

"I am not afraid, signor," said Carmina.

"But you wonder how I came here, do you not?—Well, I will tell you. I was passing these rocks in a boat with two other men, and I took it into my head to jump out and scramble upon them. Would you believe it, they sailed off and left me?"

"It is some joke," said Carmina, "they will come back again for the signor."

"I am afraid not," said the stranger; "I was wet enough when I got on the rocks, and now my clothes are quite dry, so you see I must have been a long time here."

"But why should they treat the signor so badly?" said Carmina.

"Perhaps they could not help it," said the stranger, gravely.

Something in his manner puzzled Carmina. That there was some mystery she saw, but that there could be anything bad or false about this noble looking signor, she never once imagined.

"Cannot the signor swim?" she asked. "It is not far from the shore."

"Oh, yes, I can swim, but you see I waited for a boat, and for once Dame Fortune has proved kind." Then, smiling as he read Carmina's wondering though unsuspicious thoughts in her expressive face, he added —"The truth is, I waited because I had some faint hope that my friends might return. But where do you come from, fair maiden? I do not see any houses on the shore."

"There is only our cottage, signor, and you could not see it from this if you did not know where to look for it. It lies among the rocks just beneath that great fig tree."

"And who lives with you there? Have you a father or brothers?"

"No, signor, my father is dead; I never had any brothers."

"You are not married?"

"Oh, no, signor," said Carmina, with a quick vivid blush. "I live with my mother and sister. The poor mother has no use of her limbs, and lies in bed all day, and the little sister has not all her wits."

"And who takes care of them?"

"They have only me, signor."

"*Poveretta*," said the stranger, compassionately, "that is hard for you."

"Oh, no, signor, I am strong, and able to work, and the Madonna helps me."

"I think she helped me when she sent you to find me here, my gentle one. Will you give me my supper and a bed to-night?"

"Yes, surely, signor, if you can put up with poor fare and humble lodging."

"You could not give me any that would not be better than I expected to have a little while ago," said the stranger. "But now that we are going to be good friends, it is necessary that we should know each other's names. Mine is Paolo. What is yours?"

"Carmina, signor."

"Well then, Carmina, let us try what we can find in your nets. When I saw them I knew the owner would be likely to come for them soon, but I expected to see some old man or young lad—not anyone like you, *bella* Carmina!"

Springing to his feet, and showing a tall, athletic, finely proportioned figure, he swung himself round a projecting piece of rock, and let himself drop down beside Carmina. In a second he had one of the nets out of the water, and was emptying the small, shining, silvery blue fish that were struggling in the meshes into the basket Carmina had brought to hold them.

"Why should you trouble yourself, signor Paolo," said Carmina, "you are not used to such work, and I do it by myself every day."

"But this day you have some one to help you," said Paolo. "*Evviva!*" as he raised another net, "this one is so full I can hardly lift it!"

"Oh, signor," Carmina exclaimed, "you have brought me good luck; I never had my nets so full before. I must give the best fish I have got to St. Antonio!" And carefully selecting the largest and finest, she threw it into the sea.

Paolo smiled at the gentle superstition. "I, too, owe a debt to the saints for sending you to my aid, Carmina, and, perhaps, some some day or other I will ask you to pay it for me. There is the last fish, and the basket is overflowing. Now, I suppose, we must set the nets again."

This was soon done, and then Paolo lifted the basket into the skiff, and attempted to take the paddle from Carmina, but she would not give it up.

"You had better let me have it, Carmina; I am a heavier freight than your little craft is used to."

"Oh, that is nothing, signor; my skiff goes of itself."

Paolo said no more, but folded his arms and leaned back in the boat. Carmina's beauty had charmed his eye and imagination the first moment he had seen her, and now, as he watched, with indolent enjoyment, the graceful motions of her perfect figure while the skiff flew along to the light strokes of her paddle, he thought her the most beautiful being he had ever beheld. Something must be allowed to the romantic scene and circumstances, and a young man's excited fancy but, in truth, he was not far wrong. Her tall, light figure had the perfect proportions, the graceful roundness, the firm, elastic step of a young Diana. Her features were as finely moulded as her form, but it was the bright enchanting spirit that looked out of those features which gave her face such an irresistible charm. Her lovely brown eyes were full of sweetness, of light and joy; the rich bloom of the carnation glowed on her clear olive cheek, and deepened into crimson on her full but delicate lips. Her abundant hair, black as jet, but shining with a purple lustre when the sun touched it, was wreathed around her head with a natural grace which might have suited the head of a Muse. Her whole aspect was radiant with youth, and health, and happiness, and beauty, and, besides all these charms, there was about her a purity, a simplicity, a candour, an utter absence of all vanity and affectation which Paolo had never before met with in woman. The small, light skiff, the lovely maiden who seemed to guide it with a touch, the purple light of the waveless sea on which they floated, the rosy and golden atmosphere which wrapped them round, seemed, to his charmed fancy, like a scene in fairy-land into which he had suddenly been transported. He would not utter a word lest he might break the spell. But, in spite of the charm of the situation, he felt very forcibly that he was hungry and thirsty, and not yet out of reach of a great peril, from which he had narrowly escaped that morning. It was, therefore, not without satisfaction that he saw Carmina run her tiny craft into its little haven, and, throwing off his fit of *dolce far niente*, he sprang lightly out, helped Carmina to make the skiff fast, and then turned to take up the basket of fish. But Carmina caught it hastily up, lifted it to her head, and steadied it there with her up-turned graceful arms, looking, Paolo thought, like a beautiful Caryatide. "I must carry my own fish," she said, laughing, "and if Signor Paolo is not very well used to rocks, he will find it hard enough to climb them without any burden."

"Yet I suppose, *you* expect to get safely up with that basket on your head?" said Paolo.

"Oh, I have been going up and down them all my life," said Carmina. "I could go safely blindfold."

"Then surely I ought to be able to go with my eyes open."

"I am afraid the path is more difficult than you think, signor," said Carmina, a little anxiously. "There are some very bad spots, and if you were to slip——."

"Do not fear, kind Carmina, I shall not slip. You will find I can follow wherever you may lead."

Fully assured by his steady look and confident smile, Carmina led the way, and Paolo came after with steps as firm and sure, if not quite as light and rapid, as her own. Long years after, the sudden scent of wild myrtle, or bruised lavender, or thyme, would transport his imagination to that lovely shore, and in fancy he was once more following Carmina with the basket of fish poised lightly on her head, and watching the folds of her brown woollen dress swaying with the movements of her graceful figure as she climbed the rocky path.

At every difficult spot Carmina always stopped and looked back, to be reassured by finding Paolo close beside her, and hearing his laughing "Go on, Carmina!" till an abrupt turn placed them suddenly on the little terrace on which the cottage was built. It was a rough stone hut, with a rude flight

of steps outside leading to an upper chamber. A great fig-tree grew beside it; rocks and fragments of rocks were scattered all about, but plants and shrubs grew in every fissure, and here and there were patches of mountain grass and herbs on which some goats were feeding. At one end of the cottage was a little plot of earth in which grew some vegetables and pot-herbs, and on a low ledge of rock beside this little garden, were a couple of bee-hives. Just beyond was a *fiumare*, or water-course, now a dry, stony hollow, but after rain flooded by the mountain torrents, and rendered perfectly impassable. All round were more rocks and rocky terraces, reaching apparently to the very crests of the mountains, and descending from among them, in some mysterious and invisible way, was a road that crossed the *fiumare* close to the cottage gardens and wound along the coast to Reggio.

As soon as the goats caught sight of Paolo, they scampered away, and Ninetta, who was standing at the door shading her eyes from the setting sun with her hand as she looked out for her sister, immediately followed their example. Carmina called to her encouragingly, and after peeping at the stranger from behind the fig tree for a minute, she came forward with timid and hesitating steps.

"Your sister is more afraid of me than you were, Carmina," said Paolo.

"She is not very wise, signor," said Carmina, "but she is very good. She takes great care of the *madre* when I am away, and she is always a great help to me. It is true, little sister!" and Carmina looked tenderly at poor Ninetta, into whose heavy features came a gleam of brightness at this praise.

"Ah, but Jacopo would help you better if you would let him," said Ninetta.

"Who is Jacopo?" asked Paolo.

"Oh, he is very good and very rich, too," said Ninetta. "He has a beautiful boat, not like Carmina's little skiff, but ever so big, and with great masts and sails. He often comes to see the *madre*, and he wants Carmina to marry him."

A quick, jealous pang, surely most absurd under the circumstances, darted through Paolo, and he bent his piercing eyes on Carmina with a stern glance that made her cheek flush painfully.

"Hush, little sister," she said, "you know I cannot marry Jacopo, and he also knows it."

"Why cannot you marry him?" asked Paolo.

"Because I do not love him," said Carmina, looking up at her stern questioner with clear, innocent eyes.

"Poor Jacopo!" said Paolo; and his voice was soft and gentle once more, and his eyes kind, and Carmina felt happy again.

"See, Ninetta," she said, "what a great basket of fish. We never had so many before. Will you make some ready to fry for the signor's supper?"

"Yes, Carmina," and, delighted to be employed, Ninetta seized the basket and ran away to prepare the fish, while Carmina led Paolo into the cottage, the door of which stood wide open.

It was but a rough dwelling, consisting of one apartment below and a loft above. The floor was of stone, and the walls unplastered. A couple of wooden chairs and a table, a few pans and pipkins for cooking, two or three cups and plates and similar household articles on some shelves, and an old carved chest, probably containing the holiday clothes of the family, seemed nearly all the furniture. On the walls hung a few prints of the Virgin and Saints, and some rude engravings of scenes from Dante, Tasso, and Ariosto—the death of Clorinda, Angelica at the Fountain, Dante and Beatrice;—with some stanzas from the Gerusalemme, and Orlando, and the story of Paolo and Francesca, printed on narrow slips of paper, as ballads used to be in the olden time. A small hand-loom, with a piece of bright-coloured stuff on it, stood near the open door, and in a sort of alcove

was a bedstead in which the bedridden mother lay. Above her head was a print of the Madonna and Child, and the light from a little window near, the only one in the room, shone full on her pale worn face, her snow-white hair, and her thin, trembling fingers, with which she was feebly winding balls of many colours.

"Who is it, Carmina?" she asked querulously, as Carmina and the stranger entered. "Is that Jacopo?"

"No, *madre mia*," said Carmina, "it is a strange signor. His boat has gone away and left him, and we must give him his supper and his bed."

"I will gladly pay for your hospitality, *padrona*," said Paolo, stepping forward like one who had been used to win favour easily, "and add my best thanks also."

"Nay, signor," exclaimed Carmina hastily, "do not speak of paying; we have but little to give, but all we have is at your service."

Yes, signor," said the *madre*, "Carmina knows—whatever Carmina says is right. Is it not so, signor?"

"I am sure it is, *padrona*," answered Paolo, and turning to Carmina with a smiling glance, he added, "But do not let me be any trouble. A crust of bread given by kind hands, such as yours, Carmina, will taste sweet to me to-night, as you would well understand if you knew all."

"Nay, you shall have better than that, signor," said Carmina gaily, "there are the fish you know."

"But a drink first, Carmina—I am dying with thirst."

"Ah, I fear the signor will never drink our poor wine," said Carmina, as she hastily brought out a wicker-bound bottle of the common country wine.

"*Cara* Carmina," said Paolo, "I would give all the wine of Naples for one good draught of water."

"That the signor shall have in a moment," said the delighted Carmina, and darting out she quickly returned with a pitcher of water just drawn from the spring, clear and sparkling—

"With beaded bubbles winking at the brim."

"Ah, *che bella cassa!*" exclaimed Paolo, when he had taken a deep draught, "the nectar of the gods could not be more delicious!" He did not add—"nor Hebe a fairer cup-bearer," but he thought he had never seen anything in his life so exquisite as the bright, beautiful smile with which Carmina heard his expressions of satisfaction. The next moment she had lighted a charcoal fire in an iron tripod, and put the fish, which Ninetta had prepared to fry, in a pan of boiling oil. Then she placed on the table some maize cakes, a piece of goat's milk cheese, fresh figs, and honey in the comb; and when to these were added the contents of the frying-pan, crisp, brown, and done to a turn, a more fastidious and less hungry man than Paolo might well have been satisfied with his fare. As for Paolo, he seemed to enjoy it thoroughly, and delighted his young hostess by declaring that it was a supper fit for a prince.

His bed was next to be prepared, and this, with poor Carmina's limited resources, seemed no easy task. There was nothing in the dwelling which could properly be so called, except that on which the bedridden woman lay, but on the loft there was a store of sweet, dry grass, which she and Ninetta had collected in the crevices of the rocks and put away to help the goats' winter provender, and with this, a cloak, and a clean coverlet and pillow kept to adorn the *madre's* bed on state occasions, she arranged a couch on which youth and health might sleep soundly enough.

In the meantime, having finished his supper, Paolo stepped out of doors, and remained leaning against a tall fragment of rock underneath which was a natural bench, which might have afforded two friends, or better still two lovers, a pleasant seat. He

may have been looking at the shimmering sea, gleaming like a wondrous opal in the faint light of the moon, and at the stars coming out one by one in the blue depths overhead from which twilight's dusky veil was slowly falling, but his face expressed very different emotions from those which such a scene would naturally excite. It looked very stern and even hard; but it softened as he saw Carmina coming towards him.

"Your bed is ready on the loft, signor," she said; I wish it could have been better."

"Thanks, gentle Carmina. But will you come and sit down on this bench for a little while? I have something to tell you—will you listen to it."

"Yes, signor, willingly," said Carmina.

She sat down as she spoke, and Paolo seated himself beside her, and as she looked at him she saw that his face was very grave.

"Carmina," he said, looking down at her upturned listening face, "have you ever heard that this Italy of ours was once a great nation—mistress of the world?"

"Yes, signor, I have heard my father say so."

"And have you ever heard him speak of those heroic men who have sworn to make her a free and united nation again? Have you ever heard him speak of Mazzini and Garibaldi?"

"Yes, signor, often, and he used to say that all true Italians ought to honour them more than the blessed Saints."

"Then your father would have helped them if he could?"

"Yes, signor, I think he was pledged to help them, and all Italy's deliverers. I have heard my mother say that he belonged to a society called the Carbonari, but I was too young to understand such things then. It is now three years since some charcoal-burners found him stabbed to death in the mountains. Ah! that was a sad day when they brought him home. The poor *madre* was well and strong then, but when she saw my father dead she went into fits. In a few days she had grown old and grey, and has been as you saw her ever since."

"And you, Carmina, have devoted yourself to her and Ninetta. Does your life never seem hard to you?"

"Never, signor. I love the dear *madre* and little Ninetta, and I like to work for them and take care of them."

"Carmina," said Paolo, "you are an angel!" and as he watched the bright colour springing to her sensitive face, which looked more lovely than ever under that soft light, he forgot for the moment everything but those radiant eyes in which, as if welling forth from some unfathomable fountain, the glory of new-born love was shining.

"Ah, no, signor, not a bit of an angel," said Carmina. "But you—you yourself are a patriot and a hero, like Mazzini and Garibaldi. I knew it the very first minute I saw you. Is it not true?"

"A patriot, certainly," said Paolo—"as to the hero, Carmina, let us hope so. Poor Italy wants all the heroes she can get. If a dagger, or the scaffold, or a living death in some dungeon does not end my career too soon, I may do something; but my life is at no time worth an hour's purchase, and had it not been for those friendly rocks where you found me, I might have been lying in prison now, instead of sitting in the free air, and looking into your kind eyes."

"Ah! Madonna!" said Carmina shuddering, "But have you—have you killed any one, signor?"

She trembled a little at the thought, but it was only from the depth of her sympathy with Paolo. In her primitive code of morals, he would have been perfectly justified in taking the life of any enemy or oppressor, whenever he had an opportunity of so doing. She was a true Italian girl, and, tender-hearted as she was, held many things more sacred than life, except it were a life she loved.

"No, *cara* Carmina, I have not killed any one," said Paolo. "But I have not yet told you how I came to be on the rocks where

you found me. I was sent to Messina by the leaders of a society called "La Giovane Italia," to aid a patriotic movement going on there in connection with one in Naples. But unfortunately, before much had been done, the suspicions of the police were excited, and I learned from a secret friend that I was about to be arrested. As all our plans were now made abortive, my duty was to return to Naples and let the leaders of the society know what had occurred. After some trouble I contrived to get on board a smuggling *speronare* bound for Naples, and lay concealed there till the *padrone* was ready to sail. But some spy must have found this out at the last moment, for we were pursued by a government boat, much larger and swifter than the *speronare*, and certain to overtake her. Fortunately the *speronare*, in tacking to gain the wind, had come close to your friendly rocks, as her shallow keel enabled her to do, and the sight of them inspired me with a sudden hope of escape. It was the work of a moment to drop into the water and gain their shelter, while the *padrone*, wishing me good luck, and vowing by all the saints that nothing would make him betray me, held on his course, still followed by the government boat. No doubt he was soon overtaken and most likely compelled to return to Messina to be examined there; but as the direct course lies far from the rocks, I could not have seen them going back. Not knowing very well where to go or what to do when I got to the land, it seemed to me I had better stay where I was for awhile, on the chance that some fishing boat or smuggling craft might come near enough to take me off. But not one came in sight, and I was just about to swim to the shore, and look out for some food and a night's shelter, when you, my good angel, appeared! But what did you think when you saw me, Carmina? Did you think I was a brigand, or a runaway galley slave, or what did you think?"

"Something very near the truth, signor," said Carmina; "I thought you looked far more like one of those noble heroes and patriots my father used to talk about, than like a brigand or a galley slave."

"Thanks for your good opinion, kind Carmina," said Paolo, smiling.

"But, signor," said Carmina, "will the *padrone* keep his oath not to betray you? Is he a true Italian? Is he a patriot?"

"No, neither the one nor the other, but he is a smuggler, and hates all governments and their officials alike. He would enjoy deceiving them intensely; but no doubt he will be subjected to a strict examination, and if there is any question of his losing his boat, or being imprisoned, he will certainly tell all. Then there is a boy, his son, who may be frightened into confession, though his father swore that if the lad proved such a chicken heart, as he phrased it, he would then and there let him taste his stiletto. But doubtless the boy knows the value of such oaths."

"Then the signor is not safe here," said Carmina. "The *sbirri* may come and search the coast to-morrow."

"Very true, Carmina, so you see the sooner I get away from this the better."

"Signore Paolo," exclaimed Carmina, "I could show you the way to the charcoal-pits up the mountains. You would be safe with the charcoal-burners; the *sbirri* never dare to go there."

"Yes, *cara* Carmina; but there are other and more important considerations than my safety. It is necessary for Italy's sake, and the sake of many lives valuable to her, that I should get to Naples as quickly as possible. A boat would be the only way, and I might perhaps find one in Reggio; but no doubt the police are on the alert there."

"Jacopo has a boat," said Carmina, "a strong, safe boat, and everyone says he is a good sailor. He goes to Messina and Palermo, and any other port for which he gets a cargo. He would take the signor to Naples."

"Perhaps he would not like to run the risk of taking me," said Paolo. "If I were found on board his boat, it might get him into trouble."

"Jacopo would not mind risk," said Carmina, "and if I asked him to take the signor, he would do it."

Anxious as he was to find some way of getting to Naples, Paolo did not hear Carmina say this without intense annoyance. His face darkened; his brow knit, and his lip curled as he said, "Have you deceived me, Carmina? I thought you said this man was nothing to you."

"I did not deceive you, Signor Paolo," said Carmina; "I said I did not love Jacopo, and that I could not marry him, and it is true; but he has been a good, kind friend to the *madre* and to me. When I was a little child, and my father was alive, he used to come here often and used to call me his little sister and I felt almost as if he were my brother, till he asked me to marry him—that seemed to turn me against him. I had to tell him that I could never be his wife a great many times before he would believe me; but he knows now how true it is, and he will never ask me again. But he says he will always be our friend, and I am sure he always will. Oh, Signor Paolo, do you think I would tell you a falsehood for anything on earth?"

Paolo could not look at her earnest, ingenuous face, could not listen to her clear, pure voice, and doubt her sincerity. "Forgive me, Carmina," he said, his face growing soft, and his voice gentle again. "I know you are as true as truth itself. But where do you suppose this friend of yours is now, and how am I to see him?"

"He took his boat to Messina this morning, signor," said Carmina. "I know this"—and she looked timidly at Paolo—"because he took my scarfs with him. He always takes the scarfs that I weave on my hand-loom to Messina, and sells them there for me. He will be back some time to-night, and Ninetta can go to him at day-break, and ask him to come and see the signor at once."

"And you think he will come?"

"I am sure of it, signor; "but"—and she turned away from Paolo's penetrating glance as she spoke—"the signor must remember that it is for his sake I am going to ask this favour of Jacopo."

"*Cara* Carmina!" said Paolo, "how can I ever repay your kindness!"

"Do not talk of repaying, signor," said Carmina. "I am glad and proud to be able to serve you—you who are riskin gyour life for Italy."

"Carmina," said Paolo, "if you were a man, you too would risk your life for Italy."

"To help you I would risk it now, though I am only a woman!" said Carmina.

"You are a brave, noble girl," said Paolo.

He took her hand and looked into her deep eyes, gleaming with such magic lustre in the soft moonlight. The faint sweet odours of folded flowers floated on the warm air, fireflies flashed and gleamed in a mazy dance in and out through the green branches, the murmurs of the sea softly kissing the shore fell with a strange impassioned rhythm on his ear. On such a night such eyes might have awakened love in the coldest heart. And Paolo's was very far from being cold just then. It was throbbing with passion. His whole being seemed drawn towards this lovely, artless girl as he had never felt drawn to woman, and his heart told him that she loved him as he had never been loved before. The temptation to clasp her in his arms and tell her he too loved her was almost irresistible. But he remembered himself in time. What had he to do with any other love than Italy.

"How thoughtless I am," he exclaimed, releasing Carmina's hand and springing to his feet; "I have kept you out here too long, Carmina. You must go in to the *madre*, and I must take some sleep while I have a chance of getting it. You will say

an *Ave* for me to-night, Carmina, will you not?"

"Yes, signor, from my heart," said Carmina.

"Thanks, my gentle one," and again taking her hand he touched it lightly with his lips. "*Felicissima notte*, Carmina!"

"*Felicissima notte*, signor," said Carmina softly, and, with a heart throbbing wildly with emotions she had never known before, she ran into the cottage.

Probably there are but few men or women in our English-speaking lands who have any certain faith in the story of Romeo and Juliet. Shakspeare's genius has made it immortal to them, and young hearts respond to its passion and its pathos while they see it acted or hear it read. But its sudden love and swiftly following tragedy lie so far away from the world in which they live, and all their experience is in it, that when the curtain falls, or the book is closed, it is only remembered as a beautiful, but wholly ideal, creation of romance, as impossible to have existed in real life as the wonders of Fairyland.

But in that fervid Southern clime where those ill-fated lovers lived and loved and died, the very reverse is the case. There it seems the most natural story in the world, for there its passionate and tragic incidents have been parallelled again and again. Love at first sight is the undoubting faith of every Italian girl and boy, and death, according to their belief, the only fitting conclusion to a disappointed or unhappy passion. Carmina, as we have said, was a true Italian girl, and she had fallen in love with this handsome young stranger, as suddenly, as passionately, and as irretrievably, as Juliet with Romeo.

Paolo's feelings towards Carmina were somewhat different. His passions and susceptibilities were as strong as those of any Italian, even of the warm South; but he was far more self-controlled and reserved than his countrymen are generally supposed to be. His nature was originally firm, resolute and determined and his patriotic devotion to his country, and the difficulties and dangers he had encountered in her cause, had strengthened and intensified all the stronger traits of his character. He had been charmed by Carmina's beauty the first moment he beheld her; the romantic circumstances of their meeting had deepened the spell; and the simple, unconscious nobleness of nature, which all her words and looks revealed, seemed to justify the irresistible attraction he felt towards her. Yet his reason told him that to give way to the fascination which was growing stronger every instant would in his circumstances be foolish and absurd. Some men would have thought little of plucking so fair a flower of love thus suddenly and unexpectedly springing up in the midst of a stormy and uncertain existence, and gone on their way without a moment's thought as to what the future might bring to the poor flower left behind. But Paolo was of another stamp. Love given and received was to him a bond not lightly to be broken. He could no more have betrayed and deserted the heart that loved him, than he could have taken her life or destroyed her beauty. But how was it possible for him to encumber himself with any ties that might interfere with his devotion to Italy? He had sworn to sacrifice all the softer feelings of his nature on that sacred shrine, and he would keep his vow.

But as Carmina disappeared into the cottage, and the soft trembling tones of her "*Felicissima notte*" thrilled on his ears, he sighed. He told himself that he could never again hope to meet with a woman who so nearly approached his idea of perfection—so beautiful, loving and faithful, so simple and innocent, so gentle and so brave. What delight it would be to develop the latent faculties of such a pure and unsophisticated nature, and then what a true wife and helpmeet she would be. All the heroism of her nature

would be called out in sympathy with the great cause to which his life was consecrated—would exalt for him the hour of triumph should it ever come and strengthen him to defy defeat, exile or death. Once, when disgusted with the vanity, frivolity and heartlessness of the women of his own rank, he had said to himself that if he ever met with such a woman as his whole soul told him he had found in this Calabrian girl, he would woo her for his wife, let her rank or condition of life be what it might; but since then he had chosen Italy for his bride, and had sworn to have no other. That sacred oath must be kept, and when once he was out of sight of those love-compelling eyes, the absorbing interest and exciting labours of his life would soon banish all memory of this madness. And Carmina, would she forget too? She was not cold-hearted, shallow, trivial, like other women; she had not the all-engrossing pleasures and occupations of "society" to divert her thoughts; nor had she, as he had, great aims and high hopes to fill her mind. No doubt she would remember him with love and longing for many a day—remember him as we must remember a brief and only glimpse of the brightness that life can give, but does not give to us, making her dull and monotonous existence all the darker for the contrast. But time cures all things, and she, like others, would learn at last to submit to the inevitable. Perhaps she would marry Jacopo after all. Yes, that would be best. He would advise her to marry Jacopo to-morrow. But what a fearful sacrifice and sacrilege it would be. That beautiful, glorious creature the wife and bond-slave of an ignorant, soulless savage. No, it must not be! Better for her to die than meet with such a fate!

Thus he inwardly raved, as he walked up and down in the moonlight, trying to cool his fevered blood. Once a shadow seemed to cross the cottage door, and fancying that Carmina was there, and knowing that, if he were to keep his resolution, he must not meet her now, he hurried up the stone stairs and threw himself on the bed she, poor girl, had taken such pains to make comfortable, little heeding or caring whether it was hard or soft. There he tossed uneasily for hours, till at last fatigue conquered every other sensation, and he fell asleep.

II.

THE sun shining brightly in through a hole which served as a window above the door of Paolo's rude chamber, roused him from sleep, and, looking about him, he recalled the events of the preceding day; his flight from Messina in the *speronare*, the pursuit of the *sbirri*, his escape on the rock, and his dreamy transit over the bay with Carmina in her tiny skiff. Her beauty, her bright intelligence, her kind eyes and soft voice, seemed as vividly present to his senses as if she were really beside him; he felt the touch of her hand thrill through every nerve as he had felt it the night before, and his face softened and flushed. But the next moment it darkened and grew stern. "What a fool I am!" he exclaimed; "I thought I had got over all such boyish nonsense long ago!"

Starting up he opened the door, and, stepping out on the stone stairs, saw before him such a scene of beauty as can only be found under Italy's blue and radiant skies. A light veil of mist, just dispersed by the newly-risen sun, hung round the horizon in gauze-like folds, tinted with the most exquisite hues of the violet and rose. The many-coloured rocks, and the lovely shrubs and plants growing so profusely among them, shone and glittered with the fresh brightness of morning, and beyond lay the syren sea, blue, shining, clear as a mirror, kissing the shore with softly murmuring lips.

At this moment Carmina came up to the cottage door, returning from milking her goats.

"*Buono giorno, bella* Carmina!" he said,

kissing his hand to her gaily, as he descended the stairs.

"Will the signor have a drink of milk?" Carmina asked, holding up her pitcher.

Paolo stooped and drank, while Carmina held the brimming pitcher, crowned with rich creamy froth, to his lips.

"Delicious!" he exclaimed, after a deep draught; "shall I ever get such sweet milk in Naples?"

"Ah! the signor will have much better things in Naples," said Carmina.

"If Jacopo will take me there," said Paolo. "His boat seems my only chance."

"Ninetta has gone for him, signor, and he will soon be here. I had a dream of good omen last night," and Carmina looked up with serious, earnest eyes; "I saw the signor in Jacopo's boat, the Madonna standing at the prow, and pointing the way across the waves. She will guide the signor safely to Naples. But, in the meantime, it is necessary that he should have some breakfast."

"Thanks, kindest Carmina; but I must first take a dip in yonder sea, and try if it will not cool my blood and steady my nerves. He who aspires to make Italy free must have head and heart firm and clear."

Springing down the rocks, Paolo plunged into the blue water, fresh, cool, clear as crystal. But the heaving waves came round him caressingly, kissing and embracing him with tender, passionate murmurs, like sea-nymphs clasping him to their swelling breasts. Every thing about him, the golden quivering rays of light, the blue glittering sea, the warm-scented air, the white-winged sea-birds, dipping and playing over the sparkling water, all seemed to utter one word—Love. Rushing away from the waves, which seemed to agitate and excite, instead of calming his senses, he dressed himself, and, passing his fingers through the wet curls of his hair that it might dry in the warm sunshine, turned away from the syren sea, and slowly ascended the path to the cottage. But here, again, the perfumed breath of the lavender and myrtle, the soft, thrilling notes of a bird calling to his mate in the flowery hedges, bright-coloured insects glancing in the sunshine, or murmuring, hidden among the spicy herbs,—the blue, glowing sky over head, bending down to clasp the warm rich earth below—every sight and sound in that enchanted clime, were eloquent of Love. Or was it the subtle influence of the passion that possessed him which infused its own emotion into everything he heard and saw?

When he got back to the cottage he found that Carmina had laid out his breakfast on a table, placed under the shade of the fig-tree.

"I thought the signor would like to take his breakfast here," she said.

"Yes, that will be delightful, Carmina—like a lovely poem, a delicious idyl. If I were only an *improvisatore*, where could I find a fitter inspiration?" and, in spite of himself, his eyes sought Carmina's.

"Italy is the signor's inspiration," said Carmina, "and it is greater to be a patriot, and do heroic deeds, than to be a poet and sing them—that is what my father used to say."

"But, as far as I am concerned, the great deeds have yet to come, Carmina; and sometimes I think—last night I thought—even now I can almost believe, that it may be I am sacrificing all that is sweet and beautiful in life to a dream that will never prove true."

"It will prove true!" said Carmina, with enthusiasm. "Italy will be free, and the signor will be honoured as one of her noblest liberators."

"*Cara* Carmina!" said Paolo, smiling, "I hope you are a true prophetess!"

"Signor, your own heart tells you that I am. But see, the fish are getting cold. Will you not sit down and take some breakfast?"

"And you, Carmina, do you eat nothing?"

"Oh, I had my breakfast long ago with the *madre*," said Carmina, and going into the house, she returned with her spindle, and stood at the door spinning while Paolo

ate his fish and told her some of his perils and adventures in the cause of *la Patria*, to which she listened much as Desdemona once listened to Othello.

He had scarcely finished his meal when Ninetta and Jacopo came in sight. As they drew near, Paolo looked with somewhat jealous scrutiny at Carmina's lover. He was a stout, well-made young man, dressed in sailor fashion, with good features, but a somewhat slow and stolid expression.

"*Buono giorno*, Carmina!" he said, lifting the red Levantine cap that he wore and, going up to her, he took out of his pocket, with slow deliberation, a small leather bag, or purse, and gave it to her. "I could have sold twice as many scarfs if I had had them," he said, "so I think we must put a higher price on the next."

"Many thanks, Jacopo," said Carmina.

But Jacopo turned hastily away from her thanks, and addressed Paolo. "I am Jacopo, at your service, signor," he said, in a curiously self-possessed and phlegmatic manner; "the little one," and he pointed to Ninetta, "told me you wished to speak with me."

"I hear that you have a good boat," said Paolo, "and I wished to know if you would take me to Naples in her?"

"When would the signor want to go?" inquired Jacopo, in his deliberate manner.

"This minute, if possible. But I must tell you that I am one of those who have dared to speak and write of a liberated Italy, and have been denounced by the Government. I should be in prison now if I had not managed to get out of Messina. You will see, therefore, that if I were discovered in your boat it might get you into trouble."

"I shouldn't mind running some risk for the pleasure of cheating the cursed barbarians," said Jacopo, "yet no one but a fool would run into a wolf's mouth, when he sees that it is open."

"Certainly not," said Paolo; "but explain your meaning."

"As I was coming from Messina yesterday evening I was overhauled by a government boat, with a commissary of police and some of his men on board. They told me they were looking for a certain Signor Paolo Marocchi, a dangerous conspirator. He had been seen, they said, going on board a *speronare*, which they had chased, but on coming up with it he was found to have escaped in some mysterious manner. The *padrone* denied having ever seen him, and declared that the spy must have mistaken some other boat for his; but he had been taken into custody, and it was believed threats of imprisonment, or at least the confiscation of his boat, would extort a confession from him before long."

"No doubt of it," said Paolo. "The wonder is that he has kept silence so long."

"*Per Dio*!" said Jacopo, "there isn't a man in all these seas wouldn't thwart the tyrants if he could, without running too great a risk. But we all know, if they want a confession they are not at all delicate in their measures for getting it: so we must expect him to tell all he knows any minute and then the *sbirri* will scour all the coast till they find you."

"Which shows that the sooner I am out of this the better," said Paolo.

"Yes, signor; but at this very time their boats are lying in wait, and if we set out in the open day we should have small chance of escaping them?"

"Then what is to be done?" exclaimed Carmina, who had been listening to every word with eager anxiety.

"Either of two things," said Jacopo, in his methodical manner, "the signor can go up the mountains and hide with the Carbonari till the search is given up."

"Impossible!" said Paolo. "My honour requires me to get to Naples with the least possible delay, or to perish in the attempt. The journey by land would be too slow and full of dangers for a proscribed man. There is no way for me but by sea. If you cannot

take me, I must get to Reggio in the best way I can, and try for a boat there."

"*Cospetto!* signor, I did not say I would not take you. This is what I have to propose. The moon goes down before midnight. I know this shore well, and could sail along it in safety on the darkest night. There is a little cove at the far side of that headland, to the left, where the water is so deep, close up to the rocks, that a boat like mine can come near enough for an active man like the signor to jump on board. When the moon sets I will take her round to the cove, and you can get on board much more safely there than where she lies now, surrounded by other boats, perhaps with spies on board, and so far away from the shore that you would have to come off in a skiff from the very place where the *sbirri* would probably land, and where they may already have set a watch for you. But the cove is only known to a few coast sailors like myself. *Ebbene!* what do you say to that plan, signor?"

"I say it promises well."

"And you, Carmina — what do you say?"

"I say it is good, Jacopo."

"Well then, at midnight you will show the signor the way to the cove. She knows it well, signor, for when I was a boy and used to come here with my old mother, now dead and gone, I often carried her there in my arms that she might gather the red sea-apples that grow in the rocks. *Ebbene*, signor! is it settled?"

"Yes, Jacopo, it is settled, and I shall owe you as many scudi as you choose to demand to be paid at Naples, and my best thanks into the bargain."

"I will not charge you more than a fair remuneration, signor," said Jacopo. "I am a good friend to *La Giovane Italia*."

"Why not join it, Jacopo? Why not give all your strength to the cause of the beloved land? A steady man like you would be worth half a dozen hot-headed fellows who will fight wildly to-day, and perhaps run away to-morrow."

"Running away is not in my line, certainly," said Jacopo, with a half glance at Carmina. "Well, the signor will meet me at the cove when the moon goes down. I will not fail him. But in the meantime keep a good look-out for the *sbirri*. If they learn how you escaped from the *speronare*, they will probably send orders to those at Reggio to search the coast; but if you watch the road, anyone coming will be seen soon enough for you to escape to the mountains. Carmina can show you the way. *Addio*, signor. *Addio*, Carmina," and once more lifting his red cap, he walked off with a firm steady step and carriage, which gave assurance of a courage and coolness that might safely be relied on in the hour of need.

"This Jacopo is a brave fellow, Carmina," said Paolo.

"Yes, signor, he is brave and good."

"And yet you cannot love him!"

"No, signor, I cannot love him."

"But why not, Carmina?"

"Ah! signor, we cannot *give* love, even if we wish it—it goes where it will."

Paolo's heart smote him as he looked at her earnest, ingenuous face, and he turned away without another word.

"Carmina," he said a little while after, "You know the place where those who travel yonder road come first in sight; let us bring out your little loom and put it under the fig-tree, and then you can weave your scarfs and watch the road at the same time. And I will lie on the turf at your feet and tell you stories. *Cara* Carmina, we must part to-night, and perhaps we shall never see each other again. Who knows what my fate may bring forth for me to-morrow—perhaps imprisonment, perhaps death? Let us be happy to-day."

So the loom was brought out and put under the great fig-tree, and Carmina wove her bright-coloured scarfs, and Ninetta sat beside her and spun with her spindle, and

Paolo lay on the sweet-scented herbs that grew all about, and told the story of Romeo and Juliet, of Isabella and her Pot of Basil, of the Patient Griselda, and many another sweet old story of love and sorrow, till Carmina's bright eyes swam in tears, and even Ninetta let her spindle fall and listened with something like intelligence.

When the time for the mid-day meal arrived, Paolo insisted on helping Carmina to prepare the *polenta*, and laughed with infinite delight at the mistakes he made. When she went to the spring for fresh water, he followed and stole gently behind her as she leant against a rock waiting till her pitcher, which she had set under the bright, bubbling silvery threads of water flowing out of a crevice in the rocks, should be full. When she stooped to take it up, Paolo was too quick for her, and snatched it away.

"That is not fair, signor," cried Carmina, laughing, "give me back my pitcher."

"Take it then," said Paolo, just suffering her to touch it, and then suddenly raising it far above her reach.

Carmina was little more than a child, and Paolo was but five and twenty; they looked into each other's eyes and saw there light and warmth and love, and for the moment they were happy. The great shadow of parting, the darkness of the uncertain future, were forgotten, and, laughing and chattering like two children, they returned to the cottage.

When their simple meal was over, he helped her to gather the late figs which yet hung on the tree, to string the bright red pepper-pods on myrtle twigs, to tie up little bunches of sweet basil, mint, savory, thyme, and other spicy herbs. It was to him like a living Arcadian idyl, filled with all the fresh, simple, open-air delights which we love to believe made life beautiful when the world was young, and Greece and Italy enchanted lands. He made Carmina teach him how to weave, and laughed as gaily as Ninetta at his awkward attempts at learning. All the gravity and gloom with which a life full of hazards and responsibilities, and devoted to one great purpose, had clouded his brilliant youth, vanished as if by magic, and he felt as if he had suddenly grown careless, joyous, light-hearted as a boy. A prophetic looker-on might have believed him possessed with that wild exhilaration of spirits which superstition tells us is the certain harbinger of coming evil. But the glowing sun crossed the zenith and dropped down towards the horizon, and no sign of danger appeared.

As evening came on, Paolo's wild excitement calmed somewhat down, and his mood grew quieter. Taking a pencil and piece of paper out of his pocket, he made a hasty sketch of the cottage, the rocks, the fig-tree, the lovely little bay in front, the mountains in the background, and Carmina standing at the cottage door. It was the merest outline, and Carmina looking over his shoulder could barely recognize the scene. "It is only a shadow," said Paolo, "but the living colours are painted on my heart." Putting it carefully in his pocket-book, he went to a great elder bush which grew near, cut a branch with his pocket knife, and fashioned it into a rustic pipe which the peasants in the Abruzzi had taught him to make when a boy. He was an exquisite musician, and from this imperfect instrument he drew forth such rich, thrilling strains, as Carmina had never heard before. First he played the bright inspiring music of "I Puritani," in which Bellini has enshrined all the patriotic devotion of his pure and noble nature; and then, as if involuntarily, the notes changed, and the tender pathos of the Sonnambula, the passionate love and despair of Norma, seemed the voice of Paolo's own soul, and found an answering echo in Carmina's. His eyes sought hers till their glances met, and her soul seemed drawn forth and mingled with his. His flute dropped, and, drawing close to her, he silently clasped her hand, and thus they sat, they knew not how long, as in a delicious dream.

"Carmina, Carmina!" cried Ninetta, run-

ning up to them, "the goats are bleating to be milked; don't you hear them?"

Slowly the hands of the lovers unclasped themselves, and they rose, scarce conscious for a moment of where they were.

"Madonna be praised, the sun will soon set now," said Carmina, "and then the signor will be safe!"

"And the most beautiful day of my life will be ended," said Paolo.

At this moment a heavy cloud seemed to creep over the sun, the goats rushed wildly towards them, and they saw climbing the terrace from the *fiumare*, a commissary of police and three men. In their short trance of bliss the lovers had forgotten to watch the road, and fate had seized them in the very moment of their fancied security. Escape was impossible. Paolo had a revolver in his pocket, but it had been thoroughly soaked when he had jumped out of the *speronare*. The *sbirri* were strong stout men, well armed, and there was nothing to be done but submit.

"Signor, you are my prisoner," said the commissary, while his men gathered round, and Carmina pressed her white lips together to keep back her screams, and looked on with wild despairing eyes.

"Where are you going to take me?" asked Paolo.

"To Reggio to-night, signor; to-morrow to Messina," said the commissary, civilly enough—"but first it is my duty to search you for any concealed papers or documents."

Paolo's light summer jacket and trowsers, and even his cap, were quickly but closely examined. The useless revolver, a purse containing some scudi and bank bills, a pocket-book, a watch, a pocket-knife, and some loose coins were all that were found. In the pocket-book were memoranda in various ciphers, of which the commissary could evidently make nothing. The sketch Paolo had made a little while ago seemed equally puzzling, and in spite of Paolo's request that it at least might be restored to him, he put it carefully away with the other contents of the pocket-book. The knife, a handkerchief, and the loose coins he returned to Paolo; the revolver he handed over to one of his men; as to the watch and purse he hesitated.

"It is necessary that these bills should be examined by my chief, signor," he said.

"Be it so," said Paolo, "and as to the scudi and my watch, which, as you see, is a valuable one, have the goodness to take charge of them for me."

The commissary bowed. He understood very well what Paolo meant. He was not above receiving a bribe and giving to his prisoners in return such indulgences as seemed compatible with their safe keeping.

"I think you may spare the signor the annoyance of those handcuffs you are parading there, Niccolo," he said, "at least for the present. A rich and generous signor like his Excellenza is not to be treated like a poor vagabond."

"Not if he will come quietly," said Niccolo, somewhat gruffly; "but, for my part, I think it is best always to make sure. It saves trouble in the end."

"I shall not attempt any resistance," said Paolo. "Such odds as four armed men against one unarmed are rather too much for me."

"Well said, signor," said the commisrary. "You may put up your handcuffs, Niccolo." And he slipped some scudi out of Paolo's purse into the *sbirri's* hand. "Two for each," he said, knowing well that he must divide his spoils with his men, if he expected them to connive at his dishonesty.

By this time the sky, which had been growing darker and darker every moment, had become almost black, the wind had risen, and a vivid flash of lightning leaping out of the livid clouds, brought with it a crash of thunder that seemed to shake the ground beneath them as well as the heavens overhead, and resounded with deafening echoes through the mountains. Flash after

flash, peal after peal followed, and large heavy drops of rain began to fall.

"Jesu, Maria!" cried the *sbirri*, "what a storm! Let us go into the cottage."

"Will the signor go first," said the commissary, keeping close to Paolo.

"Come, Carmina," said Paolo, gently touching her, for she stood perfectly still, like a beautiful statue, while the blue forked lightnings played round her head—"come into the cottage."

"Into the cottage!" she exclaimed—"Oh, yes, Madonna has not forsaken us!"

They were soon all in the cottage, where they found Ninetta crying and sobbing with terror, and the poor bed-ridden mother nearly as much frightened. The rain poured down, not in drops, but great sheets of water; the wind blew with terrific violence; the thunder broke with incessant peals and deafening claps over the very roof; and the vivid blaze of the lightning lit up the room. The commissary and his men crossed themselves, and repeated one *Ave* after another; Ninetta screamed, and the *madre* answered her cries with low groans and lamentations. Even Paolo looked pale, but Carmina seemed suddenly to have recovered all her spirit and energy. Calm and self-possessed she went about the house, closing the window shutters, fastening the door, and lighting the lamp. Then she prepared a composing draught for her mother, and made Ninetta, who lay coiled on the bed beside the *madre*, take one also; soothing them with caresses and encouraging words, till their wailings ceased and they slept, or seemed to sleep.

But these summer storms on the Mediterranean, though fierce, are brief. The lightning grew less vivid and came at longer intervals, the rain gradually ceased, the wind died away, and the thunder rolled in the distance. The commissary and his men recovered their courage and ceased their prayers.

"The storm has gone by," said the commissary. "Go out, Niccolo, and see if we may march."

"Pardon, signor commissary," said Carmina, "but you will not be able to go to Reggio to-night."

"*Diavolo*," said the commissary, "why not?"

"Have you forgotten the *fiumare* you crossed close by the cottage? It is roaring like a cataract by this time."

"Santa Madonna! I am afraid she is right," said one of the men.

"*Cospetto*, go and see," said the commissary.

Niccolo went out, but soon returned with the unwelcome intelligence that the *fiumare* was quite impassable; the water from the mountain streams which the rain had flooded was pouring down white with foam, and bearing stones, shrubs and even small trees in its wild course.

"Then we must stay where we are," said the philosophical commissary. "See here, little one," and he turned to Carmina—

"Have you got anything in the house to eat and drink?"

"Not much, Eccellenza—only some bread and cheese and figs."

"Is there any wine?"

"A little, Eccellenza; not much."

"Well, bring us all you have, *carina*, and be quick about it."

"Yes, Eccellenza," and Carmina hastened to obey, apparently with great alacrity.

"If we had a pack of cards it might help to pass the time," said the commissary. "Come, Luigi, I'll be sworn you are not without one."

Luigi grinned and produced an ancient and well-thumbed pack, and, gathering round the table, the men were soon deep in the mysteries of "Red and Black."

The commissary invited Paolo to join them, but he refused, and, leaning his head against the wall, as he lay half reclining on the great chest, he seemed sunk in sombre meditation. His eyes followed Carmina as

she moved about, but it was with a vague, shadowy feeling of the unreality of all that surrounded him, as we see things in dreams. He saw Carmina collecting her small stock of provisions, and arranging them before the *sbirri*, as if she were eager to please them. He saw her searching up four drinking cups and then taking them to a table in a shadowy corner where she had prepared her mother's sleeping draught; he saw her fill them from the wicker-bound wine bottle, and hand one to each man.

"You believe in a fair division of your favours, pretty one," said the commissary. "But is this all you have?"

"There is a little more, signor," said Carmina, as she placed the bottle on the table.

But by this time the players were in a state of frantic excitement over their game. Much talking and screaming had made them thirsty, and each man drank off his glass almost at a draught.

"More, more, girl," said the commissary, "fill for us again." Carmina obeyed.

"And hearken, little one," the commissary continued: "Why do you not give the poor fellow yonder some? He seems terribly down in the mouth."

But Carmina never once looked at Paolo. "Presently, signor," she said indifferently.

"*Peste!*" cried one of the *sbirri* the next minute. "What are you doing with the cards, men? You are mixing them all up together!"

"No, but you are upsetting the table," cried another; "everything will be on the floor in a moment."

"*Diavolo!* the room is going round!" cried the commissary.

The next instant the heads of the four card-players had fallen on the table, and they lay motionless and breathing heavily.

"*Per Dio!* what is this?" cried Paolo, suddenly springing to his feet. "Carmina, what have you been giving them? Is it poison?"

"No, signor," said Carmina, "though it would be little matter if it were. It is a charm the wise mother Olympia gave me to put the *madre* to sleep when her pains are too bad to bear. They will sleep now for hours, and before they waken you will be far enough out of their reach."

As she spoke she opened the door, letting in a flood of moonlight. "Come now, Signor Paolo," she said, looking up at him with bright sparkling eyes, "let us go."

Amazed, bewildered, like some one suddenly wakened out of a bad dream, Paolo followed her out of the cottage. Every vestige of the storm had disappeared from the sky, which was now blue and cloudless, and full of stars whose fainter light was lost in the lustre of the moon.

"Will the signor come with me now to Mother Olympia's hut?" said Carmina, "it will not take us much out of our way, and we shall be at the Cove long before the moon sets."

"I will go with you to Mother Olympia's or anywhere you choose, *mia* Carmina," said Paolo, "but what do you want her for?"

"I want her to take care of the *madre* and Ninetta till I come back," said Carmina. "If the *sbirri* should waken sooner than I expect, she will talk to them and make them go quietly away. Every one from Rome to Reggio knows the wise Olympia and obeys her commands, for her power is great. Madonna grant she may be here now, for she seldom stays long in one place."

Full of eager and joyful excitement, only restrained by Paolo's somewhat serious and abstracted manner, Carmina hurriedly climbed a rough path, if path it could be called, leading from the terrace towards the mountains, and Paolo with difficulty kept pace with her swift footsteps. After proceeding at this rapid rate for a few minutes, a huge rock and a great ilex tree seemed to bar their way; but Carmina, turning a little aside, led the way round the rock, and Paolo following saw a little hut built of turf and reeds resting under its shelter.

The door of the hut was open; a brass lamp of antique fashion, with many wicks, was burning inside, and in the doorway, on an old tripod-like seat, an ancient woman sat spinning with a distaff and spindle. She was almost as small as a child, and her tiny fleshless hands were like the hands of a skeleton; her hair was of a peculiar silvery whiteness, shining with an unearthly lustre in the moonlight, and giving a more ghastly aspect to her ashen, wrinkled features; but out of this corpse-like face shone two piercing bright black eyes, full of a strange solemn searching power, which might have served for the eyes of one of the awful Fates. Nearly all the hut behind her was in shadow, but close beside her appeared the head and horns of a goat munching some provender.

"And what does the little Carmina want with the old Olympia to-night?" asked this weird old crone, before Carmina could speak, "and who is the handsome Eccellenza she has brought with her?" And she bent her piercing eyes on Paolo, who felt as if they were capable of reading his inmost soul.

A very few words sufficed to make the sibyl comprehend all that Carmina had to tell. Evidently her acute intelligence was of a sort which, to the ignorant, might well seem born of the supernatural and mysterious intuition to which she pretended.

"Say no more, *figliuola*," she said, "I understand it all. You want me to protect the *madre* and Ninetta from the *sbirri* when they wake. But that won't be for a long time yet; for a charm mixed in a storm always works well. Ah! it were little matter if they never woke—dogs, vipers, scorpions that they are! The old Olympia wouldn't think much of giving them a medicine that would make them sleep for ever. But the little Carmina is young and innocent, and must keep her soul white and clean while she can. Carmina believes in Madonna and the Saints, and the Sancto Bambino—all the Church and the priest tell her to believe, but the old Olympia believes in none of these things. I am of the old faith; I believe in the old gods and in spells and charms and omens; and I have power—power over the invisible secrets of earth and air. And every one in Sicily and Calabria, in Naples and Rome, east and west, north and south, knows it and fears the wise Olympia."

She had risen while speaking, and waved her wasted fingers like birds' claws towards every quarter of the horizon. Her small spare figure seemed to dilate and grow tall, her withered, ashen-hued face, her silvery shining hair, her black piercing eyes, gleaming from under her white coif, looked wild and unearthly as she stood in the red sullen flame of the lamp, which gleamed with a lurid vapourous glow contrasted with the pure clear light of the moon. The dark twisted stem of the ilex tree raised itself over the hut, and among its glittering waxen leaves, pointed with thorns, hung streamers of pale grey moss, waving back and forward in the light night breeze. The whole scene was grotesquely weird; and the horned head of the goat, thrusting itself forward when its mistress rose, added to its wild necromantic character. It was not without a curious thrill of that delight which imaginative natures always feel in anything which even for a moment seems to take them out of the prosaic limits of commonplace existence, into the shadowy regions of the unknown, that Paolo beheld it. As for Carmina, she had evidently perfect faith in the sibyl's pretensions; but she had known her since she was a child, and her reverence was totally unmixed with fear.

"It is true," she said, "the wise Olympia is powerful and men fear her; but she is always good to the poor and helpless, and she will protect the *madre* and Ninetta from harm."

"Be satisfied, *figliuola*, no one shall harm them. I will tell the cursed *sbirri* that it

was I who put them to sleep and released their prisoner, and they will not dare to ask why I did it. I will command them to go back to Reggio and swear that the signor was not to be found on all the coast, and they will do as I bid them and no one shall find fault. Such power has the old Olympia."

Then she turned to Paolo and gazed on him with that keen penetrating scrutiny in which, no doubt, lay half her power over the hopes and fears of men.

"Signor! I have heard of you before to-night;" she said. "You have served the cause of *la Patria*, and are a friend of the beloved Garibaldi. Ah! signor, is not that a soldier-hero? Like the brave men who lived in the great days of old. I saw him not long since, Eccellenza. He passed through the mountains with a handful of men carrying the glorious tri-coloured flag —the red, white and green. They were poorly dressed, signor, and worse shod, and carried whatever weapons had come to their hands; but every man had the soul of a patriot and hero, and was worthy to follow his great-hearted leader. He wore the red shirt, like the rest, with a silk handkerchief loosely knotted round his neck and flowing down his back, a hat with black plumes, and a great crooked sabre in a glittering steel scabbard. I saw them coming, signor, and I stood on a high rock and, as they went by, I threw a laurel bough on the noble general's head. And he caught it, and pulling off the leaves, scattered them among the men. '*Coraggio ragazzi!*' he said, 'Courage, boys! we shall have a laurel bough each when we get to Naples!' Ah! signor, I think I see him now—his bronze coloured hair and beard, his blue grey eye, his grave, steadfast look—brave as a lion, gentle as a child—a true king of men. But a king he never shall be, nor a king's favourite. He shall have a greater destiny. To him shall be the glory, to others the gain. He shall give a throne and receive instead a prison! But the whole world shall hail him as Italy's great Liberator, and he shall reign forever over the hearts of his countrymen!"

As she spoke her fixed dilated eyes looked with a far-off gaze, as if she were rapt in a vision of the future, and her words seemed to drop from her lips as if impelled by some power not her own.

"And Mazzini, mother?" exclaimed Paolo, almost believing for the moment that he was listening to some inspired oracle. "He who has kept the sacred lamp of Freedom burning through Italy's darkest night, and fed it with the divine flame from his own soul—what of him?"

"Scorn, suspicion, slander and ignominy shall be his portion during life—after death all free peoples shall do honour to his memory, and Italy shall worship his as the noblest and purest of all the great names that light up the pages of her wondrous story!"

"And what can you tell me of my own destiny, mother? Shall it be in anything like that of my great leaders?"

Bringing back her gaze, as it were, from that mystic region in which she read the secrets invisible to common vision, she turned her glance on Paolo and regarded him for a little while in silence, her gaze seeming to penetrate every corner of his heart and soul.

"Signor, Italy is dear to you—you love her well—but you were not born to be one of her martyrs—when she triumphs, you shall triumph! Fortune shall always favour you!" Then she turned to Carmina and gazed for a moment on her eager listening face—"Maiden!" she said, "your fate is linked with his—the threads of your destinies are twined together—I see both you and him wrapped in a crimson mist—is it blood?—is it the sun rising rosy red? I know not. My hour of prophecy is ended."

"It is the bright sun rising over free Italy!" exclaimed Paolo.

"May it be so, signor!" said the sibyl, "Now, *figliuola*, guide the signor to the

Cove, while the old Olympia goes to take care of the *madre*."

"First take these, mother," said Paolo, and he emptied all the coins the commissary had left him into the sibyl's hands, "you should have had more, mother, if the *sbirri* had not taken my purse."

"Ah! the accursed hounds," she cried, "may the bird of Jove one day pick the eyes out of their unburied corpses. Farewell, noble eccellenza. *Figliuola*, do not fear for your helpless ones; the old Olympia will take care of them."

Then with her spindle in her hand, and followed by her shaggy goat, she disappeared round the rock so suddenly that if Paolo had not known the way she went, he might have been tempted to believe that the earth had swallowed her.

"Carmina!" said Paolo to his guide, as she led the way among the rocks to the sea, "do you believe that the threads of our destinies are mingled together as the wise Olympia said?"

"Yes, signor," said Carmina, "I believe it."

"Tell me how and in what way, *mia* Carmina."

"Signor, I have helped to save you from prison, perhaps from death—will not that give me always some share in your life? Will you not always remember the poor Carmina, though perhaps she will never see you more?"

"Remember you? Is that all you ask in return for the life you have given me?"

"Yes, signor, all." But as she said it her voice faltered.

Paolo said no more, and in a few minutes the sea came in sight. Following the windings of the shore for a few yards, the little Cove opened suddenly before them, the deep water flowing close up to a series of flat rocks, rising one above another like steps of stairs. Beside these steps two or three enormous chestnut trees were growing, flinging wide their great arms, through which the moon, now near her setting, poured a flood of veiled soft light, making the mossy ground beneath look like an enchanted bower, in which the fireflies shone and glittered like fairy lamps.

"Now, signor, you are indeed safe," said Carmina. "Jacopo will soon be here, and the Madonna will guide you safely over the waves to Naples as I saw her do in my dream."

Paolo gazed at her beautiful face, eloquent with all the struggling emotions that filled her heart, and looking more touching and pathetic in the moon's pale light than he had ever seen it before.

"You are my *madonna*, Carmina *mia*! You shall guide me safely over the waves! I will not go without you."

"Without me, Signor Paolo?" faltered Carmina.

"Oh, Carmina, did you think I could leave you behind me? I love you, my own one; I love you with all my heart and soul. Do you not love me?"

He held out his arms, and she threw herself into them, and sobbed out all the pent-up emotions of the last few hours on his breast.

"Let us sit down, my Carmina," said Paolo.

Still holding her in his arms, he soothed her agitation with soft kisses and loving words, till at last her passionate weeping ceased, and she grew calmer.

"Oh, *carissima!*" said Paolo, "I loved you from the first moment I saw you, but I tried to conquer my passion; I told myself that no other love should interfere with my love for Italy. But to love you, my Carmina, will only make my love for Italy the holier and purer. You will help me to save her from her tyrants as you have saved me from their hirelings. What bliss it will be to hold my darling in my arms to-night as we bound over the free waves instead of leaving her behind and carrying with me an empty heart which no joy could ever fill again! But what is the matter, *carissima*?—You turn away your

face—when I kiss you, you kiss me not again. Do you not love me, Carmina?"

"Oh, Signor Paolo," Carmina began—

But Paolo interrupted her. "Do not call me signor; call me Paolo."

"Paolo—Paolo *mio!*" she exclaimed, "I love you, I adore you, I worship you; but I cannot go with you!"

"Carmina, what is it you say? Do you not understand me? You shall be my wife, my beloved and honoured wife. The moment we get to Naples, we shall be united for ever. Will you not trust me, Carmina? I swear to make you my wife."

"Oh, Paolo, I want no oaths, no promises; it would be my pride and joy to follow you all over the world; but I cannot leave the poor *madre* and Ninetta."

For a moment, Paolo was silent from surprise. Though he had admired Carmina's devotion to her mother and sister, it had never once occurred to him that it could for an instant compete with her love for him, or be the slightest obstacle to her accompanying him to Naples.

"Then you love them better than you love me?" he said at last.

"Ah! no," said poor Carmina, simply. "Madonna forgive me, it seems to me now that I do not love them at all—that I cannot love any one but you; but they love me—they trust in me; could I be so base as to forsake them?"

"And do not I love you, Carmina?"

"Signor Paolo, you have health and strength, and a great mind; you have friends; you have your hopes for Italy: you have many things. They have nothing in the world but me; I will never desert them."

In a passion of mortified love and anger Paolo sprang up and walked away. Carmina buried her face in her hands, and wept those hopeless tears in whose bitter flow love and joy and life itself seem ebbing away. But after a little while, as the sound of her anguished weeping reached his ears, Paolo's heart smote him, and, coming back, he knelt down beside her, put his arms round her, and drew her face close to his. "Forgive me, *amina mia!*" he said, "I know you love me."

She clung to him passionately, but could not speak.

"Listen to me, *carissima*. You may be sure the wise Olympia will take care of the *madre* and Ninetta till she hears from you. She will understand very well where you have gone. You know that she said our fates were joined together. It is your destiny to come with me, Carmina, and you cannot escape it."

"Oh, Signor Paolo, it must not be. If the *madre* knew I had gone away and left her she would die with grief in a day, and then I should have murdered my mother."

"And what about me, Carmina? I shall die with grief if you do not come."

"Ah! signor, you are too wise and strong to die of grief for the loss of a simple girl like me. You will say, as you said a little while ago, it is better that you should have no other love to interfere with your love for Italy."

"False girl!" exclaimed Paolo, "you judge me by yourself; to-morrow you will have forgotten me."

"To-morrow! Never, signor! While I live your image and yours only shall fill my heart and soul! May Madonna above forsake me if for one moment I forget you or cease to love you!"

"Love!" said Paolo, bitterly. "What sort of love is that which can torture the beloved one so cruelly as you are torturing me?"

"Oh, Paolo *mio*, am I torturing you? Forgive me, forgive me; I think my heart is broken. When the wise Olympia said our fates were joined together, I think she meant that I was to die for you—pine away and die when you have left me."

"No, my Carmina, no, you must not die," and Paolo clasped her again. "Come

with me, and live to bless me. Your mother shall be taken care of. I will pay Jacopo to bring her and Ninetta to Naples. You shall put them to board in a convent, where you can see them every day. Come with me, my heart's beloved, soul of my soul; come, and be my pride, my joy, my heart's best treasure."

"Oh, Paolo, Paolo, I wish I could die in your arms this moment. I know I shall die when you are gone; but I cannot go with you. The *madre* is so old and grey and feeble; her life hangs by a thread; if I left her for a single day, she would die. Madonna, have pity upon me and help me! I must not forsake my mother."

"Well, be it so," said Paolo. "I thought I had found a love that would have counted all the world as nothing for my sake; but I have been bitterly mistaken."

Again he sprang up, almost flinging her from him as he did so, and, going to the edge of the Cove, looked out across the water. Carmina still sat where he had left her, no longer weeping, but still and motionless as if she had been turned into stone.

By this time the moon had gone down, and only the faint tremulous light of the stars was in the sky. The sea murmured and moaned, as if in sympathy with the passionate unrest which agitated the hearts of the lovers. The fireflies gave out their light in fitful flashes, and faint gleams of lightning appeared and vanished at intervals on the distant horizon. Suddenly a low rushing sound was heard close to the Cove, and the next instant a boat came round the rocky shore, throwing up showers of phosphorescent light as the waves parted beneath her keel. With a wild hurried impulse, Paolo darted to Carmina. "*Mia* Carmina!" he exclaimed, "here is Jacopo, will you not come? Say yes—oh! say yes; in a moment more it will be too late, and I shall have gone for ever!"

But Carmina neither spoke nor moved. Terrified at her strange silence and stillness, Paolo caught hold of her hands; they were as cold as death. "Carmina! Carmina! what is this!" he exclaimed. "She is ill—she is dying; oh, my God, have I killed her?"

His wild despairing tones, his frenzied grasp, his passionate kisses, roused Carmina from the stupor of anguish into which she had fallen. "No, no," she said, "I am better now. Go with Jacopo."

"But not without you, Carmina. Come with me; oh, my beloved, come!"

"I cannot, Signor Paolo, I cannot. Forgive me—forget me!" and, sliding from his arms, she threw herself on the ground.

But the next moment Paolo had raised her, and clasped her passionately to his heart. "Forget you, Carmina? Never! Brave, noble, heroic girl, how could I forget you? Oh, my Carmina, I have been selfish and cruel. I am not worthy of you, but I love you—I will love you for ever. Dry your tears, *carissima*, and tell me you will not grieve any more. We shall not be parted for long. As soon as I can get away from Naples, I will come back to you, and make you my wife. Keep up your courage, my noble girl, we shall yet be happy. We shall live to see the sun rise on a free and united Italy, and we shall see it together!"

The sudden reaction from despair to rapture was almost more than Carmina could bear; but joy seldom kills, and after a minute or two she was able to murmur broken assurances of her love and happiness.

By this time Jacopo had brought his boat to the steps, and, surprised at finding no one to meet him, had given a low signal whistle.

"Go now, go at once," said Carmina; "Madonna, preserve you, Paolo *mio*, and send you back to me again!"

"I will come back, my Carmina; do not fear but I will come back. But it is hard to part. Is it not hard to part, my Carmina?"

"Not so hard now I know you will come back," said Carmina. "But there is Jacopo's whistle again. Oh, Paolo, Paolo *mio*, you must go!" And, kissing him passionately, she tore herself away.

But Paolo clasped her once more. "Farewell, my love, my bride," he said. "My heart is yours now and for ever!"

The next moment he had sprung on board the *felucca*, and Carmina watched it slowly disappearing, and leaving a train of light in its wake. Paolo had gone, but Carmina was not alone, for love and faith and hope were with her.

(To be continued.)

MEMORIES.

BY M. E. MUCHALL.

MEMORIES! memories! why do ye spring
From the heart's deep caverns to-night,
And why do ye sadness around me fling
Instead of a silvery light?

Memories! oh, ye have made me weep,
For ye bring to my earnest gaze
Friends lying silent in death's still sleep,
Dear friends of my youthful days.

Ye have brought to my sight in the dim twilight,
My mother's hallowed face,
And I bathe in the light of the smile I loved
In the years that are fled apace.

My sister whose voice like music fell,
And soft was the clasp of her hand;
She is here to-night and I know her well,
Yes, here from the Spirit land.

One dearer than all stands before me now,
Ye have brought her again to my sight,
With the far away look in her soft blue eyes,
And her smile which was ever so bright.

She stands by my side as in days gone by
She stood 'neath the elm tree old,
With the sunlight dancing amid her hair,
And glinting her curls with gold.

I might almost dream she was here again,
From the land of the blest ones above,
But I wait for the low sweet voice in vain,
The voice of my early love.

PETERBORO'.

THE LAST OF THE HURONS.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

THE shores of the Georgian Bay present to the voyager upon its waters a picturesque variety of bold headlands, rocky islands of every size and shape, and quiet inlets bordered by the columned forest or the smiling clearing and thriving town or village. The region between Nottawasaga Bay and Lake Simcoe, which is now a rich agricultural district, was, two centuries and a half ago, the home of the numerous and powerful Huron nation of Indians. Much of this region is still covered with what seems to be a virgin forest, yet the plough and the axe of the pioneer often bring to light the relics of a former population concerning whom local tradition is silent, and of whom the lingering red men of the present know nothing. Yet in the pages of history live the records of this lost race, written with a fidelity and vigour that rehabilitate the past and bring us face to face with this extinct nation. The three large volumes of *Relations des Jésuites** now before me contain a minute and graphic account by men of scholastic training, keen insight and cultivated powers of observation, of the daily life, the wars and conflicts, the social, and especially the religious condition, of this strange people. As we read these quaint old pages, we are present at the firesides and the festivals of the Huron nation; we witness their superstitious rites and usages, their war and medicine dances and their funeral customs; and, at length, as the result of the pious zeal of the Jesuit missionaries, their general adoption of Christianity and their celebration of Christian worship.

In the region between the Georgian Bay, Lake Simcoe and the river Severn, in the year 1639, were no less than thirty-two Huron villages, and about thirty thousand inhabitants. These villages were not mere squalid collections of wigwams, but consisted of well built dwellings, about thirty or thirty-five feet high, as many wide, and sometimes thirty and even a hundred yards long. They were generally well fortified by a ditch rampart and three or four rows of palisades; and sometimes had flanking bastions which covered the front with a cross-fire. The inhabitants were not mere hunting nomades, but an agricultural people, who laid up ample stores of provisions, chiefly Indian corn, for their maintenance during the winter.

It is not within the scope of this paper to describe the planting of the Huron mission, but rather to depict the closing scenes of the forest tragedy.

As early as 1626, Jean de Brébeuf, the apostle of the Hurons, had visited, and for three years remained among these savage tribes. On Kirk's conquest of Quebec he was recalled, but in 1634, accompanied by Pères Daniel and Davost, he returned under a savage escort to the temporarily abandoned mission. By a tortuous route of nine hundred miles up the Ottawa, and through Lake Nipissing, French River, and the Georgian Bay, they reached the Bay of Penetanguishene. Over four-and-thirty portages, sometimes of several miles, often steep and rugged, through tangled forests and over sharp rocks that lacerated their naked feet, the missionary pioneers helped to bear their bark canoes and their contents. Fifty times

* For forty years, 1632-1672, these *Relations* were annually sent to the Provincial of the Order at Paris. They were collected and published in three large 8vo volumes by the Canadian Government in 1858. I have closely followed these *Relations* in the text.

they had to plunge into rapids and, wading or stumbling over boulders in the rocky channel, to drag the laden boats against an arrowy stream. With drenched and tattered garments, with weary and fasting frames, with bruised and mangled feet, stung by mosquitoes and venomous insects, they had to sleep on the damp earth or naked rock. "But amid it all," writes Brébeuf, "my soul enjoyed a sublime contentment, knowing that all I suffered was for God."* Separated from his companions and abandoned by his perfidious escort, Brébeuf offered himself and all his labours to God for the salvation of these poor savages, † and pressed through the woods to the scene of his former toil. He found that Brulé, a fellow-countryman, had been cruelly murdered in his absence and, with prophetic instinct, anticipated the same fate for himself, but desired only that it might be in advancing the glory of God. Davost and Daniel soon after arrived, a mission house and chapel were built, and the latter decorated with a few pictures, images and sacred vessels, brought with much trouble over the long and difficult route from Quebec. Here the Christian altar was reared, surpliced priests chanted the ancient litanies of the church, whose unwonted sounds awoke strange echoes in the forest aisles, and savage tribes were besought by the *death of Christ and love of Mary to seek the salvation of the Cross.*

But by weary years of hope deferred the missionaries' faith was sorely tried. They toiled and preached and prayed and fasted, without any apparent reward of their labour: the ramparts of error seemed impregnable. The hosts of hell seemed leagued against them. The Indian "sorcerers," as the Jesuits called medicine-men, whom they believed to be the imps of Satan, if not, indeed, his human impersonation, stirred up the passions of their tribe against the mystic medicine-men of the pale-faces. These were the cause, they alleged, of the fearful drought that parched the land, of the dread pestilence that consumed the people; the malign spell of their presence neutralized the skill of the hunter and the valour of the bravest warrior. The chanting of their sacred litanies was mistaken for a magic incantation, and the mysterious ceremonies of the mass for a malignant conjury. The cross was a charm of evil potency, blasting the crops and affrighting the thunder-bird that brought the refreshing rain.

The missionaries walked in the shadow of a perpetual peril. Often the tomahawk gleamed above their heads or a deadly ambush lurked for their lives. But beneath the protection of St. Mary and St. Joseph they walked unhurt. The murderous hand was restrained, the death-winged arrow was turned aside; undismayed by their danger, undeterred by lowering looks and muttered curse, they calmly went on their way of mercy. In winter storms and summer heat, from plague-smitten town to town, they journeyed through the dreary forest, to administer their homely simples to the victims of the loathsome small-pox, to exhort the dying, to absolve the penitent, and, where possible, to hallow with Christian rites the burial of the dead. The wail of a sick child, faintly heard through the bark walls of an infected cabin, was an irresistible appeal to the missionaries' heart. Heedless of the scowling glance or rude insult, they would enter the dwelling and, by stealth or guile, they would administer the sacred rite which snatched an infant soul from endless perdition,—from the jaws of the "Infernal Wolf."‡ They

* "Mon âme ressentoit de très-grands contentmens, considérant que ie suffrois pour Dieu. Brébeuf, *Relation des Hurons*, 1635, p. 26.

† "M'offris a nostre Seigneur, avec tous nos petits travaux, pour le salut de ces pauvres peuples."—*Ib.* 28.

‡ "Ce loup infernal." Thus, as they phrased it, the dying infants were changed "from little savages to little angels." Of a thousand baptisms in 1639—all but twenty were baptised in immediate danger of death. Two hundred and sixty were infants and many more quite young.

shared the privations and discomforts of savage life. They endured the torments of filth and vermin, of stifling, acrid smoke parching the throat and inflaming the eyes till the letters of the breviary seemed written in blood. Often they had no privacy for devotion save in the dim crypts of the forest, where, carving a cross upon a tree, they chanted their solemn litanies till, gnawed to the bone by the piercing cold, they returned to the reeking hut and the foul orgies of pagan superstition.

Yet the hearts of the missionaries quailed not: they were sustained by a lofty enthusiasm that courted danger as a condition of success. The gentle Lalemant prayed that if the blood of the martyrs were the necessary seed of the Church, its effusion should not be wanting. Nor did the mission lack in time that dread baptism. The pious Fathers believed that powers supernal and infernal fought for them or against them in their assault upon the Kingdom of Satan. On the side of Christ, His Virgin Mother and the blessed gospel were legions of angels and the sworded seraphim. Opposed to them were all the powers of darkness, aided by those imps of the pit, the dreaded "sorcerers," whom Satan clothed with vicarious skill to baffle the efforts of the missionaries and the prayers of the holy Saints. Foul fiends haunted the air, and their demoniac shrieks or blood-curdling laughter could be heard in the wailing night wind, or in the howling of the wolves down the dim forest aisles. More dreadful still, assuming lovely siren forms, they assailed the missionary on the side of his human weakness, but at the holy sign of the Cross the baneful spell was broken—the tempting presence melted into air. *

Yet, with these intensely realistic conceptions of their ghostly foes, the Jesuits shrank not from the conflict with Hell itself. Emparadised in beatific vision, they beheld the glorious palace of the skies prepared, a heavenly voice assured them, for those who dwelt in savage hovels for the cause of God on earth. Angelic visitants cheered their lonely vigils. and even the Blessed Mother of Christ, surrounded by a choir of holy virgins, by her smile of heavenly approbation enbraved their souls for living martyrdom.† Nor were they without previsions of their future sufferings and of the manner in which they should glorify God.

Many years before his martyrdom, Christ crowned with thorns and the Blessed Virgin with transpierced heart appeared in a vision to Brébeuf, and revealed to him that he also should tread the thorny way of the holy Cross. Again, the Saviour, with an infinite compassion, folded him in a loving embrace, pardoned all his sins, and, with the assurance that he was a chosen vessel to bear his name unto the Gentiles, showed him how great things he must suffer for His name's sake. In a transport of devotion the willing victim exclaimed—"Naught shall separate me from the love of Christ, nor tribulation, nor nakedness, nor peril, nor the sword."‡ His ardour for martyrdom rising into a passion he writes, "I feel myself vehemently impelled to die for Christ."§ Wishing to make himself a holocaust, says his biographer, and a victim consecrated to death and to anticipate the happiness of the fate that awaited him, he made a vow never to refuse the grace of martyrdom, but to accept the stroke of death with all the contentment and joy of his heart. "Yea, Lord," he exclaimed, "though all the torments that captives in these lands can undergo in their cruel sufferings should fall on me alone, I

* Ragueneau, *Relation des Hurons*, 1649, 24. One chapter of the *Relations* is headed *Du règne de Satan en ces contrées*, which the simple Fathers designated the very fortress and donjon-keep of demons—une des principales forteresses, et comme un donjon des Démons.

† *Relation* 1649, 24.

‡ Ragueneau, *Relation des Hurons*, 1649. 23.

§ "Sentio me vehementer impelli ad moriendum pro Christo." *Ib.* 18.

offer, with all my heart, to endure them in my own person."*

Indeed he sought by his rigorous penances to make his life a continuous martyrdom. Beneath his hair-shirt he wore an iron girdle, studded with sharp points. Daily, or more often still, he inflicted upon himself unsparing flagellation. His fasts were frequent and austere, and often, in pious vigils, he wore the night away.

Such enthusiasm as that of these empassioned devotees was not without its unfailing reward. Inveterate prejudice was overcome, bitter hostility was changed to tender affection, and the worn and faded close, black cassock, the cross and rosary hanging from the girdle, and the wide-brimmed looped-up hat of the Jesuit missionary became the objects of loving regard instead of the symbols of a dreaded spiritual power. The Indians abandoned their cruel and cannibal practices. Many of them received Christian baptism. In the rude forest sanctuary was broken to savage neophytes the sacred bread which the crowned monarchs of Europe received from the hands of mitred priests beneath cathedral dome. As at evening the Angelus sounded

> "The bell from its turret
> Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as a priest with his hyssop
> Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings among them.
> From the rustic altar the crucifix * * *
> Looked, with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it."

The little children were taught to repeat the *Ave*, the *Credo* and the *Pater Noster*. Rude natures were touched to human tenderness and pity by the tender story of a Saviour's love; and lawless passions were restrained by the dread menace of eternal flames. Savage manners and unholy pagan rites gave way to Christian decorum and pious devotion, and the implacable red men learned to pray for their enemies.

That, in some instances at least, the conversion of the Indians was not a merely nominal one but a radical change of disposition, is evidenced by the following prayer of a Huron tribe for their hereditary foes, the cruel Iroquois:—"Pardon, O Lord, those who pursue us with fury, who destroy us with such rage. Open their blind eyes; make them to know Thee and to love Thee, and then, being Thy friends they will also be ours, and we shall together be Thy children."† A more signal triumph of grace over the implacable hate of the Indian nature it is difficult to conceive. "Let us strive," exclaimed another convert, "to make the whole world embrace the faith in Jesus."

The scattered missionaries were reinforced by pious recruits drawn across the sea by an impassioned zeal that knew no abatement even unto death. At almost every Indian town was a mission established and consecrated by some holy name. Thus in the Northern half of what is now the County of Simcoe, were the missions of St. Michel, St. Joseph, St. Jean, St. Jean Baptiste, St. Louis, St. Denys, St. Antoine, St. Charles, St. Ignace,‡ St. François Xavier, Ste. Marie, Ste. Anne, Ste. Agnès, Ste. Catherine, Ste. Cécile, St. Geneviève, Ste. Madeleine, Ste. Thérèse, and several others. The most important of these was that of Ste. Marie, established in 1640, on a small stream, now known as the river Wye, which flows into

* Ouy, mon Dieu, si tous les tourmens que les captifs peuvent endurer en ces pays, dans la cruauté des supplices, devroient tomber sur moy, ie m'y offre de tout mon cœur, et moy seul ie les souffriray. *Ib.* 23.

† "Seigneur, pardonnez à ceux qui nous poursuivent avec tant de fureur; qui nous font mourir avec tant de rage, ouvrez leurs yeux, ils ne voyent goutte; faites qu'ils vous connoissent et qu'ils vous ayment, et alors estans vos amys ils seront les nostres, et nous serons tous vos enfans." Vincent, *Relation*, 1645. 16.

‡ The frequency of this designation, throughout the whole of New France, attests the veneration in which the founder of the Society of Jesus was held.

Gloucester Bay, itself an inlet of the Georgian Bay, not far from the present town of Penetanguishene. The outlines of the fortification, for it was both fort and mission, may still be traced amid the forest, which has long since overgrown the spot. A wall of combined masonry and palisades, flanked by bastions at the angles, enclosed a space of some thirty by sixty yards, containing a church, a mission residence, a kitchen and a refectory. Without the walls were a hut for Indian visitors, a hospital for the sick, and a cemetery for the dead. Sometimes as many as sixty white men were assembled at the mission, among whom were eight or ten soldiers, as many hired labourers, about a score of men serving without pay, and as many priests; most of these, however, were generally engaged in the various out-missions. The demands upon the hospitality of Ste. Marie were very great. During the year 1649 as many as six thousand Christian Indians were lodged and fed. But the fathers bestowed such care on agriculture, sometimes themselves working with spade and mattock, that in 1648 they had provisions laid up sufficient for three years. They had also a considerable quantity of live stock, including fowls, swine, and even horned cattle, brought with infinite trouble through the wilderness.

But this prosperity was destined to be rudely interrupted and to have a tragic close.

The terrible Iroquois, who dwelt to the south of Lake Ontario, in what is now Central New York, the most warlike and cruel of all the Indian races, the scourge and terror alike of the French and English settlements, waged perpetual war against their hereditary foes, the Hurons. Urged by implacable hate, large war parties would travel on snow-shoes through a pathless forest for hundreds of miles to burn and destroy the Huron villages and indiscriminately massacre their inhabitants, not merely the warriors, but the old men, the women, the little children. No distance was too great, no perils too formidable, if they might only glut their thirst for Huron blood. Even single individuals lurked for weeks near the walls of Quebec or Montreal, for the opportunity to win a Huron scalp. With the persistence of a sleuth hound, a small war party of Iroquois travelled twenty days' journey north of the St. Lawrence in mid-winter to attack a Huron camp, and wantonly butchered its inhabitants. The ubiquitous and blood-thirsty wretches infested the forest; lay in ambush at the portages of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, and sprang, like a tiger on his prey, on the straggling parties of their foes. Their victims they tortured with demoniac cruelty. They hacked the body with knives and shells, scorched it with burning brands, and after, with fiendish ingenuity, exhausting every mode of suffering, in their unhallowed frenzy they devoured the quivering flesh. "They are not men, but wolves," said a wretched victim of their rage. The blood-curdling story of the tortures of Pères Bressani and Jaques reads more like Dante's distempered dream of the horrors of the Malebolgian abyss, than like the acts of human beings.*

This tempest of heathen rage in 1648 was let loose on the Christian missions. The storm burst on the frontier village of St. Joseph, situated not far from the present town of Barrie, on the morning of July 4. This village had two thousand inhabitants, and was well fortified, but most of the warriors were absent at the hunt or on distant journeys. Père Daniel, who for fourteen years had here laboured in the Gospel, arrayed in the vestments of his office, had just finished the celebration of the mass in the

* Bressani, in a letter to the General of his Order at Rome, apologizes for the bad writing and the blood smears on the paper, by the statement that only one finger is left on his mutilated and unhealed hand. His ink was a mixture of gunpowder and water; his table the ground. Sometimes the victim would write his woes in his own blood on bark or beaver skin.

crowded mission chapel, when the dread war whoop of the Iroquois was heard. The painted savages rushed through the unprotected openings in the palisade, murdering all whom they met. Unable to baptize separately the multitude who, hitherto impenitent, now sought this ordinance, Père Daniel dipped his handkerchief in water and, shaking it over the terrified crowd, exclaimed, "My brethren, to-day we shall be in Heaven."* Absolving the dying, and baptizing the penitent, he refused to escape. "Fly, brothers," he cried to his flock. "I will die here. We shall meet again in Heaven."† Boldly fronting the foe he received in his bosom a sheaf of arrows, and a ball from a deadly arquebuse. "He fell," says the contemporary chronicler, "murmuring the name of Jesus, and yielding joyously his soul to God, truly a good shepherd, who gave his life for his sheep."‡

Seven hundred persons, mostly women or children, were captured or killed. The body of the proto-martyr of the Huron Mission was burned to ashes, but his intrepid spirit, it was believed, appeared again among the living, animating their hearts to endure unto the bitter end, and not for one moment did they quail. "We cannot hope," writes Ragueneau, his companion in toil and tribulation, "but to follow in the burning path which he has trod, but we will gladly suffer for the glory of the Master whom we serve."

The next act of this tragedy opens eight months later, in the early spring of 1649. A thousand Iroquois warriors had, during the winter, made their way from near the Hudson River, round the head of Lake Ontario and across the western peninsula to the Huron country. The object of attack was the Village of St. Ignace, situated about ten miles northwest of the present town of Orillia. It was completely surprised in the early dawn of March 16th, and taken almost without a blow.‖ All the inhabitants were massacred, or reserved for cruelties more terrible than death, save three fugitives, who fled half-naked across the snow to the neighbouring Town of St. Louis, about three miles off. Most of the inhabitants of St. Louis had time to escape before the attack of the Iroquois, but about eighty Huron warriors made a stand for the defence of their homes. With them remained the two Jesuit missionaries, Jean de Brébeuf and Gabriel Lalemant, who, scorning to fly, chose the point of danger among their flock, standing in the breach, the one baptizing the catechumens, the other absolving the neophytes.§ The town was speedily taken and burned. The Jesuits, however, were not immedately killed, "being reserved for a more glorious crown,"¶ but were, with the other captives, driven before their exulting conquerors back to St. Ignace.

Now began a scene of fiendish torture. The missionaries, stripped naked, were compelled to run the gauntlet through a savage mob, frenzied with cruelty, drunk with blood. They received a perfect storm of blows on every part of the body. "Children," said Brébeuf to his fellow captives, "let us look to God. Let us remember that He is the witness of our sufferings, that He will be our exceeding great reward. I feel for you more than for myself. But endure with courage the little that remains of these torments. They will end with our lives, but the glory that follows will continue forever."

* "Mes Frères, nous serons aujourdhuy dans le Ciel." Ragueneau. *Relation des Hurons*, 1649. 3.

† "Fuyez, mes Frères. Pour moy, ie dois mourir icy ; nous nous reverrons dans le ciel." *Ib*. 4.

‡ "Il tomba prononçant le nom de Jésus, en rendant heureusement son âme à Dieu vrayment un bon Pasteur, qui expose et son âme et sa vie pour le salut de son troupeau." *Ib*. 4.

‖ "Quasi sans coup férir."—Ragueneau, *Relation des Hurons*. 1649. 10.

§ "L'un éstoit a la brèche baptisant les catechumènes, l'autre donnant l'absolution aux néophytes." —Ragueneau, *Relations des Hurons*, 1649, 11.

¶ "Dieu les rèseruoit à des couronnes bien plus grandes."—*Ib*.

The Iroquois, maddened to fury, tore off the nails of their victims, pierced their hands, lacerated their flesh. Brébeuf, of brawny frame and iron thews, and dauntless bearing —the Ajax of the Huron Mission—was the especial object of their rage. On him they wreaked their most exquisite tortures. They cut off his lips, they seared his throat and bleeding gums, they hung a collar of red-hot hatchets around his neck. But he stood like a rock, unflinching to the last, without a murmur or a groan, his soul even then reposing on God, an object of amazement to even savage stoicism.* The gentle and delicate Lalemant they envolope in bark saturated with pitch, which they fired, seaming his body with livid scars. As the stifling wreaths of smoke arose, he cried, "We are made a spectacle to the world, to angels and to men." They then tore out his eyes and seared the sockets with burning coals. In derision of the rite of baptism, which the missionaries had so often administered to others, their savage tormentors poured boiling water on their heads. "We baptize you," they said, "that you may be happy in heaven ; for without a good baptism no one can be saved."

The dying martyrs freely pardoned their foes, praying God to lay not these things to their charge. After nameless tortures the human hyenas scalped Brébeuf while yet alive, tore out his quivering heart, and drank his blood. Lalemant endured his sufferings for seventeen hours, and died by the welcome stroke of a tomahawk. Brébeuf's stronger frame succumbed to his more deadly wounds in less than four hours. Intrepid and blessed spirits ! In a chariot of flame ye passed from mortal agonies, and the mocking of a ribald mob, to join the noble army of martyrs, to wear for evermore their starry and unwithering crown.

In their divine repose, writes their biographer, they say, "We passed through fire and water, but Thou hast brought us into a wealthy place."

The skull and other relics of Brébeuf are preserved at the Hotel Dieu at Quebec, and are *said* to have wrought miracles of healing, as well as the conversion of most obstinate heretics † ; but a more potent spell is that of his lofty spirit, his noble life, and his heroic death.

The night which followed this deed of blood was a night of terror at Ste. Marie, situated only six miles distant from St. Ignace. All day long the smoke of the burning village of St. Louis was visible, and Iroquois scouts prowled, wolf-like, near the mission walls. All that night and the night following the little garrison of forty Frenchmen stood at arms. In the chapel vows and prayers without ceasing were offered up. The Hurons rallied, and attacked the Iroquois in furious battle. But their valour was unavailing ; they were, almost to a man, cut off. The Iroquois in turn, panic-stricken, fled in haste, but not without a last act of damning cruelty. Tying to the stake at St. Ignace the prisoners whom they had not time to torture, they fired the town, retreating to the music, delightful to the savage ear, of the shrieks of human agony of mothers and their children, husbands and their wives, old age and infancy, writhing in the fierce flames' torturing embrace.‡ The site of the hapless town may still be traced in the blackened embers, preserved beneath the forest growth of over two centuries.

The mission was wrecked. The Hurons were scattered. Their towns were abandoned, burnt or destroyed, and themselves

* "Souffroit comme un rocher. Sans pousser aucun cry, estonnoit ses bourreaux mesmes ; sans doute que son cœur reposoit alors en son Dieu."—Ragueneau, *Relation des Hurons*, 1649. 14

† "Plus opiniastres."—Mercier, *Relations*, 1665. 26.

‡ "Prenans plaisir à leur depart, de se repaistre des cris espouuantables que poussoient ces pauvres victimes au milieu de ces flammes, ou des enfans grilloient à costés de leurs mères, ou un mary voyoit sa femme rostir auprès de soy.—Ragueneau, *Relation des Hurons*, 1649. 13.

fugitives from a wrathful foe. "We are counted as sheep for the slaughter," writes the pious Ragueneau. The Fathers resolved to transfer the missions to the Grand Manitoulin, where they might gather again their scattered flock free from the attacks of their enemies. They unhappily changed their destination to Isle St. Joseph, now known as Christian Island, (probably from tradition of its Jesuit occupation), situated about twenty miles from Ste. Marie, and two or three miles from the main land. They set fire to the mission buildings, and, with sinking hearts, saw in an hour the labours of ten years destroyed. On a rude raft, near sunset on the 14th of June, they embarked, about forty whites in all, with all their household goods and treasures, and, after several days, reached Isle St. Joseph. They built a new mission-fortress, the remains of which may still be seen. Here by winter were assembled six or eight thousand wretched Hurons, dependent upon the charity of the mission. The Fathers had collected five or six hundred bushels of acorns, which were served out to the perishing Indians, and boiled with ashes to take away their bitter taste. But the good priests found compensation in the thought that man shall not live by bread alone; and they sought unweariedly to break unto the multitude the bread of life. In their extremity the famishing creatures were fain to eat the carrion remains of dogs and foxes, and, more horrible still, even the bodies of the dead.

> O, the long and dreary winter!
> O, the cold and cruel winter!
> O, the wasting of the famine!
> O, the blasting of the fever!
>
> Hungry was the air around them,
> Hungry was the sky above them,
> And the hungry stars in heaven
> Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

Before spring, harassed by attacks of the Iroquois and wasted by pestilence, half of the number had died. Day by day the faithful missionaries visited the sick, exhorted the living, absolved the dying, and celebrated the sacraments in the crowded chapel, which was daily filled ten or twelve times. Night by night, in frost and snow and bitter storm, through the livelong hours the sentry paced his weary round.

During the winter the Iroquois ravaged the mainland, burning villages and slaughtering the inhabitants. St. Jean, a town of some six hundred families, which had hitherto resisted attack amid the fastnesses of the Blue Mountains, not far from the present town of Collingwood, was taken and destroyed. Here Père Garnier, the scion of a noble family of Paris, shared the heroic fate of Daniel, the first martyr of the mission. He was slain in the act of absolving a dying Indian. With the opening spring the pinchings of hunger drove the starving Hurons from Isle St. Joseph to the mainland. The relentless Iroquois were awaiting them. Of the large party who crossed but one man escaped to tell the tale of blood. The whole country was a land of horror, a place of massacre.* There was nothing but despair on every side. More than ten thousand Hurons had already perished. Famine or an enemy more cruel still everywhere confronted them. They resolved to forsake their country, and to fly to some distant region in order to escape extermination by their foes. Many of them besought the Jesuits to lead them to an asylum beneath the guns of Quebec, where they might worship God in peace. The Fathers consulted much together but more with God,† and engaged in prayer for forty consecutive hours. They resolved to abandon the mission. Dread of the Iroquois hastened their retreat.

"It was not without tears," writes the pious Ragueneau, "that we left the country

* "N'estoit plus qu'une terre d' horreur, et un lieu de massacre."—Ragueneau, *Relation des Hurons*, 1650, 22.

† "Nous consultions ensemble, mais plus encore avec Dieu."—*Ib.*

of our hearts and hopes which, already red with the blood of our brethren, promised us a like happiness, opened for us the gate of heaven."* The pious toils of fifteen years seemed frustrated, but, with devout submission the Father Superior writes, "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." They were accompanied in their retreat by three hundred Christian Hurons, the sad relics of a nation once so populous.† Along the shores where had recently dwelt eight or ten thousand of their countrymen not one remained.‡ The little band of fugitives sought refuge on the Island of Orleans, near Quebec. But even here they were pursued by the undying hate of the Iroquois, who again and again attacked the mission beneath the very guns of the fort. The remaining Hurons were dispersed in scattered groups far over the bleak Northern wastes from the Saguenay to the Mississipi, and soon disappeared as a distinct race.

Of pathetic interest is the specimen of the Huron language given in the *Relations* for the year 1641. This language, once the vernacular of a numerous and powerful nation, is as completely lost as that of the builders of Babel. In all the world is none who comprehends the meaning of those strange mysterious words. Like the bones of the dinornis and the megatherium this meagre fragment is the relic of an extinct race—the tombstone over the grave of a nation. Yet the labours of the Jesuit missionaries have not been altogether lost. The lives of these devoted martyrs * and confessors were a perpetual altar flame of self-sacrifice and self-abnegation, consuming the base and sordid elements of earth away, and developing an unsurpassed nobility of soul which is its own exceeding great reward. Through their efforts, also, multitudes of degraded savages were reclaimed from lives of utter barbarism and of pagan superstition and cruelty, to the dignity of men and not unfrequently to the piety of saints. He who reads the story of the self-denying lives and heroic deaths of these Jesuit Fathers, although of alien race and diverse belief, however mistaken he may deem their zeal or however false their creed, will not withhold the throb of sympathy for their sufferings and of exultation in their lofty courage and unfaltering faith. The imperishable record of their pious labours, of their sublime daring, of their inextinguishable love of souls will be a perpetual inspiration to mankind.

* *Relations*, 1650. 26.

† "Tristes reliques d'une nation autrefois si peuplée."—*Ib.*

‡ "Il n'en restoit pas mesme un seul."—*Ib.*

* Of the little company of Jesuit missionaries, Pères Daniel, Brébeuf, Lalemant, Garnier, Garreau, Buteux and Chabanet and Goupil, Brulé and Lalande, lay labourers, died by violence in the service o the mission; De Noue was frozen to death in the snow, and Bressani, Jaques, Châtelaine, Chaumonot, Couture and others, endured tortures far worse than death.

AUTUMN TINTS.

BY MONACHUS.

WE wandered off together,
We walked in dreamful ease,
In mellow autumn weather,
Past autumn-tinted trees ;
The breath of soft September
Left fragrance in the air,
And well do I remember
I thought you true as fair.

The maples' deep carnations,
The beeches' silv'ry sheen,
Hid nature's sad mutations,
And I forgot the green :
Forgot the green of summer,
The buds of early spring,
And gave the latest comer
My false heart's offering.

O painted autumn roses !
O dying autumn leaves !
Your beauty fades and closes,
That gaudy hue deceives :
Like clouds that gather golden
Around the setting sun,
Your glories are beholden
Just ere the day is done.

Or, like th' electric flushes,
That fire Canadian skies,
Your bright and changeful blushes
In gold and crimson rise.
But health has long departed
From all that hectic glare ;
And love sees broken-hearted
The fate that's pictured there.

The brush that paints so brightly
No mortal artist wields ;
He touches all things lightly,
But sweeps the broadest fields.
The fairest flowers are chosen
To wither at his breath ;
The hand is cold and frozen
That paints those hues of death.

We wandered back together,
With hearts but ill at ease,
In mellow autumn weather,
Past autumn-tinted trees ;
The breath of soft September,
Left fragrance in the air,
And well we both remember
The love that ended there.

TORONTO.

LEGISLATION UPON INSOLVENCY.

BY R. M. F.

THE passing of a Bill in the House of Commons, at Ottawa, during last Session, totally repealing "the Insolvent Act of 1869," has called the attention of the country, already directed to the subject, in a most marked manner to the imperfections of existing laws upon the subject of Insolvency. That such a Bill could pass through the Lower Chamber argues a very strong feeling among the people that the law, as it now stands, is defective, and so defective that no amendments can cure it. On the other hand, the delegations and petitions which flowed in upon our Canadian Lords immediately upon the action of the Commons becoming known and the subsequent rejection of the Bill by the Senate, shows just as clearly that a large share of public opinion is in favour of the continuance of the present law until a better can be devised.

When public sentiment is, without the existence of any special circumstances of panic or crisis, thus strongly agitated upon a question affecting trade, we may safely conclude that there is some radical defect in our mode of trading, or in the laws which regulate the commerce of the country: for experience has shown that, in matters of civil polity, it requires either the revolutionary logic of a financial crisis, or the slow corroding of an evil

practice eating, visibly at last, into the very vitals of credit, to arouse business men to the conviction that what is may not be right. Too intent upon using existing means of progress, and too easily adapting themselves to the current of trade as it may flow, they do not take the time or trouble to consider the principles which should underlie legislation upon commercial questions. Hence too much of our commercial law is patchwork: the policy of instant expediency having too often usurped the place of principle.

We have a system of commercial *espionage* extending to every hamlet and cross-road in the country, and in the books of the professional spies who control and work this system, every person engaged in trade has his credit ticketed as "good, bad, or indifferent." Even the private character of every merchant, and his business history, can be learned by the subscribers, who employ and pay these mercantile detectives. Notwithstanding all these precautions, however, we have a plentiful crop of insolvents, and we hear of men in business who have made half a dozen "arrangements" with their creditors in almost as many years. A variety of causes may exist for this undesirable state of things, and our commercial writers have discovered many of them, and are applying the proper remedies of exposure and condemnation. But there can be no doubt that some reason for the low standard of commercial morality in this country exists in the nature of its Insolvency laws. Such, at least, was the strongly expressed opinion of all those who pronounced in the House of Commons the opinion of the majority who voted for Mr. Colby's Bill.

The late attempt to repeal the Insolvent Act only shows the spread of opinions which have existed ever since we had an Insolvent Act. All can remember what a spirited discussion arose when the working of "The Insolvent Act of 1864" was found to afford so many opportunities for fraud, that credit, the very life of trade, was threatened with extinction. It was even then contended that the Insolvency laws should be altogether repealed, and unfortunate debtors left to the tender mercies of their creditors for a few years, until such another army of ruined men as existed before the passage of the Statute just referred to had been recruited; when it was proposed again to establish a legal "whitewashing" machine to discharge them from their liabilities. But it was well considered that laws upon any subject, and especially upon such an important one as the relative positions of debtor and creditor, should be permanent, and not made for the occasion. More prudent counsels, therefore, at that time prevailed, and "The Insolvent Act of 1869" was passed. This Statute applies to "traders" only, and very properly so: for when credit is given to one who expects to pay by the sale of the goods entrusted to him, the crediting party is responsible for part at least of the risk that the circle of credit, which will enable his debtor to reimburse him, will remain intact; whereas when a "non-trader" contracts a liability, he virtually holds himself out as able to discharge it at maturity, apart from all considerations of the hazards of trade. But, although thus amended in principle, and improved in many details of practice and procedure, experience, as evidenced by the recent utterances of our law-makers, has proved that the new law has not been effectual in lessening materially the frauds perpetrated under the older Statute. Perhaps the disappointment experienced in the result of all previous legislation upon Insolvency in Canada has originated in wrong principles being applied in the framing of our Statutes upon the subject.

The laws of the Romans upon the relative positions of creditor and debtor were all in favour of the former. The contracting of a debt and the subsequent inability to liquidate it, were looked upon in the light of a crime; and the law proceeded to punish the debtor as a criminal, disregarding altogether his claims to humane indulgenc

when unmerited calamity overtook him. The means adopted for extorting information regarding hidden wealth were extremely cruel, and when all other means of enforcing payment were exhausted, the unfortunate debtor, upon some rude principle of forcing him to "work out" his debt, was made the slave of the creditor until satisfaction was had. From much the same vindictive practice arises the emigration of the "Heathen Chinee" to California. Yet a faint suspicion may exist that, here in Canada, at this present speaking, we are, in the practical results of enforcing fair dealing between man and man, not quite nineteen centuries in advance of the Romans, or entitled to despise the Celestials as a people behind the age.

It is axiomatic that good laws, properly administered, have a most powerful influence in elevating the standard of public thought. The converse of this is, of course, equally indisputable. It affords, therefore, a very strong argument against the wisdom of our present legislation, that under it prevails a vast amount of that reckless and improvident trading which has caused trade to languish on account of the uncertainty of credit, and benefitted nobody but dishonest traders and Official Assignees. In countries where the laws for the protection of life and property are either defective or feebly administered, the crime of murder is looked upon as a venial offence and the murderer, if he has an excuse for resorting to the gentle persuasion of the revolver or the bowie-knife, that will satisfy the loose notions of chivalry and honour which prevail in such communities, need not fear the law—even such law as is administered in the impromptu court, convened on occasion by the learned Chief Justice Lynch, assisted by a special jury of "regulators." So when pecuniary integrity is not strictly and rigidly insisted upon by the law, the status of commercial honour becomes disgracefully low, the effecting of a clever fraud, so far from excluding the perpetrator from society, confers upon him the high distinction of being considered "smart." There are two ways of failing to make money! In all countries having bankruptcy laws, where the simple fact of failure is looked upon as a misfortune to be pitied and condoned under the mawkish spirit of humanity which so much obtains in this age, failure is very often made the means of effecting an end; and the laws in their laxity foster and encourage such practices by rendering them possible. The ancient and the modern ways of looking at commercial failures are briefly told by Jeremy Bentham, in his quaint language:—"By *Severus* every bankrupt is considered as a criminal; and out comes a law to squeeze and punish him. By *Clemens* every bankrupt is considered as the blameless child of misfortune, and out comes a law for his relief. In the eyes of *Severus* the interest of the creditor is everything; he is spotless as he is injured; what the wicked debtor may suffer is not worth a thought. In the eyes of *Clemens* every creditor is an extortioner; stone is the material of which his heart is made; if it break where is the damage?" If we could only arrive at a mean between these two extreme opinions of the Roman *Severus* and the Canadian *Clemens*, we should be able to concoct a law which would prove generally satisfactory in its results. As between the State and the community, the laws upon the subject of debtor and creditor should encourage and enforce strict honesty, so far as laws can encourage and enforce it, in order that commercial enterprises may receive their utmost development by the feeling that man may trust man to the farthest limit. As between debtor and creditor, the law should contain provision that when the debtor has failed to meet his engagements in full, the creditor shall have the utmost farthing the debtor can pay. If these two principles, each having its own proper influence, and supporting and maintaining, not subverting the other, were properly entertained by our legislators in framing laws relating to insolvent debtors,

then it is submitted the great majority of "assignments" would be prevented. "Bad debts" would be reduced to a minimum; and "bad debts" are the great source of Insolvency. It is against "bad debts" that wholesale dealers have to "insure," by charging more for their goods than the ordinary retail dealer can well afford to pay. If these same retail men, in their turn, have to "insure" against "bad debts," the incubus upon trade becomes overwhelming or, at least, "the wheels within wheels" become too complicated to warrant steady progress, or an intelligent comprehension of the irregularity of movement. Every now and then a crisis is the result of the disordered running of the intricate machinery of trade.

We are told in our legal text-books and in judicial decisions, that the policy of the bankruptcy laws is to distribute rateably among his creditors the assets of him who has become unable to meet his commercial engagements in full; and to protect creditors against improper conduct on the part of debtors. But in the great majority of cases the causes of this inability to pay is on account of the defective state of the law, never very strictly enquired into. The reading of our criminal law affords a curious study of the pursuit of the criminal by the Legislature and the persistent efforts of the law to strengthen the protecting wall which it has built about the public in these weak places, which ingenious criminals had discovered, and through which they had made their escape. It would have been well if the laws of trade had been watched as strictly, and the avenues to dishonest practices barricaded as effectually. But the experience of every one who has been much accustomed to attend meetings of creditors informs him that over seventy-five per cent. of all the bankruptcies in the country are occasioned by misconduct on the part of the bankrupt. This misconduct ranges in enormity from positive crime to that insanity which excuses even crime by putting the perpetrator beyond the operation of the criminal code. To be entrusted with property, and when the day of reckoning comes to be without the wherewithal to square accounts, makes a *primâ facie* case of wrong, and gives just ground for deciding that the person failing to pay all demands upon him has been either dishonest, improvident, or incompetent. Improvidence and incompetency are so nearly allied to dishonesty that it is pretty difficult to say where dishonesty begins. To have been regardless of the interest of the creditor is dishonest, though it may be improvident too. Is it quite honest to profess to cure the cancer by an incantation? If not, is it less a "confidence game" to pretend to know a business of which you are profoundly ignorant, and thus induce others to entrust their property to you? The possession of goods recently stolen, though consistent with a perfect innocence of the theft, puts the possessor upon proof of his innocence of any complicity in the crime. Presence under suspicious circumstances upon the scene of a murder just committed, although such presence may have been actuated by the very highest humanity—an endeavour to save the life of the victim—renders the person thus detected a suspected man, liable to be arrested and tried for the crime. In each case the presumption is against the person whose misfortune it was to have even innocently received the goods, or even accidentally been present at the scene of crime. The law has hanged many a man before now who was unable to rebut such a presumption. Yet the loss of another's money or property seems not a sufficiently strong circumstance to put the debtor upon proof that such loss was occasioned by no fault of his. The creditor has now to prove, and that generally out of the debtor's own mouth, that he could but would not pay. No wonder that with such facilities for going "through the mill," and coming out with a clean sheet upon which to write another schedule, so many men rashly embark in business, and recklessly squander their own

means and what of others they can obtain. The laws have been framed to regulate matters between debtor and creditor merely, always erring in the direction of leniency to the former. No regard has, as in the framing of Criminal Statutes, been paid to the interest of the State; and the State it is that is principally interested. A debtor in default is *primâ facie* a wrong-doer, and the State is concerned that no wrong-doer escape punishment. Before a debtor gets a judicial discharge from his liabilities, he should prove beyond reasonable doubt that he was blameless, or, if he cannot do that, he should show such facts in mitigation of his fault as he can, and submit to the measure of punishment allotted by the law to the degree of his offence. His should be the position of a defendant against whom a strong presumption of law exists, and which he is required to rebut before he can be freed from his obligations. Surely it ought not to be the part of the defrauded creditor, as at present, to prove that his debtor was guilty of a fraudulent bankruptcy. Under Insolvency laws, carefully framed so as to lead public opinion, and not be guided by its vitiated forms, the man who failed to pay one hundred cents in the dollar would soon come to be correctly judged in the estimation of his fellow-citizens, and the fear of their adverse opinion would generally prevail over the temptation of acquiring riches by dishonest means.

Parliament must undertake the task of reviewing the subject of Insolvency, and of passing a Statute in the place of the present one, which will expire by effluxion of time, in a little more than a year. It is to be hoped they may frame such a well-considered, statesmanlike law, that after it has been in operation for a time, we may not be able as now to apply to our own times the preamble to the Statute 34 and 35 Hen. viii., c. 4, which recites, "That "divers and sundry persons, craftily obtaining "into their own hands great substance of "other men's goods, do suddenly flee to parts "unknown, or keep their houses—not minding to pay or restore to any of their creditors their debts or duties, but at their own "will and pleasure consume the substance "obtained by credit of other men for their "own pleasure and delicate living, against "all reason, equity and good conscience."

NOVEMBER.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

NOW lies fair summer on her funeral bier;
The murderer wind, that has her beauty slain,
Forever moans in dread remorse, like Cain;
Slow tottering to the tomb the dying year
Wails a sad threnody, like poor old Lear
Above the slain Cordelia's corse, full fain
To die with her and ease him of his pain.

The forest all is faded, sad and sere;
The clouds, like funeral palls, hang dark and low;
Slowly and sadly wave their hearse-like plumes
The lofty pines, in mournful pomp of woe;
And brood o'er all the winter's gathering glooms,
While sad rains weep above the lowly bed,
Where lieth the sweet summer, cold and dead.

NIAGARA, Ont.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

BY W. B. McMURRICH, M. A.

IT has been well remarked that want of remunerative employment is one of the great sources of crime. From the statistics of our gaols and penitentiaries it would appear that only about sixteen per cent of those committed are mechanics or possessed of a good education; whilst the remaining eighty-four per cent may be classed as common labourers, servants, &c., proving in a most conclusive manner that, given a good remunerative employment, so much less will be the incentive towards a life of crime. Remove a criminal from his associates and vicious surroundings; raise him above his normal condition of want; educate him in any of the useful trades and give him the opportunity of making use of his skilled labour and he is placed in a position in which crime on his part is unnecessary and a loss: as the amount he honestly earns from his trade is far in advance of, and more certain than he could hope to obtain by, a return to his former mode of life. Besides all this, as has been aptly remarked by an American writer, morally considered any acquisition which has been attained by hard, honest labour cannot fail to increase the self-respect of the one who has striven against an evil life of whatever character; and self-respect is the most potent talisman.

The Industrial Schools of Great Britain and the United States have already proved how true this is as regards that stratum of society which may appropriately be termed "the Juvenile Vagrant Class," and the success attending their operations warrants us in believing that, if introduced into Canada, they will not only remedy a glaring defect in our present system, but supply a want long felt and be productive of great good. Schools of this description presuppose a rigid system of compulsory education, similar to that in operation for some years in the city of Boston and other American cities, and lately introduced into London and other places in Great Britain—under which the children of school age are required to attend some school or other. They also supply the accomodation required for such children as are habitually erratic and who, from the pernicious example set before them or from their associations, are in danger of being driven into a life of crime. In this way, they receive the benefit of a sound English education and are instructed in some trade or calling by which, on leaving the school, they may earn an honest livelihood. The population of such schools are almost all drawn from the cities and large towns, the country being no place for idlers or those who try to live without work. Already, in all our large cities, we find this neglected and vagrant class in large numbers, and so far no general efforts have been put forth to reach this part of our population, although private philanthropy by the establishment of Boys' and Girls' Homes and other kindred institutions, has recognized the evils existing and is doing what is possible to apply a remedy.

These facts shew us that our present system of School Education, more especially in the cities, fails to reach the class which it is most important should reap its advantages. Our schools, for the most part, are filled with the children of well-to-do people and, though nominally and by Statute free and open to all, they are so hedged round with conventional restrictions that the class of children just

referred to are practically excluded. Many children are prevented from attending through poverty, whilst others, through the ignorance or indifference of the parents, through vice or greed of gain, fail to enjoy their benefits. This is the link of the chain that is wanting to make our system complete—the power to compel these children to be educated and the machinery to give them the necessary education.

It is quite evident then that, on compulsory power being granted by the Legislature, the neglected children in our midst could not be sent to our present schools in the condition in which they would most likely be found, without the necessary clothing or appliances and with all their wild, untutored ways. Besides all which, to effect a remedy it is necessary that they should be removed from all their former associations and receive a special training which can only be imparted in an Industrial School. Since August Hermann Francke, in 1695, first extended a helping hand to raise up the destitute children he found around him in the city of Halle in Germany—and gratifying success crowned his efforts—many have been the devoted followers that have trod in his footsteps.

John Falk, the associate of Herder and Göethe, John Howard, Dr. J. Henry Wichern, Judge de Metz, Elizabeth Fry, Dr. Chalmers, John Griscom, James W. Girard are a few of the noble names, who have followed up the philanthropic movement then inaugurated for the amelioration and elevation of the vagrant and neglected classes.

Society was always at work with full energy to punish crime ; the efforts of these philanthropists were put forth to prevent it. They judged it more for the good of the community to pay for bringing up these vagrant classes to be industrious and useful citizens than to pay for their maintenance as adult criminals in our costly gaols and penitentiaries. As Dr. Channing remarks—"If the child be left to grow up in utter ignorance of its duty to its Maker, of its relations to Society ; to grow up in an atmosphere of profaneness and intemperance and in the practice of falsehood and fraud, let not the community complain of his crime. It has quietly looked on and seen him, year after year, arming himself against its order and peace —and who is most to blame when at last he deals the guilty blow? A moral care over the tempted and ignorant portion of the State is a primary duty of Society."

The means used in different countries and in different places are diverse in their operations, but all tending to the same result.

We look back to the year 1820, and see the great Scotch Divine, Dr. Chalmers, devoting his talents and abilities to evangelize the outlying districts of Glasgow and, later on in his life, we find him associated with the Rev. Mr Tasker, in redeeming the character of the West Port, a portion of Edinburgh in which the population seemed lost to all the decencies of civilized life. By the agency of schools and internal mission work, in five years so grand were the results achieved, that the whole character of the locality was changed. Between four and five hundred children raised from their neglected and criminal ways of life, abandoned outcasts of the street, thronged the schools; nor was it known, remarks his biographer, that there was a single child of a family resident within the West Port who was not at school. Results thus attained could not escape observation and, soon after, attention was particularly called again to the subject of Ragged Schools through the results of the labours of a poor shoemaker in the town of Portsmouth called John Pounds, whose school of "little blackguards," as he termed them, collected from the vile haunts and slums of the city, amply repaid his labours. Taught his trade and such learning as he could give them, they went out into the world capable of earning their living. In Scotland, about the same time, Sheriff Watson of the City of Aberdeen formed a society

for supplying instruction to all vagrant children of the city, in connection with wholesome meals and industrial occupation. So great was the success attending his efforts that the accommodation had speedily to be enlarged to do greater good. From these small beginnings have come the noble system of British Industrial Schools—regulated by Imperial Acts and under Governmental control.

It is impossible to describe in detail the result of endeavours of this kind on the Continent and in the United States. Suggestions sent from one continent have been received with welcome in another and have become the seed of abundant harvests of good throughout the world. Our neighbours can point to a West Port of their own in the Five Points' Mission of New York, which has been eminently successful. They can point to their New York Juvenile Asylum, for children voluntarily committed to their trust by their parents, or by competent legal authority; to their Children's Aid Society, which brings 25,000 children under its care annually, and has, since the year 1854, provided western homes for over 25,000 children; and to the State Industrial Schools at Randall's Island, Rochester, Lancaster, Westborough, and other places throughout the length and breadth of the Union. We in Canada are so far favoured by our position, that, in endeavouring to establish such schools in our midst, we can benefit by the experience of the past half century and cull, from the different systems in working operation, what is most suitable for adoption by ourselves. The various systems may be narrowed down to two :—1st, *The Congregate System*, constructed on the plan of a penitentiary, but made more comfortable, and wearing no penal aspect in their discipline: being the system adopted in England, at Randall's Island, Rochester, and other places in the United States; and 2nd, *The Family Plan*—consisting of a number of detached houses, each house capable of accommodating about thirty children—forming a separate family under a matron or superintendent and assistants. Institutions of this kind can be seen at Mettray, in France and, on this Continent, at Lancaster and Westborough, near Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, where they are worked with marked success. After a careful consideration of the merits of these two systems, and from personal observation of their working, preference should, we think, be given to the Congregate Plan, and on the following grounds, ably summarized by Dr. H. K. Pierce, of the New York House of Refuge :—Because it is in a condition from its extensive resources, sanitary, educational, industrial and moral, to receive a large number at any given time within its walls, so that a great diminution of juvenile crime and evil influence may be secured in the vicinity. It allows of a better classification and, from its organization, must have better discipline. It admits of an earlier distribution of its inmates, because if the experiment of their discharge prove unsuccessful, it has room enough to receive them again. This is an evil experienced in small establishments on the family plan: they are often embarrassed by the influence of a returned child, as they have no reserved resources to meet the exigencies of his return. The object of such schools is, after a moral and educational training, to teach the children the use of the personal implements with which, in most cases, in the humblest walks of life, they may secure an honest living. The Congregate System, near large cities, with wide facilities in a new country, presents an opportunity for doing this work with much promise of success on a large scale. And where a person is found possessed of the reformatory powers—that strong, magnetic, spiritual power of awakening, with the Divine blessing, the latent manhood and the latent conscience in a boy's heart, it is desirable to give him a wide field. Numbers do not necessarily destroy this power. But the great advantage of

the Congregate System is the opportunity it offers for systematic labour. The boys are naturally lazy. They have lived truant, vagrant and vicious lives. They hate work. Farm work is not sharp enough, as a counter-irritant, in the majority of these cases. But the shop, with its carefully adjusted stints, with its delicate labours, requiring constant and absorbing attention, with its daily recurring duties, always demanding faithfulness, has an amazing influence upon the mind. Labour of this kind fires the ambition of the child and gives him the power to earn an honest livelihood, thus lessening the risk of the child returning to his old ways.

One great necessity, in the establishment of such a school, is not only that compulsory attendance be made the law of the land, but that power should be given to detain children committed to the school during their minority, or until such time as they may be discharged. Experience has shown that the commitment of a child for a definite period, rarely if ever, has any beneficial effect, as the child knows that when his term is up, he must go free. But when a child feels that everything depends upon himself, as to the length of time he is to remain as an inmate; that it is by the advances he makes in industry and education only, that he can expect to secure his discharge—then he is led to apply all his energies to the work before him—and his ambition and better feelings being roused, he benefits from the course of study he receives. As a further incentive, and as an auxiliary to the maintenance of discipline, the system of grades has been introduced in most of the schools. In the Western House of Refuge at Rochester, there are three grades regulated by the conduct and application of the child, both at his educational and industrial pursuits. It requires so many weeks of continued good conduct and diligent attention to both studies and labour, to raise from one to the other, and no child is allowed to leave until he has graduated from the highest grade. The different grades are distinguished by different badges, and quite an amount of *esprit de corps* is exhibited by the children in the retention of the same. In other schools the grades are greater in number—and in some for conduct alone—but the success in all cases is the same and it is but rarely that corporal punishment has to be inflicted, the best feelings of the inmates being called forth by a spirit of rivalry. Whilst Industrial Schools are merely for the reception of neglected and vicious children committed to their care, either voluntarily by their parents or by legal commitment as not attending other schools, there is one class of children namely, the children of poor parents, unable through poverty to supply the necessary clothing and books required to allow of their attending the Public Schools—for these special provision would be required to be made, by allowing them to attend at the school during the times devoted to educational pursuits, giving them the liberty of attending at the meals with the inmates.

In this way they might reap the advantages of the education imparted, and their services during the rest of the day would not be lost to their parents.

In all questions such as this, the question of ways and means must always be a subject not only of interest, but of importance. The amount now spent yearly on the education of the country is so great that the burden should be as far as possible spread over the many, instead of the few. All our large cities are naturally the centres towards which gravitate the poor, and poverty-stricken throughout the country—leaving the country districts comparatively free and supplying our cities largely with the class of children for which these schools are urgently required. Looking to this fact and the large expenditure now entailed upon our cities for the support of the Public Schools, reaching in the City of Toronto the sum of $40,000 per annum, it would appear reasonable and just that the erection of these schools should

be undertaken by the State and their location fixed at the five great centres of population in the Province, namely in the cities of Toronto, Ottawa, Hamilton, Kingston and London.

The cities and adjoining counties could then forward children to these schools—and contribute to their maintenance. Having already the machinery in operation, under which are conducted our present Public Schools, namely, the different Boards of Trustees in the cities above mentioned, these boards might have their power extended, so as to control, manage and regulate the Industrial Schools when erected. All children, no matter of what religious persuasion, being of the classes above mentioned, should be compelled, under the authority of the Boards, to attend these schools.

Should such schools be established, a new era will be commenced in our national system of education. An era that will be marked with great results among our neglected classes—classes too long already neglected by the rest of the community, who are now paying for that neglect, in the support they have to give to jails and penitentaries. Toronto has taken the lead in this important movement, but the importance of the subject is so great, that the interest of all thinking minds must be awakened to its advancement and its speedy realization.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

BY HENRY RAINE.

O dying splendour of the dying woods!
Was never sunset glory more divine;
Nor ever yet did irised goblet shine
With gleaming vintage of the rarest wine,
So richly blent with rainbow-tinted floods.

O ceaseless year! thy golden chariot wheels
Have flashed upon the boundless forest trees;
Have flushed with peerless hues the leafy seas;
Have blushed the fruitage on the orchard leas;
And aye thy spheral music all reveals.

The Indian summer bathes the northern zone,
And, o'er the earth, its gorgeous vesture flings,
In jewelled grandeur, like to tropic wings;
And ever through the lustrous aisles there sings
A wandering air in wondrous monotone.

O liquid ruby sprent with amethyst,
So richer far than silk of Samarcand ;
Shone coral yet so bright on golden strand
As these fair touches of thy glowing wand,
That burn like glories through the Indian mist ?

* * * * *

Deep is the stillness of the forest glade ;
No lonely squirrel leaps with silent bound ;
No bird is calling from the lone profound,
Only a throbbing heart with bitter wound,
And flakes of gold that patter to the ground,
Which tell how life and earthly splendours fade.

BARRIE, ONT.

AN ADVENTURE AND NO MISTAKE.

BY J. F. N.

"NOW that it's all over, we must take a holiday, that's certain," said my friend, Jack Maynard. "Let us go to Jersey for a few weeks ; it will suit us splendidly."

"All right—I'm ready and willing," I replied.

It was very warm, too warm, even to think much—certainly too warm to talk : so these few words settled it.

Jack and myself were barristers. For years we had done nothing, and had got into the way of doing it ; suddenly, however, we were flooded with work—we had to talk, write, walk, drive, bustle, flurry and bully in such a manner that it knocked us up. We were creatures of habit, certainly, for we could not even break through the habit of doing nothing without suffering for it. We were unaccustomed to such hard work, and a week or two of extremely hot weather settled the matter. It was the last straw on the back of the camel. However, at the time the opening sentence was spoken we had floated into still waters again. Our work was over and we were eager to get out of London and resume, for a month or so, in some other place our practice of taking things quietly.

On our arrival in Jersey, we proposed resolutions for our future guidance. Keeping the fact in mind that we were overworked and used up, we determined to eschew anything and everything that demanded exertion or encouraged excitement. It was carried unanimously that letter-writing, or writing of any description, walking, riding, rowing, or "doing the place," was not to be even hinted at. Either of us reading more than one newspaper a day, or commencing a discussion, or talking "shop," was to be heavily fined. In fact, the only occupations we left ourselves were bathing,

fishing, lounging, sailing, smoking and flirting, if we could get anybody to flirt with near at hand.

The road that leads to a certain uncomfortable place is said to be paved with good intentions. Whether we added any paving by making these resolutions is beyond my ken, but that they were the cause of our having to undergo a great deal more exertion than heretofore, for the term of our natural lives, is certain. It was another proof that

> "The best laid schemes o' mice an' men,
> Gang aft aglee."

In consequence of these regulations our principal recreation or rather occupation, was reclining on the beach, smoking and quizzing the bathers or throwing pebbles into the vast ocean. Jack was a warm advocate of this latter pastime, for, as he said, the action was good, it procured him an appetite, developed his biceps, didn't tire him, and wasn't dangerous, except to those urchins who got in the way.

One day we were sauntering about on St. Clement's Bay, when Jack met an old East Indian officer, Colonel Duncan Cameron and his son, both of whom he had known abroad. This chance meeting changed our programme considerably for, as the Colonel was a very agreeable companion and had plenty of good stories to tell and, besides, was hospitably inclined, we spent most of our time afterwards at his house. A day seldom passed without the Colonel's servant, a black man, imported from the tropics, and clad in strange raiment, making his appearance with an invitation to a croquet party, to tiffin or to dinner, &c. His dinners generally consisted of everything curried—"Curry, with a vengeance," Jack called it, and I agreed with him. Remarkably hot stuff it was—the memory of it makes my mouth burn even now. The hotter it was the more the Colonel gloried in it; how he and all his family ever acquired the taste for it is a mystery to me. However, despite the curry, we liked partaking of the Colonel's good cheer, for he had two laughing, blue-eyed, golden-haired daughters, whose attractiveness was of the superlative quality. The younger one, Florence, found most favour in my sight, and I used to speak her fair. Every now and then she would break out into such a merry, ringing laugh or screw her charming little mouth into a pout that was provokingly tempting. She was perfectly irresistible—at least I found her so. Jack, thank goodness, preferred her sister Mary. We were constantly fining one another for breaking rules, by commencing a discussion upon their comparative merits; but we could never accurately decide upon the one who began the argument.

We were sitting on the balcony of our hotel, one evening, enjoying the beautiful sea view and immersed in the "cogibundity of cogitation," assisted by our after-dinner cigars (not Jersey ones). I was dreamily watching the thin, white clouds of smoke curl upwards, form weird shapes and disappear, when I found myself speculating upon sundry strange things—one of them being as to how Jack would look if his beard were black instead of red, and then I began wondering why he did not dye it. It occurred to me that he did not do so because, having a nose to match, the harmony of the two would be spoilt. Cogitation upon this fact led me to noticing that this leading feature was redder and his face whiter than usual. Making a mental calculation to a nicety of how much he of the beard had imbibed the day before, and taking care not to omit a bottle of Jersey cider, or "bottled stomach-ache," as he termed it, I broke the silence by saying:—

"You look pale to-day, O king! What have you been doing with yourself? Not going in for any more bottled—"

"It is not that which makes me look so pale and wan and haggard," said Jack, and here his voice assumed a pathetic whine. "Old fellow! concealment like a worm i'

the bud is feeding on my damask"—"Nose," I suggested—"cheek," he continued, with a look of contempt, "and I'm sitting like patience on a balcony, waiting for to-morrow."

"Why waiting for to-morrow?" I asked.

"Why! because to-morrow evening, as you know, we are invited to a sand-eeling party, whatever that may be, and the conventionalities of Jersey society allow ladies to join these nocturnal expeditions. *Ergo*, the D.C. girls will be there, and, favoured by the darkness, I've determined to ask Mary to be mine, or state the reason why. You may laugh, you scoffer, but I have been upon the point of doing so for the last two or three days; but I can't screw my courage to the sticking point—I get so confoundedly bashful when I'm with her."

"How are you going about it, Jack?" I asked.

"Ah! you want to get a hint, sly dog. Well, as your turn will come some day, I'll tell you. I shan't go down upon my bones, that's certain. In the first place, it's unnecessary exertion and therefore opposed to our principles; and again, it's such a bore to regain the perpendicular—to say nothing of the absurdity of the thing if caught in the act by a third party. I suppose I shall whisper something to this effect:—'Maiden, I love thee! Please assist me to shuffle off my mort—my bachelor's coil, I mean. I'm very good at heart, I assure you, although, perhaps, appearances being against me, you don't believe it. Fairest of the fair'—you must call them names, or they won't believe you are in earnest—'Fairest of the fair! Thou Psyche! Thou Hebe! Thou Venus! As the rising sun breaking o'er the dark and dreary landscape, so was the first sight of thee upon my too susceptible heart. The light from out those eyes that now are turned aside hath warmed my heart to love. Sultana of my soul! Queen of my love! be mine! Doff thy charming name of Cameron and take the nobler one of Maynard.'" Here he paused for breath, took a pull at his cigar, and emitting two distinct streams of smoke through his nose, he continued, "If that isn't what they call 'charming never so wisely,' I'm a Dutchman."

"Is the Colonel rich?" I asked.

"I don't think so," said Jack, maliciously.

My countenance displayed my feelings.

"I've got an idea, and actually don't feel very ill after it," exclaimed Jack. "I know he intends giving and bequeathing unto his younger and well beloved daughter the sword with which he pursued and smote Rajah Singh, that renowned mutineer. He drove the sword with such force through the small of the Indian's back that it carried the individual off his horse and pinned him to the ground, where he spun round like a tee-totum, an impaled cockchafer, or any thing else that is rotary. You may smile, disbeliever, but it's a fact, therefore, O Knight of the rueful phiz! be not so cast down, look not so crest-fallen. Take Florence and her sword, and carve thy way to fortune. Set up a caravan, and exhibit to the public at a halfpenny per eye, a model in wax of the Colonel, with the identical sword in his grasp, and in the very act of performing the miraculous feat which sheds such a lustre of glory round his name."

I said nothing, for I don't encourage this bantering vein of his; presently he went on—

"By the by, about sand-eeling, the Colonel advises us to procure a pair of fisherman's boots and inexpressibles each, for most likely we shall get a little wet, and salt water is in no way conducive to the preservation or beautifying of one's toggery. I'll look out for the articles to-morrow morning, if you like."

"Very well," I answered; "good night!"

The following day Jack, true to his word, did in some manner, only known to himself, procure the fishing habiliments and, late in the evening, we put ourselves inside them and sallied forth. We looked extremely comical, to judge from the faces of the people we met at the hotel door—we certainly

felt extremely uncomfortable. The trousers were so rough and unpliable that walking in them was exquisite torture; one might have been dressed in a pair of sandpaper bags, with the sandy side inside, as Jack remarked.

"I don't believe fishermen or any other men live in these sort of things," Maynard grumbled; "they've been playing a joke on us, confound them. We shall we scrubbed to death before we get home, and isn't it a pleasant way of going out of the world? Come along! walk fast, it will do you good." The only pleasure he derived from our accelerated pace was the demoniacal one of enjoying my agony.

When we reached the trysting place we found the whole party assembled, all more or less arrayed in old and quaint dresses. The Colonel was encased in an antediluvian coat, and the extremities of his legs were thrust into boots that did not match, one coming up much higher than the other, giving him the appearance of having legs that didn't agree and wern't on speaking terms with one another. We were glad of this for *he* certainly couldn't afford to laugh at us. As soon as we had exhausted our merriment at each other's expense, the Colonel handed us a basket and a scraper apiece, and away we started. This latter article was made of bent iron with a wooden handle at one end, very similar to a sickle, though not curved quite so much; moreover, it was blunt.

It was a fine moonlight night, the air was soft and balmy, and, having Florence by my side, I soon forgot my troubles and was sorry when our walk came to an end. She explained to me that a sand-eel was very much like an ordinary eel, but smaller, and with a sharper head, that enabled it to burrow into the sand with remarkable rapidity.

"That piece of iron in your hand," she continued, "is for the purpose of raking them out, and when you see one you must be very quick or you'll lose it. I don't know the reason we always go at night to catch them: perhaps, because it's greater fun. The sands where they abound are only left high and dry during the ebb of a spring tide, and they can then be approached by wading through a little water and clambering over some rocks but, in deference to Mr. Maynard's laziness, we are going by boat."

We soon arrived at the spot where the native in a boat awaited us; he looked rather blue in the countenance from the unusual exercise of rowing. The boat was too small to hold all of us, so we were taken across by instalments. On arriving at our destination we beheld several odd-looking people already there. Some were of the fishermen class, but the majority were evidently ladies and gentlemen, from their apparent enjoyment of the fun. They were all scraping away as though all their hopes in life depended upon getting sand-eels. When one of these unfortunate fishes was exhumed there was generally a scramble for him and the successful one—frequently a lady, scraped away with renewed vigour. Soon the mania seized us, we went at it in an earnest manner, and were soon rewarded by the capture of several eels. Florence seemed to take a great pleasure in basketing them, which she did with her little gloved hand in a most artistic manner although, being half afraid of the wriggling things, she would give a low scream and then a laugh after each seizure. It was a sharp eel that evaded being caught by her and I couldn't help comparing them with myself, but I don't think being caught was as pleasant to them as to me. Jack and Mary were partners at an early period, and had one basket between them. They looked contented and happy. Jack created a sensation by catching a youth walking off with some of the finest of his eels, and handing him over for punishment to the tender mercies of the black man, who looked highly pleased with his commission. His first act was to allow a small crab to fasten on the boy's nose, which caused him to howl in such a manner that some ladies rescued him from the

clutches of the darkey and the grasp of the crab, much to the former's disgust.

Duncan Cameron, jun., in ecstasies of delight at this incident, was still further amused when he found that several of the ladies were quite afraid of the native. He certainly hadn't a pleasant look: for, unless they came very close to him, only the whites of his eyes and his teeth were visible in the moonlight.

Cameron, senior, being of a plethoric nature, soon grew tired of stooping and commenced inspecting us. He would wander about from one to another shouting, "There's an eel, man! look alive! there he goes! quick or you've lost him! bah! butter fingers!"—which, at first, was bewildering and nearly sent his daughters wild with excitement, and elicited an "Oh! Pa! what a monster you are to tease one so." But he didn't mind it, and would depart with his face beaming with satisfaction.

Suddenly it got rumoured that the tide was rising, and this had the effect of dispersing us. First the Colonel, Mary and Jack were rowed across, and the man started to return for us; but, as we afterwards heard, the boat struck against a rock and went down. We did not see this accident, so after waiting some time we began to grow impatient, then anxious. The tide soon rose sufficiently to drive us off the sands on to the rocks; and then it drove us from point to point, till at last we stood upon the summit of the highest ledge. Our position began to be precarious and at last alarming. From the non-appearance of the boat we knew something had happened to it, and the uncertainty of what that something was increased our anxiety, which was fast becoming alarm. Florence was almost frantic with terror, less on her own account than for the safety of her father and sister. Young Cameron and myself did all we could to console her, but our words seemed to have little effect. We shouted with all our might again and again till we were hoarse. Our shouts seemed swallowed up in the distance. How thankful we should have been to have heard some one answer. We strained our ears eagerly to catch some sound in reply, but none came save a feeble echo of our voices sent back to us from the rocks around, and the soft murmur of the sea. After peering through the darkness we fancied every now and then we could see a boat advancing or discern some object on the shore—it was but imagination. Cameron entreated me to swim to land, and save myself, but I firmly refused, and at last prevailed on him to do so; for he was a good swimmer and might be in time, I thought, to bring assistance. Not a moment was to be lost, so in an almost incoherent voice he told his sister to bear up like a brave girl and all might yet be well. Then giving her a hasty embrace and bidding me do all I could for her, he gave me a parting grip of the hand and, throwing off his boots and sundry other articles that would impede his progress, was in the water striking out for land—but I felt that before he could reach it the rock would be covered.

I stood up and watched him as far as I could and was about to sit down again when an object met my view that brought hope back to banish my despair. I gave a shout of joy, which brought the colour to my fair companion's cheek once more. Some distance from us, but seaward, I had distinguished a fisherman's boat at anchor. As we had all along been gazing towards the shore, it had escaped our notice.

I felt myself alive again, and in a moment I began to divest myself of some of my cumbersome clothing and, in my delight I bent down and kissed the pale face beside me and, whispering some words of encouragement, plunged off the rock and struck out manfully for the boat. I reached it sooner than I had anticipated, but on clambering into it found that fresh difficulties awaited me. There were no oars and no sails; the only appliances left me to work

the boat were a short pole and a few yards of rope. Quick as thought, I saw the only chance of reaching Florence was to swim back and tow the boat with me. At the best of times and under the most favourable circumstances this would have been no easy matter, but now that I was encumbered with clothes and already fagged, the labour was greatly increased. However there was no help for it, so I struggled on. At first I seemed to make no progress in the water whatever. The work was awful, but the thought that I was swimming to save her I loved gave me power, and I kept striking out. My arms grew tired and a giddiness seized me and I felt I was losing consciousness; but yet I was nearing my destination. The tide was strong and was with me, and I felt it helping me along. Suddenly I seemed to regain my strength, and with a few quick sharp strokes I was alongside the rock on which Florence was standing, now almost covered by the insidious tide. I endeavoured to cling to it, and bring the boat within her reach, but I found I was powerless to do so. I could barely raise my arms; the rock, Florence and the boat seemed suddenly to blend into a chaotic mass and float before my eyes; my brain reeled, and I remember nothing more.

I must have been insensible for hours for, on my recovery, I found that the moon had gone down, and that a faint streak of light was making its appearance on the horizon.

I was lying at the bottom of the boat where Florence had lifted me, with my head resting on her lap. The clothes that I had previously thrown off were covering me. On seeing my eyes open she bent down over me, and methought her face was more wondrous fair than ever, when her soft voice whispered—"You are better now! Oh, Charley, I have suffered such agony all night! I fancied you were dead. You can never know how you frightened me, or what I have felt this long and awful night! When will it end?"

I tried to answer, but found I was hardly able to do so; however, I made her understand that I wanted her to get my brandy flask from out the pocket of my coat. She soon found it and held it to my lips.

I tried to move, but I sank back with a groan of pain. In my fall I had hurt my arm and for some time I remained under the impression that I had broken it. My head was also cut, and the blood was pouring over my face. It was with joy I heard the boom of the gun that proclaimed the break of another day. Soon the sun rose in all his splendour, bathing the sky above and the sea below with a deep purple colour and then with a golden hue and flushing even the countenance, before so pale and haggard, of my companion. I had sense enough left to find that the boat had drifted with the ebbing tide and the wind off shore miles away from land, so that we were nearer Normandy than Jersey. Luckily the sea was calm, or the boat knocking about without any guidance whatever would of a certainty have been swamped. As it was, every now and again the spray came dashing over into our faces, making Florence's little heart beat quicker for the moment.

Lying at the bottom of a boat on my back, wet, covered with blood and scantily clothed, with my dank hair over my face, I presented a most unlover-like appearance; and yet, lying there in that plight I told my love. I told Florence how I adored her, and received the assurance that my love was returned. She bent down, and her fair hair fell upon my face as she kissed me on the forehead and told me that if we and all her family were saved, she would be my wife. I forgot the danger and the pain, in fact everything but that I was happy, situated as I was when I poured forth my passion in words that I remember not. That they were trite and commonplace ones I have no doubt, yet they sounded new and fresh to us. I forgot even to notice the passing of the hour; the time flew by un-

heeded, and I was startled when I saw the mail steamer some miles to the east of us, for it was due in Jersey near mid-day. Fortunately our condition was observed by some one on board, for the steamer was stopped and, it was with considerable satisfaction, that we saw a boat put off to our rescue, which in a very short time was alongside. The astonishment of the sailors at finding two people, one of them a lady, adrift in a boat, without sails, oars, or even a rudder, may be easily imagined. However we satisfied their curiosity in as few words as possible and they proceeded to tow us to the steamer, where we were treated with all kindness and attention till we landed.

Of course, there was a grand scene when we reached home. I can't describe it, and I shan't try; suffice it to say, that everybody shook hands with every body else, laughed, talked, kissed and cried together, till if there had been any zealous lunacy commissioner in the neighbourhood our liberty would have been in some danger. When the excitement consequent upon our adventure had in some degree abated, Jack informed me that, after the loss of the boat, he had searched for another, but without success as all the fishermen were out. He then started for the harbour, about two miles off and succeeded in getting one there, but not being acquainted with the shore, and it being then dark, it was useless, so after pulling about frantically for two or three hours he had to put back in despair. On reaching home he found Cameron junior who had reached land in too exhausted a condition to be of any use in rendering us assistance.

Metaphorically speaking, the Colonel killed his fatted calf, and curried him with his hottest curry for dinner that day. Afterwards he produced some glorious high-day and holiday wine, and we all wore out a jovial evening together. At its termination and on our way to the hotel, Jack, in a melancholy voice, requested me to condole with him saying that he was also an engaged man.

"If you hadn't turned up it would never have happened, and I should be as free as air now. Much against my inclination, I had to accept her, or her happiness wouldn't have been complete."

"Good night, old boy!" I interrupted him laughingly, for we had reached our destination; "go to bed and dream of her and of all the happiness in store for us; and, I say. think of some plan to prevent the Colonel from currying our wedding cakes."

SLEEP.

FROM thine ancient home
In the starry dome,
'Mid the boundless depths of the spangled blue,
Come down in the shroud
Of a moon-lit cloud,
And sprinkle mine eyelids with Heavenly dew.

Come down in the night
On thy pinions light,
And gather thy soft feathers over my head;

Thy touch is a charm
That shall shield me from harm,
And drive evil spirits away from my bed.

Oh, sever the chain
That binds body and brain,
That my spirit may soar far away in the night,
And leave the dull strife,
And the tumult of life,
Till care comes again with the dawning of light.

It would dance with the waves
In the cold coral caves,
Where the quick ripples laugh at the chill staring moon;
It would rest in the shade
Of some sweet Southern glade,
Where the long Summer day is perpetual noon.

It would fain take its flight
To some far mountain height,
That throws a dark line on the breast of the morn;
Or in rapture would go
Where, o'er long tracts of snow,
Glance, in sheets of quick flame, the bright lights of the dawn.

It would fain fly to thee
Who art dearest to me,
Who art nearest and dearest, tho' still far away;
It would stay by thy side
While the shadows abide,
Till the last faint star-twinkle hath died in the day.

PORT HOPE.

RAILWAY REFORM—THE CANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY.

BY DAVID MILLS, M.P.

THE construction of Railways marks the beginning of a new commercial epoch. Railways create new political and social forces, which may affect injuriously Parliamentary Government. They revive some of the phenomena of mediæval society. To-day, industry pays tribute to private railway corporations, as it once did to the sword. There is still the application of force, but it has assumed another form and is of a more subtle character.

It is still true that the price of liberty is vigilance. There are other means by which it may be lost than by brute force; and it is not unfrequently the case, that when it seems most secure, it is in greatest peril.

When the dynasty of the Stuarts sought to establish an aristocracy in America, it was at a period when the House of Commons was rising to power in England. They hoped to check the growth of democracy. They made grants of land to favourites, larger than many European kingdoms. They hoped to fix deeply in the soil of this continent, the decaying institutions of the old world. But their tyranny at home stimulated the emigration of a population favourable to freedom. The force of circumstances made the colonists mutually dependent and politically equal. The result was as disappointing to the enemies of popular Government, as the vision of Banquo's descendants was to Macbeth. The forces, which were then called into activity, by the men of the English Commonwealth, continue to operate upon every country in America, from Hudson's Bay to Cape Horn. We, in Canada, although it has been in a mild way, have sought to extend the democratic element in our government. We have abolished laws of primogeniture, and we have legislated, so as to defeat entails. Care has been taken that, through these means, society shall not be segregated into distinct orders. Now, the power and influence of the government in this country is derived from the people, and but few can be found who would favour the restriction of popular authority. Until recently, combinations among men, dangerous to popular liberty, were impossible, as they had no common object to secure other than the general welfare. Private railway corporations have changed all this. No single interest could, either here or in the United States, at this day, stand in opposition to the combinations which may, by railway men, be formed against it. The power possessed by a feudal aristocracy in the days of the King-maker, becomes as insignificant as the mock royalty of the Tycoon of Japan, when compared with the power wielded by some great railway corporations of America. The interests of private railway corporations are not identical with the interests of the public. It would be an act of the greatest folly, on the part of the people of this country to ignore the existence of danger from such a quarter. One of the most important duties now devolving upon Parliament is to determine within what range railway corporations shall be confined. It may be that it will yet be found necessary, for reasons political as well as commercial, to make all such works the property of the State. Great railway corporations are the most dangerous enemies popular government has ever had. Their aggressive tendencies originate in the cupidity of those who control them. Public opinion imposes no direct restraint upon them. They

are merciless in their operations. Railway men have turned exchanges into gaming houses. They have tampered with the administration of justice. They have interfered with the freedom of Parliamentary elections. They have marched their *employés* to the polls as an ancient baron did his vassals to the battle-field. It is true, they have conferred good. So far as the material prosperity of a people is concerned, they have levelled upwards: railways have equalized prices and enhanced the value of fixed property. But it is possible to purchase wealth at too great a price. A nation, to gain something less than "the whole world," may destroy the vital forces by which it has been enabled "to keep in step" with the progress of the age, and by which alone a condition of material prosperity can long be maintained.

Railway legislation is one of the great socio-political questions which are beginning to force themselves upon the attention of the Anglican nations. The policy of *laisser faire* has had full play. Everywhere the railways which have been built are pointed to as the successful results of private enterprise. Everywhere, within Anglican limits, we have had long and costly lines of railway constructed, which are pointed to as a proof of the wisdom of leaving the construction of railways to individual effort. Thinking men are beginning to ask themselves the question, whether this "no government" theory does not exceed tenable limits, when applied to the ownership of railways. We often hear railways spoken of as if the only persons interested in their management were the stockholders, the bondholders and the officials of the corporations. The people who travel and the general public who send the products of their industry over the roads are assumed to have no voice in the conduct of such enterprises. They have only to be mangled in body and depleted in pocket. In order to pay interest upon bonds or dividends upon stocks, a road is allowed to deteriorate. Then come accidents, in which scores of passengers are mangled or scalded; and if the legal authorities show, by ordering an inquisition, that the primary duty of a government is not altogether forgotten, forthwith all the newspaper organs of the company, and all those who are in opposition to the government, charge them with being actuated by personal pique or political hostility. It is gravely assumed to be a necessary franchise of a railway corporation, that its managers shall have the liberty to put in jeopardy the lives of passengers without being in any way responsible for casualties. It seems to be well nigh forgotten that railway corporations are not created for the benefit of the corporators. This is no doubt the purpose for which incorporation is sought; but the law calls them into existence for another purpose. Railways are held to be public necessities, whether they are owned by the public or by private persons. It is upon this ground that the right of way may, by law, be compulsorily acquired. There is no general law by which one may be compelled to part with his property, except for public purposes, either with or without compensation. Why then should a railway corporation differ from ordinary private corporations, and be endowed by the State with the right of *Eminent Domain*? Is it not obvious that this attribute of sovereignty was given upon the only grounds upon which it can be rationally defended—upon grounds, not of private, but of public utility? It is a special franchise to railway corporations, necessary to their existence, and demanded by the necessities of the public. The State, therefore, does not stand in the same relation to railways that it does to other species of private property; and the time is at hand, when the relations between railways and the State must be fully considered.

It has been argued by those who defend the present relations of private railways to the State, that the laws of competition suffi-

ciently protect the public interests ; that the tendency of charges is towards a minimum, the same as in other undertakings. This statement is not borne out by the facts. There are but few points touched by rival railways, and except at these points, railways are practically monopolies. If the different railway trains running upon each road were run by different corporations, then there might be general competition, but not otherwise. Experience proves that combination is not an improbable thing between managers of rival railways. The number of these corporations must ever be so limited, that combination will always be practicable. The charges on railways, both for freight and passengers, wherever they are private property, are ill-regulated and variable. It is to the interest of the public to have the greatest amount done at the least possible cost. The reverse of this is to the interest of the railway companies. If a company, by diminishing charges, could increase their business, it would not be voluntarily done unless the ratio of increase of business was greatly in excess of the ratio of the diminution of charges. Every one who has taken the trouble to look into railway statistics, knows well that it has been a common occurrence to increase the earnings by a reduction of the rates. This increase was not brought about by drawing away traffic from rival lines, but by the stimulus given to commerce, that rendered travel and traffic profitable, which were not so before the reduction was made. It is said that the receipts per train, at a penny fare, from Shrewsbury to Upton Magna, in England, were £11 15s. 8d., and at a fare of 3½d., the receipts fell to £4 4s. 11d. per train. The receipts per train from Shrewsbury to Walcot, at a penny fare, were £14 17s. 7d., and at 6d. fare they fell to £4 5s. 5d. We do not refer to these statictics to show that the railways of Canada would, in all cases, largely gain by a considerable reduction in their charges. If it were believed that this would be the immediate effect of reduced rates, the reduction would be made. There can be scarcely a doubt, from the results of such trials elsewhere, that the ultimate gain here would be considerable. But men who wish to dispose of railway stocks and bonds, are not likely to consider what may be advantageous to a company after they have ceased to have any personal interest in its welfare.

It is not in the management of railways alone that the interests of railway companies are against the interests of the public. They endanger, if they do not destroy, the independence of Parliament. Corruption taints the majority of railway enterprises from their inception to their completion. Charters are sought, not infrequently, for purposes of speculation. Sometimes they are used to blackmail existing railway lines. However much a railway may be needed, a charter is seldom obtained without difficulty and stock is bestowed for Parliamentary support. The names of well-known railway men are sought to give credit to the projected enterprise, a number of shares are tendered them for their "eminent services" and they are seldom declined. At every step taken, some one is paid for his support, or some other for his opposition. When a railway scheme is fairly launched, it finds a large number of friends—engineers and professional contractors, the owners of rolling mills and the builders of cars and locomotives. The getters of land grants, and the traders in railway stocks, all come to its aid, and, it may be, experience its bounty. These constitute the grand army of a private railway enterprise. Besides these, there is a numerous band of camp-followers, who expect, in a variety of ways, "to reap where they have not sown," but about whose special services nothing need be said. It is this numerous host of allies and followers which "can kill or keep alive" a railway project and, because they have this power, must be paid, that add to the cost of every rival railway undertaking.

It is not our purpose in this article to discuss the general question of railway reform.

We have simply indicated our conviction that the question of ownership is yet an open question and that there are considerations, both commercial and political, unfavourable to the system of private ownership. There can hardly be a doubt that if the Canadian Parliament and the Provincial Legislatures were to take the whole subject of railway economy and railway management in hand, and secure a full report, not only of the traffic, but of everything relating to the railways of the country, they would confer a substantial benefit upon the public. But this is not all. The people of Canada will be forced to consider, if they wish to avoid being led on to disaster, the relation in which her public men stand to gigantic railway enterprises. Who has not become familiar with the history of Fisk's Erie Railway speculations; of Tweed and Sweeny's peculations and City Hall contracts: of Judge Barnard's prostitution of a Court of Justice to railway rings. We cannot say these things are impossible here. It is true the like have not happened. But it must not be forgotten that the opportunity has been wanting. These things were so, not because men were wanting in intellectual capacity, but because great temptations were presented and they were too strong to be resisted. Human nature is, in all civilized communities, much the same. What has happened in New York is likely to happen in Montreal and Toronto under similar circumstances. The country ought to have—it is possible—a triple guarantee for the upright conduct of those to whom they entrust the management of the affairs of the state—the high character of public men, a healthy public opinion, and an efficient law. The law ought not to allow a representative of the people to be put in a position that he may be suspected of acting in a particular way, not from considerations of public utility, but for his own private advantage. A member of parliament is a trustee of the country, and the policy of the law which forbids a trustee dealing with himself on behalf of his *cestui que trust*, is equally applicable to him. It is not enough that a public man shall act honestly; it is important that the public should think so; and in order that this may be the case, care must be taken that his public duties and his private interests are not made needlessly to conflict with each other. In the case of the Canadian Pacific Railway enterprise, it would seem that this and other important principles of parliamentary government scarcely received sufficient consideration at the hands of the first Parliament of Canada. It is the most gigantic railway ever undertaken, and its relations to the Government and Parliament ought have been well considered. From the eastern extremity, upon the Upper Ottawa, to Victoria, in British Columbia, the distance is not less than 2,700 miles. A road of this length requires a large population to furnish it with the ordinary amount of local traffic. At present there is a population of less than 30,000 in the country it will traverse. In its construction 6,600,000 cross-ties, and at least 270,000 tons of iron will be required. It will take 540 locomotives, of 65,000 horse-power, and 8,000 cars properly to equip it. It will consume yearly 270,000 cords of wood and, to keep the road in repair, 40,000 tons of new or rerolled rails, and 800,000 cross-ties will be needed: This is no exaggerated statement. The Union and Central Pacific Railway, extending from Omaha to San Francisco, a distance of 1,904 miles, has 334 locomotives and 6,649 cars. The New York Central, measuring the second track, is a line of 1,522 miles in length, and is equipped with 400 locomotives and 9,603 cars, not counting dummy engines, city passenger cars, or gravel cars for the service of the road. The operating expenses of the Union and Central Pacific Railway in 1871 were about ten millions of dollars and the gross earnings upon through traffic, $6,650,000. When we consider the length of the Canadian Pacific and the unsettled country

through which it will run, $13,000,000 a year will not be thought an extravagant estimate for operating expenses; and yet it is nearly twice the amount of the gross earnings of the American road upon its through traffic. The roughly-estimated cost of the Canadian road is $100,000,000—less than one-half of the actual cost of the only Trans-continental railway yet completed, which is at least 700 miles shorter. We are aware it is said that the gradients upon the Canadian line are much easier, and the mountain passes much lower, and that the cost of construction must be proportionably less. But these estimates afford but very imperfect data for estimating the cost of building a railway. From Trucker to Ogden City, a distance of 628 miles, the American road passes over a table-land about 5,000 feet above the sea level, and from Wassatch summit to Cheyenne, a distance of 462 miles, it is nearly one and a half miles above the sea level. From the Missouri River to Cheyenne, a distance of 517 miles, there is a uniform grade of about ten feet to the mile, Cheyenne being about 5095 feet above Omaha. From Cheyenne to the summit of the mountains the distance is 32 miles and the grade eighty feet to the mile. "The elevation," says Mr. Poor, "of this vast plain, from which the Rocky Mountains rise, is so great that these mountains, when reached, present no obstacles so formidable as those offered by the Alleghany ranges to several lines of railroad which cross them."

British Columbia has been described as a sea of mountains. The whole province consists of a succession of mountain ranges, rising, it may be, to no extraordinary height, but being not the less formidable obstacles, on that account, to the construction of a cheap railway. The country between the Upper Ottawa and Lake Winnipeg is well-nigh an unknown land. This much we do know that the snow falls deep and lies long in the basin of Hudson's Bay; that the cold of winter is intense, and it is extremely doubtful whether a railway can be worked there in the winter season. In a country without inhabitants, in which the ground freezes to the depth of ten or fifteen feet, where there is that depth of earth to freeze; in which the thermometer sinks to 40 degrees below zero, it is not easy to understand how passengers are to be made comfortable, how water tanks are to be kept open, or how *employés* are to be saved from perishing on account of necessary exposure to the cold. No one can look at a map of the country without being impressed with the idea that the cost of construction must be enormously enhanced from the position of the road. The Union and Central Pacific Railway began and ended in a settled country. The road connected thirty millions of people upon one side of the mountains, with one million upon the other side. It connects the greatest commercial emporium of the Pacific with the cities of the East. It had a labour market at hand. The Canada Pacific will pass through a country from which supplies cannot be had and which, from its isolation, is difficult of access. There are at present several Pacific Railways under construction in the United States. One from New Orleans to El Paso in Texas; one from Little Rock to El Paso and thence to Colorado and San Diego. One through New Mexico, Arizona and Southern California to Santa Barbara, upon the Pacific Coast, and the Northern Pacific from Lake Superior to Puget Sound. The road from New Orleans to Houston, in Texas, is to be completed within two years. Colonel Thomas. A. Scott, late president of the Union Pacific Railway, has now under his management the building of the Southern Pacific Road. Already 500 miles have been put under construction, and it is proposed to complete the entire line within three years. This road will lie south of the snow limit and will, during the winter season, at least, possess a decided advantage over its more northern rivals.

What we have said is sufficient to show that the demand for labour in railway construction is likely to be very high for some years to come; that, for physical reasons, it will be more difficult to procure it for the Canadian Pacific than for its rivals; and that, other things being equal, the cost will be proportionately greater. With four transcontinental railways in operation, competing for through traffic, it can scarcely be hoped that the most favoured line will be able to secure a greater tonnage of freight than that now carried between Omaha and San Francisco, which yields a gross revenue to the company of about $3,000,000 a year—one seventh less than the gross revenue from the carriage of through passengers. Assuming that the Canadian Pacific road will be equally fortunate, and that as large a percentage of Canadians will pass over it as there are of Americans travelling by the Union and Central Pacific, the gross earnings of the Canadian road, from through traffic, would be $3,350,000 annually. The population which is to create a local traffic has yet to be found and taken into those northern regions. The coal, the metallic ores and the lumbering districts from which freights may be drawn, have yet to be discovered, and may be found at points not accessible from the railway. One may ask why was something not learned of the geology of the country before such a gigantic work was undertaken? We know of no other reason than this, that the majority of the late Parliament preferred taking a leap in the dark.

There are three political considerations connected with this railway well deserving the attention of the people of this country: —1st, the circumstances under which the country was irrevocably committed to the scheme; 2nd, the mode in which the Government propose to aid the enterprise, and 3rd, the relations which are likely to subsist between the Parliament and the company, until the work is completed.

It seems like a work of supererogation at this day, to be obliged to assert gravely that Parliamentary government exists only so long as the government of the country is carried on in consonance with the well understood wishes of the people. The people of this Province long contended for representation based upon population. This principle is without meaning, unless it serves to secure to the political opinions of a majority of the people a preponderating influence in Parliament. So long as elections took place for no other purpose than to put the affairs of the country into the hands of a body of men independent of the Crown, it mattered little whether constituencies were equal or unequal. The vote was oftener a certificate of capacity or fitness, than an endorsation of political opinions. But this is no longer the case. Since the days of the younger Pitt there has grown up a great power in the State, known as public opinion. The newspaper and the magazine have been added to the rostrum. Men read and think and form opinions; and Parliament is but *one* of the educating forces of to-day. The discretionary power of Parliament is every day diminishing, because the convictions of the people upon questions of public policy are day by day becoming clearer. When Mr. Gladstone formed the Government, of which he is now the head, no one could be at a loss to know what would be its policy, because the sense of the country had been taken upon every one of the important questions with which he subsequently dealt and which he was pledged to make the policy of his Government, if called upon to form one. It is now, in England, a maxim practically recognized by both political parties, that no important measure shall be carried through Parliament and receive the sanction of the Crown, the principle of which has not received the popular sanction at an election. Why should a different practice prevail in this country? Ought not those who favoured the Pacific Railway scheme to have set forth their views formally in the House, and have gone to the

country upon this scheme as a part of their policy? The view taken by the public of so important a matter is many sided. It is always broader, and generally safer, than that taken by politicians who assume that the people have not the necessary capacity to reach a safe conclusion upon important questions of State policy. This reference to the people finds its justification upon the same grounds as trial by jury. In trial by jury we have the people arrayed on the side of the law; and the law is made flexible by being applied according to popular apprehension. So where the policy of the Government has received popular sanction, it is sustained by the sympathies of the country. There is little danger of domestic disturbance, and those upon whom the burdens fall will submit to them all the more patiently, having voluntarily assumed them.

It is proposed in this railway scheme to give, as a bonus to the company which may be formed to construct the road, $30,000,000 and 50,000,000 acres of land. Any one who will take the trouble to read the provisions of the Railway Act, will see that Parliament has not only surrendered to the Ministry its right, or, we should rather say, its public duty of controlling the payment of the sums to which the company may have become entitled, but it has provided no certain basis of determining what this sum is. The road is not divided into sections of greater or less difficulty by the law. No degrees of difference are indicated by the amount of bonus per mile assigned to different parts of the road. It is not stated that the estimates of the engineers shall form the basis of the calculation in determining the amount of the bonus to which the company may have become entitled; so that the Ministry have a very wide margin of discretion in dealing out the bonus to the company. Land grants to railways have hitherto been a favourite way of aiding railway projects in the United States. Upwards of 10,000 miles of railways have been built that have been so aided, and there are several thousand more in process of construction. At least 200,000,000 acres of public domain have there been applied in this way, and it is now extremely doubtful whether the public have been served by this policy. It is quite clear that this will be the policy of the Federal Government no longer, as we find both candidates for the Presidency pronouncing decidedly against it. The Illinois Central Road was one of the first aided in this way. By an Act of Congress, passed in 1850, 2,595,000 were granted to aid in the construction of the road from Cairo to Chicago and Duluth—707½ miles of road in all.

Up to this time 2,179,390 acres have been sold from which the company have realized the sum of $25,000,000; and the 415,910 acres unsold, are held to be worth $12 50 per acre. The company are likely to realize from the sale of these lands a sum greater than the cost of the railway. Congress granted to the Kansas Pacific Railway 6,000,000 acres in Kansas and Colorado; within three years 615,625 acres were sold for $1,676,059, and three millions more were mortgaged for $5,500,000. The lowest price was obtained during the first year, when they averaged $2 51; in 1869, the year following, the average was $2 62; in 1870, $3 13; and in 1871, $4 31 per acre. And this, too, in a tract of country known as the great American Desert. The average price realized by the Union Pacific Railway Company for lands sold prior to January, 1871, was $4 46 per acre. Every year the price of land, in the districts ceded to railways, is enhanced in value, and, after the settlement of a sparse population has been secured, the railway companies do not make haste to sel unless their financial circumstances force them to put their lands into the market. There can be no doubt then, that a bonus of 50,000,000 of acres is an immense contribution towards the construction of a railway. Assuming that, of this vast area, but one fourth is fit for settlement, these

12,500,000 acres, at the price for which the School Lands of Minnesota sold seven years ago, would bring $87,500,000. We believe it would have been preferable had the Government promised the company a fixed sum for every settler that might locate within twenty miles of the railway, upon such terms and conditions as would best secure an immigration into the country. The company then would have had a powerful motive to promote the settlement of the country—much greater than at present. The volume of immigration from Europe to Canada is not likely to be very largely increased. Since the abolition of slavery in the United States, the south and the south-west have been thro wn open for settlement, and the tide of population is flowing more and more to the south. An effort which would have at one time secured for us a large population from Europe had it been put forth, will do so no longer. A gentleman who held a high position in the confederate army, says "we have a steady, though as yet a small, stream of good English immigration into Virginia. Those coming here are almost without exception men of intelligence and character, who are able to purchase and pay for comfortable homesteads. . They are most cordially welcome, and are well satisfied with the country and people." Englishmen are in like manner finding their way into other states of the south ; and the sooner we appreciate the difficult task we have before us in turning any considerable portion of the current towards Canada, the sooner we shall provide against the embarassments our present policy is storing up for the future. Our policy should be at once both wise and vigorous.

We fear in dealing with the Pacific Railway, we have mistaken the way which leads to prosperity, and have laid the possible foundation for transactions like those which have made Hall and Tweed notorious. We think it is deeply to be regretted that any member of Parliament should be a stockholder in this enterprise. He cannot, at the same time, serve the public and serve himself in a contract with the public agents. He must either support or oppose the Ministry with whom he contracts, and in either case, a consideration of his gain or loss by the course he may pursue must influence his conduct. Will any one say that Ministers might properly be stockholders ; and why not ministers as well as other members ? Ministers are but a committee of the Houses enjoying their confidence and carrying on the affairs of the country in a way sanctioned by a majority of their fellow members. Parliament is responsible for what is done by Ministers, and no member can enter into contract with a Ministry without knowing that upon him ultimately depends the right to approve or disapprove, in his public capacity of the act of the Ministry in dealing with him as a private citizen, What if the Government should think the bonus insufficient and should propose to increase the amount, will those members with whom the Government contracted be in the position of other members of Parliament? Can there be any difficulty in predicting how they are likely to vote ? If the fate of a ministry depends upon these railway members, does any one doubt that they would undertake to improve a bad bargain ? From whatever point their position is viewed, it will be seen to be an indefensible one ; and every consideration of public policy which calls for the exclusion of a salaried officer of the Crown from the Parliament, requires equally the exclusion of these men. This is necessary lest it should become the policy of Parliament to grant aid to railway and other enterprises ostensibly to promote *quasi* public works, but really for the purpose of enriching a few members at the expense of the nation.

THE KNIGHT'S GRAVE.

BY H. M. GILES.

WITHIN the chancel of a village church,
Whose ivy-mantled turrets, grey with age,
Baffle all archæologist research
And leave no trace by which the puzzled sage
Can tell its date, or who foundation gave—
Sculptured in stone, a knight sleeps on his grave.

In summer time, the sun's effulgent rays
Are shed in rich magnificence, and fall
Full on his face; as oft in other days
The same stained glass his form erect and tall
Would tinge, when beams the rising sun at morn,
And from his lips the matin-song was borne.

And as he lies, with hands clasped on his breast
In endless prayer, a gentle child steals near,
And, gazing with amazement on his crest
Which decks the tomb, he views with child-like fear
The gaunt device—a griffin *passant*, *or*,
Surmounted by the helm and sword he bore.

And half-afraid, he lingers, loth to leave,
While lengthened shadows fill the sacred aisle,
Grim effigies fantastic fancies weave,
But still he stays and ponders all the while:
And evening's dusk is stealing on apace,
And silver beams play on the dead knight's face.

Anon a maid with timid footsteps glides—
Guilty of naught, save what good angels love—
Into the choir she steals with noiseless strides,
And sweeps the keys, and notes, as from above,
Rich symphonies are wafted through the fane—
Low, wailing sounds, as from a soul in pain.

Sonorous, full, the diapason swells,
Then dies away in murmurings low and sweet,
In cadences as soft as evening bells,
Or whispered vows when anxious lovers meet;
And, as spell-bound the boy drinks in that air,
She leaves the church, unconscious he was there.

And night has come, but still the child remains
Entranced, serene, with every terror gone,
And, while he sits, he broods on those sweet strains
Which linger still, although the minstrel's flown.
He hears a voice, in accents sweet and mild,
Addressing him—that fair-haired English child.

It said: "Brave boy! my blood runs in your veins,
This trenchant blade your heritage did win,
This 'scutcheon's gleam, devoid of blot or stain,
I left at death. Dishonour's blight of sin
Ne'er blanched my cheek: this marble breast would heave
And spurn the lies that fainéant lips would weave.

"'*Sans peur, sans tache*,' emblazoned on my shield,
My throbbing heart aye proved in life's stern fray,
For God, my king, my country, did I yield
That life's red-tide on Naseby's fatal day;
In war—in peace—at home—abroad, keep bright
Thy sword from stain. May God assoil thee, knight!"

The voice had ceased. Secure as in his bed
The fair child slept until the smiling morn,
For angels guard the young Sir Guilbert's head;
And when friends came at early blush of dawn,
The widowed mother found her offspring brave,
In calm repose before Sir Roger's grave.

And as she clasped him to her yearning breast,
And asked him if he did not dread the gloom,
He turned his eyes, and pointed to the crest,
And knelt and prayed beside the good knight's tomb:
And after years the happy dream he blessed,
And lived and died, with God and man at rest.

ST. CATHARINES.

PARTY POLITICS.*

BY A RADICAL.

A FRIEND of ours was once a good deal puzzled in attempting to explain to a young lady of an enquiring turn of mind the nature of a Parliamentary Opposition. Government she understood and Parliament, as a deliberative and legislative assembly, she understood ; but the idea of a party of men, whose sole function was to *op*-pose what others *pro*-posed, seemed to be beyond her grasp. If it could have been explained to her that this so-called Opposition was a mere temporary organization for a temporary purpose—the government of the country having fallen into bad hands and it being very desirable to harass them into an abandonment of their position—the thing would have been more easily intelligible ; but no, the truth had to be told, that this "Opposition" was as permanent an institution as Government itself, and that the eagerness and bitterness with which it pursued its ends, bore no assignable relation to the merits or demerits of the holders of authority. However faultless an Administration might be, there must still be an Opposition, or the British Constitution would fall to pieces. "Why don't they content themselves with opposing what is wrong?" was asked, with simplicity. "Well, of course, that is what they profess to do," was the answer. "Then there is no particular reason for calling them Opposition, for everybody professes the same thing. I am Opposition, and you are Opposition—we are all Opposition together, if that is what it means."

The difficulty in which our young friend was involved was one which, in some shape or other, presents itself to everybody. Even grown men, tolerably familiar both with the theory and the working of the Constitution, find themselves wondering how the thoroughly artificial distinctions which prevail in the political arena, came to acquire such force and persistence ; wondering, too, whether no new page of political history will ever be turned, and the monotonous see-saw of party strife—Oppositions becoming Governments, and Governments becoming Oppositions, and each, with every change of fortune, displaying most, if not all of the faults of those whose places they take—be succeeded by something more in accordance with reason, and more favourable to true progress. The subject is one which a little honest thought will do a great deal to clear up ; for, to tell the truth, the difficulties that seem to surround it are mainly the creation of those who think they have an interest in the perpetuity of the present state of things. It is commonly assumed, for example, by the defenders of party, that those who are disposed to regard it as out of place in this advanced stage of human culture and reason, are bound to devise a complete new set of institutions for the government of nations ; and, having devised them, to demonstrate their practicability. This assumption we entirely repudiate, for reasons which will sufficiently appear in the course of our argument. What we have to do, is to try and render a true account of party to ourselves, to ascertain what it is and what the conditions are that call it into existence. As we pursue the investigation, we shall see that the conditions which give it its greatest vitality have passed away, and are little likely to return ; and that party, if limited to its natural and legitimate development

* It seems proper to state that this paper was written before our contributor had perused the article on "Political Corruption,"—the views expressed in which are thus supplemented and confirmed from an independent point of view.—ED. CAN. MONTHLY.

in these days, would be a very different thing indeed from what we now witness.

We cannot do better than take our departure from Burke's well-known definition. "Party," says the great philosophic statesman, "is a body of men united for promoting, by their joint endeavours, the national interest, upon some principle in which they are all agreed." Party, in this sense of the word, is something every one can understand: it calls for no justification, any more than any other form of association for a worthy object. It will be observed, however, that, according to Burke's definition, party is but a means towards an end, and a means which is only available in certain defined circumstances. The end is the national interest, and the condition necessary to give vitality to party, is the agreement of all its members in "some particular principle" which they wish to see applied in the government of the country, and to which, of course, another party in the State is opposed. Burke says not a word to justify the opinion that parties are essential to the well-being of the State, under all circumstances: for that would be simply tantamount to saying that no country could be prosperous in which there were not those radical differences of opinion upon political subjects, which alone afford a rational basis for party organization. Nearly all the talk we hear in the present day on the subject of parties, really involves the absurd proposition that, *unless* a country is divided against itself, it cannot stand. Because parties were once a necessity of the times—the natural expression in Parliament of real and lamentable antagonisms that existed throughout the country, therefore parties must exist for ever; and if we have not real antagonisms to support them, we must get up sham ones! The Chinaman, in Charles Lamb's charming apologue, set his house on fire, in order to have, indirectly, some roast pork. Our roast pork is the party system; and, in order that we may taste the savour again and again, we set the State on fire with all kinds of false and factitious issues.

In Burke's time, and almost down to the present day, in England, there have never been wanting more or less serious causes of division among parties; moreover, in a country like England--the continuity of whose political history has never been broken by revolution, and where, consequently, many institutions exist, simply because they *have existed*, and not because they are peculiarly adapted to the present time—there will always be a certain opposition between those who wish to preserve what time has handed down, and those who, imbued with the spirit of the present, aim at bringing everything as much into harmony with that spirit as possible. Even in England, however, there are unmistakable signs that the palmy days of the party system have passed away for ever. It is in politics, in these days, very much as it is in war: men see the inevitable much sooner than they used to do; and, when they see the inevitable, they yield to it. This arises simply from the greater sway that reason has over the minds of men, and, particularly, over the minds of those fitted by nature to lead.

The truth of these remarks may be seen signally illustrated in the policy of the Conservative party, led by Mr. Disraeli and the late Lord Derby, on the question of Parliamentary Reform. Everyone remembers what a nagging opposition they offered to Earl Russell's seven-pound-householder Reform Bill of 1867; and everyone remembers still better what kind of Reform Bill the same party, after their nagging had worked them into power, left on the statute book,—a bill which virtually amounts to what was once the cry of the extreme Radicals, household suffrage. Another illustration, almost as much to our purpose, may be seen in the very feeble opposition offered in the House of Commons to the Ballot Bill recently passed. In former times such a measure could only have become law after the most

convulsive and dangerous struggles; but, men now-a-days see what is coming and, even if they don't like it, try at least to reconcile themselves to it. Very much of the violence of former times was due to the blind prejudice with which even able men, and of course still more ordinary men, approached the consideration (if consideration it could be called) of all political questions. In these days educated men do not like to think themselves the victims of prejudice, and are, therefore, led to seek some solid ground of reason on which to base their opinions. In former times the interest of their party or their class was all that most men felt under any obligation to consult. In these days even average men have a certain feeling that the interest of the state is something greater and more important than that of any party or class whatever; and that it is both unreasonable and selfish to expect the higher interest to yield to the lower. All these causes tend to make the contrast of opinions far less sharp, and differences of political aim far less profound, than formerly. In other words, the ground is cut away, to a great extent at least, from under the feet of parties; and if we see them still arrayed against one another, it is simply that the interest of certain professional politicians is concerned in their preservation.

The political circumstances of Canada are very different from those of the Mother Country. *There*, where so much exists which it interests one class to maintain, and which it seems to interest a much larger class to destroy, there will, for a long time to come, probably, be some real significance in the terms "Conservative" and "Liberal," or "Tory" and "Radical;" though there is every reason to hope that the political struggles of the future will be mitigated by the influences to which we have just referred. In Canada, however, when the same terms are employed, nothing can exceed the sense of mockery they bring to the mind. In olden times, when a knot of infatuated men, thought they could govern the country for their own private interest, the political designations that had been borrowed from the parent State, were not so entirely out of place. But in the present day, you who call yourselves Conservatives, do tell us, for heaven's sake, what it is you wish to conserve that anybody else wishes to destroy? And you also, who call yourselves Liberals, where are we to find proofs of your liberalism or liberality, or whatever it is you pride yourselves upon? Or, if you prefer to call yourselves Reformers, what is it that you wish to reform? Your political creed, if we credit your own professions, is one of the intensest conservatism, regarding all the established principles of the constitution. You find fault with nothing, so you say, in the political frame-work of the State, and only complain of a few abuses of executive authority on the part of a set of men whom you hope soon to consign to perpetual oblivion; and yet you dub yourselves Reformers, just as if there was work to be done for a generation or a century, in the redressing of abuses, the removal of anomalies, and the general reconstitution of a disordered commonwealth. When you have acceded to power and have wrought such improvements as you are able or disposed to do in the management of public affairs, what will there be to hinder you from adopting the title of "Conservatives," now appropriated by and to your opponents? Nothing in this wide world. And what will there be to hinder them, after you have committed a few blunders, as you are sure to do within a short time, from seizing, if they choose to do it, for political effect, upon your special name of "Reformers," on the plea that they are going to put to rights all the things that you have put wrong? Surely you are both to be congratulated on the peculiar felicity of party designations so chosen that you might make an impromptu "swap," and look neither wiser nor more foolish in your new colours than you do at present.

We shall be reminded here perhaps that, in talking of "Conservatives," we are altogether behind the age, inasmuch as the Administration and its friends are known, not as "Conservatives," but as "the great party of Union and Progress." Here then we have a party name chosen expressly to suit the times, and one therefore which ought, if party names are worth anything, to possess an altogether peculiar degree of appropriateness. What, however, does the recent election teach us? Why that in the Province in which the sentiment of Union and the spirit of Progress are the strongest, the Union and Progress Government has experienced a signal defeat. Take it all in all, there can be no doubt that in Ontario there is a stronger sense of the advantages of the present union, and a more enterprising and progressive spirit, than in any other Province of the Dominion; and yet precisely in Ontario has the Union and Progress cry proved a failure. Viewing things from the common stand-point of the Ministerial press, we should have to conclude that a majority of the electors, in a majority of the constituencies in Ontario, are hostile to Union and Progress; but where shall we find a Ministerial paper sufficiently severe or consistent in its logic to state such a conclusion? No, the Union and Progress cry meant nothing, or next to nothing, from the first; it was a mere piece of election clap-trap; and the proof that it was such lies in the fact that no one now has the hardihood to argue that since Ontario has shown itself opposed, on the whole, to the "Union and Progress" Government, it is therefore hostile to the great principles the Government professes to represent.

It is not the *bitterness* of political discussion that seems to us the worst result of the party system; it is its amazing *hollowness*. A reasonable man is simply lost in wonder as he reads day after day, in ably-edited journals, whole columns of writing in which there is hardly the faintest gleam of sincere conviction to be discerned. Day after day the same miserable evasions, the same varnishing up of unsightly facts, the same reiteration of unproved charges against opponents, the same taking for granted of things requiring proof, and proving things that nobody questioned; the same hypocritical appeals to the good sense of the electors whom every effort is being used to misinform and confuse; the same dreary, unmeaning platitudes: in a word the same utter abuse of man's reasoning powers, and of the privileges and functions of a free press. Of course so long as both sides indulge in this kind of thing, each can make out at least a partial case against the other; and so a constant cross-fire is kept up in the exposure of misrepresentations, and the rectification of all that has been set down in malice on one side or the other. To-day a good point perhaps is made by the Opposition; to-morrow it will be returned to them, if possible, with interest. Such is the party system of political warfare—a system which ought to have won the admiration of Archdeacon Paley, since it possesses the attribute that was wanting to that celebrated watch of his—the power, namely, of perpetually reproducing itself. Looking simply at the wordy strife between two such organs say as the *Globe* and the *Mail*, what is ever to bring it to an end? There is no termination to their arguments, any more than to a repeating decimal, which, truth to tell, they very much resemble.

"Like everything good," says the former of the two journals we have just mentioned, "party may be abused." We should like very much to know where the proper use of party ends and its abuse begins. The abuse, we suppose, is when men do things in the interest of their party that are not for the interest of the state; when, for example, the supporters of a Government convicted of some reprehensible act rally around it to save it from just condemnation; or when an Opposition, knowing that the Govern-

ment is dealing with a very difficult and dangerous question, walking, to use Horace's metaphor, on hot cinders lightly covered over with ashes, seek to hamper and distress it by every means in their power, even at the risk of fanning the smouldering fires into open conflagration. But if this is abuse, it is of the very essence of party politics. Either the interests of the country or the fortunes of their party are to dominate in men's thoughts : if the former, then all party tactics are at an end ; if the latter, then it is simply absurd to talk of party being "abused." It is all abuse from first to last. You might as well talk of selfishness being abused, or dishonesty being abused, or of hypocrisy being abused.

Let us, however, hear a little more about party from that thorough believer in it whom we have just quoted :—"All the essential characteristics of party," he proceeds to say, "enter into the very idea of free popular government, and when they are eliminated, such a government is not only impossible but inconceivable. Who is to say what is really for the good of the nation? All may be equally patriotic, all equally anxious to lay aside self-seeking and everything mean and unworthy, but they may have different ideas how this greatest national good is to be secured ; nay they will have if they think freely and intelligently. And with what result? Why, with the formation of more or less distinctly opposing parties, with more or less keenness in their discussions, and more or less divergence in their eventual courses of action. The whole history of the past tells of this ; while the 'national principle' would at best but give us something like the slumberous stillness of a sultry summer noon—quiet and peaceful, but at the same time stagnant, and the fruitful parent of injurious miasmata."

Here let us draw breath. Who would have imagined, had we not let out the secret, whence this charming picture of party politics was taken? There is a touch of idyllic tenderness and sweetness about it which the great Sicilian poet himself could scarcely have surpassed. "More or less keenness in their discussions"—of course ; but then each side is so "anxious to lay aside everything mean and unworthy"—among other things, all mean and unworthy suspicions of their opponents—that really their divergences of opinion serve only to procure for those who take part in politics a reasonable and healthful amount of intellectual exercise. Under the "national" system we should all stagnate and be choked by noxious miasmata ; while under the party system we are braced and vivified by the pure powers of free discussion. What a happy, golden dream, one cannot but exclaim, for a writer to have who was penning an article for the same columns that contained "Wha wants me?" Not more fancy-free was Colonel Lovelace in his prison than is this editor in his sanctum. He cannot for a moment assume the patriotism of his particular political opponents—*they* are tricksters, corruptionists, deceivers—everything in fact that is morally execrable ; but when he wants to draw a picture of the party system at work, why, all at once the political atmosphere becomes pure if not altogether calm ; there is equal patriotism on both sides, and men are only divided by theoretic differences which do not in the least impair the profound respect they entertain for one another.

Now the truth of the matter is that what this enthusiastic advocate of party has been here describing is not party at all ; but that very "national" system, the application of which to popular institutions he pronounces to be sheerly "inconceivable" (though not *too* inconceivable to allow its miasmatic results to be clearly foreseen). No one pretends that if men could be induced to give up the conscious imposture and rant and gibberish that are now dignified with the name of party controversy, they would forthwith all be of one mind. The great difference would be that men would endeavour to make their

opinions triumph by legitimate means; and further, that the expression of all opinions would be very much freer than at present. As things are now a man is not at liberty at all times to utter the thought that is in him: he has to consider how his party will be affected by what he may say. In this way truths that would be eminently seasonable, so far as the country's interests are concerned, are suppressed as being unseasonable from a party point of view. The credit that a man would, personally, feel inclined to give his opponents for something he knows them to have done well, he withholds out of consideration for his party who would be seriously compromised by any admission in favour of those whom they are steadily trying to undermine in popular favour. It is the rarest thing in the world at present to see a man get up in Parliament and seem to utter his real and innermost conviction on any important question. You note his place in the chamber, and before he speaks you know almost all he has to say. Such is the party system. Instead of stimulating thought and teaching intellectual honesty, it does just the reverse—puts a ban on the free exercise of a man's mind, and leads people to conceal or misrepresent their real opinions.

We fancy that when people try to realize to themselves what the political situation would be like, in the absence of party organization and party strategy, a vague idea too often takes possession of their minds, that there would no longer be any available means of dislodging an unworthy Government from power. They forget that it is party that keeps such a Government in power at all. What is it that for years past has kept the special object of Opposition censure —Sir George Cartier, surrounded by that compact band of immortals, and made him, altogether, the most powerful man, personally, in the whole country? The answer is simply—party. It must not then be lost sight of that a relaxation of party ties, and a more honest and independent devotion on the part of every member of Parliament to the public good, while it would shield the Administration from factious assaults, would also compel it to rely not on the support of an interested party, but on the honest approval of the people's representatives. There is not only a connection—there is a direct proportion between rigour of party discipline and political corruption. The one varies with the other and necessarily. When we speak of "a strict party vote," what do we mean, except a vote in which the merits of the question were put out of sight, and party interests were alone consulted? And what do we mean by "party discipline," except that species of control, partly internal and partly external, which compels a man to support his friends *per fas et nefas*, or as we say in English, "through thick and thin?" It may not always be a money consideration, immediate or prospective, which leads a man thus to surrender independence and conscience into the hands of others, but whatever the motive, it is a corrupting one. Unless we are mistaken, a leading Canadian "statesman" once said to a member of Parliament, who professed himself ready to support him whenever he was in the right, "That is not what I want; I want my friends to support me when I am wrong as well as when I am right." And are they not both, at this moment, members of the Dominion Ministry? The friend who once wanted to limit and condition his support found, no doubt, substantial reasons for making it unlimited and unconditional—the kind in fact that was wanted. This is an illustration of the party system, if you like: one that everybody will recognize who knows the real article. As to that beautifully-coloured picture of the *Globe's*, exhibited under some other name, it might do very well; but as "A Study of Party Politics," it can only be laughed at.

The great difficulty in arguing the thesis that the public interest is not promoted by an arbitrary division of the legislature, and

of all those who take an interest in politics, into two opposing camps, is to avoid saying things that are self-evident. It is perfectly clear that a party would not be a party, as the word is commonly understood, if it were actuated only by a desire for the public good, and if it followed out a strictly honourable line of action towards its adversaries. Such a body would not and could not display what is called party spirit; and as to party discipline, it would be lost in the higher and nobler discipline of duty. The agreement that existed amongst its members at any moment, however perfect it might be, could not be held to guarantee their agreement on any new issue; for *ex hypothesi* every man, as often as a new question came up, would shape his course upon it, not with a view to improving the position of his party, but to promoting the advantage of the State. It is understood now that those who act together to-day will act together to-morrow and next day. Why? Simply because *they mean to do so*; that is all about it: they have determined that their opinions shall not differ. For how could they ever hope to gain party triumphs without party organization and party orthodoxy? If the country does not thrive under such a system; if the vices of government are not cured; if the people are not educated to disinterestedness and high-mindedness: in other words, if patriotism and public spirit are not encouraged —so much the worse for all the interests, moral and material, involved. The British Constitution of which party-government (we are told) is the noblest tradition, cannot be allowed to fall through merely because a nation threatens to go to ruin.

When we are told that party is absolutely essential to free, popular government, we cannot help thinking what a vast amount of government is done, and what vast interests are successfully managed, without any help from the party principle. Look at our municipalities; look at our banks, our railways and other public enterprises; look at our churches. Would it really be well to see our city corporations, and our county and township councils divided between two parties, each trying to hamper the other to the utmost of its ability? Who would care to hold stock in a bank or a railway, whose affairs were made the sport of party struggles? Whenever party spirit has shown itself in connection with the latter class of corporations, it has been the product of, as it has in turn ministered to, the very grossest and most shameless forms of corruption and robbery. We see party here assume its final and perfect development as the *ring*—an association of robbers who have agreed to aid in filling one another's pockets. When however, (as fortunately is most often the case) this horrible disease has not fastened upon a great public company, its administration is a fair type of what the administration of a country's affairs might be, if the organized selfishness of party were to pass away. Every shareholder knows that the value of his property depends on the successful administration of the company's affairs, and the maintenance of its credit before the world. His great anxiety, therefore, is to have the right kind of men as directors, and, when the right men have been found, it generally rests with them to say how long they will remain in the responsible positions assigned to them. Men get thanks for conducting the affairs of a company or association prudently and successfully; they get none for doing their duty by the State: they get interested and formal praise from their supporters, and unvarying depreciation and abuse from their opponents. The praise affords them no satisfaction, and the abuse, in the long run, hardens them and takes the edge off all finer feelings. The great difference between a member of a joint-stock company and a member of Parliament is, that while the former would lose more than he would gain by pursuing an obstructive course, or in any way trifling with the interests of the society, the latter may pursue a

similar line of conduct, and profit by it. His interest as a private citizen in sound legislation, and effective administration may easily be overcome by those special inducements which party leaders can offer. That is precisely the position, and hence it is that party is possible in the Legislature and *hardly any where else.* Party may therefore be defined with absolute correctness as a body of men whose interest in supporting one another is greater than the interest they have in giving a right direction at all times to public policy. should scarcely call this, however, a good thing *per se.*

What becomes then of Burke's definition of party as "a body of men united for promoting by their joint endeavours the national interest upon some principle in which they are all agreed?" Is it of no application at all in our day? Certainly; as often as a body of men honestly agree in a particular principle, let them unite their efforts to make that principle triumph, and if they choose to call themselves a party, why let them do so. No harm will result from that. Harm results when men take a license to themselves to do, as a party, things that are not for the national interest at all, and that, in their own consciences, they know are not for the national interest. It is certainly a strange thing that, because a number of men have got hold of one sound principle through which they hope to triumph, they should feel themselves excused in giving their sanction, if not their active support, to a number of evil ones. Yet this is precisely what our parties do; they have one end in view which perhaps they sincerely think a good one, and this end they allow to justify or sanctify the most scandalous means. Such is the party system; and if any one hints that a system, which not only permits but erects into a code the loosest moral practice, may not be worth perpetuating, he is pronounced at once an enthusiast, a dreamer, a doctrinaire, a person whom all sensible, practical men may complacently laugh at, without troubling themselves in the least to enquire into the value of his ideas.

We are very far indeed from thinking that the age of political conflict has passed away in Canada. On the contrary, there is sharp work to be done at the present moment, and we only wish we could see a clearer prospect of its being done efficiently and speedily. What we really require is not closer party organization (the great specific of the "Grit" press) but a general awaking of the political conscience of the country. It is of little avail for a party to be in the right on some main issue if it is constantly putting itself in the wrong on a number of minor questions, and, in a general way, pursuing just as weak and temporizing a course as if its moral foundations were altogether unsound. Where we see a party acting in this way, and deriving no inward strength, apparently, from its espousal of the better cause, we may safely conclude that it has espoused that cause simply as a matter of expediency, a matter of party tactics. No wonder if truth triumphs slowly through such advocacy.

The unexpressed idea in the mind of every man who tells us that party-government must be eternal is this: that men in general are too selfish and too corrupt to accept any other system; the main thing in politics must always, it is held by these high-minded individuals, be a strife for place and power, and the State must e'en take her chance between contending factions. If people who think this (and they are many) would only utter it openly, instead of darkening counsel by their sophistical platitudes about party and its abuses, we should be in a much fairer way of rising above our present low level of political morality. Party is such a venerable institution that, like the heathen temples of old and the Christian sanctuaries of the middle ages, it can give shelter and asylum to all kinds of crimes. But let men cease to talk about party in the

abstract, or as an institution, and say what they mean, namely, that there is no use in looking for honesty and disinterestedness in politics, and then perhaps this very enlightened age will begin to feel a little ashamed that such injurious allegations should be so openly made. We do not share the opinion of these cynics; we hold that a great portion of the evils from which we suffer are due to a defective political system, and to that confusion of mind on political subjects which the current language in regard to party is so well calculated to produce. The heart of the people is not so unsound as some would have us believe; and if the people make up their minds to it, they can have honest men to serve them—men who will prefer honour to office, and the sense of duty performed to personal triumphs however flattering. To preach the cessation of party strife is no doubt, at present, like crying in the wilderness, but our hope is that, like other preaching that has begun in the wilderness, it will end by converting the multitude. Stripped of all verbiage and of all subtleties, the question is simply one between good and evil; and the good must either gain on the evil, or the evil on the good. The precise equilibrium we see established at present has no warrant of perpetuity; it is simply the creation of the public opinion of the moment. In which direction then will public opinion change? Shall we see parties taking to themselves a wider and wilder license than ever, and, in their senseless animosities, trampling on the best interests of the State? Or shall the change be towards purer and more rational methods of government? Shall we see the press of the country becoming what a *free* press ought to be—just, outspoken and independent, dealing with public questions in a broad, national spirit, and with public reputations with that respect which *self*-respect invariably inspires? Or, shall we see the reverse of all this in a further development of the wretched system of "organs?" These are questions which the future has to decide, and upon the decision of which a vast amount of national prosperity may—nay must—depend. The country in which a high tone of public feeling prevails, in which government is administered with purity, and public affairs are discussed with reason, enjoys already the best kind of prosperity; and only where these moral elements of well-being abound can the material possessions and advantages of a community be turned to their best account.

SELECTIONS.

AM I MYSELF?

(*From "Judicial Dramas, or the Romance of French Criminal Law," by* HENRY SPICER.*)

IT was pleasantly remarked by a French gentleman of long descent but short means, that the antiquity of his house had at length exhausted its possessions.

Such, perhaps, was the position of the young Louis de la Pivardière, Sieur de Bouchet, destined to be the hero of a case, which, towards the end of the seventeenth century, created an

* London, Tinsley Brothers.

intense interest, and has seldom found its parallel in the records of criminal jurisprudence.

Louis de la Pivardière was the youngest of three sons of a gentleman of noble lineage, but whose possessions at his death were scarcely sufficient to provide his children with the means of an honourable subsistence.

In this position the young and handsome Louis had the good fortune, as he thought it, to captivate the affections of Madame de Chauvelin, widow of the Sieur Menon de Billy, at that time about thirty-five, and the mother of five children by her first marriage. She had a moderate estate at Narbonne, producing a fair but not abundant income. Her beauty, which was but little impaired by time, and her refined and pleasing manners, rendered her a great favourite in the society in which she moved. Her marriage with Pivardière was celebrated at the close of 1687, and for two years all went well, their domestic felicity being only interrupted by passing fits of jealousy on the part of the young husband, which, however, had no other ground than his lady's devotion to general society.

In 1689 the Arrière-ban compelled Sieur de Pivardière, as lord of Narbonne, to take his turn of service, and two years later he obtained a lieutenancy in the regiment of dragoons of St. Hermine.

By this time a certain coolness had been engendered between the pair, and the inevitable absence of Louis was endured by both with an amount of resignation hardly consistent with a real affection.

One of the most frequent and (to Madame de la Pivardière) most welcome visitors at the Château de Narbonne, was the reverend prior of the neighbouring Abbey of Miseray—a sequestered edifice nestling in the adjacent wood and accommodating only some six or eight brethren at most. The prior, as domestic chaplain, attended to celebrate mass on Saturdays at the château.

It was not very long before sharp-eyed and many-tongued scandal began to comment upon the undeniable fact that the reverend gentleman's visits were becoming far more frequent than his spiritual duties seemed to demand. Louis was aware of the existence of such a rumour, but a certain dread of that mixture of censure and ridicule which attaches to a needlessly jealous husband, induced him to close eye and ear to the growing intimacy, and to merely absent himself more than ever from the scene of his annoyance.

While travelling from place to place on pretence of military duty, but in reality for solace of his mental trouble, Louis found himself one sweet summer evening wandering in the outskirts of Auxerre. Suddenly his attention was attracted by bursts of merriment proceeding from a group of young girls engaged in some youthful game beneath the trees. On one of them especially the young soldier's eyes were fixed with a curiosity and interest he himself could hardly understand. With blue eyes sparkling with mirthful excitement, and bright brown hair waving and glistening in the chequred light, Louis felt his heart irresistibly attracted towards the fairy figure, and without further ceremony set himself to making her closer acquaintance.

He very soon discovered that she was the daughter of a lately deceased innkeeper, named Pillard, a circumstance which gave him secret pleasure as increasing the facilities for, as he hoped, making this fair prize his own.

Without a moment's delay, the infatuated young man engaged an apartment in the little inn presided over by the widow Pillard, and entered heart and soul into the enterprize he had resolved upon. We need not pursue him step by step. That he speedily established himself in the good graces of the pretty rustic need not be a matter of surprise. Handsome, graceful, accomplished, and in earnest, Louis made short work of her affections. But here his progress was stayed. As good and pure in heart as she was fair in person, his young mistress refused all overtures unsanctified with the marriage rite, and would have dismissed her lover on the spot had he not, following out the impulse he had at first conceived, and determined through all obstacles to obtain his object, acceded to her conditions.

He went through the ceremony accordingly under his family name of Bouchet; dropping that of la Pivardière, and taking every other precaution that suggested itself to him for the concealment of the mock marriage, as he had previously concealed from his victim the real one. This successfully effected, he took up his residence at the little inn, and sacrificing pride to love, fulfilled the duties of host with a frank amenity that brought augmented custom to the

house, and thus materially added to the comforts of the now happy family.

Within a twelvemonth the young wife, as she believed herself, being shortly to become a mother, it seemed needful to Louis that he should pay a brief visit to his abandoned home, and obtain, if possible, a supply of money.

Accordingly, making what excuse he might, he took horse for Narbonne, and arriving on the second day at the period of the evening meal, found a merry party assembled, and the reverend prior of Miseray dispensing the hospitalities of the château in its master's chair. At this sight and the cold greeting he received from his wife, Louis' blood began to boil, but conscience whispered in his ear a quieting word. There was no scene; and Louis, taking occasion to mention that he must rejoin his regiment, if possible, on the morrow, found his lady so obligingly anxious that no financial impediment should arise, that he was enabled to take horse next morning with a lighter heart and heavier purse than he had brought with him.

Four years now elapsed without especial incident, save that Louis' young partner brought him four children, and that he himself paid an annual visit to Narbonne, from whence he derived what supplies he could towards the support of his establishment at Auxerre. But a change was at hand.

Some of those who delight in communicating evil tidings found means to inform Madame de la Pivardière of her husband's pretended marriage, but without indicating name or place. She instantly adopted measures for verifying the statement, and had just obtained the required assurance when her husband set out on his accustomed annual visit to the château.

It would appear that all Louis' old jealousy of the prior of Miseray had revived; for halting at the village of Bourgdieu, seven leagues from Narbonne, he fell into conversation with a mason whom he knew, and remarked to him that it was his object to arrive late at the château, where he would probably meet with the prior, and would either take his life or lose his own.

No thought of his own infidelity seems to have softened the man's heart as he spurred homeward on his deadly errand. But perhaps he was of opinion with Lemaître that men, claiming for themselves virtues of the mind, exact from the other sex the less noble virtues of the body, maintaining, in fact, that man's honour is in no way allied with his chastity, while with woman honour and chastity are one and the same.

It was at sunset, on the fête of Notre Dame August 1697, that a splendid collation was taking place at Narbonne, at which many of the neighbouring gentry, who had attended the morning mass at the Château, were present with their families.

To the astonishment of all, the master of the house strode suddenly into the room, and took his seat at the table. All the guests rose and offered their salutations. His wife alone retained her seat, her countenance so expressive of scorn and pent-up anger, that a lady present could not forbear some words of condolence.

"Is it thus," she murmured "that a husband so long absent should be greeted in his own house?"

Louis overheard it.

"*Je ne suis que son mari—je ne suis pas son ami!*" ("I am only her husband—not her friend") he answered bitterly.

The mirth of the feast departed with Louis appearance. A consciousness of "something wrong" silenced everybody, and at the earliest moment good manners permitted, Louis and his resentful wife found themselves alone.

For a few minutes there reigned a gloomy silence—then the lady—rising—offered to retire to her apartment. Her husband made a movement to attend her, and, being repulsed, at once demanded to know the reason of her contempt and anger.

"Go back to your new wife," was the indignant reply, "and ask *her* the reason!"

In vain Louis attempted to deny the wrong. She refused to credit—even to listen to—any defence, and heaping on him the bitterest reproaches, ended by declaring that, in a very brief space, he should be made bitterly to repent the injury he had done her. With these ominous words she withdrew, her husband retiring to a separate chamber prepared for him by her orders.

Warned, as it subsequently appeared, by one of the maid servants that his life was not secure, so long as he remained under that roof, Louis resolved to depart, under cover of the night, and taking with him his dog and gun

abandoned his horse (which had fallen lame the previous day), his cloak, and pistols—these being likely to encumber him too much in the fatiguing foot journey he proposed to make.

It was in evidence at the trial, that he passed through Bourgdieu, that he lodged on the 17th at Chateauroux, on the 18th at the hostelry de la Cloche at Issodun, and from thence set forward towards Auxerre, where he expected to arrive at dusk.

A few days later there started into life a sinister rumour. Louis de la Pivardière had, it was affirmed, been assassinated in his own house at Narbonne! How, when, or where the report originated, was never known. One thing was certain, that it grew and spread until nothing else was spoken of in the vicinity of the supposed murder, while all went on as usual in the château, and its mistress appeared in public with her accustomed grace and smiles, and a demeanour perfectly unruffled.

But one fine day there appeared at the gate of Narbonne the police-lieutenant of Chatillon, in attendance on the Procureur du Roi, and an enquiry followed.

Fifteen witnesses were examined. Some of whom, resident in the neighbourhood of the château, deposed to having heard a shot fired during the night of the supposed murder.

Madame de la Pivardière was thereupon ordered into custody. But the lady had fled. It was ascertained that she had removed from the château all that was most valuable and easy of transport, and taken refuge herself in the house of her friend, Madame d'Anneuil, pending the issue of the inquiry.

It was no convincing proof of guilt that she should have avoided the storm about to burst on her head. The innocent are often timid: she had reason, moreover, to believe that the lieutenant was no friend to the prior of Miseray, and ignorant as she was of her husband's place of concealment, she was unable to refute at once the calumny.

But the astounding circumstance was, that her two maids, Marguerite Mercier and Catherine Le Moine, being arrested, gave a precise and detailed narrative of the murder of the missing gentleman!

The former, Mercier, her mistress's godchild, and a great favourite, stated that Madame de la Pivardière, having got rid of all who might suspect her, introduced two male servants into her husband's chamber, by whose hands he was there and then put to death.

The second maid declared that she had been sent out of the way, and only returned when the murder was just accomplished.

The little Mdlle. Pivardière, aged nine, declared that in the middle of the night she had heard her father's voice exclaiming, "Ah, my God! have pity on me!"

A third servant, Jaquette Riflé, denied all knowledge of the assassination.

The first, Mercier, being ill and in danger of death, before receiving the last sacraments, confirmed her former deposition, and added that the prior of Miseray had assisted at the murder, and had dealt the last fatal blow!

There is perhaps nothing more inexplicable in criminal records, than the conduct of these two women, supposing that their testimony was false. They had no grudge against their mistress, who treated them with the kindest indulgence, and, in fact, had everything to lose—nothing to gain—by contributing to her ruin.

It was believed by some that a murder had really been committed, but upon the person of the servant of De la Pivardière, whom his master, under some feeling of distrust, had caused to occupy his bed, he himself escaping in the night, and that next day, on discovering her mistake, Madame de la Pivardière had, with the aid of the prior, buried the body of the murdered valet in the garden. This, it was suggested, accounted for the confidence of her denials, when charged with the murder of her husband. But there was no evidence of any kind to give reality to this hypothesis, and it was at least certain that M. de la Pivardière had brought no servant with him to the château.

The lieutenant now visited Narbonne, and instituted a close inquiry relative to some traces of blood found on the floor of M. de la Pivardière's apartment, but without result.

Meanwhile the lady had petitioned the "Chambre des Vacations" to cause a fresh process to be issued before another judge than he of Chatillon, and that search might be made for her missing but living husband. Her case was accordingly referred to the judge of Remorentin.

She herself pressed the search with the greatest perseverance, and no long time elapsed before he was actually discovered in his humble home at Auxerre. When informed that he was sought for by his wife, the idea that he was to be arrested and tried for bigamy, presented itself at once to his mind. He took to flight. Overtaken at Flavigny, he, for the first time, learned the real state of affairs, and now his apprehensions on his own account were lost in anxiety for his wife.

He returned to Auxerre, and we may imagine the painful scene that ensued when he found himself compelled to avow his true position to the gentle loving woman who had believed herself his wife.

As for the latter, with a nobility of soul hardly to be expected under circumstances so trying, far from giving way to hatred against the man who had wronged her, and jealousy against the woman who was to take him from her, she did her best to comfort her mock-husband, and incite him to proceed, without the delay of an instant, to the succour of his legitimate wife.

De la Pivardière followed her generous counsel, and without an hour's delay executed a formal declaration before two notaries, confirming his own existence. He wrote to his wife and to his brother, and this done, started for Narbonne, where he found the château a scene of indescribable confusion, the perquisitions of the police, and the unauthorized intrusion of curious strangers, having reduced it to the condition of a house sacked by a mob.

Shocked at the disturbance of which he had been the unconscious cause, he proceeded forthwith to the judge of Remorentin, and demanded a formal and legal recognition ; after which, accompanied by that official, he repaired to Luce, not far from Narbonne, where he was immediately recognized by at least a dozen people, the fact being admitted by the police who had the case in hand.

From Luce they proceeded to Jeumaloches, and, entering the church during divine service on St. Anthony's day, the appearance of the missing man so excited the assembly, that vespers were for some minutes suspended, every one gazing at him with distended eyes and quickened pulse, as though looking upon one really returned from the tomb.* Later in the day more than two hundred witnesses, including many persons of high consideration, testified on oath to his identity, and subsequently his little daughter, her nurse, the clergy and gentry of Miseray, and numerous others, recognized the returned man.

One would have thought that such a mass of evidence would have set the question at rest. Far from it. The contest was only now beginning. The law appeared to consider that if the Sieur de la Pivardière was not murdered and buried, he certainly *ought* to have been, and declined to accept the contrary without much more satisfactory proof than that supplied by the reappearance of the murdered individual among his congratulating friends.

The Lieutenant of Chatillon at once bestirred himself, and, proceeding to Narbonne, ordered a strict search to be made in the grounds and lake for the body. While thus engaged, the Sieur de la Pivardière himself joined the busy party, and laughingly accosted the magistrate—

"Do not trouble yourselves, Messieurs," he said, "to hunt at the bottom of any lake for what you may find on the bank."

The lieutenant directed one scared look at the speaker, then, springing on his horse, departed at full gallop, amidst the cheers and laughter of De la Pivardière's friends.

To his friend, Monsieur Denyan, the advocate, the lieutenant apologized for his flight, on the ground that he really believed that he was looking on the spectre of the missing man.

"But why avoid it?" asked Denyan, coolly. "A magistrate should be proof against such impulses. This—hem—phantom came only to demand revenge, and to show you where to seek its mangled frame. Such a prodigy might perhaps surprise, but should not startle you. Instead of galloping away, my good sir, you should have drawn up a procès-verbal on the spot. The discovery of the shade of De la Pivardière beside the lake was surely the most convincing proof of his decease!"

The Sieur, accompanied by the judge of Remorentin, now visited the prison, and presented himself to the two maid-servants who had re-

* Those who have read Charles Reade's powerful novel, "Griffith Grant," will be struck with the similarity of the leading incidents.

lated his murder. To the surprise of every one, they positively denied his identity, pointing out the difference they professed to discover between their visitor and their master.

It was imagined that the Lieutenant of Chatillon had prompted this denial. He had kept the women up to this time in close confinement, without external communication, and he now protested strongly against the visit of the judge of Remorentin.

The Sieur now visited an Ursuline convent. and was recognized by his two sisters and the lady Abbess. All his family unhesitatingly acknowledged him, and detained him among them for three weeks, during which period the Remorentin judge prepared a procès-verbal embodying these facts, and this being signed by De la Pivardière, it might be supposed that his difficulties were over. Not so. The tyranny of form prevailed still against reason and reality.

The irrepressible lieutenant resolved to continue his investigation of this murder of a living man. He managed to obtain from the Attorney-General an order of Court, staying the proceedings of the judge of Remorentin, and ordering a new and superior inquiry. The prior of Miseray was arrested, and placed—contrary to custom—in irons, pending the process. The Sieur de la Pivardière took part in the latter, as representing his wife, and in the first place demanded a safe-conduct for four months (protecting himself thus against process for the bigamy), and that the letters &c., he had written since the date of his alleged assassination, might be compared with those preceding that date.

The pleadings were sufficiently curious, but would weary the patience of any reader, unless one were found who could take a professional interest in the intricacies of old French law.

De la Pivardière's counsel of course dwelt strongly upon the overwhelming evidence that established their client's identity; while, as regards the depositions of the two maids, their contradictions and retractations were pointed out with great perspicuity, and at inordinate length, seeing that the closing argument simply asserted that their testimony to the murder *must* be worthless, the victim having returned.

This rather reminds one of the French prefêt, who, being censured for not receiving a royal visitor with the customary salute, adduced a whole catalogue of reasons, ending with that not immaterial one, that there were neither cannon nor powder in the town.

The counsel concluded by attributing the trouble and calumny heaped upon Madame de la Pivardière to two great causes, an injurious cabal, and the mystery which her husband had, to hide his own misdoing, flung around his recent life.

After a plea of equal length from the opposite side, still adhering to the non-identity of De la Pivardière, the Court (July 23, 1698) issued a most verbose and elaborate decree, the substance whereof was to the effect that, further proceedings being judged necessary, the prisoners should be conveyed to Chartres, and M. de la Pivardière be placed in immediate arrest, with the view of setting the question of identity at rest for ever.

This decree, which puts the innocent, as it were, in the place of guilt, was not in effect prejudicial to his interests, since a judgment in his favour, without such previous inquiry, would have been void.

The presence of De la Pivardière was imperative, and since (having failed of his safe conduct) he refused to appear, compulsion was necessary. Besides, his very absence favoured the imputation of imposture.

On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that at this time bigamy was a capital offence, and though the records of love can boast of many an example of men sacrificing their lives for their mistresses, those of marriage are almost barren of such instances.

In this difficulty help came from an unexpected quarter. De la Pivardière's noble second wife hastened to Versailles. and, aided by some persons about the king, petitioned the latter for the required protection for the husband who was about to abandon her.

Louis Quatorze was not the monarch to be wholly insensible to beauty in grief! He raised the fair suppliant from her knees, with the gallant remark:

"Une fille, faite comme vous, meritait un meilleur sort."

And, having inquired into the particulars, granted an immediate safe-conduct for three months—in terms so ample that—as some one observed at the time—the Sieur de la Pivar-

dière might, if so disposed, have gone through the whole gamut of crime, short of treason, without any one daring to interpose, until the period for which it was granted had expired. As things were, the protection was several times renewed.

Thus provided, the Sieur gave himself up a voluntary prisoner, at Fort l'Evêque, Paris, September 1st. 1698.

The matter became at this time more than ever complicated by the death of the Lieutenant of Chatillon, whose heirs, from motives of respect to his memory, felt it their duty to continue the process he had originated.

Upon the second trial a large and distinguished bar appeared on either side, and gigantic efforts were made to increase the mystery—efforts so successful that it was not until the 14th June, 1701, that this extraordinary case came to an end.

The final judgment, after duly reciting the foregoing proceedings, decreed in favour of De la Pivardière, acquitting all those placed in arrest during the process, and condemning Marguerite Mercier (her fellow servant, Le Moine, had died during the process) to make the public "amende honorable" in the usual form as a false witness denying "in a loud and intelligible voice" her slanderous assertions, after which she was to be publicly whipped and branded with a fleur-de-lys on the right shoulder, thereafter to be banished, her goods being forfeited to the crown.

Whatever may have been the private wrong and suffering inflicted in this strange case, it was not without benefit to the Commonwealth, many questions theretofore of legal uncertainty having been definitively set at rest. A list of fifteen of such decisions were issued to the judges of the various courts, and became thenceforth indisputable law.

The Sieur de la Pivardière did not long survive this event in their lives.

The Sieur, still cherishing his old jealousy, having only consulted his own honour and the safety of his wife in the recent proceeding, refused to return to his home. He, however, revisited the noble-hearted woman who had come to his rescue, only to bid her farewell. It would be difficult to realize the mingled love and grief of such a parting.

De la Pivardière subsequently obtained through his relation, the Duc de la Feuillade, a semi-military employ, in which he was killed while leading his brigade against a large band of "contrebandiers."

Nearly at the same time his lady was found dead in her bed from natural causes, at the château.

The prior Miseray, who had long since ceased to visit at the latter place, died in high esteem, at a very advanced age.

It is pleasant to be able to state that the generous second wife was destined to see many days of peace and prosperity. She was twice married, lived for many years after the events above recorded, and enjoyed the well-deserved esteem of all who knew her, and were acquainted with the strange history in which she alone appears to advantage.

EUTHANASIA.

(*From* SCOFFERN'S *Stray Leaves of Science and Folk-Lore.*)

THE change from this scene of existence to the next is usually heralded by suffering and pain, insomuch that dying has come to be regarded as the extreme of calamities.

Usually the animated machine clogs, and in mid-career is disarranged, then struggles before coming to the pause which is death, long before the component parts of it are so far worn or altered as to be unfitted to the functions of vitality.

Few of mankind can be said to die of old age pure and simple; fewer still of non-human animals. Disease or violence or accident precipitate commonly the issue. For man, disease

is the normal rule of death, violence and accident the exception. For non-human animals, conditions are reversed; comparatively few die naturally. In fish the chances in favour of natural death sink to the lowest level. Fish eat each other without compunction, heedless of consanguinity or species similarity.

Violent death may well be called the *natural* death of fishes; and perhaps this way of going out of the world in their case has important consequences in nature's economy. If terrestrial animals were to die naturally and to remain unburied, the atmosphere would soon become so contaminated, that no living creature could long breathe it and live. It is known that putrefactive decomposition takes place in fresh water at least as readily as it does in air; and although the saline materials of sea-water *do* check putrefaction to some extent, yet they are not in quantity sufficient to prevent it wholly; wherefore the cannibal propensities of fish may be a wise provision of nature for keeping the waters pure.

Though life-duration, regarded as to the individual, is most uncertain, nobody being able to form the vaguest notion of the hour of his decease, yet considered as to the species, the period of life-duration can be estimated with much certainty. Were it otherwise, the practice of remunerative life-assurance could not obtain. In a general way the rule has been established, that the normal life-duration of an animal is directly proportionate to the time occupied by it in coming to the extreme of growth. To this, however, there are so many exceptions, that they almost invalidate the rule. Thus ravens die extremely old; so do parrots; both having been known to attain ages beyond a hundred years; yet neither parrots nor ravens are slow of growth.

From very ancient times there has been a traditionary belief in the long life of deer—even hundreds of years. The Egyptians in their hieroglyphic code chose the deer for their symbol of longevity. From the Egyptians the belief passed down to the Romans, and thence to our own times.

In no part of the world is belief in the longevity of deer more firmly fixed than in the Highlands. It is not asserted by Scottish Highlanders that the lives of deer *in general* are immoderately long, something like twenty-five years being assigned for the usual term of existence of a red deer. The Highland belief is, that certain old stags are endowed with a magic vitality; that they are a sort of wizard stags. Of these weird creatures numerous tales are told. Take, for example, the following:—

In the year 1826, the late Glengarry, when hunting in the garth of Glengarry, shot a fine stag, which was seen to have a certain mark on the left ear. A gillie coming up said it was the mark of Ewen-Mac-Ian Og. Five other gillies coincided, and they all agreed that Ewen-Mac-Ian Og had been dead one hundred and fifty years. The tradition had been handed down that this old chieftain for thirty years before his death had marked with this particular brand all the calf-deer he could lay hands upon. Assuming the mark on this particular deer to have been authentic, then the animal's age could not have been less than a hundred and fifty, and it *might* have been a hundred and eighty years.

The anecdote is narrated by Mr. Scrope, who, however, suggests that the old forester's mark was known to the hillmen, and had been by them imitated. Hundreds of Highland traditions might be cited in regard to the alleged longevity of deer. The belief has always prevailed in the Highlands, and hence a certain Gaelic proverb, which stands thus translated into English:—

> 'Thrice the age of a dog is that of a horse,
> Thrice the age of a horse is that of a man,
> Thrice the age of a man is that of a deer,
> Thrice the age of a deer is that of an eagle,
> Thrice the age of an eagle is that of an oak-tree.'

What may be considered the normal age of man, the age to which the human mechanism might be expected to endure but for disease, accident, or other collateral interference? Threescore years and ten is the scriptural answer; but without irreverence we may easily assume that the scriptural statement contemplated the probability of disease, of accident, of one or another amongst the extraneous causes which in by far the majority of cases terminates human life; not allowing *euthanasia*, or death from actual wearing out of the animal mechanism, to supervene.

The physiologist Blumenbach came to the conclusion that there is no period which can be said to be entitled by its frequency and marked

regularity to be considered the natural term of advanced old age. Trying to determine this point, he consulted all the bills of mortality he could gain access to, and the conclusion he was able to arrive at was, that in Europe no inconsiderable number of individuals reach their 85th year, but few get beyond it; that farther, from one or other cause, only one in every seventy-eight human beings in a thousand can be said to die in the condition of euthanasia. Blumenbach, it is worthy of remark, died in the beginning of 1840, aged eighty-eight, having retained his faculties to the last. He continued to lecture up to a few days before his death, and with the spirit and humour that had always been his wont Hufeland was of opinion that, were it not for disease or accident, or other extraneous cause, the natural term of man's existence, ending in euthanasia, might be fixed at about two hundred years. He considered the assertion strengthened by its agreement with the proportion between the time of growth and the duration of life. An animal, according to Hufeland, lives eight times as long as it grows; and the growth of man can be hardly looked upon as complete until twenty-five. According to this calculation, the term of human euthanasia would of course be two hundred years.

Hufeland occupied by no means a solitary position among physiologists in respect to this conclusion. Blumenbach was of the same opinion; so was Buffon. Those who uphold this belief have much to advance in support of it. Take almost any extreme case of old age of which records are extant, and it will be found that death came through the operation of some extraneous cause. Take the case of Old Parr, for instance, who died at one hundred and fifty-two. We shall find he did not actually *wear* out; he was killed by kindness.

Who of us, having arrived at the age of one hundred and fifty-two, would mind dying under the perpetration of such kindness as I find recorded in a certain ancient book entitled *The Old, Old, very Old Man*, being a chronicle of Mr. Parr's last days? From the account in this book, it seems that the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, being in Shropshire, heard of the venerable Mr. Parr; 'when,' states my record, 'his lordship was pleased to see him, and in his innate noble and Christian piety, he took him into his charitable tuition and protection, commanding that a litter and two horses be provided for him; also that a daughter-in-law of his (named Lucy) should likewise attend him, and have a horse for her own riding with him. And to cheer up the old man and make him merry, there was an antique-faced fellow called Jack, or John the Fool, that had also a horse for his carriage. These all were to be brought out of the country to London by easy journeys; the charges being allowed by his lordship, and likewise one of his honour's own servants, named Brian Kelly, to ride on horseback with them, and to attend and defray all manner of reckonings and expenses; all of which was done as followeth.'

Then comes the itinerary. How Master Parr was received in this town and that is minutely recorded; how Master Kelly 'had much to do to keep the people off that pressed upon him in all places where he came; yet at Coventry he was most opprest; for they came in such multitudes to see the old man, that those that defended him were almost quite tired and spent, and the aged man in danger to have been stifled.'

Arrived at London, Master Parr was sumptuously lodged, profusely and delicately fed He became a court lion, dividing the regards of sight-seers of Charles I.'s court with a giant and a dwarf, also under royal patronage; all three, as I gather from the curious old book from which these particulars are taken, court pensioners. There seems to have been a court poet in those days, whose name has passed into oblivion. He printed an effusion to celebrate the three court prodigies; the opening lines of this effort of genius are as follow:

'Of subjects, my dread liege, 'tis manifest
You have the old'st, the greatest, and the least;
That for an old, a great, and a little man,
No kingdom, sure, compare with Britain can.'

They lodged Master Parr sumptuously. they fed him delicately. It killed him. Abundant meat and generous wines failed to agree with one who throughout life had eaten very little animal food, and who, though indulging in ale occasionally, had seldom tasted wine. He died at the mature age of one hundred and fifty-two, but not of pure old age, the condition of euthanasia. Harvey, the celebrated anatomist, who dissected Master Parr's body, found in it no

signs of natural decay. And here it may not be inopportunely stated, that when Master Parr had outlived a century by some years, a certain youthful indiscretion brought on him the penalty of doing church-penance in a white sheet!

Speculating on the average age of mankind, and animals in general, some have expressed surprise that the organism should wear out at all, seeing that the materials of it are so constantly replenished; others, on the contrary, have wondered that the mechanism should last so long as it ordinarily does.

In reference to the former, it has been said that every part of a living animal's body undergoes renewal once in about three months; but this is not strictly correct. Every *soft* part of the body may, indeed probably *does*, come under that process of regeneration in the time specified, gelatine or the soft portion of the bones inclusive. The composition of our bodies alters with age, notwithstanding. During life something goes on comparable to the furring of a tea-kettle or the fouling of a steam-boiler. Hard earthy concretions deposit in the heart, impeding its movements; in the arteries, impairing the elasticity needful to their vital functions. Vainly are the soft portions of our bodies renovated, whilst those earthy depositions continue to be formed. The longer we live the more brittle do we grow. Young children can fall about, rarely breaking their bones; whereas old people often fracture their limbs by the mere exertion of turning in bed.

Bearing in mind the fact, that as we grow older we become more brittle, this is explained; and being explained, shall we not marvel that life's fire burns so long? Consider what the animal machine has to do to keep itself alive and going, the heart above all. Taking an average of different ages, the human heart may be considered to beat one hundred thousand times in the twenty-four hours. A human adult may be considered to hold from fifty to sixty pounds of blood; and this has to be kept in continuous motion by the pulsating heart to the very end of life. The mechanical labour is enormous. Were a mechanician to devise a machine of ordinary materials for overcoming the weight of fifty or sixty pounds, as happens to the blood, repairs would be incessant, the machine would soon wear out.

I do not know how it happens that, when an illustration of extreme old age is in question, we all recur to Master Parr. He was an old man certainly, a *very* old man; but by no means the oldest of whom authentic records exist. Old Jenkins beats him. Of Jenkins more anon. The very oldest man I can find account of is Thomas Carn, who, according to the parish-register of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, died 28th January, 1588, æt. two hundred and seven. He was born in the reign of Richard II. in 1381. He lived in the reigns of ten sovereigns, viz., Richard II., Henries IV., V. and VI., Richard III., Henries VII. and VIII., Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth.

Some years ago, when Parliament had closed and London was deserted—when the silly season, as newspaper-people call it, had fairly set in—the leading journal admitted to its columns a series of letters, the general purport of which was to cast a doubt on records of extreme longevity. Could it be demonstrated that, since the existence of scriptural patriarchs, any man or any woman had completed a hundred years?

Such was the general question; and much argument was expended to prove the negative. Amongst others reasons for disbelieving the statements of persons of extreme age, their failure of memory was insisted on; also a certain pride of age, that dawns and dominates, just like the pride of youth at earlier epochs of life. Deferring to these arguments in their general application, it is still impossible to set aside the precise testimony of certain cases. However easy it would be for a supra-centenarian to tell an untruth, or to make a mistake, as to the bare statement of age, it would not be easy—rather would it be impossible—for him to make the bare statement consist with cross-questioning founded upon consideration of events and historical periods. The extreme age of Jenkins—he died at one hundred and sixty-nine—is attested by the following line of, as it would seem, unimpeachable evidence.

Henry Jenkins is said to have been born at Bolton-upon-Swale, Yorkshire, in 1500, and to have followed the active employment of fisherman for about a hundred and forty years. Being produced as a witness on a trial at the Yorkshire assizes, to prove a contested right of way, he swore to near one hundred and fifty years' memory, during all which time he said he remembered the right of way. 'Beware what

you are swearing,' said the judge ; 'there are two men in the court each above eighty—they have both sworn they have known *no such* right of way.'

'Those men,' replied Jenkins, 'are boys to me.' Upon which the judge inquired of those men how old they took Jenkins to be. Their answer was, they knew Jenkins very well, but not his age ; for that he was a *very* old man when they were boys.

Here, then, we have evidence of the great age of this patriarch,—evidence, so far as it goes, of the most satisfactory kind ; educed, as it was, from the testimony of those who, being in a certain sense antagonists, can hardly be assumed to have gone out of their way to enhance his antiquity. Evidence equally satisfactory and more precise, as it goes to fix his age *exactly*, was elicited by judicial cross-questioning founded on comparison of historical dates. Being brought before a court of law to give evidence, he testified to one hundred and twenty years : having been born before parish-registers were kept, these only having been established by the 30th of Henry VIII.

This seemed so extraordinary that Jenkins was cross-questioned with reference to historical occurrences. What remarkable battle or event had happened in his memory? 'Flodden Field,' said Jenkins : 'I being then turned twelve years of age.' How did he live? 'By thatching and salmon-fishing. I was thatching when served with your subpœna, and can dub a hook with any man in Yorkshire.'

Reference to Flodden Field brought more cross-questioning. His reply was consistent, and still more confirmatory. When eleven or twelve years old, he said, he was sent to Northallerton in the North Riding, with a horse-load of arrows to be used in the battle of Flodden Field. From Northallerton the arrows were sent on to the field of battle by a bigger boy, all the men being employed getting-in the harvest. The battle of Flodden Field was fought September 9th, 1513.

Being farther questioned, Jenkins said that he had been butler to Lord Conyers of Hornby Castle, when Marmaduke Brodelay, lord abbot of Fountains, did frequently visit his lord, and drink a hearty glass with him ; that his lord often sent him to inquire how the abbot did, who always sent for him to his lodgings, and, after ceremonies, besides wassal (a liquor made from apples, sugar, and ale), ordered him a quarter of a yard of roast beef for his dinner (for that monasteries did deliver their guests' meat by measure) and a great black-jack of strong drink.

Being next questioned whether he remembered the dissolution of religious houses, he said, 'Very well ;' that he was between thirty and forty years old when the order came to dissolve those in Yorkshire ; that great lamentation was made, and the county all in a tumult when the monks were turned out. After this sort of evidence it will be impossible, I think, to refuse credence to this *very* old man's tale.

Is growing old an art to be acquired? is it a matter of eating, drinking, and avoiding? These are amongst the questions that people, desirous of growing *very* old, will not fail to propose to themselves. And thus may we reply: Viability, or the capacity of living long, wrote somebody, is an inheritance. Like talent, it may be cultivated ; like talent, it may be perverted ; but it exists independent of all cultivation. Some men have a talent for long life. Longevity tends to be hereditary. M. Charles Lejoncourt, in his *Galerie des Centenaires*, publishes some curious examples. He cites a day-labourer, who died at one hundred and eight ; his father having lived to one hundred and four, and his grandfather to one hundred and eight. His daughter, then living, had arrived at eighty. In another page of M. Lejoncourt's treatise, we find a saddler whose grandfather died at one hundred and twelve, his father at one hundred and thirteen, and he himself at one hundred and fifteen. This man, two years before his death, being asked by Louis XIV. how he had managed to live so long?—'Sire,' said he, 'by acting on two principles since I was fifty ; the principles of keeping my wine-cellar open and my heart shut.'

A more surprising illustration of hereditary longevity is furnished by John Golembiewski, a Pole. In 1846 this man was living, aged one hundred and two. His father died at one hundred and twenty-one, his grandfather at one hundred and thirty. This Pole had been eighty years a common soldier. He had served in thirty-five campaigns under Napoleon ; had even survived the terrible Russian campaign in spite of five wounds.

We perceive, then, that capacity for living to very old age tends to be hereditary. It is a talent, so to speak, and, like other talents, it may be developed or abused. If the question be proposed, By what regimen longevity may be most subserved,—the answer would be, A temperate regimen. The reply is indefinite; not one whit more precise than are the circumstances that make a *bonâ fidè* traveller.

I cannot discover in the annals of extreme old age any sort of testimony favourable to the views of total abstainers. As little does the faculty of long life comport with excess, either in food or drink. Gluttony and drunkenness are both unfavourable to longevity; but gluttony, as it would seem, in a higher degree than alcoholic drinking. Buffon places the mountainous districts of Scotland in the very first rank for longevity, and we all know that John Highlandman is *not* a teetotaller. Whether total-abstinence people would like to argue, that though John Highlandman lives long, yet but for 'whisky' he would live longer still, I know not. To support that argument they might adduce St. Mungo, otherwise called Kentigern, founder of the bishopric of Glasgow. This worthy is said to have lived to one hundred and eighty-five, eleven years older than Jenkins, thirty-three years the senior of Old Parr.

In respect to sex, I do not find that women figure as supra-centenarians in any way comparable to men. Old women of eighty-five or ninety are plentiful enough, but not antique women—female old Parrs and Jenkinses. This rather unsettles the somewhat common belief—or is it a petulant outburst only?—that old women never die.

Married life or celibacy—what shall we say? Unfortunately I can come to no conclusion at all; worse, a conclusion I come *near* to is opposed to the belief of wiser men than I. Nowaday insurance actuaries tell us that the married state is favourable in the highest degree to longevity; but how is this to be reconciled with the case of St. Mungo, who died at the astounding age of one hundred and eighty-five? Being a saint, *of course* he was a celibate; a standing proof of old bachelordom vitality.

One swallow makes not a summer: I fancy most of the antique people whose records I have scanned were, in some sense, married. Mr. Parr was so little of a celibate, that, arrived at the age of one hundred and five, they made him undergo penance at church, as we already know, to atone for a youthful indiscretion; setting him up as an example to be avoided by other young men.

Thus it seems that, fearfully and wonderfully made, the chances of dying from the effects of mere old age—the condition of euthanasia—are so much against us as well nigh to bar the hope. On the most favourable computation, it only happens to one in a thousand; and out of that thousand, the one can only belong to some seventy-seven or seventy-eight.

Is euthanasia—death without disease—coming when life has been prolonged to the uttermost, a result to be desired? Perhaps not. The optimist, believing all things to be for the best, must fain believe not.

When hearing fails, and taste flags, and sight grows dim; when memory of things past mingles, wavering, with visioned thoughts of the change to come; when the lifelong-palpitating heart pauses in its beat as if worn and weary,—is it not better then that the silver string should be cut in twain, and the pitcher broken at the well?

ART AND MORALITY.

From Macmillan's Magazine for October.

SPINOSA says somewhere that our passions all imply confusion of thought; and of course he proves this with all the parade of geometrical method which is so satisfying to some and so tedious to others. But everybody can verify the aphorism for himself by observing that he becomes calm as soon as he can attend to what it is that has disturbed him. And this suggests that passion and art must be enemies, so far as passion is a temptation, and so far as art is perfect; for certainly everyone would agree that it is a perfection of art to present, and therefore to conceive, its subject as clearly and as adequately as may be. The subject of the Epithalamium of Mallius, or of the Vigil of Venus, is full in one sense of danger to mora-

lity, but the danger is that our feeling for the subject should be too strong for the poetry which inspired it, that we should abandon ourselves to a blind glow of pleasurable emotion and lose sight of the vivid train of clear, articulate images which set our hearts on fire at first. And there is another safeguard to morality; perfect art must be more than adequate, it must be satisfactory; it is condemned by its own standard till it can produce a type which can be contemplated upon all sides and throughout all time. The situation of Maggie Tulliver, in the boat with her cousin's betrothed, has many elements of artistic beauty; it is romantic, intense, and elevated; but it is not satisfactory ideally because it is not satisfactory morally: like Maggie, we cannot forget the beginning, we cannot but look forward to the end. It is well that the dream should be broken; though the voyage on the flood to Tom and to death has less charm, it has more peace; the imagination can dwell upon it. The new pagan treatment of the Tannhäuser legend seems capable of a more musical intensity than the traditional Christian treatment, yet it can hardly be doubted that Heine was right on purely artistic grounds in giving up this intensity, and following his own temper, and turning all to irony. Mr. Swinburne has to undertake the impossible task of reconciling us to the thought of a Hell, too intensely realized to be poetical; the knight has to promise that he will remember and rejoice in Venus there—we could not have believed it of a saint. Perfect art does not deal in paradoxes. This carries us a step further. In order that art may be adequate and satisfactory it must be sane and rational, it must be the expression not of revolt but of harmony, it must assume and reflect an ideal order in the world. The impulse of revolt is strong both in Byron and Shelley, and they are among the greatest of poets, but the law holds good in them. The grandest canto of Childe Harold is the last, where despair and disdain are passing into a calm that at least is half-resigned. Shelley's anguish for himself and for mankind goes off incessantly into mere shrieking whenever it takes the form of a revolt against the tyranny of kings and priests, it becomes musical again when it blends with the mute sorrow of "the World's Wanderers," and becomes a voice in the universal chorus of the whole creation that groaneth and travaileth in pain together. It is not required of art to be cheerful, neither is it required of morality as such. Marcus Aurelius and George Eliot present "altruism" under a form that makes the Epicurean burden—"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die"—glad tidings of great joy to flesh and blood. But though George Eliot's fascination is painful, it is complete, there is nothing to disgust and emancipate us: for her art rests upon the acknowledgment of an order to which all must be subject whether they will or no, though the order exists for other ends than the happiness, or even the perfection, of the creatures under it. We need not inquire whether such a morality is enough for life, but, in its obedience, art finds perfect freedom. Or rather, absolute art is not subject to absolute morality, but both are expressions of one ideal order which must always be conceived as holy, just, and good, though it is not always conceived as giving life and peace.

The art which is always claiming to be emancipated from morality is not the absolute art; perhaps the morality which it rebels against is hardly the absolute morality. The practical question has to be discussed on a lower level, but it is not to be dismissed as though the art which comes into conflict with morality were spurious because it is not the highest. True, the perfections of art are its safeguards, but art may be so much without being perfect. Its perfection exists rather for itself than for us, though we rejoice in it afar off; what we need is that it should be stimulating, and this too is what the artist needs, for he too is of the same clay as we. Like us, he desires fresher emotions than the ordinary round of life supplies, though this too has a satisfaction of its own for those who cherish its affections. And the craving which is occasional with us is habitual with him. He refuses the false gratification that might be found for it if he would make virtue always culminate in some kind of Lord Mayor's Show; life loses such flavour as it has in the attempt to make it just a little better, a little easier and a little prettier. If the artist will not idealize ordinary life by falsifying it, and cannot idealize it in the light of the higher law, or sustain himself upon the level of ideal action, it remains for him to go beyond the world since he cannot rise above it. He tries to escape from the hackneyed routine of domestic duties and feli-

cities into an unsatisfactory fairy-land of extreme passions, of untried desires, of unfettered impulses, working themselves out within the exciting complexities of abnormal situations. Since he cannot have the true ideal, and will not put up with the false, he demands the whole range of the real, and chooses to be always gleaning on the outskirts of possibility. The lust of the flesh and the lust of the eye and the pride of life are not really ideal, but they have their ideal moments (or they could not tempt us), and there comes a time when art finds it hard to part with one of these. The only justification that has yet been put forward for the persistent attempt to pluck the "flowers of evil" is that the artist shares the general dislike to their fruit, and that, whether he plucks or no, the world is sure to wear them. There are very few like John Foster, to whom almost all art, especially all classical art, was essentially immoral because it nourished the pride of life: art that appeals merely to curiosity or to the extreme sense of beauty is always thought safe and respectable; when we speak of immoral art we mean art that deals with sensual impulses, or rouses rebellion against the order of society; perhaps too there are many who object to the first because it results in the second. And even on this point public opinion is rather emphatic than clear. It would be hard to find a popular definition of literary immorality which would not condemn the episode of Paolo and Francesca; it is almost as if Dante had come to curse them, and lo! he blessed them altogether: they are always together, and they always love; there are more who could learn to look to such a hell with yearning than choose to enter the purgatory of Gerontius. The Laureate may seem as unimpeacheable on this score as Dante, yet it is hard not to think Aylmer's Field an immoral poem. The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God, and the only outcome of Aylmer's Field is the wrath of man. We have an evil action represented in an evil spirit; if we are not to condemn this, how are we to condemn such a poem as "The Leper," *à priori*, merely because Mr. Swinburne follows Luther's maxim, *pecca fortiter?* In truth, the question within what limits it is safe to pursue "art for art," is hardly one that could be asked in an ideal state of things. Then art would be continually enriched by life, and life illuminated by art. It never occurred to Shakespeare, or Titian, or Leonardo, that the choice of Hercules lay between life and art: art in its supreme epochs has always been nourished and exalted by the chastened or unchastened pride of life. When we speak of choosing art for art, we acknowledge that the pride of life does not need any longer to be mortified, because it is dead. When life and art are parted,

"Stratus humi palmes viduas desiderat ulmos."

But the gleaning of the vintage still is sweet; only when a man has renounced the rewards of life for art, he has not escaped its obligations; if any were mad enough to lose his soul for art, he would find he had lost art too. We cannot expect an ideal answer to a question which it is a misfortune to have to ask. Artists who have not attained the vision of eternal and ideal beauty have no right to an ideal liberty, and we have no right to try their work by an ideal standard till we have tried ourselves. Every one must apply as he can the principle that all art is lawful for a man which can be produced or enjoyed within the limits of a safe and wholesome life. When we know that Etty lived quietly and soberly with his sister, and was grateful to her for finding him respectable models, we know that he had succeeded for himself in finding a true relation between morality and art. Yet we should think hardly of a man who collected exclusively what Etty produced exclusively. An idle man might get all the pleasure from Etty's pictures that they can give, and that is not a safe pleasure for an idle man, but the pictures themselves were the work of honest labour—and *qui laborat 'orat.* The safeguard that the artist has in the very necessity of working we may bring from our own work, and then we shall be most likely to find it anew in strenuous sympathy with his. To the pure all things are pure; it is recorded of one of the best public men of America that even the *ballet* always filled him with religious rapture.

It is fortunate to possess such a temper, it would be silly and dangerous to aim at it; individuals must be guided by their own desire for virtue, and by the consent of virtuous and cultivated men. It is suggestive to observe that the limits of their toleration vary according to the medium in which the artist works.

In music there are hardly any limits at all; we can hardly imagine such a thing as a melody immoral in itself, though there are melodies which do not seem profaned when fitted to immoral words. Plastic art has less liberty, yet even here almost everything is permitted short of the direct instigation of the senses to rebellion; it is impossible to draw the line earlier when we have once sanctioned the representation of the nude. After all, Eye Gate does not lead far into the town of Mansoul. It is only when we come to the literature that the conflict becomes serious, and that honest artists wish to handle matters which honest men of the world wish to suppress. This points to a distinction which is not without practical value. Literature is the most complex form of art, the form which touches reality at most points, and therefore the mind passes most easily from literature back to life. And, therefore, what is dangerous in life is dangerous in literature, though it may be innocent in other forms of art which in themselves are more intense. The first impression of a great picture, or a great symphony, is more vivid than the first impression of a great poem; it is, at the same time, more definite and more completely determined by the intention of the artist. A great picture, a great symphony are in one way infinitely complex, but both take their key-note from a single movement of the subject. Few subjects are too unsatisfactory to present at least one noble aspect, to strike at least one noble chord. In literature it is difficult to isolate the æsthetic side of a subject so completely, because literature tells by the result of a great many incomplete suggestions which the reader has to work out for himself, so that there is no security that he will be able to keep entirely within the intention of the writer. And the writer, too, finds it harder to subordinate the intellectual and the emotional sides of his subject to the æsthetical; and morality is certainly justified in proscribing anything that can make familiarity with those sides of an immoral subject less unwelcome and disgusting. Still it is possible to maintain a certain ideal abstractedness of treatment even in literature which has its use. Every one feels the difference between the diseased insolent pruriency with which Byron keeps flaunting the sin in our faces in all the loves of Don Juan, and the sad gracious *naïveté* of Mallory, as he sets forth the passion of Lancelot and Guinevere. Some, indeed, might think that it was better to let us rest upon the nobleness of Lancelot than to try to save morality by demonstrating the superiority of Arthur. Demonstration involves discussion, and discussion might leave us sceptical as to whether Guinevere's second thoughts were really best. There certainly are instances which show beyond question that abstractedness and simplicity of treatment are a better safeguard than the best didactic intention. Madame Bovary, not seductive in intention, is undeniably more deterrent in result than the episode of Paolo and Francesca; but no one would dream of calling it more moral.

Of course it is possible to maintain that all these distinctions are superfluous, that Plato and Savonarola were right; that, no matter who treats them, no matter how they may be purified by severe accuracy and æsthetic isolation of treatment, still, dangerous subjects will be always dangerous, that art, if permitted to exist at all, should be rigidly and consistently subordinate to edification, and that if a few supreme works should be allowed to subsist unmutilated, all production that fell short of supreme perfection should be carefully limited to drawing-room charades and nursery novelettes, and Sunday picture-books, just to keep children of all ages out of mischief. At any rate, this view has the merit of being thorough and intelligible; it is infinitely more respectable than the common view, if it is to be called a view, which emancipates art from rational and ideal restrictions to subject it to restrictions which are shifting and arbitrary, which allows it to call evil good and good evil, so long as it does not violate the conventionalities of the day, and thinks it is quite sufficiently stimulating if it can be got to show the world, or at any rate the little piece of it the public likes to look at, all *couleur de rose*.

Only it is to be remembered that if we sacrifice art to morality we must sacrifice other things too. Comfort and liberty and intelligence, to say nothing of such trifles as wealth and luxury, have their temptations as well as art, and Plato and Savonarola would gladly have sacrificed them all. The sacrifice might be rewarded if it could be made; Rousseau thought it would be well to return to bar-

barism to escape from the inevitable injustices of civilization; perhaps it might be well to return to the Thebaid to escape from its temptations. But as we are too weak for the Thebaid we do well to endure the temptations of the world lest we should regret them, and among these the temptation of art is not the deadliest because it is the sweetest. Even Plato thought that virtue should be tested by pleasure as well as by pain, and therefore he directed that the citizens of his ideal city should be proved by seeing how they bore themselves when drunk with wine—surely it would have been better to make them drunk with beauty.

Of course Plato wished to make them drunk with beauty too. He thought concrete beauty was the fountain which could quench the ascetic's thirst.

"Lætificemur sobria
Ebrietate spiritus."

But all this while he was thinking of the beauty not of art but of life. He did not underrate, perhaps he overrated, the moral value of æsthetic culture; but this high estimate of æsthetic was quite compatible with a very low estimate of art, which he regarded simply as providing instruments for a series of æsthetic exercises to be regulated in accordance with superior regulations, so that a poet had no more right to set up on his own account, and develop his products for their own sake, than if he were a maker of flesh-gloves or dumb-bells. Consequently he had no occasion to discuss the artistic value of morality, though if he had done so he would hardly have been tempted to indulge in an estimate of its æsthetic value so one-sided as to be extravagant. One reason of this one-sidedness was that Greek morality, before the rise of Stoicism, treated the mass of human actions as indifferent; to be left to nature or at best regulated by external conventionalities: consequently the notion of virtue was not lowered by the dulness of duty, it was always identified with the rapturous ecstacy which accompanies great deeds, which are always exceptions even in the life that is fullest of them, or with the calm diffused satisfaction which radiates over the whole of a fortunate and praiseworthy life. Aristotle could still hold that virtue was virtuous in that its works were wrought τοῦ καλοῦ ἕνεκα, "for the sake of the Beautiful." Epictetus was not far from the view of Christian asceticism, that good works done from a motive savouring so much of self-satisfaction were hardly virtuous at all.

But even the most picturesque heroism involves sacrifice and suffering, and no sacrifice is without an element that is hardly attractive æsthetically. The comely corpse of the young warrior slain in the front of the battle, in Tyrtæus, is more satisfactory to the æsthetic sense than the soul of Hector flitting to Hades, wailing for the supple strength of the limbs it left in their young prime; but morally the advantage is really on the side of Homer,—it is better to look facts in the face. The saints of life wear no halo, the heroes of life wear no enchanted armour to keep them scathless to the fatal hour that translates them to Valhalla, or Elysium, or Avalon. If it were so, life would hardly be better, but it is a paradox to deny that it would be more beautiful; and it would be a paradox to deny that most of the virtue which enables the world to go on is without any æsthetical value at all. Nor can we take refuge in the convenient observation that human virtue is never quite perfect, that for the most part it is grossly and glaringly imperfect; for virtue may be all but perfect, and yet be dull, because t is painful, obscure, and, humanly speaking, fruitless. Professor Jowett is quite right in pointing out that a servant girl who spends her wages on a peevish, slatternly mother, and a lazy, dissipated brother, is the heir of many beatitudes, but it does not follow that she is a "Beautiful Soul:" fine feelings go the way of fine phrases with those who have to do and suffer overmuch.

And the aspects of morality which have the highest æsthetic value are very far from having the highest artistic value, for literary art at any rate. The best that can be obtained from them is a lyrical or semi-lyrical allusion, that may light up a lower theme. To try to idealize a great deed is only painting the lily; to try to idealize a great purpose is to drift into a labyrinth of mere intellectualism. From this point of view it is instructive to compare the "Idyls of the King" with the "Antigone" of Sophocles, and to notice what proportion of the emotional and artistic interest bears in each to the moral and intellectual interest. But if it can be answered without a theory, an ideal problem is better for literature than an ideal character

Wallenstein is lower æsthetically than Tell; artistically King Alfred is less valuable than Richard III. The closing scene of the life of the Emperor Maurice when his children were butchered before his face, and he gave up the last rather than allow the nurse to sacrifice her own, combines almost every element of ethical and æsthetical nobility. At first it seems dramatic, but what could dramatic art add to it? Stage effect perhaps, so far as it is due to the actor; all that a poet could hope to do on his own account would be to prepare a character to culminate in such a sacrifice. The value of this last is very doubtful. The æsthetical value of Joan of Arc's life lies in the historic moments which it would be impossible to adorn and a profanation to falsify. It is hardly worth while for literature to do what remains, and supplement pictures of concrete heroism with the most delicate analysis of her feelings when the French army was beginning to find her a troublesome visionary, or when she was being brow-beaten into recantation in an English dungeon. It might be done fifty ways; but Etty's picture of her at the stake would always be worth them all. In the same way Delaroche's "Christian Martyr" is a greater addition to the "Golden Legend" than Massinger's "Tragedy on Dorothea," and we need never expect to meet with a poem on Elijah which shall light up the history in the way Mendelssohn's music does. Or to come down to a level where the æsthetic value of morality is not on the heroic scale, who would not give all the graceful books that can be written on Eugénie de Guérin for a portrait of one whose life within its narrow limits was so beautiful? Or to come lower yet, such æsthetical value as the pathos of common life possesses is better represented by Frère than by Dickens, because Frère avowedly represents its momentary aspects, whereas Dickens would have been compelled, if he had not been inclined, to represent the picturesque and pathetic side of poverty as something normal and habitual. The fact is, literature comes too near to life to rise above life at its highest, or to keep above life at its lowest; it is confined to a middle region where it can embellish without falsifying.

And if literature has to turn away from what is best in life, other forms of art by their greater detachment carry us away from life into fairy-land, so that here too it is impossible to formulate an ideal relation between average art and average morality, so that practical enthusiasts can always maintain that what is given to art is taken from morality. Yet there is an ideal reason for their co-existence. Life has been compared to a tapestry which is worked on the wrong side; and after all it is this side which we see in morality; in art we see not the right side, for this is covered up as fast as it is finished, but perhaps some reflection of the pattern too much distorted to be valuable when the tapestry is finished and fixed; till then it has its use: those must work very earnestly who work the faster for looking upon the wrong side alone. Of course it is unsatisfactory to have to think of art and life co-existing in this state of jealous co-operation that can hardly be distinguished from subdued antagonism; but after all this is one of the minor discomforts of an unsettled period in which nothing is satisfactory, though to healthy tempers much is hopeful. To such a temper it would be one hopeful sign that we are beginning to recognize that, as it is ruin and madness to sacrifice morality to artistic eccentricities, so it is folly and loss to sacrifice the normal development of art to moral conventionalities. Though art must always contain something which is a snare to morality and morality must always cultivate much which is simply an encumbrance to art, we may rest upon the thought that absolute art and absolute morality, though perfectly distinct, are always harmonious. All are bound to practise morality, though the majority can never carry it to its ideal stage; it is the same with the majority of those who are called to cultivate art; but by keeping their eyes on the unattainable, morality will catch some grace, art will be preserved from revolt and excess. By patience and work we may hope to lift a happier generation to a level when the question between morality and art disappears: at all events we shall be lifted ourselves to a world where that question and many others are easily answered and need not be asked.

G. A. Simcox.

BOOK REVIEWS.

WORK AND WAGES: Practically Illustrated. By Thomas Brassey, M.P. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

This work is the result of a suggestion made by Sir Arthur Helps to Mr. Thomas Brassey, that he should write a paper on the subject of wages, taking his illustrations from the facts brought out in writing the Life of the late Mr. Brassey, the great railway contractor, which was reviewed in these pages last month. But, as usually happens when industrious men, full of their subject, are beguiled to take pen in hand, the paper expanded into a volume, and the facts introduced into it took a so much wider scope than at first was contemplated, that a second book has had to be published, instead of a mere appendix to the Life.

A thoughtful work on labour, as connected with the price of it, is ever valuable. For, like another old, old story, this, too, interests at some time or other every one of us. We are all work-people, toiling for hire, and yet, in a sense, all masters, paying for service. Now, especially, that the world is being revolutionized, that the aspect of every department of labour is changing or changed, should we be glad to receive a contribution which, by carefully collating figures bearing on the subject, points out the direction in which the changes are being, or have been, made.

This, Mr. Thomas Brassey's work certainly does, and does well. It is statistical, and, therefore, to many people, dry. It deals with an important branch of Political Economy, and so is in danger of being neglected, as abstruse. Some books of this kind, if left upon the shelves by the general public, can, at least, be introduced to them by condensations and reviews. But this work is itself a condensation, cleverly written; it is itself a summary, well summarized, and, therefore, a *crux* to a *prècis* writer or reviewer. It must be read and re-read, entire, to be appreciated; and we trust that our recommendation of it will not be neglected in this Dominion of Canada.

The volume opens with a chapter on Strikes and Trades-unions, to which Mr. Thomas Brassey, in the interest of the working-men, is alike opposed; and his opposition, while strongly declared and well supported by facts and arguments, taken, in most part, from those who have originated and organized such movements, is most effective, because it deals with the subject broadly. Thus, he does not confine his facts and reasons within the limits of his own country, but takes us to Mr. Krupp's famous engineering establishment at Essen, with its army of between 8,000 and 10,000 men, and shews that wages there to day-workmen are only from 30 to 40 cents a day, and to smiths, puddlers, carpenters, and masons, $11 to $32 per month. He admits that provisions in some districts of the Continent are somewhat cheaper than in England, but he brings prominently forward the greater frugality of the German artizan. At Essen, he says, 1,500 of the workmen live together in a barrack, with one eating room in common, at which food and lodging can be had for 20 cents a day. He shews that whereas no great manufacture of heavy goods could, in olden times, be established except on the seaboard, so that England's position was, as to these, the most central in Europe. Railways have now changed this, and Russia can be supplied from the interior of France, Germany, or her own great Empire, with what she could formerly, with most convenience, bring from England. He dwells upon the greater knowledge of neighbouring markets, funds, tariffs, and customs regulations possessed by French and German manufacturers, when compared with the English, who are, moreover, less familiar with Continental languages. He quotes authorities and proves that, after all compensating conditions have been allowed for, wages are at least 15 per cent. cheaper on the Continent than in England, while, without making such deductions, the difference is fully 30 per cent. He, therefore, cautions the English workmen to be careful, lest they, by unreasonable demands, throw in the way of English capital still greater difficulties than exist; and by stating that even now Profits are less in England than on the Continent, seeks to convince that wages, as compared with other elements of cost, have reached their limit, and urges that, as trades-unions cannot have other than a temporary influence on the rate of wages, it would be better that their organisations should be utilized for keeping a watchful eye on all that is taking place abroad, for educating in foreign languages delegates, who should prepare for publication frequent reports on the activity of labour and the fluctuations in the rewards for labour in all countries

with which England has relations. Mr. Brassey hints—his political position, perhaps, hardly allows him to do more—that the suppression of intemperance would be equivalent to a considerable advance in wages. He states that there was, on the Great Northern Railway, a celebrated gang of navvies, who did more work in a day than any other gang on the line, and always left off work an hour earlier. Every navvy in this powerful gang was a teetotaller. He contrasts with the draughts of the British workman the favourite cup of coffee of the German. And we are surprised that, among the Canadian notes in which his father's manuscripts are rich, he did not find reference made to the habits of the Canadian lumbermen, the hardiest, hardest working, and, perhaps, most powerful set of white men on this Continent, who seldom drink anything but tea as an accompaniment to their salt pork and beans.

In his second chapter, Mr. Brassey swings off, with an easy transition, to the question of supply and demand. He shews us the "fitter," with a weekly wage of 30s. a week in England, receiving £200 a year in the Argentine Republic; where, also, the farm labourer receives from 6s. 8d. to 8s. 3d. a day. He glances at the Moldavian labourer of 1865, receiving 6½d. a day in money, and an equivalent of 3½d. a day in food. He shews us English navvies sent out to work at the Callao docks at 8s. 3d. a day, seduced to go into the service of an American railway contractor in Peru at 22s. 6d. per day. He gives tables which shew the Bombay carpenter to have been receiving 30s 4d. a month in 1830, and 58s. in 1863. He glances at the crowds of labourers swarming up from the Abruzzi to work on the Maremma Railway in winter, and from the interior of India, to be employed on the great railways there. He draws attention for a moment to the poor peasantry of the north of Sweden, who receive no wages in money, but merely a limited supply of cast-off clothing, and a scanty quantity of meal, from the agents who visit them in summer, to purchase with such wares the tar they have managed to make during the short days of their long winter—a condition not much better than that of the Newfoundland fishermen, who are always in debt to the storekeeper, who supplies their outfit, at his own price, and who must be repaid in fish at his own price, too—and concludes an interesting chapter, replete with information, by a reflection, not unfavourable to the British workman, who does not live where "employers are too poor to be generous, so that the desire to make the most of their small capital has altogether extinguished the virtue of charity and the spirit of justice."

But the cost of labour, Mr. Brassey goes on to prove in chapter iii., cannot be determined by the rate of wages. This will be to many the most interesting part of the whole work. The idea is not new, but Mr. Brassey brings more varied illustrations to bear upon his thesis, and gives, better than any other author we have yet read, the various compensations which counterbalance the cost of labour.

He states that the wages of labourers on the North Devon Railway were at first 2s. a day, but were gradually increased to 3s., while the work was executed more cheaply at the latter rate. The brickwork of the Metropolitan Drainage Commission was done more cheaply per yard, when wages were 10s., than when they were 6s. per day. Wages in Russia are nominally cheaper than in any other European country, but it costs as much to manufacture iron there as in England, where they are the highest. Neither in France nor Belgium is the cost of extracting coal reduced by the low price of labour. The cost of producing pig iron, per ton, is greater in France than in Cleveland, Ohio, although the actual labour is 20 per cent. cheaper. French shipwrights seem to receive only half as much as English, but the ships built for the Mediterranean trade are built on the Thames rather than in France. Wages in German cotton spinning factories are 50 per cent. lower than in England, but the number of hands in proportion to machinery is larger, and the work turned off between 5-30 a.m. and 8 p.m. (the working day there), no more than in England from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. Two Middlesex mowers will mow in a day as much as six Russian serfs; and, in spite of the dearness of provisions in England, the mowing of a quantity of hay, which would cost the English farmer a shilling, would cost the Russian six or eight. The English manufacturers, who pay a higher rate of wages than these foreign competitors, still compete with the rest of the world successfully in point of cheapness. The causes which redress the balance are cleverly enquired into by Mr. Brassey, and, in many cases, clearly traced. For these we refer the reader to his pages.

The only other chapter we have room to refer to at any length, though they are all interesting, is the tenth, on the influence of American wages on the English labour market. He handles this with much ability. He wishes to impress upon all, that men who have failed to earn a livelihood in the United Kingdom, would be equally certain to fail in a wider country, in which industry and energy are still more essential. The same class who would fail in London, would, from the same cause, fail in the United States, he truly says, for, "if the reward of labour is more liberal, more energy of character is required than in the more settled communities of the old world." He cautions the over sanguine, and frankly states that the difference in wages on the Atlantic seaboard of America,

is not now so different as it was from that current in England. But he sees there is yet a margin and, indeed, until all our vast domain is fairly settled, there must always be; and he gives statements of the relative advantages as to wages and cost of living of many of the American fields for labour, the Plate, the Argentine Republic, as well as the United States and Canada. Nor does he omit mention of the influence of emigration on the home countries. He shews that, so great has been the exodus of railway labourers from Ireland, that it is, at the present time, difficult to procure the necessary supply to complete the Fermoy and Lismore Railway; but he does not regret Irish emigration, on the contrary, he admits that the labourer in Ireland is still comparatively poor, and, surely, he adds, a destitute, and "because destitute, a disaffected population is a discredit and a weakness, and not an honour or a strength to a nation." "Is it not immeasurably better," he adds, "that a man should prosper in a foreign country, than struggle miserably for existence in his native land?" Here speaks the man of large heart and broad principles, and we cannot but contrast his language with that of Lord Lisgar, but yesterday our Governor-General, now living on his Irish farms, where long may he remain, who, at a recent meeting of Irish landlords, tried, by false representations, and for selfish purposes, to prevent emigration to this country, to which, for his peerage and his savings, he should be for ever grateful. Mr. Brassey beautifully proves, in several chapters, that where the labourer is poorly paid, he is hardly worked, and destitute of the comforts of life. He gives a sorrowful picture of the condition of the peasantry of Russia, where the women give birth to children in barns and stables, and, in three days at the utmost, are again employed in hard field labour —where, in some Provinces, the average limit of life is but 15 years, and rarely exceeds 27, so that there are, in the whole Empire, but 265 persons alive between 15 and 60 years of age, out of 1,000 born, while in Great Britain there are 548. He traces up the relations between low wages and physical degradation and misery in many countries, under many suns, and the conclusion is irresistible, that it is well for the labouring man to live where wages are high. There were people like Lord Lisgar in the Hebrides, in the time of Johnson's tour, who wished to dissuade the inhabitants from taking ship for America; but, if we compare the present position of the Hebridians with what Johnson describes, we find that even they are better off, while the sons of those who left are now among the rulers of the States and Provinces on this side of the Atlantic. Has the wealth of the landlords of the Hebrides decreased? Far from it. Emigration has raised to the average of prosperity all classes of an overcrowded population, and so it has done and is still doing in Ireland; but Irish landlords of Lisgar's stamp, accustomed to look closely to present needs, cannot see beyond them. Mr. Brassey does. Throughout his book, indeed, there runs a delightful vein of real human sympathy with his fellow-men of every nation, creed and class. He recommends courts of conciliation, to re-unite the temporarily widened gap between employer and employed; piece work, as a means of raising the earnings of the men without detriment to the master; the eventual shortening of hours to prevent the overtasking of the energies, in these days when the close attendance upon machinery taxes brain and muscle alike, and makes labour more severe than formerly; co-operative societies, in shapes shewn to work advantageously, as means for the settlement of disputes as to wages. He is a man of progress, not in the sense of feverish, restless excitement; but in the broad philanthropic sense, which looks to the elevation of the conditions of all classes, physically and morally; not a man whose piety begins and ends in his own money bags. And to Lord Lisgar and to the public generally, we commend the extract with which we close:—

"The importance of social reforms, and of securing the material well-being of the masses of our population, is now universally recognised. I confess my doubts as to the efficacy of legislation in such matters. It must be remembered that all national expenditure for the benefit of the working classes which is not reproductive must be defrayed by additional taxes. Let the transfer of land be by all means facilitated, let railway communication between the centre of a great city and its suburbs be made as cheap as possible, let emigration be assisted by loans, if security can be taken for the repayment of such advances; but, granted that something may be done by these various means, I hesitate to admit that the State can be the chief instrument for elevating still higher the moral condition of the people. The work is too vast for any Government to undertake. It can only be accomplished by the self-help and self-sacrifice of the whole nation. And when all shall have done their duty in their several stations, the pressure of unforeseen calamity upon some unhappy individuals and the incapacity of others will leave a mass of suffering to our compassionate care, which it will task our best energies to relieve. The poor we shall always have with us; and the great peers, the landowners, and the men who have become rich in commerce, must show themselves active in their sympathies for all just demands, benevolent and kindly in the presence of distress. The exercise of these excellent virtues, while it is in the first place a paramount duty, will undoubtedly bring with it to

the State and the society in which we live, the immediate and priceless blessing of social union and contentment."

FIRST BOOK OF BOTANY: being an Introduction to the Study of the Anatomy and Physiology of Plants, by John Hutton Balfour, F.R.S., Professor of Botany in the University of Edinburgh. London: William Collins & Sons.

Now that the Natural Sciences are rapidly taking their true place in the education of the young, it has become a well recognised necessity that schools should be able to obtain accurate elementary text-books. Publishers are beginning to manifest a keen appreciation of the revolution in educational matters which is quietly but surely taking place; and from all sides we have announcements of forthcoming manuals and text-books of Science. Professor Balfour's little book is one of a series of elementary Science-text-books in course of issue by Messrs. Collins, and its appearance is creditable to its publishers. No department of Natural Science is better fitted to be taught in schools than Botany, and there is no lack of excellent hand-books on the subject. In point of size, Dr. Balfour's work is everything that could be desired, not extending to one hundred and twenty pages, duodecimo. It is, also, in our opinion, a very wise, if somewhat novel, arrangement, that the work is made to treat exclusively of Vegetable Anatomy and Physiology—the department of classification being reserved for a second companion volume. The style is plain and clear, and the illustrations are all good. The chief defect in the book, intended as it is, exclusively, for beginners, is that the subject is treated with an excess of dry detail. Too much space in proportion is devoted to a description of the *structure* of the organs of plants; whilst far too little is said about the *functions* discharged by these organs. In other words, there are too many dry anatomical details and not enough of the equally important and much more interesting information as to the life of plants. In spite of this defect, however, the work will answer its purpose admirably in the hands of a good and thoroughly qualified teacher. It cannot be too strongly insisted, however, that the teacher constitutes as important an element in the teaching as the text-book. In the hands of one not sufficiently acquainted with the subject, and relying for his knowledge entirely upon books, Dr. Balfour's work would be likely to fall short of its object. In the hands of a really good practical botanist, on the other hand, the dry bones of this little book would be clothed with flesh, and might be presented to the learner as a living body and not as a dead skeleton. It cannot, also, be too strongly insisted upon that Botany, to at least as great an extent as any other of the Natural Sciences, requires to be taught *practically*, if it is to be taught with any real profit to the learner. If the pupil is to be taught Botany in the dead of winter, solely by means of text-books and diagrams, he may acquire a parrot-like knowledge of a number of technical terms, but he will assuredly acquire nothing else—except, perhaps, a disgust at science in general. If, on the other hand, the leading facts of Botany are demonstrated to the beginner in the open fields, or by an appeal to actual specimens, he will be likely to gain some genuine acquaintance with the subject, along with some still more valuable knowledge of the scientific method of research, and some permanent and abiding love of nature-studies. So long as the teacher does not make his text-book the sole agent in his teaching, we can cordially recommend Dr. Balfour's little book. Its information is not imparted in the most attractive manner, but it is, at any rate, perfectly clear and entirely accurate—qualities which cannot be too highly estimated in judging of a work of this nature. As before remarked, also, it has the recommendation of great brevity, and it thus obtains a most decided advantage over the excellent text-books of Professor Asa Gray.

THE LAND OF DESOLATION: being a personal narrative of observation and adventure in Greenland. By Isaac J. Hayes, M. D., Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society, London, and of the Société de Geographie, Paris; honorary member of the Geographical Societies of Berlin and of Italy; author of "The Open Polar Sea," "An Arctic Boat Journey," "Cast away in the Cold," etc. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers.

If Dr. Hayes, arriving by night at a Greenland inn, and asking for a bed, had given all his titles, the answer to him would probably have been as it was to the Spanish Hidalgo, who gave all his names: "We haven't room for half of you." Nevertheless, his book is a pleasant, unaffected, lively little book, and gives us, very vividly, the sensations and impressions of the Land of Desolation. It is the record of a summer voyage with a party of friends in the steam yacht of Mr. William Bradford, an eminent painter of Arctic scenery. The party sought out all that was most picturesque and striking in every way—photographed the northernmost human dwelling on the globe by the light of the midnight sun, explored glaciers, saw the birth of icebergs, chased bears on the ice—*did* Greenland, in short, to their own and our satisfaction. The plum of the book—at once the most impressive scene and the most exciting adventure, is the birth of an iceberg in the fiord of Scrimtsialik. An iceberg is the extremity of a glacier

which protrudes into the sea, and in course of time becomes detached. The *Panther* was lying by the glacier, the artists were on shore, photographing; the sun was hot and, under its influence, cracklings and splittings had been going on in the glacier for some time. "Then without a moment's warning, there was a report louder than any we had yet heard. It was evident that some unusual event was about to happen, and a feeling of alarm was generally experienced." On the glacier was a forest of ice spires, and one which stood out quite detached, nearly two hundred feet high. "The last and loudest report came from this wonderful spire which was sinking down. It seemed, indeed, as if the foundation of the earth was giving way, and that the spire was descending into the yawning depths below. The effect was magnificent. It did not topple over and fall headlong, but went down bodily, and in doing so, crumbled into numberless pieces. The process was not instantaneous, but lasted for a space of at least a quarter of a minute. It broke up as if it were composed of scales, the fastenings of which had given way, layer after layer, until the very core was reached, and there was nothing left of it. But we could not witness this process of disintegration in detail after the first few moments, for the whole glacier, almost to its summit, became enveloped in spray—a semi-transparent cloud through which the crumbling of the ice could be faintly seen. Shouts of admiration and astonishment burst from the ship's company. The greatest danger would scarcely have been sufficient to withdraw the eye from the fascinating spectacle. But when the summit of the spire began to sink away amid the great white mass of foam and mist into which it finally disappeared, the enthusiasm was unbounded. By this time, however, other portions of the glacier were undergoing a similar transformation—influenced, no doubt, by the shock which had been communicated by this first disruption. Other spires, less perfect in their form, disappeared in the same manner, and great scales, peeling off from the glacier in various places fell into the sea with a prolonged crash, and followed by a general hissing and crackling sound. Then in the general confusion all particular reports were swallowed up in one universal roar which woke the echoes of the hills and spread consternation to the people on the *Panther's* deck. This consternation increased with every moment, for the roar of the falling and crumbling ice was drowned in a peal, compared to which, the loudest thunder of the heavens would be but a feeble sound. It seemed as if the foundations of the earth which had given way to admit the sinking ice, were now rent asunder, and the world seemed to tremble. From the commencement of the crumbling till this moment the increase of sound was steady and uninterrupted. It was like the wind which moaning through the trees before a storm, elevates its voice with its multiplying strength, and lays the forest low in the crash of the tempest. The whole glacier about the place, where these disturbances were occurring, was enveloped in a cloud, which rose up over the glacier as one sees the mist rising from the abyss below Niagara, and, receiving the rays of the sun, hold a rainbow fluttering above the vortex. While the fearful sound was pealing forth, I saw a blue mass rising through the cloud, at first slowly, then with a bound; and now from out the foam and mist, a wave of vast proportions rolled away in a widening semicircle. I could watch the glacier no more. The instinct of self-preservation drove me to seize the first firm object I could lay my hands upon, and grasp it with all my strength. The wave came down upon us with the speed of the wind. The swell occasioned by the earthquake can alone compare with it in magnitude. It rolled beneath the *Panther*, lifted her upon its crest, and swept her towards the rocks. An instant more, and I was flat upon the deck, borne down by the stroke of falling water. The wave had broken on the abrupt shore, and, after touching the rocks with its crest a hundred feet above our heads, had curled backward, and, striking the ship with terrific force, had deluged the decks. A second wave followed before the shock of the first had fairly ceased, and broke over us in like manner. Another and another came after in quick succession, but each was smaller than the one preceding it. The *Panther* was driven within two fathoms of the shore, but she did not strike. Thank heaven our anchor held, or our ship would have been knocked to pieces, or landed high and dry with the first great wave that rolled under us." The agitation of the sea continued for half an hour. "The iceberg had been born amidst the great confusion; and as it was the rolling up of the vast mass that sent that first wave away in a widening semicircle, so it was the rocking to and fro of the monster that continued the agitation of the sea; for this new-born child of the Arctic frosts seemed loath to come to rest in its watery cradle. And what an azure gem it was! glittering while it moved there in the bright sunshine like a mammoth lapis lazuli set in a sea of chased silver, for the waters round were but one mass of foam." The iceberg when measured was found to be a hundred and forty feet high above the water, giving a total depth of eleven hundred and twenty feet, since the proportion of ice below is to that above as seven to one. Its circumference was almost a mile.

The visit to the ruins of old Norse settlements, long since abandoned either because the climate has changed, or because the circulation of the blood in

man has become less heroic, are an interesting part of the book. The part which we could best have spared, is that which relates to the pranks of an American youth, nicknamed "The Prince," with a Greenland beauty, called Concordia. The book is Yankee, not in a disagreeable sense, but as having a strong tinge of Yankee adventurousness and audacity, which come out conspicuously—breaking through ice with the *Panther*. We are not told where the *Panther* was built, but she seems to have done credit to her builders.

THE CHRISTIAN'S MANUAL: being a book of Directions and Devotions to be used daily, and especially in preparing for the Holy Communion. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co. 1872.

This little work, written, we believe, by an Anglican clergyman of the diocese of Toronto, and dedicated to the Bishop of the diocese, is extremely creditable to the earnest piety of the author. He evidently belongs to what is commonly called the "High Church," and his views on the Eucharist will, perhaps, prove unacceptable to some sections of his own communion; yet, controversy apart—and we do not think it is obnoxiously prominent—the "Manual" ought to be of essential service to all English Churchmen. It provides, within a brief space, a complete scheme of personal and family devotion, self-examination and preparation for the reception of the Communion. The prayers are, for the most part, taken from the Liturgy of the Church of England; the hymns, selected with admirable taste; and the admonitions to the reader, are well calculated to stimulate worshippers "to be spiritually-minded which," as St. Paul informs us, "is life and peace."

We may add that the manual is, in point of price, within the reach of all, and that, typographically, it is all that can be desired.

ORIENTAL AND LINGUISTIC STUDIES. The Veda, the Avesta; the Science of Language. By Wm. Dwight Whitney, Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in Yale College. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

This work is made up of a number of papers which originally appeared in American periodicals or were embalmed in the transactions of learned societies. The endowment of a Professorship of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology is, of itself, a creditable proof of intellectual life; and the republication of these essays seems to indicate that Prof. Whitney hopes to interest and instruct a wide circle of readers. As collected in the volume before us, they treat of two subjects more or less connected by the author: the sacred literature of the Hindu and Iranian nations, and the origin and development of articulate speech—the former pertaining to Comparative Mythology, the latter to Philology.

So far as the primitive religions of the Aryan race are concerned, the mass of educated men are still in gross darkness; but this is not to be wondered at, when dignitaries of the church are hopelessly at sea regarding the existing beliefs of the people they propose to convert. It was only the other day that the Archbishop of Canterbury pulled a hornet's nest about his ears by stigmatizing a number of Hindu youths, now studying English law at one or other of the Inns of Court, as "heathens" and "idolaters." Dr. Tait went so far as to express the whimsical apprehension that London was in imminent danger of being converted to Brahminism. The imputation was resented with what appears to us unnecessary warmth; but the Hindu is extremely sensitive, disputatious, and fond of self-assertion. The truth is, the gulf between the creed of the intelligent Hindu and that of the lower castes and the pariahs is practically immeasurable. It is wider than that which divides the ethereal mysticism of Fenelon and Pascal from the simple devotion of the Italian *contadino*, or that which served to distinguish the mad capers of an Athenian slave at the Dionysia from the philosophic contemplations of the Porch or of the Grove.

As far back as we can trace them in the Veda and the Avesta—for both are of kindred origin—the Oriental beliefs were pure forms of nature-religion. Before the Hindu had set foot within the fertile peninsula—in a remote past when he still gazed wistfully across the Indus upon the promised land—his faith had found a permanent record in writings which are with us to this day. The gods of Greece are conjecturally resolved into human embodiments of the powers of nature; in India we find the spiritual religion itself, out of which sprang the Titans and their somewhat degenerate successors, the deities of Olympus. Anthropomorphism had not yet been developed when the hymns of the Rig-Veda were chanted by dusky worshippers. There was a god in the fire and a god in the breeze—in the rosy dawn and in the sober depths of the clear, blue sky. We are thus brought closer to the momentous question:—What is the origin of the world's religions? Did they uniformly begin with the impersonation, in a spiritual form, of the beauty and the power displayed in earthly phenomena? Or was there an anterior faith,—purer than these—which taught that there were not "gods many and lords many"—numerous as the manifestations of nature—but one God alone, whom men saw in clouds and heard upon the wind? A collection of writings which confronts the student

with one of the great problems of this perplexing time, deserves the serious consideration of Christian and philosophic minds. It may be admitted that, at their best estate, the Aryan faiths, as we now know them, were but as broken rays, soon to grow hazy in the darkness. Still, to the eye of faith, they yet glow with some sparks of the Divine effulgence they possessed when first, like every perfect gift, they descended "from the Father of Lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

To appreciate the sacred writings of the East, we must first divest our minds of the prejudices which European contact with modern Hindu-ism has naturally excited. We must forget the modern institution of Suttee, the worship of Juggernaut and other kindred abominations and go back to "the infancy of the Hindu nationality, at the dawning time of Hindu culture, before the origin of caste, before the birth of Civa, Vishnu or Brahma, before the rise of the ceremonialism, the pantheism, the superstition and idolatry of later times." Bearing this in mind, we have "enough to attach a high and universal interest to these books—that as, in point of time, they are probably the most ancient existing literary records of our race, so, at any rate, in the progression of literary development, they are beyond dispute the earliest we possess, the most perfect representation of the primitive lyrical period"—for the form of the Vedas is that of lyrical poetry. Prof. Whitney gives an interesting view of each of the four Vedas which constitute the *mantra* of the Hindu theology. His second paper, devoted to the "Vedic doctrine of a future life" is exceedingly interesting. For over two thousand years past, the doctrine of metempsychosis has prevailed in India; but this was not countenanced in the Vedas. Here we have a simple faith and ceremonial, based upon a firm trust in the immortality of the soul:—"Yama hath found for us a passage; that's no possession to be taken from us, whither our Fathers of old time departed, thither their offspring, each his proper pathway." "Death was the kindly messenger of Yama, and hath thus sent his soul to dwell among the Fathers"—"they who within the sphere of earth are stationed, or who are settled in the realms of pleasure." The parallel passages in Scripture will readily occur to the reader, and even "the fore-heaven as the *third* heaven is styled, there where the Fathers have their seat,"—revealed in trance to St. Paul, finds mention in Hindu verse.

We ought now to proceed to a consideration of the Avesta,—or Zend-avesta, as they are sometimes incorrectly termed—the Persian sacred writings, with which the name of Zoroaster, the Moses of the Iranian race, is intimately associated. Those who call to mind the connection which subsisted between the conquerors of Babylon and the Jewish race, restored by them from captivity, will readily recognize the interest of the subject; our limits, however, forbid even a slight sketch of this important portion of the work under review.

In the remaining papers, Prof. Whitney discusses the origin and development of language—a subject too vast to be hastily noticed here. We should like to have been able to give them unqualified commendation; but they are largely controversial, and the discussion is not conducted, unfortunately, in a temperate and becoming spirit. It is deeply to be regretted that, in treating of a purely scientific question, national jealousy and self-sufficiency should be permitted to insinuate themselves. Our American friends ought not to mistake the pursuit of knowledge for its attainment as Prof. Whitney is prone to do. Especially do we protest against the rude and unscholarlike attack upon so respected a name as that of Max Müller. In some parts of this volume the author is prodigal in the Oxford professor's praise; in others, he is as coarsely vituperative. Indeed we have a shrewd suspicion that the New Englander owes the European scholar more than he is willing to acknowledge, and that, as sometimes happens, the abuse is but a measure of the felt, but unacknowledged, obligation. One of Max Müller's unpardonable sins is that he is the supreme authority in England on philological subjects—a sufficient reason, it would appear, for an attack hardly less bitter than St. Bernard's onslaught upon Abélard and the Nominalists. Continental scholars are treated with a little more courtesy, but they are also the victims of what Max Müller terms Prof. Whitney's "over confident and *unsuspecting* criticism." Bleek and the Simious (!) Theory, Schleicher and the Physical Theory, and Steinthal and the Psychological Theory are all astray, and are likely to continue so until they espouse the "scientific theory" which, of course, is that of the professor himself. An English sergeant-at-law once remarked, "that the oftener he went to the West, the better he understood how the wise men came from the East:" it is to be feared the saying will receive a wider application, unless our American friends cultivate in season the humility which characterizes sound learning all the world over.

These pugnacious manifestations somewhat mar Prof. Whitney's work; but they are not fatal blemishes. As an introduction to the subject of which it treats we commend it with pleasure to our readers. It will serve a good purpose if it only directs the student to the rich treasures of Oriental literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

Two missionaries have recently crossed the Atlantic from England, bent on different errands, and having few opinions in common. It may be worth while to consider, for a moment, their chances of success. The reception which Prof. Tyndall has met in the metropolis of New England must be very gratifying to the lecturer, as it is certainly creditable to Boston. To have come in contact with so thoughtful a man—the incarnation, as it were, of the scientific spirit of the age—cannot be without its effect upon the intellect of the nation. Whether this influence will be abiding or not, remains to be seen. Boston arrogates to herself the title of the Western Athens. Like her prototype, she is vain, opinionative, egotistical. Even Prof. Tyndall's success may not be so complete as we hope it will be found to be—for here the parallel holds good—seeing that the Athenians of the west, like their predecessors, are accustomed to spend their time "in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing." We can even imagine the Mutual Admiration Society—"certain philosophers of the Epicureans and the Stoics"—encountering the Professor, in an air of astonishment, with the query—"what will this babbler say?" The novel aspect in which scientific truths were presented appears at once to have arrested the minds of the hearers. "In the wind of winter," said Prof. Tyndall, "the aspect of the soap-bubble exhibits all sorts of reflections. Why is it coloured? Why are these colours of different kinds? Why is it necessary to blow the bubble out so large before the colour appears?" These and many other questions filled his brain. All at once it flashed upon him that this colour depended upon the thickness of the film. He immediately sought to determine numerically the relations between the thickness of the film and the production of the colour. The phenomena instanced seem trivial but they are important enough for the object in view—to infuse not so much the knowledge of science as the scientific spirit into the minds of the auditory. "Now," said he, "I wish to test the powers of concentration of this audience. I wish you to get into the brain of Newton and to acquaint yourselves with the means by which he determined this relation." The peculiarity of this kind of instruction is that it concerns itself with method rather than matter. Instead of cramming the mind with facts, it seeks to train it to investigate and digest them for itself. It has been objected to the modern scientific method, that it is antagonistic to religious truth, and that Prof. Tyndall has laid himself open to animadversion, by widening the breach. It is to be regretted, undoubtedly, that in a period of transition, like the present, there should be even the appearance of collision between science and faith. The efforts at reconciliation hitherto made have not been so successful as they have been earnest and laudable. That the solution of these difficulties will ultimately be reached there can be no doubt; meanwhile we have no right to cast upon men of science the entire responsibility. Whilst we are yet in the mist, we must be content to let every earnest man struggle by his own path-way to the light. Let it only be conceded that the road each selects for himself is a provisional one, and that truth is the goal each is endeavouring to reach, and we have every motive for charity in reviewing the opinions of others. To Prof. Tyndall, the experimental method of science seems alone secure and reliable; he may appear to place too much confidence in it, but he is far too earnest, having advanced so far upon his journey, to doubt or look back We sincerely deprecate, therefore, the efforts made by some well-meaning people to prejudice the popular mind against science and its apostles. We understand that a very excellent association in Ontario have invited Dr. George Macdonald and Mr. Froude to lecture in Canada; we trust that some of our literary institutions will consider it their duty to bring Prof. Tyndall amongst us. The impetus such a visit would certainly give to the growing intellect of the Dominion ought to be a sufficient motive for the invitation.

Mr. James Anthony Froude comes to America, avowedly with a mission. Having proposed it to himself, he consulted his friends and was further encouraged by their efforts to dissuade him. The English historian appears to have got the notion into his head, that America is the only proper ground for a rational consideration of Ireland's grievances. From a Canadian experience of the subject, we are inclined to think that Mr. Froude is mistaken. At any rate there appears no reason why the editor of *Fraser* should undertake a special journey to New York, during this inclement season of the year, in the character of an arbitrator. We can only call to mind one other volunteer of the sort, with whom civility forbids us to compare Mr. Froude. When Anacharsis Clootz was welcomed at the bar of the French National Convention, as "the ambassador of the human race," he presumably understood the object of his mission; we are not quite sure that Mr. Froude has the advantage of his great predecessor in this respect. He appears to entertain the idea, that Americans are specially interested in the emancipation of Irishmen. He even proposes that the United States' Government should be constituted a

court of arbitration between the sister isles. A more impracticable proposal, it would be difficult to conceive. The American people, since they first espoused the cause of injured Ireland, have had a taste of rebellion for themselves, and although they have given culpable encouragement to the Fenian organization, they are not blind to the insanity of the movement. There is all the difference in the world between the utterance of the French king :—"After me, the deluge" and the Hibernian maxim. "Let us have the flood as soon as possible, and then you will see how I can swim." At any ratea recollection of the Geneva Arbitration might have stayed Mr. Froude's hand, when he was penning the proposal to submit England and Ireland's troubles to those who ventured to put in writing the indirect damages. Mr. Froude appears to have made an impression in New York on the Irish question—not that he has succeeded in his mission, for that was antecedently impossible—but by enlightening the American people on a subject about which they were grossly ignorant.

The busy season in the publishing trade has set in, but rather too late for us to deal with the new works otherwise than by way of announcement. The religious literature is as abundant as usual, and, taken as a whole, is likely to be of a ponderous and scholarly character. The second volume of the "Speaker's Commentary" includes a portion of the historical books of Scripture, from Joshua to the first book of Kings inclusive. A "Dictionary of Christian Antiquities and Biography from the times of the Apostles to Charlemagne"—the work of various authors, and edited by Dr. Smith, will appear early in November. "The Psalms," another instalment of Lange's Commentary, in the American edition of that valuable work, has just made its appearance. A new collection of "Sermons on Living Subjects," by Dr. Horace Bushnell, the author of "The Vicarious Sacrifice," has just reached us. It appears to possess all the freshness and originality which distinguish all the author's writings. Canon Liddon's "Lent Lectures" deserve more particular mention than we can devote to them this month. They consist of a series of rhetorical pleas in defence of orthodox religion. The author is, perhaps, the most popular and effective preacher in the English Church. He belongs, as our readers are, doubtless, aware, to the High Church, and to that section of it, as the *Spectator* calls it, "that somewhat more literary, more Puseyite, and more artistic stratum of the party—the high and sweet Church, rather than the high and dry." Dr. Liddon claims that these lectures have been of service "to some minds, anxious, if it might be, to escape from perplexities which beset an age of feverish scepticism."

"Thoughts for the Times," by the Rev. Mr. Haweis, comes from the Broad Church, and, whilst mainly expository of Christian doctrine, is also designed to defend the "literal clergy" from the charge of vagueness in their doctrinal teaching, with what success the reader may judge for himself.

In the department of Science, the most interesting announcement is that of Mr. Darwin's new work—"The Expression of the Emotions in Man and the Lower Animals." The work has not yet reached us, but we propose to offer our comments upon it in December. Two additional volumes of Figuier's popular works on Natural History have been re-produced by Messrs. Appleton, of New York :—"The Vegetable Kingdom," and "The Human Race." Wagner's "Chemical Technology" is a work which has long been required by the student. Knapp is a cumbersome book and, in many respects, unsuitable as a college text-book. Dr. Wagner's work, besides being compendious in form, brings the application of science to act down to the latest date.

The second volume of Lanfrey's Life of Napoleon will appear in the early part of the current month. Mr. Forbes, the correspondent of the *Daily News* during the Franco-Germanic war, has collected his experiences in book-form ; as we shall probably have occasion to notice them again, we merely commend them here to our readers, Mr. E. A. Freeman is to be the editor of an historical series from the Clarendon press. The first volume of the course from Mr. Freeman's own pen, is entitled, "General Sketch of European History." England, Scotland, and Italy are to follow immediately. The second volume of Forster's Life of Dickens, to pass to Biography, is to appear in a week or so. Percy Fitzgerald, who appears to have a taste for *bizarre* subjects, announces,—"The Life and Adventures of Alexander Dumas." The Rev. Mr. Elwin's eighth volume of Pope's Works—the third volume of the Correspondence is also in the press. Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson, who has contributed a number of gossipy books, gives us an interesting one on marriage, entitled, "Brides and Bridals," detailing all the folk-lore on that absorbing subject.

In Geography and Travels, the chief work of interest is Captain Burton's "Unexplored Syria," which we unhesitatingly recommend to the reader. "Rome," by Francis Wey, is enriched by an introduction from the pen of Mr. Story, the author of "Roba di Roma," and is, besides being a valuable guide to the eternal city, richly illustrated. Scribner's Illustrated Library of Travels, &c., continues to be extremely attractive. The latest volumes on South African travel, and the exploration of the Yellow-stone, are fully equal to their predecessors.

In Economical Science, we have only two works to note :—"The Social Growths of the Nineteenth Century"—an essay on Sociology, by Mr. Statham, and a translation, from Edmond Abuot, of the "Hand-Book of Social Economy—the Worker's A. B. C."

In Poetry, we have nothing new, if we except Dr. Holland's "Marble Prophecy," but there are several announcements. Mr. Tennyson is soon to appear with a final Idyll—"Gareth and Lynette." Mr. Morris, of "The Earthly Paradise," offers "Love is Enough," a morality in unrhymed alliterative metre. The works of fiction are plentiful enough. Perhaps we onght not to name among these Mr. Cox's "Tales of the Teutonic Lands," a sequel to that attractive book, "Popular Romances of the Middle Ages," Of the novels, pure and simple, we may mention, "To the Bitter End," by Miss Braddon ; "Within the Maze," by Mrs. Wood ; "The Strange Adventures of a Phæton," by Mr. Blackmore ; Anthony Trollope's "Eustace Diamonds," originally published in the *Fortnightly Review*, &c., &c. Of the announcements, we have Lord Lytton's new novel *La Société Moderne*. Mr. Reade's "Simpleton ;" Mr. Wilkie Collins' attractive story, "The New Magdalen ;" Mr. Mortimer Collins' "Squire Silchester's Whim," and last, but by no means least, Miss Broughton's strange title—"The Man with the Nose."

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CARMINA.

(*Concluded.*)

III.

JUST outside the city of Naples, on the road to Posilippo, there is a magnificent Villa, known some years ago as the Villa Francese. It had been built by an old French nobleman, as a wedding present for his beautiful Italian bride, and she had chosen to have it furnished and decorated in the French style. The principal saloons opened on a terrace with a marble balustrade, supported at intervals by nymphs and fauns holding costly vases, in which grew roses, myrtles and jessamines, the yellow flowers of the cassia, and the sweet tuberose. On one side was an orangery, where golden fruit, or fragrant blossoms, were to be found nearly all the year; and at the other a conservatory, in which rare and lovely plants, from every land, lived and bloomed. Two flights of marble steps led from the terrace to a parterre of flowers symmetrically arranged in a brilliant mosaic work of blossoms, every tint and shade of colour harmoniously blended, and kept fresh and bright in the hottest summer's noon by soft showers of delicate spray, forever rising and falling from marble urns, upheld by a group of water-nymphs. Below this was the Italian garden, where the dark cool cyprus and pine, the laurel and ilex, with marble dryads and oreads half emerging from their shadowy recesses, formed a welcome relief to the full blaze of light and colour above. Then came the shore of the lovely bay, its many coloured rocks, their bright hues and smooth surfaces unstained by moss or lichen, rising from the rich vegetation that surrounded them, as if they had just escaped from the sculptor's chisel, and had grouped themselves to satisfy an artist's eye, giving that peculiar and picturesque character to the landscape only to be found in Italy. Openings here and there showed the blue waters, with white-sailed boats gliding up and down; the beautiful islands of Ischia and Procida lying in the purple distance beyond.

It was long past the hour of the siesta, and a light breeze had cooled the fierce heat of a burning August day, but the blinds of

the saloons were closely shut, and their silken and gilded splendour seemed consigned to silence and repose. If it had been an enchanted scene in fairy-land, there could not have been a greater absence of any sight or sound of human life or occupation.

But, after a while, a swift little sail-boat ran up to a landing-place on the beach, and a young man, jumping out, made the boat fast, and entered the garden. He was a fine looking, handsome young fellow, plainly dressed, but with an air and carriage at once manly and refined; and at a first glance he might have been taken for the fortunate prince of the story, coming to break the spell under which the sleeping beauty lay. But a second look would not have confirmed the illusion, for his brow was heavily clouded, there was neither warmth nor softness in the fire of his dark eyes, and he looked a disappointed, embittered, unhappy man. But two years before he had been very different. Then he was full of hope, and spirit; an ardent, enthusiastic patriot, freely risking his life in his country's cause; an impassioned eager lover, pledging his heart and faith to a simple peasant girl on the wild Calabrian shore. For this grave, dark-browed, moody man was Paolo Marocchi.

Passing through the gardens, he climbed the marble steps to the terrace, and uttered an angry exclamation on seeing the blinds all closed. Opening a glass door he entered one of the saloons, which, contrasted with the fresh air and sunshine without, seemed so dark and close that he hastily threw open the windows. The light suddenly pouring in showed a room magnificently furnished, with amber satin hangings and coverings, the most luxurious couches and ottomans, and a profusion of expensive toys and glittering ornaments—all reflected in the superb mirrors hanging on the walls.

"*Cielo!*" he muttered, "how I hate all this gaudy, unwholesome splendour. The meanest hut, with a deal-table and chair, would be better; for there one might feel one's self a man, but this gilded luxury is only fit for an Oriental slave."

From the saloon he passed into a magnificent hall, lined with pictures and statues, and mounting a grand marble staircase, passed through an anteroom, and knocked at a richly pannelled door. He did not wait for admission, but turning the handle, which moved without a sound, the door opened noiselessly, and he entered.

He was now in a lady's boudoir, hung with pale pink silk, with coverings of pink silk on the sofas and fauteuils. An Eastern carpet with a white ground, on which a pattern of pink roses, looking like natural flowers, was woven, covered the floor; mirrors and paintings of flowers and birds hung on the walls; cabinets of buhl and of inlaid and painted wood, and tables of enamel and marqueterie, were placed here and there; and little services of china, of rare beauty and value, the most exquisite fans, richly painted screens, tiny clocks of ormolu and alabaster, not one of which told the hour, and numberless articles of ornament and luxury, were crowded wherever space could be found for them.

An open door led to a dressing-room beyond, with hangings and furniture to match those of the boudoir, and Paolo saw that the curtains were drawn and the room lighted by a dozen wax candles in the silver-gilt candelabra on the dressing-table. In the midst of this blaze of light, a lady was standing, contemplating the reflection of her face and figure in a magnificent Psyche glass.

She was a beautiful woman of two or three and twenty; her figure exquisitely formed, and her small head and throat set with matchless grace on her lovely shoulders. Her complexion was of the clearest and purest fairness, her features delicately and beautifully formed, and full of mobile expression. An acute observer might, perhaps, have detected, underlying all that radiant, sparkling loveliness, a nature cold and hard, false and shallow; but this was only when her face was caught in perfect

repose; when she flashed the light of her golden brown eyes on the beholder, or summoned up the smiles which played with such seductive sweetness round her lovely dimpled mouth, the sternest stoic could scarcely have resisted her soft, enchanting, syren-like loveliness.

She was dressed in a ball-dress of a pale changing shade of green, which in some lights gleamed a sapphire blue, in others a bright sea-green. Pearls were on her beautiful bare arms, pearls on her lovely bosom, whose dazzling whiteness her dress scarcely attempted to veil; pearls and blush roses looped up her skirt, and were wreathed in her hair—the richest, the most lustrous, the most abundant hair in all Italy, falling to her feet as she stood when it was unbound, and of the same rare and lovely golden-brown colour as her eyes. Behind her stood her French waiting-maid, giving a finishing touch, now here and now there, to the costume on which she had evidently put forth her utmost skill, and which she appeared to regard with as much pride and affection as a painter might feel for the picture in which he had realized his highest aspirations; while the lovely wearer, satisfied, after a close and critical examination that it suited her figure and complexion exactly, and was the most becoming thing she had ever worn, smiled an assent to the Frenchwoman's exclamation, "*C'est parfait!*"

"I think you must darken these underlids a little, Fanchette," said her mistress, "and I am not sure but I need a slight touch of rouge. I want to look particularly well to-night, and the glass of a ball-room is so trying."

"Oh, no, Miladi!" said Mademoiselle Fanchette. "The exquisite fairness and clearness of Miladi's complexion can bear any glare, and is never without a lovely bloom, like the pink of an exquisite shell. That is what the Marchese Raffaello said to me yesterday, when he asked me if you would not be at Miladi his mother's ball."

At that moment Mademoiselle Fanchette, who, like her mistress, had been too deeply engaged in the business of the hour to hear Paolo enter, became aware of an impatient movement and a muttered exclamation, and turning hastily round, met his dark and frowning glance.

"Ah, Monsieur!" she exclaimed, with a little shriek, and then, recovering herself, added condescendingly, "A thousand pardons, Monsieur, but Miladi is at her toilet."

"*Che diavolo!*" said Paolo, savagely.

"Ah! *Caro* Paolo, is it you?" said the lady, turning round languidly. "I suppose you were not aware that I was dressing."

She was excessively annoyed at Paolo's having discovered her with closed windows and lighted candles, doing homage at the shrine of her vanity; but it did not suit her to let her vexation be seen just then.

"Certainly I ought to apologize for intruding on the mysteries of Venus," said Paolo, sarcastically. "Mysteries they must be, when they require to be practised with drawn curtains and lighted tapers in broad day. Seriously, Giulia, what does this masquerading mean?"

"Masquerading, *amico?* There is no masquerading. I am merely trying on a dress."

"A ball-dress, I perceive."

"Yes. The fact is, *mio* Paolo, I must go to the Marchesa di Manzi's ball to-night, and I wanted to choose a becoming dress. I hope you think I have succeeded."

"Giulia," said Paolo, impatiently, "if you have done with Mademoiselle Fanchette, perhaps you will oblige me by dismissing her. There are several things I wish to say which it is not necessary for her to hear."

"She does not understand Italian," said the lady, carelessly. "However, it is generally easy enough to understand the drift of the private conversations you favour me with, by your frowning brows and imperious gestures, so it is, perhaps, as well that she

should not have the opportunity of reading your very intelligible language. Fanchette, you may go."

Fanchette slightly shrugged her shoulder, implying, by the gesture, her indignation with the tyrant-husband, and her sympathy with the injured wife, and retreated.

"Well, Paolo *mio*, what is it?" asked the lady, still looking at herself in the glass.

"First let us have some air," said Paolo, "this room is faint with your vile essences and perfumes." And extinguishing the lights, he flung open the windows. Then throwing himself into the nearest chair, he said, "Giulia, I understood from you that you had given up all intention of going to this ball."

"Yes, so I had, at your desire, but I have since been told by my friends that I would make both you and myself ridiculous by doing so. It is reported all through Naples that you have adopted the rôle of the jealous husband, that you have forbidden poor Raffaello the house, and, to crown your absurdity, wish to prevent me from going into society lest I should meet him."

"Into society? Certainly not; but to the house of his mother, which is in effect his house, I do forbid you to go."

"But how absurd that is. You are making yourself and me the talk of the town, and creating a perfect scandal. What have I done more than every woman of rank does? You are far too much taken up with your patriotic dreams to attend to your wife, and I think it both unjust and tyrannical in you to prevent me from having a friend, who is willing to pay me those harmless devoirs which every lady requires. It is merely a matter of form, as you very well know. One would not like to be considered inferior to one's acquaintances in the *convenances* of society, and to go about unattended, by even one cavalier, makes a woman appear sadly neglected. You cannot suppose that I am in love with Raffaello, poor fellow, though I am afraid I must confess that he is in love with me. You are perfectly aware that I could have married him if I had chosen."

"Understand me, Giulia," said Paolo, "I have never for a moment suspected you of anything worse than some contemptible vanity and folly. If I did, no consideration on earth should make me live with you an hour longer. But I have told you from the first that I do not approve of cavalieri serventes, and I am fully determined to keep my wife from such dangerous and degrading connections."

"These are very plebeian ideas, *mio* Paolo," said Giulia. "I only ask for the privileges every well-bred and well-born Italian allows his wife."

She did not look directly at Paolo as she spoke, but glanced at him from under her long lashes without turning her head.

"Privileges—if so you call them—which I have told you before, and now tell you for the last time, I will not permit. It is useless to continue this discussion, Giulia. I have never interfered with your tastes or wishes in any other way, but in this matter I insist on obedience."

"Obedience!" she repeated; and, for a moment, she looked as if she were about to throw off all restraint, and let the fierce side of her feline nature have its way. "I deserve this insult for having thrown myself away on a man who ought to have for his wife some pretty peasant girl or fisherman's daughter, willing to be alternately his toy and his slave."

"And I deserve any indignity for marrying a woman who had once grossly deceived me, and whom I neither loved nor respected." These words rose to Paolo's lips, but disdaining the meanness of recrimination, he repressed them and was silent.

The next moment Giulia had controlled herself. "Let us not quarrel, Paolo *mio*," she said, softly. "You know I often say things I don't mean when you vex me. You are so wise, and stern and severe, and you forget how sensitive your little wife is, and

how much she loves you. She likes other people to admire her and think her beautiful, it is true, but she loves only you." And leaning over him, as he sat gazing moodily out of the window, she kissed his forehead, and put aside his hair with her cool white fingers.

Her look, her manner, her touch, had an almost irresistible charm, and Paolo was not unmoved by her caresses. Half unconsciously he turned towards her, and the frown left his brow. He had once loved her with an imaginative boy's first love, and now, as he looked at her exquisite beauty, he wished that he could love her again. At this moment he was willing to believe that she was only weak not wicked, and putting his arm round her waist, he tried to draw her towards him.

At another time she would have yielded to his embrace, and won him to concession and indulgence by sweet words and caresses, but just now her toilette was to be considered. The dress she had on was the one she had decided on wearing to the ball, and it must not be crumpled or disarranged. She, therefore, avoided his clasp, coquettishly.

"Wait a moment, Paolo *mio*," she said. "You must promise to let me go to the ball before I will kiss you. If I stay away we shall be laughed at by every one, and my position in society will be irretrievably compromised. Come now, consent, *caro mio*, and I will be like an icicle to that poor Raffaello, and to every other man in the room."

"Pray, have the goodness not to call that man by his Christian name," said Paolo.

"Oh, pardon me, I forgot you objected to it, and I have known him so long. But I am quite willing to give him up, only believe me, that it is necessary that I should go to this ball. People will talk so if I don't. Come with me, and watch me, since you are so jealous," she added with a pretty air of mockery.

Paolo hesitated. Perhaps there was some truth in her assertion that her absence from this ball would give room for malicious comments, but, if he suffered her to go, could he trust her? He knew that she was light, vain, selfish and false, but he believed that she loved him; forgetting that to such natures no love is possible, except that counterfeit love which is fed on vanity, the desire of power, self-worship, and other kindred feelings.

"I believe you are a little goose, Giulia," he said, "but for this once you shall have your way. Go to this ball, but remember I will not be trifled with. You must drop all intimacy with this man, and submit to be so unfashionable as to have no other lover than your husband. You see I trust you, but if I once find that you deceive me, we part forever. Now, come and kiss me and tell me you are content."

She came near enough to stoop down and kiss his lips, but she again drew back from his proffered embrace.

"What is the matter, *bellissima?*" he said, "are you afraid to come any closer? Oh, I see. Your toilette must not be discomposed. It is very pretty, certainly, and you look very lovely. And what glorious hair you have, Giulia; like

> 'Lilith, who excels
> All women in the magic of her locks!'"

"Who is Lilith?" asked Giulia. "Some one you were in love with in Messina?"

"Lilith was Adam's first wife, the legend says: and I never was in love with any one in Messina."

"Ah! well! Where was it you saw Carmina?"

"Nonsense, Giulia, how can you be so absurd?" said Paolo.

"Absurd, is it? Why should not I be jealous as well as you?" and she laid her hand on his arm caressingly. "There, there," she added, coaxingly, as she saw his face growing dark, "forgive my folly, and kiss your poor little bird, whose wings you want to clip so cruelly."

But Carmina's name had banished his softer mood. Carmina had worn no dress which his loving embrace could spoil, or even if she had, how little she would have cared about it! He endured Giulia's kiss coldly, and almost shook off the light touch of her delicate fingers.

"Giulia," he said, standing up and taking a paper out of his pocket, "I want you to sign an order for some money. It is for a very important purpose."

Giulia glanced at it keenly, all her pretty affectation of childishness gone. "Five thousand scudi!" she said. "*Ah, caro mio*, what do you want so much money for?"

"I cannot tell you just now," said Paolo; but some day you shall know. Till then I ask you to trust me."

"It is for that Moloch, Young Italy," said Giulia. "You think me a fool, *mio* Paolo, but I am wise enough to know that the schemes you are engaged in are mad and impracticable, and if you do not give them up, they will end in your own ruin, and perhaps mine. I at least will not have any part in them. I will not sign that paper."

"How differently you spoke once," said Paolo. "Before we were married, you seemed to sympathize with my hopes and aims, and to think no sacrifice too great for the beloved land. Why are you so changed?"

"Because I am wiser now than I was then, and know that what you call the cause of Italy is a false and dangerous chimera."

"But when I tell you that my honour is pledged to provide this money, you will scarcely refuse to help me."

"No man can be expected to give what he has not got," said Giulia calmly. "Certainly I will refuse, *mio* Paolo, for your own sake as well as for mine."

"Then you will not sign this paper?"

"No, *mio* Paolo, I will not sign it. If you have no common sense, your wife must have some for you."

It would not be easy to say how much Paolo despised himself at that moment. He had married this woman chiefly, if not altogether, that he might have money to aid in the liberation of Italy; he had sold himself to a loveless and degraded lot with only this hope to redeem it; and now he could no longer doubt that it had utterly failed. He could be sufficiently firm and stern when he knew that he had right on his side. Giulia was his wife, and it was his duty to prevent her from staining his honour and her own by using the most determined and severest measures if necessary; but as to this money there was no right, only, on both sides, miserable wrong. Disgusted with himself even more than with her, he turned from her, and abruptly left the room.

For a minute or two after his departure, Giulia stood with knitted brows and compressed lips, apparently thinking some very dark thoughts. Then she rang the bell, and when Fanchette appeared, said, "Find out, if Monsieur has left the house, and in what direction he has gone."

"Yes, Miladi!" and Fanchette vanished; returning quickly to say that Monsieur had told his servant he was going into the city.

"Take off this dress, and these ornaments," said her mistress, "and bring my dressing-gown."

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Fanchette, "is not Miladi going to the ball? What will the Marchese Raffaello say? Oh, how can Monsieur be such a barbarian?"

"Be calm, Fanchette, I am going to the ball, but I have been annoyed and fatigued, and if I do not take some repose I shall not be fit to be seen, and I suppose you would not wish me to lie down in this dress?"

"*Ah, ciel! quelle horreur!*" and Fanchette shuddered at the harrowing idea.

"Now, that will do," Giulia said, when the dressing-gown had been put on, "you may go and have a chat with Maestro Pietro, if you choose."

"*Ma foi*, Miladi, I shall not waste my time with Maestro Pietro. I shall go and

see if Teresina has Miladi's best lace handkerchief ready.

But as she was certain to encounter Maestro Pietro on her way to Teresina, and their meetings generally resulted in a prolonged flirtation, Giulia felt tolerably sure that she had got Mademoiselle Fanchette out of the way, for at least, the time she had named.

As soon as the waiting-maid was gone, Giulia went to a drawer and took out a key. Then she passed through the boudoir and the anterooms, into a long corridor, at the farthest end of which was a plain solid oak door. Applying the key she had brought to this door, she unlocked it, and entered a room strangely unlike any of the others in the villa.

The walls of this room were of a plain grey distemper colour, and were lined with bookcases closely filled. The ceiling was without the slighest decoration, the floor covered with coarse oil-cloth, the chairs covered with leather, the tables of the plainest wood, the one large window uncurtained. Before the window was a writing-table and arm chair, and close beside a bureau with many drawers. Above this bureau hung a water-colour drawing, the only ornament in the room, except a bust of Dante. At this drawing Giulia gazed frowningly for a minute, as she stood with her hand on the bureau.

It showed a rude stone cottage lying at the foot of some mountains, surrounded by scattered rocks, interspersed with hedges of myrtle, aloe and cactus, and with one giant fig-tree stretching its great arms above the cottage roof. Beside the door stood a beautiful girl, holding a pitcher in her hand, and looking out over a little bay of the sea with an anxious, expectant gaze. Another girl whose face was concealed, was sitting on a bench close by and spinning with a spindle. Some goats were grouped near, as if waiting to be milked. On sea and sky, and over all the landscape, glowed the rich hues of a summer sunset in the lovely Italian clime. Beneath was written in Paolo's hand, the single word

CARMINA.

It was a finished drawing of the sketch which the commissary had taken from Paolo, but which he had been able to reproduce from memory. The likeness to Carmina was perfect, though Paolo had given to the beautiful eyes a sad wistful expression which he had never seen them wear, and which contrasted, touchingly with the bright and peaceful character of the scene.

From the first moment she had beheld this picture, Giulia had strongly suspected that it had much more than an artistic interest for Paolo, and her first serious quarrel with him after their marriage had been caused by his peremptory refusal to allow her to have it richly framed and hung in her dressing-room.

"Carmina!" she said, as she gazed at the pure, noble, candid face, so different from her own soulless and shallow loveliness. "Who is Carmina? But it does not matter now. Faithless he might have been, and I could have borne it; he might even have squandered my money on his insane schemes, as I know he has done again and again, and I would have submitted, but to presume to interfere with my movements, to dictate where I shall go, and where I shall not go—to forbid me having even one cavalier, when there is scarcely a woman of rank in Naples, who has not three—to treat me as if I were a slave in a harem, and to speak to me of obedience—it is too much! He little knows the woman he would trample on!"

Thus thinking, she compressed her lips, her brow darkened, a lurid light shone in her eyes, the soft lines of her beautiful face settled into hard and fixed resolve, and she looked as the wicked Queen Giovanna—to whose portrait in the Doria Palace at Rome she had sometimes been compared—may have looked when twisting the silk and golden cord with which her husband Andrea was to be strangled, or like Mary, Queen

of Scots, when planning the murder of Darnley.

Pressing a little spring in the bureau with her finger, a lid flew up disclosing a secret receptacle, in which lay a bunch of keys. With these she unlocked all the drawers and, opening every compartment, she examined the contents carefully. Finally she selected some letters and papers, written in various ciphers and in several languages, and a number of badges of the secret society of *La Giovine Italia*, bearing the symbolic cypress, and the motto *Ora è sempre;* and wrapping them all together, she put them in her pocket. Then she replaced the other papers, locked the bureau, dropped the keys into their secret repository and shot back the spring. At that moment a bright gleam of sunshine shot through the open window and, falling directly on Carmina's portrait, seemed to give it sudden life and consciousness. Involuntarily Giulia's eyes were drawn towards it, and a strange thrill of fear seized her as she thought the sad beautiful face seemed to reproach her with her wicked treachery. But the next instant the bright ray vanished; nothing remained but a cunning combination of form and colour, and with a scornful smile, Giulia turned away and left the room, locking the door and carrying away the key.

In the meantime, Paolo had gone into Naples, angry with his wife, still more angry with himself, tortured with unavailing remorse and regret. Taking a circuitous route, and avoiding the more frequented streets, he entered one of the narrow lanes or alleys running back from Santa Lucia, and went into the shop of a Jew broker. In this place he had occasionally obtained money at an exorbitant interest, and here he now hoped to procure the sum he had pledged himself to furnish to Young Italy, the order for which his wife had refused to sign. How she came to be his wife, against the true voice of his heart, and the promptings of his higher and better nature, must be explained.

When he parted with Carmina, he had been fully determined to keep his promise, and return to her as quickly as he could, but on his arrival in Naples, he was advised by some friends who had interest with the Government, to remain quietly there, until they could manage to obtain his acquittal of the deadly sin of patriotism.

At that time the most fashionable beauty in Naples was the young and wealthy Contessa Giulia Deslandes, the widow of an old French Comte, who having come to Naples to recruit his health, had met at a ball the lovely Giulia Venozzi,—an orphan of good birth, but no fortune, only saved from a convent by her betrothal to Paolo Marocchi —fallen violently in love with her, and offered her his hand. Rank and riches were irresistible attractions to the vain and ambitious Giulia. Intoxicated with triumph, she did not hesitate a moment in breaking her faith, and accepting the Comte, and they were married before Paolo had brought himself to believe that she really intended to jilt him.

Deeply incensed with the false Giulia, and disgusted with all woman-kind, Paolo withdrew from all society and amusements; devoting himself ostensibly to his profession, in which he was considered to be rapidly rising, but in reality to the cause of Young Italy; and becoming a trusted and active member of the secret society so called.

To the beautiful Giulia, her marriage seemed to give all she had expected from it. Her new rank gave her admission to the highest circles in Naples, and the magnificent villa the Comte had built for her, and the splendid entertainments she gave, raised her to the highest place in the scale of fashion. Her husband petted and indulged her to the top of her bent while he lived, and when he died left her the sole possessor of his wealth, which to Italian ideas appeared inexhaustible.

It need scarcely be said that, when she returned to society after the Comte's death, her

beauty and wealth brought her many suitors from among the Jeunesse Dorée of Naples, and it was soon affirmed that the young Marchese Raffaello de Manzi was the most favoured of all. But just at this time, Paolo returned from Messina, and his adventures there and the critical situation in which he stood as a suspected patriot, became the prevailing topic of the day. The beautiful Giulia's interest in her former lover seemed suddenly revived; and on learning the efforts his friends were making in his behalf, she offered to assist them with any amount of money they required. Neapolitan officials then were by no means inaccessible to bribes, whatever they may be now; the Comte Deslandes' rich stores were skilfully used, and Paolo was released from surveillance, and declared a good and loyal subject of King Ferdinand.

It was a bitter mortification to Paolo when he found how much he was indebted to Giulia, and the wealth her faithlessness had given her, for his acquittal. But it was absolutely necessary that he should see her, if it were only, he told himself, to let her know that he intended making some arrangement of his property to repay her the sums she had advanced; and once in her presence the spell of her brilliant beauty and enchanting manners regained something of their old power over him. Never had she seemed so gentle, so sweet, or so much in love with him, and she very nearly succeeded in persuading him that it was for his sake more than her own she had wished for riches, and married the Comte Deslandes. Now that she possessed them, they would be worthless in her eyes if he would not accept them!

As she spoke, all that her wealth could do for Italy rushed on his mind. He never doubted that if he married her, he could have unlimited control over it; never dreamed that she would object to his using it as he chose. He forgot all her treachery and falsehood; he forgot his own truth and honour; —for the moment he forgot Carmina; and before he left the villa, he was again her affianced husband.

They were scarcely married before Paolo bitterly repented it. Every day he saw more clearly how utterly false, selfish and worthless she was, and to add to his punishment —which he keenly felt was not greater than he deserved—he very soon found that she was wholly incapable of understanding or sympathizing with his hopes and projects for the redemption of Italy; and decidedly averse to her money being used in aiding them. Nor was Giulia much better satisfied. Her capricious fancy for Paolo—born of vanity, and the desire to win back a heart once hers, but which seemed to have escaped from her trammels, fled as soon as it was gratified; and when she found that she need not expect from him the easy indulgence of an Italian husband of the old régime, but instead those ideas of domestic purity, truth and honour, befitting a member of Mazzini's Young Italy, with the firmness and spirit to make his wife, at least, outwardly respect them, she both hated and feared him as a tyrant.

Having settled his business with the Jew broker, Paolo left the shop, and a little way down the lane came on a noisy crowd gathered round a man roasting chesnuts in a brazier of burning charcoal. Just as Paolo came up, a little old woman emerged from the crowd, munching the chesnuts she had bought, and he started as he saw before him the tiny weird figure, the ashen-coloured face, the silvery locks, and piercing black eyes of the wise Olympia.

She recognised him as quickly as he had her. "*Ah! Excellenza!* is it you?" she said. "You seem surprised to see the old Olympia."

"So I am, mother," said Paolo; "it is long since we met."

"Time never seems long to the old Olympia," said the sibyl; "it is far too short, for all she has to do. Up and down the land, north, south, east and west, she must wander.

To-day here, to-morrow in Rome, the next day in Venice—every where there are people in need of the wise Olympia."

"When have you been in Calabria, and when did you see Carmina, mother?" Paolo asked.

"*Ah! Excellenza!* Then you remember the poor Carmina?"

"Remember her? Yes," said Paolo. "Can you tell me how she is?"

"There are few things the wise Olympia cannot tell," said the sibyl. "She knows the past and the future, and she can read the pages of the Book of Fate."

"But Carmina, mother," said Paolo impatiently, "tell me about Carmina."

"*Ah, poverina!* she has suffered! Why should the Signor seek to revive the memory of the past?"

"*Che diavolo!* What do you mean, mother?" said Paolo; and taking out his purse he tried to slip some money into her tiny hand.

But she drew it quickly away. "Keep your money, Signor Excellenza," she said, "the old Olympia will not speak for scudi; but she will speak because she knows she must. The Fates have twined the thread of the proud Signor's life with that of the poor Calabrian girl, and the wise Olympia does not dare to resist their will. Look yonder, Excellenza; look at that narrow brown house with one arched window, and a little bit of balcony covered with plants and flowers, and an open stall below. That is Carmina's house."

"Carmina's house! Does she live in Naples? Is she married?"

"Not she, *poverina!* It was to look for the Signor she came here. She thought he must be either dead or in prison because he did not come back to her, but she found him married to a grand lady and living in a palace of splendour."

"*Maladizione* on the palace of splendour!" said Paolo. "But what did she do then?"

"She did not die, Signor, though she came very near it; but she is a brave girl as the Signor ought to know, and she bore up against her trouble and set to work, and now she supports herself and Ninetta by spinning and weaving. She has only Ninetta now, for the poor Madre was dead before she left Calabria."

"And Jacopo?" asked Paolo.

"Jacopo is here too, Signor, and earns a a good living with his felucca. He says he must stay near enough to Carmina to know that she does not come to want or harm, and though he seldom sees her except at church, he has still a hope that some day she will reward his faithful love. But alas! it is all in vain. He wears away his heart longing for a day that will never come, and she has mourning for one that has fled for ever. Hard is the lot of the children of men, and not even the wise Olympia can alter by one hair's breadth the will of the awful Fates."

Thrusting the scudi, which she still appeared unwilling to take, into the old sibyl's skinny palm, Paolo crossed the street to the house she had pointed out as Carmina's dwelling.

Round the open stall, which served at once for shop and workroom, hung the pretty bright scarfs which Paolo remembered so well; with skeins of wool and goats' hair, dyed all the colours of the rainbow. In the midst, Carmina was standing at her loom, and beside her sat Ninetta, spinning with her spindle.

Since Paolo had been false to Carmina, he had tried to persuade himself that it was the romantic circumstances under which he had first seen her, and the picturesque idyllic surroundings harmonizing so well with her fresh youth, and flower-like loveliness which had cast an unreal charm over her beauty, and given a false brightness to the image so indelibly stamped on his heart. He had told himself this again and again, when his whole soul turned towards her with passionate longing, and his arms ached to clasp her

in his embrace once more. But now that she stood before him after years of absence, and instead of the lovely Calabrian shore, and its smiling, murmuring sea, there was the sordid street and all the harsh sights and sounds of the lowest city life for her environment, she seemed to him more beautiful than ever the vision of his imagination had been.

She was dressed in a dark green petticoat and a black boddice with white sleeves coming half way to her elbow, showing beneath her round beautifully-moulded arms. Her dress was neater and of better material than it had been in the Calabrian cottage, but there was no attempt at ornament about it, not a bit of lace or knot of riband; nor did she wear any of those pretty toys or trinkets with which women all the world over love to adorn their beauty, if they have any, or try to atone for its deficiency if they have not. There was no necklace or chain round her beautiful throat, no gold or silver pin fastening the heavy masses of her rich hair, not even a rose to contrast with its raven blackness. Yet no glitter of gold and diamonds, no contrasts or compliments of colour could have heightened her perfect beauty. But of this Carmina was utterly unconscious. She had never heard that "beauty unadorned is adorned the most" nor would she have believed it, if she had. She took no trouble to adorn herself because there was no one in whose eyes she cared to look fair.

"For whom should Sappho use such arts as these?
He's gone whom only she desired to please!"

As Paolo came in front of the stall, Carmina looked up from her loom and her eyes met his. Their sudden radiance seemed to penetrate his whole being, like a flash of electric light, and pale, and trembling, he leaned against a pillar, unable to utter a word. But Carmina showed less agitation. Since she had been in Naples, she had seen him often, though he had never seen her. She had seen him in the theatre of San Carlo sitting beside his beautiful wife; she had seen him driving with her through the Toledo; she had seen him on the Molo, or in the street of Santa Lucia, at early morning, or late in the evening, talking to groups of lazzaroni, sailors, or fishermen, urging them, as she believed, to join the ranks of Italian Patriots. But always, whenever or wherever she had seen him, there was the same cloud on his brow, the same stern look in his eyes. "Alas!" she often said to herself, "why does he look so unhappy? I wonder if he loves his beautiful wife, or if now he only loves Italy!"

From seeing him thus frequently, she had learned to command her emotion in his presence, and now, though the shuttle fell from her hand, and her heart beat so fast and loud that she could hear its throbs, she stood perfectly still and quiet beside her loom.

Ninetta was the first to speak. "Oh, Carmina, it is the Signor. Don't you know the Signor Paolo whom you brought in your skiff to our cottage in Calabria?"

"No, Carmina," said Paolo, speaking in an agitated voice, "this is not the Paolo whom you knew in Calabria—that Paolo is still by the shore of the lovely little bay. He was honest, and loving, and true, but this Paolo is a cold, hard, loveless man; a faithless and ungrateful fool, who threw away a priceless pearl, and has ever since been cursed with undying remorse and regret."

The deep pain in his voice pierced Carmina's heart, but she could not speak. He saw, however, the tender pity, and unchanged love in her face.

"Oh, Carmina," he exclaimed, "do not look at me with those kind eyes. Look angry, look resentful—tell me that you hate and despise me—I deserve your hatred aud scorn."

"Signor Paolo," said Carmina gently, "I have grown wiser since I came to Naples. I have seen the signora, your wife, so beau-

tiful, so elegant, so graceful, and I know now that you could never have married poor Carmina."

"You are the wife I ought to have married, Carmina," said Paolo passionately, "only you! Believe me, I never meant to be false to you, false to my own heart. I was weak and wicked, but I have bitterly repented ever since, and if you could know how great my punishment has been, I think you would forgive me."

"Signor Paolo," said Carmina, "I have nothing to forgive. I had the misfortune of placing my love too high. How could you stoop to me? I was only a simple girl when I saw you first, and did not know that it would degrade you in the eyes of the world to make me your wife. I did not know then that in the world where men strive for rank and riches, they cannot always marry the one that is the best loved."

"Carmina, do not speak so. It maddens me!"

"It is true, Signor. I knew that you were great, noble, a hero, immeasurably above me, but it seemed to me, you must be as much above every other woman, and that no one could love you as I would, or make you so happy. I was a foolish girl, Signor, and knew no better."

"You were right, my Carmina; no one ever loved me, or will love me as you did, and no one but you could ever have made me happy. My heart told me from the moment I saw you, that in you I had found the one out of all the world best suited to be my wife. And I meant to be true to you. I meant to return."

"Yes, Signor, but when you got back to Naples, you knew that it could not be. Now I understand this, but then I did not, and day after day I watched for your coming. But months passed and you did not come. Then the poor madre got worse and worse, and died and my heart grew sick with sorrow and longing, and it seemed to me if I did not soon see you, I should die."

She paused, overcome by the memory of that time of anguish, and Paolo could see that it had not passed over her without leaving some trace behind. There was a tender sadness, a pathetic sweetness in her whole aspect, appealing to the heart like a strain of mournful music; as if into that form once an image of perfect joy, the shadow of sorrow had in some mysterious manner been infused.

"Oh, my Carmina," Paolo exclaimed, "what a wretched guilty fool I have been. I loved you all the time and my heart ached for you day and night, and your sweet face was forever before my eyes. But I was mad and blind as the gods of old made those whom they wished to destroy. Mad and blind for one day, and then my senses and my sight came back, and I saw and knew that I had made myself miserable for ev But go on. Tell me everything. Tell me how you came to Naples."

"Signor, I thought you must be either dead or in prison, when you did not come, and at last I told Jacopo I must go and find out; and he tried to persuade me not to go, and said perhaps you had forgotten me, and married some one else. But I did not believe it. If the wise Olympia had been near, perhaps she could have told me where you were, but she had gone far away. So at last Jacopo brought me and Ninetta here in his boat, and took us to the house of some friends of his, who were kind to us for his sake. Then he heard that you were married, and at first he was afraid to tell me, but he could not hide it from me long. It was hard to bear, Signor, and the kind people of the house thought I should have died, but something seemed to tell me that I must live to see you again."

"Oh, my poor Carmina! But did you not hate me for my falseness?—hate me? despise me?"

"Ah! no, Signor; where love is true, hate can never come. When I got better, I made Jacopo take me to San Carlo, that

I might see the Signora, your wife, and when I saw how beautiful she was, and how graceful and elegant, and how richly dressed, and looked at my own coarse dress, and remembered that I was a poor working girl, I knew how foolish I had been, and I wondered no longer that you had forgotten me, but prayed to the Madonna that you might be happy."

"A vain and fruitless prayer, my Carmina!" said Paolo. "But have you stayed in Naples ever since?"

"Yes, Signor. I wanted to stay where I might see you sometimes, and know that you were well; and the kind people that were so good to us found this house for me and Ninetta, and we live here and earn money by weaving and spinning. And Jacopo lives in Naples, too, Signor, and sails his felucca between this and the islands."

"And does he still want you to marry him, Carmina?"

"Signor," said Carmina, "he knows that is impossible."

Paolo did not ask why it was impossible; he knew that quite as well as Carmina herself.

"It seems wonderful to me," he said, "that you should have been living here all these months, and that I should never have met you in the street—never have felt that you were near me."

"You have met me many times, Signor," said Carmina, "though you have not seen me. Sometimes I used to think it strange that nothing in your heart ever told you it was me when you passed me by. But then I supposed it was because you had forgotten me."

"I never forgot you, Carmina, I never ceased to love you, and from the hour I was false to you, I have been the most unhappy man on earth!"

"Alas! Signor," said Carmina, "I have grieved to see you look so hard and stern, and cold, not bright and gay and gentle as you did once; but I said to myself—'It is because Italy is not yet free. It is for Italy's wrongs that the cloud is on his brow.'"

"No, Carmina, it is for myself; for my own unhappy fate. And now that I have seen you again so good and patient and true, the chains I have forged for myself will be more galling than ever, more debasing, more degrading; chains that are destroying all that was noble and manly in my nature, and eating away my very heart and soul!"

"Signor Paolo," said Carmina, "you break my heart!"

"Does it break your heart to know that I love you, Carmina?" Paolo asked, in a low passionate voice.

A faint flitting blush came and went on Carmina's cheek, leaving it deadly pale, and her eyes filled with tears.

"No, Signor," she said softly; "but because we are both so unhappy."

"And only for my madness we might have been so happy. But give me your hand, Carmina, as a pledge that you forgive me."

She gave it, and he clasped it closely in his.

"Carmina," he said, "are you not glad that we have spoken to each other?"

"Yes, Signor. Often I prayed the Madonna that you might know I had never ceased to love you."

"And I always intended, my Carmina, that some day you should learn that my heart was still yours, and only yours, though I had treated you so cruelly. How often have I thought of that happy time on the lovely Calabrian shore; of the stormy night when you saved me from the *sbirri;* of the wise Olympia, as she sat at the door of her hut among the rocks, with the red glare of the lamp lighting up her withered face, and told us the threads of our destinies were as closely twined together as those she was twisting on her spindle; of the hours that seemed minutes by the cove where we waited for Jacopo. How well I remember the bench where we sat when I told you my

life was pledged to the freedom and independence of Italy, while the stars shone over head, and the firefly lamps glittered in the myrtle hedges; the draught of sweet hot milk you gave me when I came down the stone stairs in the morning, and met you just coming from milking the goats; the pitcher of water I snatched from you at the fountain; the ripe figs I helped you to gather:—all and every thing, from the moment I first saw your skiff coming over the little bay, to that in which our arms unlocked from our last embrace, and I jumped on board Jacopo's boat, and left you standing on the lonely shore. What day has there been since, that I have not thought of these things? What night that they have not been with me in my dreams? Don't you, too, think of them sometimes, my Carmina?"

"Yes, Signor, I think of them always," said Carmina.

"Carmina," said Paolo, "I may soon have to leave Naples, and go where I can serve Italy better than here; but before I go, I must see you again, and get one more kind glance from your eyes. It may be for the last time. Will you think of me till I come?"

"Signor, I will think of nothing else," said Carmina.

Paolo turned hastily away, and going up to Ninetta, stroked her hair, and said a kind word or two to her; then throwing some coins into her lap to buy *confetti*, he left the stall.

It must be remembered that poor Carmina was only an Italian peasant girl, with hardly any other code of morals than the instincts of her own heart. She could not unlove Paolo because she might no longer hope to be his wife; her love was too unworldly and unselfish for that. Neither could she help the deep joy it gave her to know that he, too, loved her still; but she never thought or dreamed of their being any thing more to each other than they were now—separated and unhappy lovers. And she grieved for his unhappiness far more than for her own. She was a woman, and had learned to be patient and to bear what was laid upon her: but to the proud, strong spirit of a man she knew that endurance must be hard. Oh, if there was anything in the world she could do to help or comfort him, how blessed she would think herself, and what joy it would give her. Such joy as she had not known since that night which had been so sweet, yet so bitter,—that night which he, too, remembered so well—when she had watched the phosphor fire flashing round the keel of the boat that bore him away from her, and kneeling on the rocks, she had prayed the Madonna to protect him, and bring him back soon.

She was still standing, looking out into the gathering darkness with bright dreamy eyes, and recalling all Paolo's words and looks over and over again, when Ninetta came running up to her, and opening her apron which she held by the corners, showed her that it was full of cakes and sugar-plums.

"See, Carmina," she exclaimed joyfully, "see all the nice things I have got, and I have money enough to buy as many more. Won't we have a brave feast to-night, and wasn't the Signor good?"

Putting her arm round her sister's neck, Carmina stooped and kissed her, and as she did so, Ninetta felt a tear fall on her cheek.

"Carmina, *mia* Carmina, you are crying!" exclaimed Ninetta. "Why are you crying? I thought you would not cry any more now the Signor has come."

"Little sister," said Carmina, "I don't know why I am crying. Perhaps it is for joy; perhaps it is for sorrow."

IV.

ON the road to Posilippo there is a church called the Church of Santa Maria di Piedigrotto, which possesses a picture of the Madonna, much revered by the devout in Naples, as the numerous *votos*

suspended about it attest—prayers said before it being supposed to have peculiar efficacy.

At daybreak on the morning after her meeting with Paolo, Carmina entered this church. Like all other churches in Catholic countries, it was open day and night, the entrance only closed by its great leathern curtain. Lights were burning here and there before the shrines; but, except that at an altar in the dim distance two or three drowsy priests were chanting portions of the service, Carmina seemed the only worshipper present. Going up to the Holy Madonna, she lighted her wax taper, placed among the other offerings the *voto* she had brought—two little silver hearts fastened together with a true-lover's knot and pierced through with an arrow, on which she had spent nearly all her small savings—and kneeling, commenced her petitions. Fond, foolish, child-like prayers they were, such as might have been offered to

"The fair humanities of old religion,"

on the shores of that lovely sea two thousand years ago. Prayers that Paolo might love her for ever, and always know how truly she loved him—prayers that as they could not be happy together on earth, they might be happy together in heaven—prayers that all the sorrow, all the pain allotted to both, should be given to her to bear, and joy and happiness be the portion of Paolo.

Having thus, in some degree, relieved her heart, Carmina rose, but she had yet another taper to burn, and other prayers to offer at the shrine of the Signor's patron saint, San Paolo. This shrine was near the entrance, and surrounded by an ornamental screen of wrought-iron work, which altogether concealed the worshipper within. Just as Carmina entered and knelt down, the great leathern curtain was raised, and a young man wearing a slouched hat, and with the lower part of his face much muffled by a cloak, came into the church. Looking round, and seeing no one but the droning priests in the distance, he threw himself on a bench beside the screen within which Carmina was kneeling. Almost immediately after, the curtain was again drawn back, and a lady wrapped in a dark mantle, and her face covered with a thick veil, came in. On seeing her the young man jumped up, and springing to meet her, took her hand and raised it to his lips. Then he led her to the bench, where both sat down.

"Beautiful and gracious Giulia," he said, "I have not even attempted to close my eyes since I saw you last night. I have been too much excited at the thoughts of the meeting you condescended to promise me; too much incensed at the treatment you have received from that insolent brigand, who ought never to have been permitted to touch your lovely hand, much less to call it his own. But you told me I might do you some service, and that has raised me to the seventh heaven! Tell me now what it is. You know well, most beautiful, most beloved, that I am your devoted slave."

"Raffaello," said the lady in a low slow voice, which yet had a harsh tuneless ring, perceptible through its refined and cultivated softness, "you can do me a great—the very greatest service. You can set me free from my bondage to this Paolo Marocchi, whom I will no longer call my husband. Ingrate! he deserves no mercy from me, and he shall find none!"

The Marchese Raffaello di Manzi, though well used to perilous adventures of gallantry, and as cool and self-possessed under all circumstances as an Italian noble ought to be, almost started at the fair Giulia's words. But he quickly recovered himself. Assassinations in Naples are not now such common events as they used to be, and bravos ready to poniard any one for a few scudi are scarcely to be found without some trouble, but there are still enough of the old traditions, and of the hot Italian blood remaining to make the idea not very alarming. If the Contessa desired to be released from the

man who held the place which Raffaello would fain have held, and if he could find the means of obliging her without danger of any unpleasant consequences, he had no scruples about using them.

"Beautiful and adored Giulia," he said, "it shall be done! My life and soul are at your service."

"*Dio mio!* Raffaello," said the Contessa, looking at him somewhat contemptuously, for she had partly removed her veil, "do I ask you for your life and soul?"

"Yet, now-a-days it is not so easy to put an obnoxious individual out of the way without danger to one's own life, leaving the soul out of the question; as I am quite willing to do!" said Raffaello, in rather a piqued tone.

"Yes, I dare say," said Giulia, "but Raffaello, I do not want to endanger either your life or soul. Do you think I care so little about you?" and she laid her ungloved hand lightly on his arm.

"Ah! *mia adorata!*" said Raffaello, bending down to kiss it, "how could I flatter myself that you cared, when you rejected me for that perfidious and insolent upstart?"

"Raffaello, have I not told you that I never should have done so, if you had not enraged me by your devotion to that Milanese Prima-Donna. Every one was talking of it; how could I help believing that you were false to me; and you know where love is great, jealousy must be great too!"

"Ah! *bellissima! carissima!*" said Raffaello, again kissing her hand.

"No," resumed Giulia, "I never loved him, and now I hate him; I hate him! And you ought to hate him too."

"*Per Dio!*" said Raffaello, "I hate him with a perfect hatred."

"Be satisfied then, *caro amico*, for we shall have our revenge. But not, as you seem to suppose, by knife or stiletto or any violence, You know how narrowly he escaped the vengeance of the Government a little while ago; and but for me, fool that I was, he never would have escaped. But now his time has come. I have long known that he is a member of a secret society; and lately I have discovered that he is deeply engaged in an insurrectionary plot. There are the proofs." And she handed a packet of papers to the Marchese, who took it eagerly. "You need not look at them till you get home," Giulia said. "You will find them more than sufficient."

"I will take care that they are so," said the Marchese, significantly—"especially as the greatest beauty in all Naples will not now interest herself in his favour."

"Spare me your reproaches," said Giulia, "I have been punished as I deserved. Only the meanest creature on earth could submit to his insolence and tyranny, And now, *caro amico*, there must be no delay. The insurrection is apparently on the point of breaking out. He may leave Naples any hour to join the Garibaldini, and so escape us."

"Trust me, there shall be no delay," said Raffaello. "Is he at the villa now?"

"No; he went away in his boat alone late last night, or early this morning, as he is in the habit of doing, but he told his servant that he would be back this evening before sunset."

"He shall be arrested as soon as he returns," said Raffaello.

"You must warn the *sbirri* to be cautious," said Giulia. "He is so bold and resolute that if he gets the slightest chance, he will baffle them, and disappoint us yet."

"Every precaution shall be taken. The men shall have orders to conceal themselves till they see him entering the villa, and then rush on him and take him by surprise."

"Very well; but remember, *amico*, I trust to you to conduct everything in such a way that there shall be no needless scandal. My name must not appear."

"Everything shall be done quietly, and secretly," said the Marchese. "You may depend on me. And then *anima mia*, when

you are once more free, may I not hope that the fairest reward earth can bestow will be mine?"

"You may hope and expect everything," said Giulia, extending her hand.

"*Mia adorata!*" said Raffaello, pressing it to his lips.

"Now, then, *addio, caro amico*," said Giulia, rising. "My maid Fanchette waits outside; give us time to get out of sight before you leave the church."

Lingeringly drawing away the hand which Raffaello had retained, she moved with soft gliding grace to the door. Raffaello raised the great curtain, and with a parting "*addio!*" she passed through the opening, and disappeared.

As she vanished the young man's face changed, and its expression of impassioned devotion was succeeded by one strangely bitter and sarcastic.

"The hard-hearted little traitress!" he muttered, pulling at his moustache vehemently. "She is as false and cruel as Circe herself, or any other woman-monster. Of course, I was not ignorant that she had a tolerable spice of the devil in her composition, but this seems rather too much of a good thing. Say what she will, I know she had a *grande caprice* for him when she married him, and if she likes me better to-day, she might like some one else better the day after we were married: then I should become an incumbrance, to be got rid of in my turn. But she is gloriously, angelically beautiful, and I must have her at any price. Though, after all, it might be better to have a wife without the demoniac element. She might not be so *piquante*, but she would certainly be safer."

Then with a shrug of his shoulders, he, too, left the church.

All this time Carmina had remained hidden by the screen, silent and motionless, hearing through the openings in the ironwork all that passed, between Giulia and the young Marchese. No words could express all she had felt as she listened. Her horror at their wickedness, her dread lest their schemes should succeed, and her passionate hope that she might be able to warn and save Paolo. Surely Madonna had purposely revealed their vile plot to her, and would in some way or other enable her to defeat it. She had often seen the villa where Paolo lived, and once on a holiday she had wandered with Ninetta to the beach below it, and seen Paolo's boat with the one white sail lying at the landing—fancying, as she read with wistful eyes the name painted on the prow—*La Bella Donna*—that it was so called in honour of the beautiful lady his wife. Her first thought now was, that she would wait among the rocks near the landing till she saw his boat come in, and warn him of his danger; but the next moment it occurred to her that he would probably have no plan of escape ready, and the least delay or indecision might be fatal. Then, like a flash of inspiration, came the thought of Jacopo's felucca. If Jacopo would have his felucca near, Paolo could get on board, and Jacopo could take him to some place of safety. She would go to Jacopo and tell him all, and surely he would save the Signor, as he had saved him once before.

She came to this decision while she was yet on her knees; before the Marchese had left the church. As soon as she knew that he was gone, she followed, her feet winged with the swiftest of all sandals, Love and Hope, and hastened back to Naples. On the road she passed the Marchese, wrapped in his dark mantle, and as he turned at the sound of her rapid feet and caught sight o her face, always so beautiful, and expressive of every emotion, and now pale, excited, rapt, like one inspired, he said to himself: "*Cielo!* what a beauty! But how strangely she looked at me. *Santissima!* I hope she has not the evil eye!" and he made the sign which the Italians consider powerful to ward off the malicious influence they so much dread. He little knew the shudder of horror and fear with which Carmina had passed

him, as if he had been some loathsome and poisonous reptile, little imagined that the girl whose pure impassioned face, seen for an instant, had thrilled him so strangely, had devoted her whole heart and soul to the task of frustrating the schemes on which he was now brooding as he walked along, but with which he never dreamed she could have anything to do more than one of the white pigeons that were fluttering around a balcony above his head.

Leaving him far behind, Carmina soon reached the city and hastened to the Molo, where many crafts were lying, among which, to her great joy, she recognized the well-known felucca. The next moment some one gently touched her shoulder, and looking round, she saw Jacopo.

"Oh, Jacopo," she exclaimed, "I wanted you so much, and I was so afraid you would be away with the felucca!"

It was a rare delight to Jacopo to be "wanted" by Carmina. His eyes brightened as he said, "What do you want me for, Carmina?"

"Oh, I cannot tell you all at once, Jacopo, I have so much to say."

"Come here, then," he said, "and let us sit down where we shall be a little way out of the crowd."

"He led her to a quiet spot on the rocky side of the great pier. "Well, what is it, Carmina?" he asked.

"Jacopo," said Carmina, and now he saw how pale she was, and how strangely her eyes shone, "I think you will like to do what I am going to ask you, but even if you don't, you must do it for my sake."

"*Cara* Carmina," said Jacopo with a grave smile, "don't I always do what you ask me?"

"Yes—oh, yes. But you know, Jacopo, you were angry with the Signor ——"

"The Signor? What of the Signor, Carmina?" and Jacopo moved uneasily.

"Jacopo, I have seen him—I have spoken to him. He is very unhappy and well he may be, for his wife who is so beautiful and looks so like an angel, is the wickedest woman in the world, and plotting against his life."

As she spoke all the brightness faded out of Jacopo's face as if a grey shade had suddenly crept over it. Lately he had begun to hope that since Paolo's marriage had forever divided him from Carmina, she would in time conquer her hopeless love and reward his constant affection. But now, as he saw the changed and agitated expression of her face, that hope died out, and he felt how futile it had been. Pressing his hand hard against the sharp rocks, as if to steady himself, he said, "Where did you see the Signor, Carmina?"

"He came to the house last evening. He asked me to forgive him, and said he had never been happy since he broke his vow to me. I was very sorry for him, Jacopo, and forgave him with all my heart—but that I did long ago. But I did not know then what I am going to tell you. Listen to me, Jacopo, and when you hear it, I am sure you will help me to save him."

Then she told Jacopo how she had been in the church that morning, and the conversation she had heard between Paolo's faithless wife and the young Marchese.

"And what is it you would wish me to do, Carmina?" asked Jacopo.

"Jacopo, I will go down to the rocks below the villa where his boat lands, and watch till he comes in. I must see him myself, and tell him what I heard this morning, for I am sure he would not believe it from any one else: not even from you, Jacopo. But you must have the felucca near, and when he knows everything, he can go on board, and you can take him to some safe place. Oh, Jacopo, will you do this? Promise me that you will."

"Wait a while, Carmina; let me think it over," said Jacopo.

His face worked, his whole frame was agitated, and Carmina, little accustomed to

see him show any symptoms of emotion, watched him with wondering alarm.

At last he spoke. "Carmina, did the Signor tell you that he loved you still—now, when no good can come of his loving you?"

"Oh, Jacopo, what is it you mean? Why do you look so?"

"Carmina, if you wish me to do as you have asked me, you must answer me. Did the Signor say he loved you?"

"Yes, Jacopo."

"And then you told him that you also loved him. Is it not so, Carmina?"

"Ah! Madonna! Why do you ask me, Jacopo? You know I have always loved him. Why do you speak in this way? You never were cruel to me before."

"Oh, Carmina, how could I be cruel to you whom I love better than my life? But I speak for your good, my Carmina. You have no one to take care of you but me. I will save the Signor if it be possible for me to do it, if you will vow to me on this image of the Madonna and the Holy Child—" and he produced one suspended on a cord round his neck, "that you will not have him for your lover."

"Jacopo! how could I take such a vow? I must love him as long as I live!"

"Carmina, my child, don't you know what I mean? You must swear to me that you will never be his mistress."

"Oh, Jacopo, I never thought of such a thing—he never thought of it. He only said he loved me."

"Yes, my Carmina, but it might not be so always. You must swear to me that if he does, you will never consent; and I will swear to you that I will save him, if mortal man can do it. I will take him to Ischia, where I know many good patriots, among whom he will be safe. Oh, my Carmina, I could bear to see you his wife since you love him so much, but never his mistress."

And Carmina kissed the image of the Madonna and took the vow.

All the rest of the day Carmina wandered about the Villa Francese, watching, lest by any chance Paolo should return home earlier than he had intended, and she should miss him. She was restless, and heart-sick, and vehemently excited; a wild fever seemed burning in her veins. Yes, she would save him, and never see him more. Then what was left for her but to die?

Evening came on and sunset drew near. She sat on the beach, under the cliffs, where she knew his boat must land, looking out over the blue shining waves whose laughing glitter seemed to mock her anguish—looking with yearning eyes, sending her whole soul to meet her beloved, as if she would draw him towards her with the wild longings of her throbbing heart. But the sun set and still he came not. Sky and sea seemed mingled together in the blending and interchanging tints and shades of a thousand lovely colours; then slowly they began to fade, and the soft twilight came stealing on. At that instant a little boat came in sight. At last—at last—he was coming! Rapidly the boat drew near, and she could see its solitary inmate holding the sail to catch the light breeze, as he steered the boat towards the wharf. Now she could recognize his attitude, the turn of his head, even his features and, springing up, she ran to the landing.

"Carmina!" Paolo exclaimed, in startled surprise, as he dropped the sails, and gazed at her pale excited face and flashing eyes.

"Signor Paolo, stay where you are," cried Carmina; "do not get out. The *sbirri* are coming to arrest you. Even now they may be waiting at the villa."

"The *sbirri*? How do you know they are coming to arrest me, Carmina?"

"Oh, I know it. This morning, in the Church of Santa Maria, I saw the Contessa, your wife, give a Signor, who was with her, some papers, which, she said, proved you were conspiring to raise an insurrection, and he said he would have the *sbirri* sent to the villa to-night to arrest you."

"Carmina, Carmina, have you dreamed this, or can it be true?"

"I have not dreamed it. It is true. She said you were a tyrant, and she hated you, and was determined to be free. She wants to have you killed that she may marry that Signor. She called him Raffaello."

"Then it *is* true," said Paolo; "it is no dream. She has stolen my papers, and betrayed me to that man. Why should I have doubted it for an instant? And you heard it, my Carmina. How was that?"

"Yes, Signor, I was in the church this morning, where they could not see me, and I heard all their wickedness, and I have been watching for you all day that I might tell you. Jacopo is waiting a little way out with his felucca; he thought it might excite suspicion if he came too near the landing, but you can see his boat when you clear those rocks yonder. He will take you to a safe place where he has friends. Now, go, Signor, and Madonna preserve you."

"Yes, I will go, but this time, Carmina, you shall come with me. Do not hesitate. I swear by all that is sacred, that if you refuse I will go straight to the villa, and remain there till the *sbirri* come. But you cannot—you will not refuse. Come, my beloved, come!" and he held out his arms.

It was impossible for her to resist at such a moment, and she suffered him to lift her into the boat. Then he set the sail, and they were moving out, when a hoarse shout in the direction of the villa made them look round. Half a dozen *sbirri*, armed with carbines, were running down through the Italian Garden. They had been concealed in the grounds, and one of the party having been sent to look out, saw the boat putting back from the shore. They had been commanded to make Paolo prisoner, dead or alive, and enraged at the prospect of his escape, they shouted to him with threatening gestures to return. Paolo, on the contrary, seized his oars to help the light impetus of the sail which had scarcely yet caught the breeze, and urged the boat forward with all his might. Furious at seeing their prey thus slipping from their grasp, the *sbirri* fired a volley, which, however, fell harmless round the boat.

"Courage, my Carmina," cried Paolo. "Before they can fire again we shall be round those rocks, and out of their reach."

But just as they turned the point of safety another volley came, and with a pang of agony, such as he had never known before, Paolo saw Carmina fall back in the boat. With a bitter cry, he threw down the oars, but the next moment she was up again, and supporting herself against the side of the boat.

"Row on! row on!" she cried. "Paolo, if you love me, row on! I am not hurt—it was nothing."

But already the rocks sheltered them, and the sail, now fully catching the wind, which was directly in their favour, bore them rapidly towards the felucca, which had come round as if to meet their approach.

"Are you sure you are not hurt, my Carmina," said Paolo, leaning over her. "You look pale. Were you frightened, *carissima?* We are quite safe now. There is Jacopo coming to meet us. In a few minutes we shall be on board."

"Yes, yes," Carmina said, in a wild excited voice, "Madonna be praised! You will be safe, then, *mio* Paolo, and I shall be —happy!"

"We shall both be happy, my beloved!" said Paolo, in his tenderest tones, "for we shall know that we can never be parted again. That woman who betrayed me to certain death, as she believed, is no longer wife of mine. You are my wife, Carmina, the true wife of my soul!"

She smiled with a strange ineffable sweetness, and pressed her lips on the hand with which he had drawn her head on his breast.

"Oh, we shall be so happy, my own love," Paolo said, softly, "and all those long days that we have been parted will seem like a

dream. Now I shall have an angel of God, not a fiend of Satan for my companion, and love, and faithfulness and truth always by my side, instead of falsehood, deceit and treachery! Oh, *carissima!* how dearly I love you! And you love me, my Carmina? Speak to me, my own beloved, and tell me that you are as happy as I am."

"Yes, my Paolo," said Carmina, and now her voice was faint and low. "I am happy—happy because I am dying."

"My God! what is it you say, Carmina?"

"Paolo, my beloved one, I am dying. I am wounded here."

She placed her hand on her side, and when she drew it away, Paolo felt rather than saw that it was stained with blood.

"Wounded! Yes, oh, my God! but not much—it is not much. You must not, shall not die. Oh, God in Heaven! have pity and save her!" he cried.

"*Mio* Paolo, it is best as it is," she said, speaking with more and more difficulty. "I could not be your wife, and Madonna would not let me be your beloved without. In the world beyond things may be different. We may be happy there."

"Hush, hush, Carmina! here, in this world, we shall be happy. You *are* my beloved, and I am yours, and nothing can ever divide us. See, my Carmina, the blood is staunched now. You will soon be better. Oh, my darling, my darling, how you frightened me!" and he pressed her head against his breast.

"Kiss me, Paolo, kiss me," murmured Carmina; "kiss me again, and again! Oh, Paolo, I loved you so much; do not forget me!"

"Carmina, my only treasure, I could not live without you. If you die, I shall die too."

"Not so, my Paolo," and with an effort, she spoke firmly: "You must live to make Italy free and united. It is my last wish—my last prayer."

"You will live to help me, Carmina. Soul of my soul, life of my life, you will stay with me and help me?"

"I will pray Madonna to let me help you from Heaven," she whispered, her voice growing fainter and fainter. "Tell Jacopo to take care of Ninetta—poor Ninetta; she always loved Jacopo. Hold my hand tightly, Paolo—tighter still—while you hold it I am strong, and happy! Oh, so happy!" And with a long, gasping sigh, her soul breathed itself away.

But Paolo thought she had fainted.

At that moment Jacopo's voice sounded in his ear. "Why, what are you about, Signor; take care or we shall run you down."

"Carmina is hurt," said Paolo, "one of their cursed shots hit her; it is not much, but she has fainted."

Without a word, Jacopo sprang into the little boat, and helped Paolo to lift Carmina into the felucca, and placed her on the best couch it was possible to make for her there. The wound did not seem to be a bad one, and the blood, which had never been much, had ceased to flow, but all their efforts to revive her failed.

"*Santissima Madonna!*" said Jacopo at last, as he seemed to feel her cold hand stiffening in his clasp; "surely this is death!"

"Death!" cried Paolo fiercely; "are you mad? I tell you it is only a swoon. If we were once on land, and could get some women to attend to her, she would soon revive."

Jacopo flew to the helm, seized it from the boy who had been steering, and kept the boat straight on her course; while Paolo supported Carmina's inanimate form, uttering half frantic exclamations of love and anguish, of mingled hope and despair.

The felucca flew over the waves, but to Paolo and Jacopo, it seemed like an eternity till they reached Ischia. A full moon shone brightly down on them as they reached a solitary little landing-place, from whence Jacopo had often brought off in his felucca casks and great bottles filled with the sweet

wine made from the grapes which grow so luxuriantly in that rich volcanic soil. A winding path led to the top of the cliffs, and up this Paolo and Jacopo carried their unconscious burden with tender, solicitous care. A little way beyond, two or three cottages were clustered, surrounded by a vineyard. The vintage had just begun, and on the green sward in front some young men and women were dancing by the bright light of the moon to the music of a guitar, which a merry looking fellow was playing. The older people sat by the doors laughing and chatting; the little children were dancing a mimic dance among themselves, or, tired out, were sleeping on the grass. It was a joyous scene; a vivid contrast to the mournful little group that softly and silently appeared among them. At their approach, the dancers paused, the music ceased, and there was an awe-stricken silence. All felt, though they had not yet seen, the awful presence of Death.

"My friends," said Paolo, "we have a wounded girl here; will some kind women attend to her till we can get a surgeon?"

"Wounded!" cried the cottagers, with many wondering and compassionate ejaculations.

"Yes," said Paolo, to whom these people were well known; "wounded by the cursed *sbirri*."

A groan of rage and indignation ran through the little company. Ah! *canes maladetti!* accursed dogs!" they cried. A kind-looking woman, with ready sympathy, led the way into one of the cottages, and helped them to lay their sad burden on her own bed. Some others of the women gathered round, praising the poor girl's beauty, and sorrowing over her with many pitying exclamations.

"Cannot you do something to get her out of this swoon?" said Paolo.

The women looked at each other, and shook their heads. They knew she was dead.

"Alas! Signor," said one, "this is no swoon."

"Not a swoon!" cried Paolo, fiercely; "then what is it?—send for a surgeon—here is money—send for a surgeon at once."

"Yes, Signor," said the mistress of the house, "we will send for one —," and she spoke to a girl who left the room. "But here is a wise old mother, signor," she said, "one who knows more than many a doctor. Look at this *poverina*, mother, and see if anything can be done for her."

A little old woman, who seemed to have been asleep in some corner, now came forward, and bent over the silent form on the bed, and as she did so, Paolo recognized the wise Olympia. When she saw that it was Carmina's lifeless form on which she was looking, the sibyl raised herself with a wild piercing cry, and wrung her small, fleshless hands. "Is it you, my beauty, my bird, my flower of maidens?" she cried. "Dark is the hour that I see you lying here, and for ever accursed be the hand that laid you low!" Then she stooped over the dead girl again, examined her wound, and touched her hands, mouth and eyes.

"Is there any life left, mother?" asked one of the women.

"None! none!" said the sibyl. "She is dead, my peerless beauty, my lovely one! She will never speak again. Close her eyes softly, my daughters, and lay her hands reverently on her breast. She is dead! She is dead! And who has killed her?"

"It was I who killed her!" said Paolo, rising from where he had been kneeling by the bed."

"You, Signor, you! Was it you who murdered the sweet child who loved you better than her own soul?"

"Yes, it was I. She gave her life for mine!" said Paolo—and utterly unmanned, he threw himself beside his dead love, and poured forth his anguish and despair with all the wild fierce passion of the lava-like southern blood which his cultivated self-control had not cooled. He upbraided himself as the vilest and most odious of men, and with

cries and groans, and floods of bitter tears, he cursed the day he was born, and called on Heaven to take his hateful life that hour, that he might be buried in the grave with Carmina.

The kind women were terrified at his wild agony, but full of compassion. Jacopo, according to his nature, seemed stunned and stupified; he neither wept nor groaned, but leant against the wall, quiet and motionless.

"Was she the Signor's beloved?" asked one of the women, approaching him.

Jacopo started. "She was a pure lily," he said, "and Madonna took her away that this evil world might not stain her whiteness."

His look, his voice, showed something of what he felt, and the woman asked no more questions.

"It was long before any one dared to intrude on Paolo's passionate grief, but at last the old Olympia approached him, and laid her skinny hand on his. Something in its touch seemed to electrify him, for he started, raised his head, and looked at her.

"Signor," she said, "your tears and lamentations are profaning the dead! She must be dressed in white raiment as spotless as herself, and laid in mother earth, who will deck her grave, when the time comes, with flowers. Come away now, Signor *mio*; you shall see her again when she has been made ready for Paradise."

The weird power of the sibyl's glance seemed to have the effect she desired, for Paolo rose, and tried to command himself.

"I was false to her," he said, after a while, "and now she is dead, and can never know how much I loved her."

"Yes. Signor, she knows it now," said the sibyl.

"If I could think so," said Paolo, "it might be some poor comfort."

"Do not doubt it, Signor *mio!* For such love and loveliness as hers there can be no death. And do not blame yourself too much, Signor. It was the will of the Invisible, before which we creatures of clay must put our fingers on our lips and be dumb. Come, Signor, come and take some food and wine. Then you will be a man again."

"Food! wine!" said Paolo, shuddering.

"Signor, listen to the wise Olympia. Did she not tell you that the thread of your life, and of hers who lies there, were knotted together? Did I not say that I saw you both standing side by side in a crimson cloud, and you thought it was the morning sun rising over free Italy; but, Signor, I knew it was *her* blood. Also, I told you that your fortune should be great, and that you and Italy should triumph together. And now I tell you so again. Your life is not your own to throw away, as if it were a broken toy. You must keep it to aid in making *La Patria* free from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic; you must keep it to be revenged on the tyrants who sent their evil hounds to murder her who died for you! The old Olympia has lived to be very old, and she has learned the lesson the young find it so hard to learn: she has learned not to kick against the pricks. Come, Signor *mio*, drink some wine, and eat, and sleep. Our young men shall guard the house, and your enemies shall not find you. You must not die like a coward, and let your foes and the foes of Italy triumph over you.

The wise Olympia had struck the right chord at last. Paolo thought of the faithless Giulia, of the profligate Raffaello, of the tyrants against whom he had so long waged war in Italy's cause—they should not have the satisfaction of knowing that they had driven him to a suicide's dishonoured grave. Then better and nobler thoughts came. He remembered the heroic Mazzini, who from his earliest youth had lived a life of martyrdom for the sake of the beloved land; he thought of the band of gallant patriots with whom he had laboured—could he be so weak and selfish as to desert them? Above all, he thought of Carmina's last words—"Live to make Italy free and united!" Surely somewhere in God's wide universe,

he should yet meet her, and tell her he had obeyed her last desire!

"You are right, mother," he said to the old sibyl, who had waited, keenly watching him with her glittering eyes. "Give me wine—give me food! I will try and steel myself to bear this blow like a man! There is plenty of work for me to do, and I will not shirk it!

Carmina was laid in a grave not far from the cliffs, under the shadow of a lonely and picturesque little church where the murmurs of the sea forever blend with the prayers continually chanted for the dead. Paolo placed a white marble slab over her grave on which a broken lily,—the white lily of the Annunciation, sacred to the Madonna—was sculptured; and beneath was graven

CARMINA.

As the wise Olympia had prophesied, Paolo lived to enter Naples in triumph with Garibaldi, and to see Rome once more the capital of Italy. He is a prosperous and successful man, and a rising statesman; but his private life is lonely and desolate. He has never married, and his heart lies buried in the grave near the cliffs on the island of Ischia.

Paolo's conspiracy against the Neapolitan Government had been so clearly proved, that he was condemned to death unheard: a sentence which, as far as he was concerned, his escape rendered a dead letter. But on the petition of the Contessa Giulia, His Holiness the Pope was pleased to declare that she was as legally entitled to marry as if the sentence had been actually executed on her husband, and accordingly sent her a formal declaration of divorce. In spite of the Holy Father's gracious permission, however, it was not without much hesitation and many doubts that the Marchese Raffaello brought himself to the point of marriage; and as might have been expected, it was a miserable union, made intolerable to both by mutual jealousy, suspicion, and every evil passion. In less than a year the wretched Giulia was found one morning dead in her dressing-room—poisoned. Some people hinted that she had been murdered by the Marchese, but no public accusation was ever brought against him, and it was generally supposed that she had died by her own hand. As she left no child, her wealth went to endow churches and convents, according to the provisions of the Comte Deslandes' will. The villa was sold to an Italian prince, and received another name.

And Jacopo,—the faithful Jacopo—never forgot, or ceased to mourn for Carmina. His grief had at first seemed less than Paolo's, partly because his nature was not so passionate and enthusiastic, partly because his sorrow was unmixed with remorse; but though it was silent and undemonstrative it was deep and lasting. Paolo had given him Carmina's dying request that he should take care of Ninetta, and he had received it with grateful joy, as a proof that she had remembered and trusted him to the last. Paolo would gladly have given him a yearly sum for Ninetta's support, but nothing could induce him to accept it. Carmina had left her to his care, he said, and he could not divide the trust with any one. He took a little cottage not far from Carmina's grave, and placed Ninetta in it, with a kind elderly woman to take care of her. He spends all his holidays there, and his greatest pleasures seem to be—giving some amusement or gratification to Ninetta, or sitting by Carmina's quiet resting place, and spelling out the letters carved on the stone. He makes so much money with his felucca that he is able to lay by no small sum every year, and he says that when he gets a little older he will give up the sea, buy some land near the cottage, and cultivate a vineyard.

Sometimes Paolo comes to the island in Jacopo's felucca, and visits Carmina's grave. They are fast friends, these men so different in rank, in cultivation, in habits, in everything except one—their love for Carmina

and their faithfulness to her memory. This it is which forms the strong bond there is between them. It was impossible for Paolo to help honouring and loving the man who had loved and served Carmina with such unselfish devotion, and the pity which the generous Jacopo felt for Paolo when he witnessed his deep sorrow and remorse, and knew how they had darkened all his life, gradually became a strong though silent and almost unconscious affection. They seldom meet, and never speak of the deeper feelings lying in their hearts, but each would willingly incur any risk, or suffer any loss for the sake of serving the other. They have tasks to perform and objects to achieve, in their separate ways, which make life worth living for; but all the joy and sunshine of existence for both were forever buried in Carmina's grave.

THE END.

THE JEWELS.

A JEWISH LEGEND.

THE Rabbi homeward slowly took his way,
Fatigued and weary at the close of day;
The sun was calmly sinking into rest,
The moon was slowly rising from the breast
Of slumbering Neptune, and the stars—those blue
"Forget-me-nots of heaven"—as slowly grew
The twilight into night, came one by one
To tell the earth another day was done.

The Rabbi saw his wife stand at the door,
And wait and watch for him, as oft before;
But in her eyes, and on her queenly brow,
There seemed a shadow, never there till now;
And in her voice there seemed a sound as though
Of heart-felt sorrow, deep despair, or woe.

A moment's pause, and then she raised her head,
And welcomed him with steady voice, and said,
"Good Rabbi, I would say a word to thee:—
Four years ago, a good friend gave to me,
In charge for him, two jewels rich and fair,
To keep, till he should claim them from my care.
And I have looked upon them, till I deemed
They were, in truth, mine own, nor scarcely dreamed
They would be claimed. To-day the message came;
And I—shall I—must I—admit the claim,

Or may I not, O husband, still retain
The jewels fair, nor part with them again?"

"Not so, my wife," the aged Rabbi said,
"By such false reasoning be thou not led.
Because the jewels in thy care were left,
Wouldst thou of them the owner were bereft?
Restore the jewels with a willing heart,
And thus the strong temptation shall depart."

"Enough," she said, "thou speakest as I thought,
And surely I have done as thou hast taught.
Already have the jewels been returned,
And thus I have the strong temptation spurned:
Behold the casket where the gems I kept."
Unto a bed, unfalteringly she stept,
The curtains drew,—and lo! two children slept
In death! The Rabbi bowed his head and wept.

EDWARD J. WHITE.

BOWMANVILLE.

THE DUMB SPEAK.

BY JOHN LESPERANCE.

THE twenty-third of February of last year, and the month of March of this year, are dates to be remembered in the social history of our Continent. On both occasions, at exhibitions of deaf and dumb children, which took place in the City of Montreal, the audience was startled to hear some twenty of these unfortunate creatures speak out loudly, distinctly, without apparent effort, and quite intelligibly in both English and French. The other exercises, as announced on the programme, consisted of reading, writing on the black-board, elocutionary and dramatic pantomime.

These results were of a nature to provoke inquiry. Unable to learn anything from the city press, we referred directly to the Superintendent of the exhibition. This gentleman is Rev. J. A. Bélanger, President of the Mile-End Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, Montreal.

It seems that last spring, on his return from Rome, Canon Fabre, of the Montreal Roman Catholic Cathedral, passed through Belgium, and in the cities of Brussels and Ghent, witnessed the system of articulation for deaf mutes, in full and successful operation. He was so much struck by the excellence of the method, that immediately on his return home, he prevailed upon Mr. Bélanger to cross forthwith to Europe, for the purpose of mastering its practical details. The latter gentleman repaired to Aix-la-Chapelle, where for several months he devoted himself to the study, in both French and German. The outbreak of the war interrupted his labours, but he was sufficiently initiated to make his voyage profitable, and

he sailed for home with the glory of being the first to introduce the new system into America. He set to work at once to form his pupils, and with such marvellous success, that at the end of only four months, he was able to give the public exhibition just referred to.

In order to appreciate the full nature of the change here wrought in the education of deaf mutes, it is necessary to call to mind the two great systems which have hitherto prevailed, and of which the present is both a combination and a perfection. These have hitherto gone by the generic names of the French and the German systems.

Up to the middle of the eighteenth century, none but isolated efforts had been made to better the fate of the deaf and the dumb, though it is singularly worthy of remark that in these partial attempts, all the methods of instruction which modern science has developed were more or less in vogue.

In 1760, the Royal Institution for the Deaf and Dumb was founded in Paris, the first of its class. It was endowed by the munificence of the Abbé Charles Michael de L'Epée, and the course of instruction followed in it was due to his inventive genius.

This celebrated system consists mainly of two elements—writing exercises and methodic signs. The former are principal; the latter, auxiliary.

The METHODIC SIGNS are grounded on reason, and derived, directly or indirectly, from nature. This is so much the case, that if one of these signs does not appear, at first sight, to have a natural origin; that is, if it does not convey a miniature or condensed image of the object intended with sufficient clearness, the natural relation will nevertheless soon be discovered by analysis and reflection. The sign, once understood, fixes itself in the memory, along with the thing which it represents.

Two brief examples, one drawn from the material, the other from the metaphysical order, will elucidate these signs. To convey the idea of the verb *to carry*, L'Epée *carried* a book in different ways and manners, at the same time that he wrote out: *I carry* on the black board. Here the written word was illustrated by a methodic sign. The verb *believe*, in its theological sense, is said to be one of the most difficult to explain. As, indeed, it cannot be expressed by a single sign, L'Epée wrote out its different significations in metaphysical sequence, and then, by means of radiating lines, made them all centre on the personal verb *I believe*, thus:

I BELIEVE
- I say YES by my mind.
- I say YES by my heart.
- I say YES by my mouth.
- I do not see with my eyes.

His way of explaining the diagram was this: he began by making the sign proper to the pronoun I. Then, placing his right fore-finger on his forehead, the concave portion of which is thought to contain the mind, he made the sign corresponding to YES. Next, placing his finger on his heart, he made the sign of YES. Next, he made the sign YES on the mouth, moving the lips. Finally, he placed his hand on his eyes, making the sign NO, to express that he did not see. There remained only the sign proper to the present tense, and then he wrote out on the board: *I believe*.

This mode of explanation is still in use, less the grammatical signs.

Besides writing and methodic signs, L'Epée had recourse to reading. "Our deaf and dumb," says he, "write under dictation of methodic signs, and they themselves dictate in this manner, *ad aperturam libri*, when any one desires to make the experiment."

He also made use of dactylology or finger-speech, as a secondary means of instruction for beginners, for the enunciation of proper names, which cannot be expressed by any natural sign. He employed the common one-hand alphabet.

Articulation was not unknown to the Abbé

L'Epée. He practised it at intervals, or in exceptional cases, and turned out some very distinguished subjects, but he did not make it the essential element of his system for reasons which will better appear further on.

This great man, who must ever rank among the most illustrious reformers of our era, died in 1789, after seeing his system adopted in the greater part of Europe, and leaving such disciples as Sicard, Storch, Keller, Dilo, Silvestri, Pfinsten, Guyot, D'Arca and Ulrich, to propagate and perfect his teachings.

Equally eminent is Samuel Heinicke, the contemporary and rival of L'Epée. He founded the celebrated Institution of Leipsic, in 1778. His system is based on artificial articulation. The German reformer held that speech is the natural instrument of human thought, and writing only the representation of articulation. According to him, man thinks not in written, but in sounding words. He cannot think in written words without, at the same time, pronouncing them, when he has not these words before his eyes. Hence, writing cannot develop the ideas of the born deaf-mute, and articulation is indispensable.

Heinicke was conscious of the practical difficulties besetting his theory, and he consecrated the best years of his life towards overcoming them. To soften, for instance, the articulation of deaf-mutes, and render the impression of the vowels lasting in their memory, he imagined a scale of gustatory senses — *Scala des Geschmacksinnes* — by which he intended to endow the sense of taste—which in man is very keen—with the acoustic qualities of the voice. He argued that by placing on the tongue of deaf-mutes a bitter, a sweet, or a sour substance, before and after the articulation of one or the other vowel, they would attach the particular movement of the vocal organ to the simultaneous sensation which they experience. The coincidence and the fusion of the two impressions must necessarily give fixity to articulation, when the exercise is repeated a certain number of times. Thus for the vowel *a*, Heinicke employed pure water; for the vowel *e*, wormwood; for the vowel *i*, vinegar; for the vowel *o*, sweetened water; for the vowel *u*, olive oil.

He also made use of an artificial tongue and throat, by which he attempted to give mechanical illustrations of the formation of different sounds. It need scarcely be said that these contrivances have long since been discarded.

Lip-reading is the correlative of articulation, and constitutes with it what is called *Phonomimia*. The teacher forms sounds and letters by the movement of his lips, which the deaf and dumb pupil observes and repeats aloud. To facilitate this reading, Schibel, of Zurich, uses a mirror, in which both teacher and pupil look during recitation, the latter comparing the motions of his mouth with that of the former. This intelligent preceptor had remarked that generally when deaf-mutes begin lip-reading, they fix their attention rather on the eyes than on the mouth of the teacher, an inconvenience obviated by the mirror.

From the above, it appears that the French and German systems have much in common, inasmuch as all the devices invented for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, are practised in both, yet the specific difference between them is broadly marked by the language of signs which is characteristic of the former, and articulate speech which is the groundwork of the latter. Unfortunately, too, national rivalry, which should never be allowed in science, had, until lately, still further separated the two systems. The Germans rejected the French system almost with contempt; while in France, the German method, though never really excluded, had been thought less generally useful than that of the Abbé L'Epée.

One of the reasons why artificial articulation was partially neglected in the French institutions of the deaf and dumb is to be

found in the difficulties presented by the grammar of the French language. Comparative philologists are aware that modern or derivative languages are arbitrary in their pronunciation, and that the French, more especially, is not spoken, as it is written. Treating of this topic, L'Epée used to say: "we write for the eye; we speak for the ear." He used to instance the unaccented syllables, the suppressed letters, and especially the *é fermé*, as presenting great difficulty to the articulation of deaf-mutes. Then there is the contraction of letters which gives the same sound to a series of syllables quite different in their spelling, and coming under an infinite number of rules. Thus the sound of the word *eau* (water) is represented by *o*, in the following diverse forms: *eaux*, *aulx*, *défaut*, *défauts*, *étau*, *maux*, *écho*, *gros*, *chaud*, *échafauds*, *sot*, *pots*, *escroc*, *escrocs*. The Abbé L'Epée preferred Latin for the purposes of articulation, because in that language, as indeed, in all the ancient tongues, every syllable is pronounced separately, and the vowel sounds are uniform. Among his papers, after his death, was found a Latin discourse, delivered in public by one of his pupils, Clémens de la Pujade.

What is true of the French, applies with no less force to the English. Not only is our written alphabet far from sufficient to represent the sounds of our spoken language, but we have special difficulties of articulation, which are nearly insuperable to all but the supplest organs. Our sibilants are particularly annoying. We have also hundreds of elementary sounds which are denominated labial, that is, which require only a little movement of the lips. They are all so many sources of hardship to deaf-mutes, whose imperfect organ can much more readily articulate the guttural sounds of the German.

These facts are sufficient to explain why the French system is preferred in the Deaf and Dumb Institutions of Great Britain to the German system, and why, with an exception or two, to be mentioned later, this preference is maintained to the present time. Indeed, the renowned institution of Edinburgh, founded by Thomas Braidwood, in 1764, and that of London, established by Dr. Watson, in 1792, have done quite as much as that of Paris itself, to popularize the method of the Abbé de L'Epée.

The same causes, together with the direct co-operation of French teachers, contributed to introduce the French system into the United States. The most ancient of American institutions is that of Hartford, founded in 1817. Its first professors were Gallaudet and the celebrated deaf-mute Laurent Clerc, both pupils of the Paris institute. From Connecticut, the system passed to New York, which, in 1820, opened an asylum of the highest class, now grown to be the largest of the two continents. In the course of time, nearly every State claimed the honour of having an institution of its own, and the United States can now boast of 25 establishments of unrivalled excellence. In 1864, they even took a great step in advance. A kind of central or national institution was created at Washington, by endowing the ancient asylum of the district of Columbia, with a scientific department to which academic degrees are attached. It was in that same year that the Institution conferred the diploma of Master of Arts, on John Carlin, who thus enjoys the distinction of being the first deaf and dumb graduate in the world.

Other objections have been raised against the system of artificial articulation on physiological and pedagogic grounds, but we need not enter further into them, as they have been precisely met by the new method just inaugurated in Montreal.

As we said before, this is essentially a method of conciliation. It combines what should never have been dissevered—the German and the French systems—but in such a judicious way that each is applied, and solely applied, to the class of pupils for which it is naturally intended. Reliable

statistics show that of the total of deaf and dumb in public institutions, the great majority are incapable of any but elementary and even fragmentary instruction. A fair portion of the remainder can get their education only by signs, writing and dactyl language, the χεῖρες παμφωνοι, or *manus loquacissimae* and the *digiti clamosi* of Cassiodorus. It is only the privileged few who have the gift of articulation.

Henne, of Gmund, one of the most experienced instructors in Germany, reduces to four the causes which render most deaf-mutes incapable of articulate speech. Some are so weak of intellect that the organs of the voice, which have remained inert, are unequal to the exercise necessary to enunciation.

Others have the vocal organs so defective that, although they may have intelligence, they can never be made to reach that clearness of pronunciation which is indispensable to intelligible speech.

Others, again, owing to great physical debility, which results from the weakness of the lungs or other interior organs, are unable to produce articulate sounds, spite of an ordinary intelligence and a normal conformation of the vocal organs.

Finally, and in frequent cases, some have such feeble sight that they are unable to assist at the general instruction given to their fellow pupils, inasmuch as they cannot read a single word on the lips of the professor.

These important facts being kept in view, the first thing inquired after in the case of every pupil of the Montreal Institution, is his power of articulation. If the result is satisfactory, in any way, he is forthwith put under that method of instruction. If the result is not satisfactory, the pupil is set to the mode of communication for which he has the readiest aptitude, and thus learns what he can, without being retarded by useless exercises.

Pupils are, of course, received at every age, the zealous professors being willing to make themselves useful to the greatest possible number, but the question of age is a very important one, and our attention was particularly invited to it.

Experience has demonstrated that the more a deaf-mute advances in age, the more difficult becomes the exercise of the principal organs of the voice, tongue and lips, and hence, to form a pupil to articulation when he is already advanced in age, requires not only more time, but more persistent effort. Then, besides, it is well known that the deaf and dumb have great repugnance to pronouncing several words without interruption, and in one breath. The majority of the deaf and dumb have to take breath very often, not only in a sentence, but also in a word of several syllables. This must necessarily depend on the weakness of their lungs which, owing to the inaction consequent on dumbness, do not attain their normal development. Indeed, the official autopsy practised on several deaf-mutes demonstrates this fact.

The New York institution does not admit pupils before the age of twelve or fourteen. If it ever adopts the new method of articulation, it will necessarily have to alter that regulation. For when the exercise of articulation commences only at twelve years, or, especially after that age, the efforts which it requires from the beginning, and which must be continued for a length of time, often lead to the ruin of health and to untimely death. It may, however, be stated as an offset to this, that the want of lung exercise, resulting from dumbness, is hurtful to the constitution, and that many deaf-mutes die of phthisis of the larynx or the lungs.

But if the deaf and dumb are initiated to articulate speech at the early age of six or seven, and if to this exercise is added frequent reading aloud, their lungs will expand and their health will be everyway improved.

The earlier this mode is adopted, and the more it is persevered in, the better will the memory of the pupil be improved, the sooner

will he get rid of the language of signs, and the clearer and more agreeable will his pronunciation become.

At Montreal, it is recommended to begin with a lesson of a quarter of an hour ; then to attempt half an hour ; and finally a whole hour. In this way the child's strength will increase with his instruction.

Another paramount advantage of the new method is that it has at length nearly solved the problem of a clear and distinct articulation. Hitherto, this was a very telling objection against the German system. It was urged, and with justice, against Heinicke, that the speech of his pupils was harsh, hardly intelligible, and always painful to hear. As late as 1861, M. Frank, in a report to the French Academy of Sciences—a document of immense research and great impartiality—asserts that the deaf and dumb may indeed be taught to utter articulate sounds, but on hearing them, no one would figure to himself that they issued from a human breast. He goes further, and declares that all the deaf-mutes he ever met capable of articulating, however faintly, had lost the sense of hearing through accident or disease. He denies that a born deaf-mute can ever be made to articulate at all.

From the Philadelphia institutions we have the same opinion. In one of its reports we find the statement, based on personal statistics, that congenital dumbness renders articulation impossible, and furthermore, that the born deaf-mute, is incapable of the perception of ideas necessary to lip-reading.

Both the Abbé de L'Epée and Heinicke rejected this doctrine, and the new method will doubtless contribute still further to disprove it, with regard to harshness and indistinctness of articulation, and it pledges itself to go much farther in the way of progress than any have ever attempted before. Former masters answered the objections against them, by saying that their method does not consist essentially in purity of pronunciation, but in the use of articulate speech as a form and instrument of thought, and a means of education. The new teachers wish to have articulation introduce the deaf-mute into society, make him as little different as possible from other men in the intercourse of life. While they do not insure a perfect accent, even in their most brilliant pupils, they profess to train them above the average of speakers who have defective organs, but are still quite endurable. When a pupil has gone through their course, he can throw aside pencil and slate and converse as other men, reading what his interlocutors say by the movements of their lips. The Montreal institution has already obtained most satisfactory results. The zealous and intelligent principal has had syllabic tablets, and reading schedules printed in both English and French, and in one of the several letters with which he has honoured us, he states that he has made unexpected progress. In seven months—from October of last year, to May of this—his pupils are as advanced as those who have spent two years at corresponding exercises, in Germany and Belgium. This is a magnificent exhibit, well worthy the attention and inquiry of specialists.

It is to be remarked that while the Mile-End institution of Montreal, is the first of its class in America, it is likewise one of the few outside of Germany, where the new method has been afforded a fair trial. There is one asylum of the kind in France, at St. Hippolyte du Fort, Department of the Gard. There are several in the chief cities of Belgium, and two others in Holland. The most successful of which is that of Gröningen. We learn from a letter of Canon Fabre, that the method, though unknown in the State institutions of Great Britain, is partially practised in private establishments of London and Manchester. We have the same authority for stating that Archbishop McCloskey, of New York, whom our correspondent met in Rome, expressed his intention of sending some nuns to Brussels, for

the purpose of studying the system. We have not been able to ascertain whether this mission has taken place or not, but we are positive that the method has not yet been tried in New York, nor any where on this Continent, except partially at Northampton, Massachusetts.

Fortunately, on this continent there is no prejudice against any scheme that may ameliorate the condition of the deaf and dumb. In matters of science and philanthropy, Canadians and Americans have none of that partisanship, which often mars the best endeavors of reformers in the old countries of Europe. We are willing to give every new proposition a fair hearing, and every new method a full trial. No more is asked for the system of deaf-mute instruction just introduced among our neighbours. Convinced ourselves after conscientious research, that it merits the attention of those among us who, by profession or inclination, devote their time to the care of a numerous class of unfortunates, we have contented ourselves with unfolding a few of the principal facts before them. Though the French system has been in vogue here from the beginning, and no other has ever been fully attempted, we believe that the new modification of the German system will eventually find a place here. We believe further, that it is destined to open an era in the education of Canadian and American deaf-mutes. Requiring, as it does, a greater number of special teachers than are employed in the present curriculum, it will necessarily stimulate the zeal of young aspirants, and extend the particular studies essential to their success. It is a satisfaction to know that the Principal of the Mile-End Institution, so far from wishing to make any mystery about his method, is anxious to communicate all he has learned and discovered to any who may apply for information. This he has repeatedly stated in his correspondence with us. The worthy official has chosen for his motto the picturesque words of Heinicke: *die stummen entstummen*, and his highest ambition is to spread as much as possible this marvel of modern science—almost the rival of the Gospel miracle, by which THE DUMB SPEAK.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

FROM SCHILLER.

THE clouds gather darkly,
The oak-forests roar,
Lone and sad sits the maiden
Upon the green shore;
Where fierce lash the waters with might, with might,
As she sighs forth her grief to the stormy night,
Her eye with long weeping is weary.

"The world is a desert,
The heart's throbs are o'er,
And left to its longing
Is nothing more.
Thou Holy One, let me return to thy Heaven,
All the bliss of the earth has already been given:
With my love all my life is now over."

The flow of her weeping
Runs ever in vain ;
The dead from their sleeping
Awake not again.
Whatever can solace and comfort the heart,
When the sweet joys of love that has vanished depart,
I, the Holy One will not deny thee.

" Tho' the flow of my weeping
Run ever in vain,
Tho' the dead from his sleeping
Awake not again,
What only can solace and comfort the heart,
When the sweet joys of love that has vanish'd depart,
Is the memory of love that is over."

S. T.

THE LABOUR MOVEMENT.*

By Goldwin Smith, M.A.

(A Lecture delivered before the Mechanics' Institute of Montreal, and the Literary Society of Sherbrooke.)

WE are in the midst of an industrial war which is extending over Europe and the United States, and has not left Canada untouched. It is not wonderful that great alarm should prevail, or that, in panic-stricken minds, it should assume extravagant forms. London deprived of bread by a bakers' strike, or of fuel by a colliers' strike, is a serious prospect; so is the sudden stoppage of any one of the wheels in the vast and complicated machine of modern industry. People may be pardoned for thinking that they have fallen on evil times, and that they have a dark future before them. Yet, those who have studied industrial history, know that the present disturbance is mild compared with the annals of even a not very remote past. The study of history shows us where we are, and whither things are tending. Though it does not diminish the difficulties of the present hour, it teaches us to estimate them justly, to deal with them calmly, and not to call for cavalry and grapeshot because one morning we are left without hot bread.

One of the literary janissaries of the French Empire thought to prove that the working class had no rights against the Bonapartes, by showing that the first free labourers were only emancipated slaves. One would like to know what he supposed the first Bonapartes were. However, though his inference was not worth much, except against those who are pedantic enough to vouch parchment archives for the rights and interests of humanity, he was in the right as to the fact. Labour first appears in history as a slave, treated like a beast of burden, chained to the door-post of a Roman master, or lodged in the underground man-

* The lecture has been revised since its delivery, and some slight additions have been made.

stables (ergastula) on his estate, treated like a beast, or worse than a beast, recklessly worked out and then cast forth to die, scourged, tortured, flung in a moment of passion to feed the lampreys, crucified for the slightest offence or none. "Set up a cross for the slave," cries the Roman matron in Juvenal. "Why, what has the slave done?" asks her husband. One day labour strikes; finds a leader in Spartacus, a slave devoted as a gladiator to the vilest of Roman pleasures; wages a long and terrible servile war. The revolt is put down at last, after shaking the foundations of the State. Six thousand slaves are crucified along the road from Rome to Capua. Labour had its revenge, for slavery brought the doom of Rome.

In the twilight of history, between the fall of Rome and the rise of the new nationalities, we dimly see the struggle going on. There is a great insurrection of the oppressed peasantry, under the name of Bagaudæ, in Gaul. When the light dawns, a step has been gained. Slavery has been generally succeeded by serfdom. But serfdom is hard. The peasantry of feudal Normandy conspire against their cruel lords, hold secret meetings; the ominous name *commune* is heard. But the conspiracy is discovered and suppressed with the fiendish ferocity with which panic inspires a dominant class, whether in Normandy or in Jamaica. Amidst the religious fervour of the Crusades again breaks out a wild labour movement, that of the Pastoureaux, striking for equality in the name of the Holy Spirit, which, perhaps, they had as good a right to use as some who deemed their use of it profane. This is in the country, among the shepherds and ploughmen. In the cities labour has congregated numbers, mutual intelligence, union on its side; it is constantly reinforced by fugitives from rural serfdom; it builds city walls, purchases or extorts charters of liberty. The commercial and manufacturing cities of Italy, Germany, Flanders, become the cradles of free industry, and, at the same time, of intellect, art, civilization. But these are points of light amidst the feudal darkness of the rural districts. In France, for example, the peasantry are cattle; in time of peace crushed with forced labour, feudal burdens and imposts of all kinds; in time of war driven, in unwilling masses, half-armed and helpless, to the shambles. Aristocratic luxury, gambling, profligate wars, Jacques Bonhomme pays for all. At Crécy and Poictiers the lords are taken prisoners, have to pay heavy ransoms, which, being debts of honour, like gambling debts, are more binding than debts of honesty. But Jacques Bonhomme's back is broad, it will bear everything. Broad as it is, it will not bear this last straw. The tidings of Flemish freedom have, perhaps, in some way reached his dull ear, taught him that bondage is not, as his priest, no doubt, assures him it is, a changeless ordinance of God, that the yoke, though strong, may be broken. He strikes, arms himself with clubs, knives, ploughshares, rude pikes, breaks out into a Jacquerie, storms the castles of the oppressor, sacks, burns, slays with the fury of a wild beast unchained. The lords are stupified. At last they rally and bring their armour, their discipline, their experience in war, the moral ascendency of a master class to bear. The English gentlemen, in spite of the hostilities, only half suspended, between the nations, join the French gentlemen against the common enemy. Twenty thousand peasants are soon cut down, but long afterwards the butchery continues. Guillaume Callet, the leader of the Jacquerie, a very crafty peasant, as he is called by the organs of the lords, is crowned with a circlet of red-hot iron.

In England, during the same period, serfdom, we know not exactly how, is breaking up. There is a large body of labourers working for hire. But in the midst of the wars of the great conqueror, Edward III. comes a greater conqueror, the plague called the Black Death, which sweeps away, some

think, a third of the population of Europe. The number of labourers is greatly diminished. Wages rise. The feudal parliament passes an Act to compel labourers, under penalties to work at the old rates. This Act is followed by a train of similar Acts, limiting wages and fixing in the employers' interest the hours of work, which, in the pages of imaginative writers, figure as noble attempts made by the legislators of a golden age to regulate the relations between employer and employed on some higher principle than that of contract. The same generous spirit, no doubt, dictated the enactment prohibiting farm labourers from bringing up their children to trades, lest hands should be withdrawn from the landowner's service. Connected with the Statutes of Labourers, are those bloody vagrant laws, in which whipping, branding, hanging are ordained as the punishment of vagrancy by lawgivers, many of whom were themselves among the idlest and most noxious vagabonds in the country, and the authors of senseless wars which generated a mass of vagrancy, by filling the country with disbanded soldiers. In the reign of Richard II., the poll tax being added to other elements of class discord, labour strikes, takes arms under Wat Tyler, demands fixed rents, tenant right in an extreme form, and the total abolition of serfage. A wild religious communism bred of the preachings of the more visionary among the Wycliffites mingles in the movement with the sense of fiscal and industrial wrong. "When Adam delved and Eve span, where was then the gentleman?" is the motto of the villeins, and it is one of more formidable import than any utterance of peasant orators at Agricultural Labourers' meetings in the present day. Then come fearful scenes of confusion, violence, and crime. London is in the power of hordes brutalized by oppression. High officers of state, high ecclesiastics are murdered. Special vengeance falls on the lawyers, as the artificers who forged the cunning chains of feudal iniquity. The rulers, the troops are paralyzed by the aspect of the sea of furious savagery raging round them. The boy king, by a miraculous exhibition of courageous self-possession, saves the State; but he is compelled to grant general charters of manumission, which when the danger is over, the feudal parliament forces him by a unanimous vote to repudiate. Wholesale hanging of serfs, of course, follows the landlords' victory.

The rising under Jack Cade, in the reign of Henry VI., was rather political than industrial. The demands of the insurgents, political reform and freedom of suffrage, show that progress had been made in the condition and aspirations of the labouring class. But with the age of the Tudors came the final break-up in England of feudalism, as well as of Catholicism, attended by disturbances in the world of labour, similar to those which have attended the abolition of slavery in the Southern States. This is the special epoch of the sanguinary vagrancy laws, the most sanguinary of which was framed by the hand of Henry VIII. The new nobility of courtiers and upstarts, who had shared with the king the plunder of the monasteries, were hard landlords of course; they robbed the people of their rights of common, and swept away homesteads and cottages, to make room for sheep farms, the wool trade being the great source of wealth in those days. By the spoliation of the monasteries, the great alms-houses of the middle ages, the poor had also been left for the time without the relief, which was given them again in a more regular form by the Poor Law of Elizabeth. Hence in the reign of Edward VI., armed strikes again, in different parts of the kingdom. In the West, the movement was mainly religious; but in the Eastern counties, under Kett of Norfolk, it was agrarian. Kett's movement, after a brief period of success, during which the behaviour of the insurgents and their leader was very creditable, was put down by the

disciplined mercenaries under the command of the new aristocracy, and its suppression was of course followed by a vigorous use of the gallows. No doubt the industrial conservatives of those days were as frightened, as angry and as eager for strong measures as their successors are now: but the awkwardness of the newly liberated captive, in the use of his limbs and eyes, is due not to his recovered liberty, but to the narrowness and darkness of the dungeon in which he has been immured.

In Germany, at the same epoch, there was not merely a local rising, but a wide-spread and most terrible peasants' war. The German peasantry had been ground down beyond even an hereditary bondsman's power of endurance by their lords generally, and by the Prince Bishops and other spiritual lords in particular. The Reformation having come with a gospel of truth, love, spiritual brotherhood, the peasants thought it might also have brought some hope of social justice. The doctors of divinity had to inform them that this was a mistake. But they took the matter into their own hands and rose far and wide, the fury of social and industrial war blending with the wildest fanaticism, the most delirious ecstasy, the darkest imposture. Once more there are stormings and burnings of feudal castles, massacring of their lords. Lords are roasted alive, hunted like wild beasts in savage revenge for the cruelty of the game laws. Münzer, a sort of peasant Mahomet, is at the head of the movement. Under him it becomes Anabaptist, Antinomian, Communist. At first he and his followers sweep the country with a whirlwind of terror and destruction: but again the lords rally, bring up regular troops. The peasants are brought to bay on their last hill side, behind a rampart formed of their waggons. Their prophet assures them that the cannon-balls will fall harmless into his cloak. The cannon-balls take their usual course: a butchery, then a train of torturings and executions follows, the Prince Bishops, among others, adding considerably to the whiteness of the Church's robe. Luther is accused of having incited the ferocity of the lords against those, who, it is alleged, had only carried his own principles to an extreme. But in the first place Luther never taught Anabaptism or anything that could logically lead to it; and in the second place, before he denounced the peasants he tried to mediate and rebuked the tyranny of the lords. No man deserves more sympathy than a great reformer, who is obliged to turn against the excesses of his own party. He becomes the object of fierce hatred on one side, of exulting derision on the other: yet he is no traitor, but alone loyal to his conscience and his cause.

The French Revolution was a political movement among the middle class in the cities, but among the peasantry in the country it was an agrarian and labour movement, and the dismantling of châteaux, and chasing away of their lords which then took place were a renewal of the struggle which had given birth to the Jacquerie, the insurrection of Wat Tyler and the Peasants' War. This time the victory remained with the peasant, and the lord returned no more.

In England, long after the Tudor period, industrial disturbances took place, and wild communistic fancies welled up from the depths of a suffering world of labour, when society was stirred by political and religious revolution. Under the Commonwealth, communists went out upon the hill-side, and began to break ground for a poor man's Utopia; and the great movement of the Levellers, which had in it an economical as well as a political element, might have overturned society, if it had not been quelled by the strong hand of Cromwell. But in more recent times, within living memory, within the memory of many here there were labour disturbances in England, compared with which the present industrial war is mild.* In 1816, there were outbreaks among the

* For the following details, see Martineau's History of the Peace.

suffering peasantry, which filled the governing classes with fear. In Suffolk nightly fires of incendiaries blazed in every district, thrashing machines were broken or burnt in open day, mills were attacked. At Brandon large bodies of workmen assembled to prescribe a maximum price of grain and meat, and to pull down the houses of butchers and bakers. They bore flags with the motto, "Bread or Blood." Insurgents from the Fen Country, a special scene of distress, assembled at Littleport, attacked the house of a magistrate in the night, broke open shops, emptied the cellars of public houses, marched on Ely, and filled the district for two days and nights with drunken rioting and plunder. The soldiery was called in; there was an affray in which blood flowed on both sides, then a special commission and hangings to close the scene. Distressed colliers in Staffordshire and Wales assembled by thousands, stopped works, were with difficulty diverted from marching to London. In 1812, another stain of blood was added to the sanguinary criminal code of those days by the Act making death the penalty for the destruction of machinery. This was caused by the Luddite outrages, which were carried on in the most systematic manner, and on the largest scale in Nottingham and the adjoining counties. Bodies of desperadoes, armed and disguised, went forth under a leader, styled General Ludd, who divided them into bands, and assigned to each band its work of destruction. Terror reigned around; the inhabitants were commanded to keep in their houses and put out their lights, on pain of death. In the silence of night houses and factories were broken open, machines demolished, unfinished work scattered on the highways. The extent and secrecy of the conspiracy baffled the efforts of justice, and the death penalty failed to put the system down. Even the attempts made to relieve distress became new sources of discontent, and a soup kitchen riot at Glasgow led to a two days' conflict between the soldiery and the mob. In 1818, a threatening mass of Manchester spinners, on strike, came into bloody collision with the military. Then there were rick burnings, farmers patrolling all night long, gibbets erected on Pennenden heath, and bodies swinging on them, bodies of boys, eighteen or nineteen years old. Six labourers of Dorsetshire, the most wretched county in England, were sentenced to seven years' transportation nominally for administering an illegal oath, really for Unionism. Thereupon all the trades made a menacing demonstration, marched to Westminster, thirty thousand strong, with a petition for the release of the labourers. London was in an agony of fear, the Duke of Wellington prepared for a great conflict, pouring in troops and bringing up artillery from Woolwich. In 1840, again there were formidable movements, and society felt itself on the crust of a volcano. Threatening letters were sent to masters, rewards offered for firing mills; workmen were beaten, driven out of the country, burned with vitriol, and there was reason to fear, murdered. Great masses of operatives collected for purposes of intimidation, shopkeepers were pillaged, collisions again took place between the people and the soldiery. Irish agrarianism meanwhile prevailed, in a far more deadly form than at present. And these industrial disturbances were connected with political disturbances equally formidable, with Chartism, Socialism, Cato Street conspiracies, Peterloo massacres, Bristol riots.

Now the present movement, even in England, where there is so much suffering and so much ignorance, has been marked by a comparative absence of violence, and comparative respect for law. Considering what large bodies of men have been out on strike, how much they have endured in the conflict, and what appeals have been made to their passions, it is wonderful how little of actual crime or disturbance there has been. There were the Sheffield murders, the disclosure of

which filled all the friends of labour with shame and sorrow, all the enemies of labour with malignant exultation. But we should not have heard so much of the Sheffield murders if such things had been common. Sheffield is an exceptional place: some of the work there is deadly, life is short and character is reckless. Even at Sheffield, a very few, out of the whole number of trades, were found to have been in any way implicated. The denunciation of the outrages by the trades through England generally, was loud and sincere: an attempt was made, of course, to fix the guilt on all the unions, but this was a hypocritical libel. It was stated, in one of our Canadian journals the other day, that Mr. Roebuck had lost his seat for Sheffield, by protesting against Unionist outrage. Mr. Roebuck lost his seat for Sheffield by turning Tory. The Trades' candidate, by whom Mr. Roebuck was defeated, was Mr. Mundella, a representative of whom any constituency may be proud, a great employer of labour, and one who has done more than any other man of his class in England to substitute arbitration for industrial war, and to restore kindly relations between the employers and the employed. To Mr. Mundella the support of Broadhead and the criminal Unionists was offered, and by him it was decisively rejected.

The public mind has been filled with horrid fantasies, on the subject of unionism, by sensation novelists like Mr. Charles Reade and Mr. Disraeli, the latter of whom has depicted the initiation of a working man into a Union with horrid rites, in a lofty and spacious room, hung with black cloth and lighted with tapers, amidst skeletons, men with battle axes, rows of masked figures in white robes, and holding torches; the novice swearing an awful oath on the Gospel, to do every act which the heads of the society enjoin, such as the chastisement of nobs, the assassination of tyrannical masters, and the demolition of all mills deemed incorrigible by the society. People may read such stuff for the sake of amusement and excitement, if they please; but they will fall into a grave error if they take it for a true picture of the Amalgamated Carpenters or the Amalgamated Engineers.

Besides, the Sheffield outrages were several years old at the time of their discovery. They belong, morally, to the time when the unions of working men being forbidden by unfair laws framed in the masters' interest, were compelled to assume the character of conspiracies; when, to rob a union being no theft, unionists could hardly be expected to have the same respect as the better protected interests for public justice; when, moreover, the mechanics, excluded from political rights, could scarcely regard Government as the impartial guardian of their interests, or the governing classes as their friends. Since the legalization of the unions, the extension of legal security to their funds, and the admission of the mechanics to the suffrage, there has been comparatively little of unionist crime.

I do not say that there has been none. I do not say that there is none now. Corporate selfishness, of which Trade Unions after all are embodiments, seldom keeps quite clear of criminality. But the moral dangers of corporate selfishness are the same in all associations, and in all classes. The Pennsylvanian iron master, who comes before our Commissions of Inquiry, to testify against Unionist outrage in Pennsylvania, where a very wild and roving class of workmen are managed by agents who probably take little thought for the moral condition of the miner—this iron master, I say, is himself labouring through his paid organs in the press, through his representatives in Congress, and by every means in his power to keep up hatred of England, and bad relations between the two countries, at the constant risk of war, because it suits the interest of his Protectionist Ring. The upper classes of Europe, in the same spirit, applauded what they called the salvation of

society by the *coup d'état*, the massacre on the Boulevards, and the lawless deportation of the leaders of the working men in France. In the main, however, I repeat, the present movement has been legal and pacific; and so long as there is no violence, so long as no weapons but those of argument are employed, so long as law and reason reign, matters are sure to come right in the end. The result may not be exactly what we wish, because we may wish to take too much for ourselves, and to give our fellow-men too little; but it will be just, and we cannot deliberately desire more. If the law is broken by the Unionists, if violence or intimidation is employed by them instead of reason, let the Government protect the rights of the community, and let the community strengthen the hands of the Government for that purpose.

Perhaps you will say that I have forgotten the International and the Commune. There is undoubtedly a close connection between the labour movement and democracy, between the struggle for industrial, and the struggle for political emancipation; as there is a connection between both and Secularism, the frank form assumed among the working men, by that which is concealed and conformist Scepticism among the upper class. In this respect the present industrial crisis resembles those of the past, which, as we have seen, were closely connected with religious and political revolutions. In truth, the whole frame of humanity generally moves at once. With the International, however, as an organ of political incendiarism, labour had very little to do. The International was, in its origin, a purely industrial association, born of Prince Albert's International Exhibition, which held a convention at Geneva, where everybody goes pic-nicing, for objects, which, though chimerical, were distinctly economical, and free from any taint of petroleum. But a band of political conspirators got hold of the organization and used it, or, at least, so much of it as they could carry with them, for a purpose entirely foreign to the original intent. Mark, too, that it was not so much labour or even democracy that charged the mine which blew up Paris, as the reactionary Empire, which, like reaction in some countries nearer and dearer to us than France, played the demagogue for its own ends, set the labourers against the liberal middle class, and crowded Paris with operatives, bribed by employment on public works. I detest all conspiracy, whether it be that of Ignatius Loyola, or that of Karl Marx —not by conspiracy, not by dark and malignant intrigue, is society to be reformed, but by open, honest and kindly appeals to the reason and conscience of mankind. Yet, let us be just, even to the Commune. The destruction of the column at the Place Vendôme was not a good act; but if it was in any measure the protest of labour against war, it was a better act than ever was done by the occupant of that column. On that column it was that when Napoleon's long orgy of criminal glory was drawing to a close, the hand of misery and bereavement wrote "Monster, if all the blood you have shed could be collected in this square, you might drink without stooping." Thiers is shooting the Communists; perhaps justly, though humanity will be relieved when the gore ceases to trickle, and vengeance ends its long repast. But Thiers has himself been the literary archpriest of Napoleon and of war: of all the incendiaries in France he has been the worst.

The Trade Unions are new things in industrial history. The guilds of the middle ages, with which the unions are often identified, were confederations of all engaged in the trade, masters as well as men, against outsiders. The unions are confederations of the men against the masters. They are the offspring of an age of great capitalists, employing large bodies of hired workmen. The workmen, needy, and obliged to sell their labour without reserve, that they might eat bread, found themselves, in their isola-

tion, very much at the mercy of their masters, and resorted to union as a source of strength. Capital, by collecting in the centres of manufacture masses of operatives who thus became conscious of their number and their force, gave birth to a power which now countervails its own. To talk of a war of labour against capital generally would, of course, be absurd. Capital is nothing but the means of undertaking any industrial or commercial enterprise; of setting up an Allan line of steamships, of setting up a costermonger's cart. We might as well talk of a war of labour against water power. Capital is the fruit of labour past, the condition of labour present; without it no man could do a stroke of work, at least of work requiring tools or food for him who uses them. Let us dismiss from our language and our minds these impersonations which, though mere creatures of fancy playing with abstract nouns, end by depraving our sentiments and misdirecting our actions; let us think and speak of capital impersonally and sensibly as an economical force, and as we would think and speak of the force of gravitation. Relieve the poor word of the big *c*, which is a greatness thrust upon it; its tyranny, and the burning hatred of its tyranny will at once cease. Nevertheless, the fact remains that a working man, standing alone, and without a breakfast for himself or his family, is not in a position to obtain the best terms from a rich employer, who can hold out as long as he likes, or hire other labour on the spot. Whether unionism has had much effect in producing a general rise of wages is very doubtful. Mr. Brassey's book, "Work and Wages," goes far to prove that it has not, and that while, on the one hand, the unionists have been in a fool's paradise, the masters, on the other, have been crying out before they were hurt. No doubt the general rise of wages is mainly and fundamentally due to natural causes, the accumulation of capital, the extension of commercial enterprise, and the opening up of new countries, which have greatly increased the competition for labour, and, consequently, raised the price; while the nominal price of labour, as well as of all other commodities, has been raised by the influx of gold. What unionism, as I think, has evidently effected, is the economical emancipation of the working man. It has rendered him independent instead of dependent, and, in some cases, almost a serf, as he was before. It has placed him on an equal footing with his employer, and enabled him to make the best terms for himself in every respect. There is no employer who does not feel that this is so, or whom Mr. Brassey's statistics, or any statistics, would convince that it is not.

Fundamentally, value determines price; the community will give for any article, or any kind of work, just so much as it is worth. But there is no economical deity who, in each individual case, exactly adjusts the price to the value; we may make a good or a bad bargain, as many of us know to our cost. One source of bad bargains is ignorance. Before unions, which have diffused the intelligence of the labour market, and by so doing have equalized prices, the workman hardly knew the rate of wages in the next town. If this was true of the mechanic, it was still more true of the farm labourer. Practically speaking, the farm labourers in each parish of England, ignorant of everything beyond the parish, isolated and, therefore dependent, had to take what the employers chose to give them. And what the employers chose to give them over large districts was ten shillings a week for themselves and their families, out of which they paid, perhaps, eighteen-pence for rent. A squire the other day, at a meeting of labourers, pointed with pride, and, no doubt, with honest pride, to a labourer who had brought up a family of twelve children on twelve shillings a week. I will venture to say the squire spent as much on any horse in his stables. Meat never touched the peasant's lips, though game, preserved for his land-

lord's pleasure, was running round his cottage. His children could not be educated, because they were wanted, almost from their infancy, to help in keeping the family from starving, as stonepickers, or perambulating scarecrows. His abode was a hovel, in which comfort, decency, morality could not dwell; and it was mainly owing to this cause that, as I have heard an experienced clergyman say, even the people in the low quarters of cities were less immoral than the rural poor. How the English peasants lived on such wages as they had was a question which puzzled the best informed. How they died was clear enough; as penal paupers in a union workhouse. Yet Hodge's back, like that of Jacques Bonhomme, in France, bore everything, bore the great war against Republican France; for the squires and rectors, who made that war for class purposes, got their taxes back in increased rents and tithes. How did the peasantry exist, what was their condition in those days, when wheat was at a hundred, or even a hundred and thirty shillings? They were reduced to a second serfage. They became in the mass parish paupers, and were divided, like slaves, among the employers of each parish. Men may be made serfs, and even slaves by other means than open force, in a country where, legally, all are free, where the impossibility of slavery is the boast of the law. Of late benevolence has been abroad in the English parish, almsgiving and visiting have increased, good landlords have taken up cottage improvements. There have been condescension harvest-homes, at which squires have danced with cottagers, though I knew a good man, and a Conservative, who declined an invitation, saying that it was ghastly to dance on one day with those whom you were starving all the rest of the year. But now Hodge has taken the matter into his own hands, and it seems not without effect. In a letter which I have seen, a squire says, "Here the people are all contented; we (the employers) have seen the necessity of raising their wages." Conservative journals begin to talk of measures for the compulsory improvement of cottages, for limiting ground game, giving tenant right to farmers, granting the franchise to rural householders. Yes, in consequence, partly, at least, of this movement, the dwellings and the general condition of the English peasantry will be improved, the game laws will be abolished; the farmers pressed upon from below, and in their turn pressing upon those above, will demand and obtain tenant right; and the country, as well as the city householder, will be admitted to the franchise, which, under the elective system, is at once the only guarantee for justice to him and for his loyalty to the State. And when the country householder has the suffrage there will soon be an end of those laws of primogeniture and entail which, are deemed so Conservative, but are in fact most revolutionary, since they divorce the nation from its own soil. And then there will be a happier and a more united England in country as well as in town: the poor law, the hateful, degrading, demoralizing poor law will cease to exist; the huge poor-house will no longer darken the rural landscape with its shadow, in hideous contrast with the palace. Suspicion and hatred will no more cower and mutter over the cottage hearth, or round the beer-house fire: the lord of the mansion will no longer be like the man in Tennyson slumbering while a lion is always creeping nearer. Lord Malmesbury is astonished at this disturbance. He always thought the relation between the lord and the pauper peasant was the happiest possible; he cannot conceive what people mean by proposing a change. But then Lord Malmesbury was placed at rather a delusive point of view. If he knew the real state of Hodge's heart he would rejoice in the prospect of a change, not only for Hodge's sake, but, as he is no doubt a good man, for his own. England will be more religious, too, as well as happier and more harmonious, let the clergy be

well assured of it. Social injustice, especially when backed by the Church, is unfavourable to popular religion.

The general rise of wages may at first bring economical disturbance and pressure on certain classes; but, in the end, it brings general prosperity, diffused civilization, public happiness, security to society, which can never be secure while the few are feasting and the many are starving. In the end, also, it brings an increase of production, and greater plenty. Not that we can assent, without reserve, to the pleasant aphorism, that increase of wages, in itself, makes a better workman, which is probably true only where the workman has been underfed, as in the case of the farm labourers of England. But the dearness of labour leads to the adoption of improved methods of production, and especially to the invention of machinery, which gives back to the community what it has paid in increased wages a hundred or a thousand fold. In Illinois, toward the close of the war, a large proportion of the male population had been drafted or volunteered; labour had become scarce and wages had risen; but the invention of machinery had been so much stimulated that the harvest that year was greater than it had ever been before. Machinery will now be used to a greater extent on the English farms; more will be produced by fewer hands; labourers will be set free for production of other kinds, perhaps for the cultivation of our North-West; and the British peasant will rise from the industrial and intellectual level of a mere labourer to that of the guider of a machine. Machinery worked by relays of men is, no doubt, one of the principal solutions of our industrial problems, and of the social problems connected with them. Some seem to fancy that it is the universal solution; but we cannot run reaping machines in the winter or in the dark.

High wages, and the independence of the labourer, compel economy of labour. Economize labour, cries Lord Derby, the cool-headed mentor of the rich; we must give up our second under-butler. When the labourer is dependent, and his wages are low, the most precious of all commodities, that, the husbanding of which is the chief condition of of an increase of production, and of the growth of national wealth, is squandered with reckless prodigality. Thirty years the labourers of Egypt wrought by gangs of a hundred thousand at a time to build the great Pyramid which was to hold a despot's dust. Even now, when everybody is complaining of the dearness of labour, and the insufferable independence of the working class, a piece of fine lace, we are told, consumes the labour of seven persons, each employed on a distinct portion of the work; and the thread, of exquisite fineness, is spun in dark rooms underground, not without injury, we may suppose, to the eyesight or health of those employed. So that the labour movement does not seem to have yet trenched materially even on the elegancies of life. Would it be very detrimental to real civilization if we were forced, by the dearness of labour, to give up all the trades in which human life or health is sacrificed to mere fancy? In London, the bakers have struck. They are kept up from midnight to noon, sometimes even far into the afternoon, sleepless, or only snatching broken slumbers, that London may indulge its fancy for hot bread, which it would be much better without. The result of the strike probably will be, besides relief to the bakers themselves, which has already been in part conceded, a more wholesome kind of bread, such as will keep fresh and palatable through the day, and cleaner baking; for the wretchedness of the trade has made it vile and filthy, as is the case in other trades besides that of the bakers. Many an article of mere luxury, many a senseless toy, if our eyes could be opened, would be seen to bear the traces of human blood and tears. We are like the Merchant Brothers in Keats :—

"With her two brothers this fair lady dwelt
Enriched with ancestral merchandise,
And for them many a weary hand did smelt
In torch-lit mines and noisy factories,
And many once proud-quivered loins did melt
In blood from stinging whip; with hollow eyes
Many all day in dazzling rivers stood
To take the rich-ored driftings of the flood.

"For them the Ceylon diver held his breath
And went all naked to the hungry shark,
For them his ears gushed blood; for them in death
The seal on the cold ice with piteous bark
Lay pierced with darts; for them alone did seethe
A thousand men in troubles wide and dark
Half ignorant, they turned an easy wheel
That set sharp sacks at work to pinch and peel."

Among other economies of labour, if this movement among the English peasantry succeeds and spreads to other countries, then will come an economy of soldiers' blood. Pauperism has been the grand recruiting serjeant. Hodge listed and went to be shot or scourged within an inch of his life for sixpence a day, because he was starving; but he will not leave five shillings for sixpence. Even in former days, the sailor, being somewhat better off than the peasant, could only be forced into the service by the press gang, a name the recollection of which ought to mitigate our strictures on the encroaching tendencies of the working class. There will be a strike, or a refusal of service equivalent to a strike in this direction also. It will be requisite to raise the soldier's pay; the maintenance of standing armies will become a costly indulgence. I have little faith in international champagne, or even in Geneva litigation as a permanent antidote to war: war will cease or be limited to necessary occasions, when the burden of large standing armies becomes too great to be borne.

The strike of the English colliers again, though it causes great inconvenience, may have its good effect. It may be a strong indication that mining in England is getting very deep, and that the nation must exercise a strict economy in the use of coal, the staple of its wealth and greatness. The lot of the colliers, grubbing all day underground and begrimed with dirt, is one of the hardest; the sacrifice of their lives by accidents is terribly large; and we may well believe that the community needs a lesson in favour of these underground toilers, which could be effectually taught only by some practical manifestation of their discontent.

To the labour movement mainly, we owe those efforts to establish better relations between the employer and they employed, which are known by the general name of co-operation. The Comtists, in the name of their autocrat, denounce the whole co-operative system as rotten. Their plan, if you get to the bottom of it, is in fact a permanent division of the industrial world into capitalists and workmen; the capitalists exercising a rule controlled only by the influence of philosophers; the workmen remaining in a perpetual state of tutelage, not to say of babyhood. A little experience of the new world would probably dissipate notions of a permanent division of classes, or a permanent tutelage of any class. It is true that great commercial enterprises require the guidance of superior intelligence with undivided counsels as well as a large capital, and that co-operative mills have failed or succeeded only in cases where very little policy and very little capital were required. As to co-operative stores, they are co-operative only in a very different sense: combinative would be a more accurate term; and the department in which they seem likely to produce an alteration, is that of retail trade, an improvement in the conditions of which, economical and moral, is assuredly much needed. But if we are told that it is impossible to give the workmen an interest in the enterprise, so as to make him work more willingly, avoid waste and generally identify himself with his employer, the answer is, that the thing has been done both in England and here. An artisan working for himself, and selling the produce of his individual skill, has an interest and a pride in his work, for which it would

seem desirable to find, if possible, some substitute in the case of factory hands, whose toil otherwise is mere weariness. The increased scale of commercial enterprise, however, is in itself advantageous in this respect. In great works, where an army of workmen is employed, at at Saltaire, or in the Platt works at Oldham, there must be many grades of promotion, and many subordinate places of trust and emolument to which the workman may rise by industry and probity without capital of his own.

The general effect of the labour movement has been, as I have said, the industrial emancipation of the workmen. It has perhaps had an effect more general still. Aided by the general awakening of social sentiment and of the feeling of social responsibility, it has practically opened our eyes to the fact that a nation, and humanity at large, is a community, the good things of which all are entitled to share, while all must share the evil things. It has forcibly dispelled the notion, in which the rich indolently acquiesced, that enjoyment, leisure, culture, refined affection, high civilization are the destined lot of the few, while the destined lot of the many is to support the privileged existence of the few, by unremitting, coarse and joyless toil. Society has been taught that it must at least endeavour to be just. The old ecclesiastical props of privilege are gone. There is no use any longer in quoting or misquoting Scripture to prove that that God wills the mass of mankind to be always poor and always dependent on the rich. The very peasant has now broken that spell, and will no longer believe the rector if he tells him that this world belongs to the squire, and that justice is put off to the next. The process of mental emancipation has been assisted by the bishop, who was so rash as to suggest that rural agitators should be ducked in a horse pond. Hodge has determined to find out for himself by a practical experiment, what the will of God really is. No doubt this is an imperfect world, and is likely to remain so for our time at least. We must all work on in the hope that if we do our duty it will be well for us in the sum of things, and that when the far off goal of human effort is at last reached, every faithful servant of humanity will have his part in the result. If it were not so, it would be better to be a brute, with no unfulfilled aspirations, than a man. But I repeat, the religion of privilege has lost its power to awe or to control; and if society wishes to rest on a safe foundation, it must show that it is at least trying to be just.

Wealth, real wealth, has hardly as yet much reason to complain of any encroachment of the labour movement on its rights. When did it command such means and appliances of pleasure, such satisfaction for every appetite and every fancy, as it commands now? When did it rear such enchanted palaces of luxury as it is rearing in England at the present day? Well do I remember one of those palaces, the most conspicuous object for miles round. Its lord was, I daresay, consuming the income of some six hundred of the poor labouring families round him. The thought that you are spending on yourself annually the income of six hundred labouring families seems to me about as much as a man with a heart and a brain can bear. Whatever the rich man desires, the finest house, the biggest diamond, the reigning beauty for his wife, social homage, public honours, political power, is ready at his command. Does he fancy a seat in the British House of Commons, the best club in London, as it has been truly called? All other claims, those of the public service included, at once give way. I remember a question arising about a nomination for a certain constituency (a working man's constituency by the way), which was cut short by the announcement that the seat was wanted by a local millionaire. When the name of the millionaire was mentioned, surprise was expressed. Has he, it was asked, any political know-

ledge or capacity, any interest in public affairs, any ambition? The answer was "None." "Then why does he want the seat?" "He does not want it." "Then why does he take it?" "Because his wife does." Cleopatra, as the story goes, displayed her mad prodigality by melting a pearl in a cup, out of which she drank to Antony. But this modern money-queen could throw into her cup of pleasure, to give it a keener zest, a share in the government of the greatest empire in the world.

If the movement, by transferring something from the side of profits to that of wages, checks in any measure the growth of these colossal fortunes, it will benefit society and diminish no man's happiness. I say it without the slightest feeling of asceticism, and in the conviction that wealth well made and well spent is as pure as the rill that runs from the mountain side. Real chiefs of industry have generally a touch of greatness in them, and no nobleman of the peerage clings more to his tinsel than do nature's noblemen to simplicity of life. Mr. Brassey, with his millions, never could be induced to increase his establishment: his pride and pleasure were in the guidance of industry and the accomplishment of great works. But in the hands of the heirs of these men colossal fortunes become social nuisances: waste labour, breed luxury, create unhappiness by propagating factitious wants, too often engender vice, are injurious, for the most part, to real civilization. The most malignant feelings which enter into the present struggle have been generated, especially in England, by the ostentation of idle wealth, in contrast with surrounding poverty. No really high nature covets such a position as that of a luxurious and useless millionaire. Communism, as a movement, is a mistake: but there is a communism which is deeply seated in the heart of every good man, and which makes him feel that the hardest of all labour is idleness in a world of toil, and that the bitterest of all bread is that which is eaten by the sweat of another man's brow.

The pressure is hardest, not on those who are really rich, but on those who have hitherto, on account of their education, and the intellectual character of their callings, been numbered with the rich, and who are still clinging to the skirts of wealthy society. The best thing which those who are clinging to the skirts of wealthy society can do is to let go. They will find that they have not far to fall, and they will rest on the firm ground of genuine respectability and solid comfort. By keeping up their culture they will preserve their social grade far better than by struggling for a precarious footing among those whose habits they cannot emulate, and whose hospitalities they cannot return. Their income will be increased by the whole cost of the efforts which they now make, at the sacrifice of comforts, and often of necessaries, to maintain the appearances of wealth. British grandees may be good models for our millionaires; but what most of us want are models of the art of enjoying life thoroughly and nobly without ostentation, and at a moderate cost. It is by people of the class of which I am speaking that the servant difficulty, that doleful but ever recurring theme, is most severely felt. Nor would I venture to hold out much hope that the difficulty will become less. It is not merely industrial, but social. There is a growing repugnance to anything like servitude, which makes the female democracy prefer the independence of the factory to the subordination of the kitchen, however good the wages and however kind the mistress may be. We must look to inventions for saving labour, which might be adopted in houses to a greater extent than they are now. Perhaps when the work has been thus lightened and made less coarse, families may find "help," in the true sense, among their relatives, or others in need of a home, who would be members of the family circle. Homes and suitable employment might thus

be afforded to women who are now pining in enforced idleness, and sighing for Protestant nunneries, while the daily war with Bridget would be at an end.

I would not make light of these inconveniences or of the present disturbance of trade. The tendency of a moment may be good, and yet it may give society a very bad quarter of an hour. Nor would I attempt to conceal the errors and excesses of which the unions have been guilty, and into which, as organs of corporate selfishness, they are always in danger of running. Industrial history has a record against the working man as well as against the master. The guilds of the middle ages became tyrannical monopolies and leagues against society, turned callings open to all into mysteries confined to a privileged few, drove trade and manufactures from the cities where they reigned to places free from their domination. This probably was the cause of the decay of cities which forms the burden of complaint in the preambles to Acts of Parliament, of the Tudor period. Great guilds oppressed little guilds: strong commercial cities ruled by artisans oppressed their weaker neighbours of the same class. No one agency has done so much to raise the condition of the working man as machinery; yet the working man resisted the introduction of machinery, rose against, destroyed it, maltreated its inventors. There is a perpetual warning in the name of Hargreaves, the working man who, by his inventive genius, provided employment for millions of his fellows, and was by them rewarded with outrage and persecution.

Flushed with confidence at the sight of their serried phalanxes and extending lines, the unionists do like most people invested with unwonted power; they aim at more than is possible or just. They fancy that they can put the screw on the community, almost without limit. But they will soon find out their mistake. They will learn it from those very things which are filling the world with alarm—the extension of unionism, and the multiplication of strikes. The builder strikes against the rest of the community, including the baker; then the baker strikes against the builder, and the collier strikes against them both. At first the associated trades seem to have it all their own way. But the other trades learn the virtues of association. Everybody strikes against everybody else: the price of all articles rises as much as anybody's wages; and thus, when the wheel has come full circle, nobody is much the gainer. In fact, long before the wheel has come full circle, the futility of a universal strike will be manifest to all. The world sees before it a terrible future of unionism, ever increasing in power and tyranny; but it is more likely that in a few years unionism, as an instrument for forcing up wages, will have ceased to exist. In the meantime the working classes will have impressed upon themselves by a practical experiment upon the grandest scale, and of the most decisive kind, the fact that they are consumers as well as producers, payers of wages as well as receivers of wages, members of a community as well as working men.

The unionists will learn also, after a few trials, that the community cannot easily be cornered; at least, that it cannot easily be cornered more than once by unions, any more than by gold rings at New York, or pork rings at Chicago. It may apparently succumb once, being unable to do without its bread or its newspapers, or to stop buildings already contracted for and commenced; but it instinctively prepares to defend itself against a repetition of the operation. It limits consumption or invents new modes of production; improves machinery, encourages non-union men, calls in foreigners, women, Chinese. In the end the corner results in loss. Cornering on the part of working men is not a bit worse than cornering on the part of great financiers; in both cases alike it is as odious as anything can be,

which is not actually criminal: but, depend upon it, a bad time is coming for corners of all kinds.

I speak of the community as the power with which the strikers really have to deal. The master hires or organizes the workmen, but the community purchases their work; and though the master, when hard pressed, may, in his desperation, give more for the work than it is worth rather than at once take his capital out of the trade, the community will let the trade go to ruin without compunction, rather than give more for the article than it can afford. Some of the colliers in England, we are informed, have called upon the masters to reduce the price of coal, offering at the same time to consent to a reduction of their own wages. A great fact has dawned upon their minds. Note too that democratic communities have more power of resistance to unionist extortion than others, because they are more united, have a keener sense of mutual interest, and are free from political fear. The way in which Boston, some years ago, turned to and beat a printers' strike, was a remarkable proof of this fact.

Combination may enable, and, as I believe, has enabled the men in particular cases to make a fairer bargain with the masters, and to get the full market value of their labour; but neither combination nor any other mode of negotiating can raise the value of labour or of any other article to the consumer; and that which cannot raise the value, cannot permanently raise the price.

All now admit that strikes peaceably conducted are lawful. Nevertheless, they may may sometimes be anti-social and immoral. Does any one doubt it? Suppose by an accident to machinery, or the falling in of a mine, a number of workmen have their limbs broken. One of their mates runs for the surgeon, and the surgeon puts his head out of the window and says—"the surgeons are on strike." Does this case much differ from that of the man, who in his greed, stops the wheel of industry which he is turning, thereby paralysing the whole machine, and spreading not only confusion, but suffering, and perhaps starvation among multitudes of his fellows? Language was held by some unionist witnesses, before the Trades Union Commission, about their exclusive regard for their own interests, and their indifference to the interests of society, which was more frank than philanthropic, and more gratifying to their enemies than to their friends. A man who does not care for the interests of society, will find to his cost, that they are his own, and that he is a member of a body which cannot be dismembered. I spoke of the industrial objects of the International or chimerical. They were worse than chimerical. In its industrial aspect, the International was an attempt to separate the interests of a particular class of workers throughout the world from those of their fellow workers, and to divide humanity against itself. Such attempts can end only in one way.

There are some who say, in connection with this question, that you are at liberty to extort anything you can from your fellow men, provided you do not use a pistol; that you are at liberty to fleece the sailor who implores you to save him from a wreck, or the emigrant who is in danger of missing his ship. I say that this is a moral robbery, and that the man would say so himself if it were done to him

A strike is a war; so is a lockout, which is a strike on the other side. They are warrantable, like other wars, when justice cannot be obtained, or injustice prevented by peaceful means, and in such cases only. Mediation ought always to be tried first, and it will often be effectual; for the wars of carpenters and builders, as well as the wars of emperors, often arise from passion more than from interest, and passion may be calmed by mediation. Hence the magnitude of the unions, formidable as it seems, has really a pacific effect: passion is com-

monly personal or local, and does not affect the central government of a union extending over a whole nation. The governments of great unions have seldom recommended strikes. A strike or lockout, I repeat, is an industrial war; and when the war is over there ought to be peace. Constant bad relations between the masters and the men, a constant attitude of mutual hostility and mistrust, constant threats of striking upon one side, and of locking out upon the other, are ruinous to the trade, especially if it depends at all upon foreign orders, as well as destructive of social comfort. If the state of feeling, and the bearing of the men towards the masters, remain what they now are in some English trades, kind hearted employers, who would do their best to improve the condition of the workman, and to make him a partaker in their prosperity, will be driven from the trade, and their places will be taken by men with hearts of flint, who will fight the workman by force and fraud, and very likely win. We have seen the full power of associated labour; the full power of associated capital has yet to be seen. We shall see it when, instead of combinations of the employers in a single trade, which seldom hold together, employers in all trades learn to combine.

We must not forget that industrial wars, like other wars, however just and necessary, give birth to men whose trade is war, and who, for the purpose of their trade, are always inflaming the passions which lead to war. Such men I have seen on both sides of the Atlantic, and most hateful pests of industry and society they are. Nor must we forget that Trade Unions, like other communities, whatever their legal constitutions may be, are apt practically to fall into the hands of a small minority of active spirits, or even into those of a single astute and ambitious man.

Murder, maiming and vitriol throwing are offences punishable by law. So are, or ought to be, rattening and intimidation. But there are ways less openly criminal of interfering with the liberty of non-union men. The liberty of non-union men, however, must be protected. Freedom of contract is the only security which the community has against systematic extortion; and extortion, practised on the community by a Trade Union, is just as bad as extortion practised by a feudal baron in his robber hold. If the unions are not voluntary they are tyrannies, and all tyrannies in the end will be overthrown.

And so will all monopolies and all attempts to interfere with the free exercise of any lawful trade or calling, for the advantage of a ring of any kind, whether it be a great East India Company, shutting the gates of Eastern commerce on mankind, or a little Bricklayers' Union, limiting the number of bricks to be carried in a hod. All attempts to restrain or cripple production in the interest of a privileged set of producers; all trade rules preventing work from being done in the best, cheapest and most expeditious way; all interference with a man's free use of his strength and skill on pretence that he is beating his mates, or on any other pretence; all exclusions of people from lawful callings for which they are qualified; all apprenticeships not honestly intended for the instruction of the apprentice, are unjust and contrary to the manifest interests of the community, including the misguided monopolists themselves. All alike will in the end be resisted and put down. In feudal times the lord of the manor used to compel all the people to use his ferry, sell on his fair ground and grind their corn at his mill. By long and costly effort humanity has broken the yoke of old Privilege and it is not going to bow its neck to the yoke of the new.

Those who in England demanded the suffrage for the working man, who urged, in the name of public safety, as well as in that of justice, that he should be brought within the pale of the constitution, have no reason

to be ashamed of the result. Instead of voting for anarchy and public pillage, the working man has voted for economy, administrative reform, army reform, justice to Ireland, public education. But no body of men ever found political power in their hands without being tempted to make a selfish use of it. Feudal legislature, as we have seen, passed laws compelling workmen to give more work, or work that was worth more, for the same wages. Working men's legislatures are now disposed to pass laws compelling employers, that is, the community, to give the same wages for less work. Some day, perhaps, the bakers will get power into their hands and make laws compelling us to give the same price for a smaller loaf. What would the Rochdale pioneers, or the owners of any other co-operative store, with a staff of servants, say if a law were passed compelling them to give the same wages for less service? This is not right, and it cannot stand. Demagogues who want your votes will tell you that it can stand; but those who are not in that line must pay you the best homage in their power by speaking the truth. And if I may venture to offer advice, never let the cause of labour be mixed up with the game of politicians. Before you allow a man to lead you in trade questions, be sure that he has no eye to your votes. We have a pleasing variety of political rogues, but, perhaps, there is hardly a greater rogue among them than the working man's friend.

Perhaps you will say as much or more work is done with the short hours. There is reason to hope that in some cases it may be so. But then the employer will see his own interest; free contract will produce the desired result; there will be no need of compulsory law.

I sympathize heartily with the general object of the nine hours' movement, of the early closing movement, and all movements of that kind. Leisure, well spent, is a condition of civilization; and now we want all to be civilized, not only a few. But I do not believe it possible to regulate the hours of work by law with any approach to reason or justice. One kind of work is more exhausting than another; one is carried on in a hot room, another in a cool room; one amidst noise wearing to the nerves, another in stillness. Time is not a common measure of them all. The difficulty is increased if you attempt to make one rule for all nations, disregarding differences of race and climate. Besides, how, in the name of justice, can we say that the man with a wife and children to support shall not work more if he pleases than the unmarried man, who chooses to be content with less pay, and to have more time for enjoyment? Medical science pronounces, we are told, that it is not good for a man to work more than eight hours. But supposing this to be true, and true of all kinds of work, this, as has been said before, is an imperfect world, and it is to be feared that we cannot guarantee any man against having more to do than his doctor would recommend. The small tradesman, whose case receives no consideration because he forms no union, often, perhaps generally, has more than is good for him of anxiety, struggling and care, as well as longer business hours, than medical science would prescribe. Pressure on the weary brain is, at least, as painful as pressure on the weary muscle; many a suicide proves it; yet brains must be pressed or the wheels of industry and society would stand still. Let us all, I repeat, get as much leisure as we fairly and honestly can; but with all due respect for those who hold the opposite opinion, I believe that the leisure must be obtained by free arrangement in each case, as it has already in the case of early closing, not by general law.

I cannot help regarding industrial war in this new world, rather as an importation than as a native growth. The spirit of it is brought over by British workmen, who have been fighting the master class in their former home. In old England, the land of class distinctions, the masters are a class, econo-

mically as well as socially, and they are closely allied with a political class, which till lately engrossed power and made laws in the interest of the employer. Seldom does a man in England rise from the ranks, and when he does, his position in an aristocratic society is equivocal, and he never feels perfectly at home. Caste runs from the peerage all down the social scale. The bulk of the land has been engrossed by a few wealthy families, and the comfort and dignity of freehold proprietorship are scarcely attainable by any but the rich. Everything down to the railway carriages, is regulated by aristocracy: street cars cannot run because they would interfere with carriages, a city cannot be drained because a park is in the way. The labourer has to bear a heavy load of taxation, laid on by the class wars of former days. In this new world of ours, the heel taps of old-world flunkeyism are sometimes poured upon us, no doubt; as on the other hand, we feel the reaction from old-world servility, in a rudeness of self assertion on the part of the democracy which is sometimes rather discomposing, and which we should be glad to see exchanged for the courtesy of settled self respect. But on the whole, class distinctions are very faint. Half, perhaps two-thirds of the rich men you meet here have risen from the ranks, and they are socially quite on a level with the rest. Everything is really open to industry. Every man can at once invest his savings in freehold. Everything is arranged for the convenience of the masses. Political power is completely in the hands of the people. There are no fiscal legacies of an oligarchic past. If I were one of our emigration agents, I should not dwell so much on wages, which in fact are being rapidly equalized, as on what wages will buy in Canada—the general improvement of condition, the brighter hopes, the better social position, the enlarged share of all the benefits which the community affords. I should show that we have made a step here at all events towards being a community indeed. In such a land I can see that there may still be need of occasional combinations among the working men, to make better bargains with their employers, but I can see no need for the perpetual arraying of class against class, or for a standing apparatus of industrial war.

Let me add, with regard to Canada specially, that we have industrial interests of our own to guard. An American agitator comes over the lines, makes an eloquent and highly moral appeal to all the worst and meanest passions of human nature, gets up a quarrel and a strike, denounces all attempts at mediation, takes scores of Canadian workmen from good employment and high pay, packs them off with railway passes into the States, smashes a Canadian industry, and goes back highly satisfied, no doubt, with his work, both as a philanthropist and as an American. But Canada is not the richer or the happier for what has been done. Let us settle our family concerns among ourselves: nobody else understands them half so well, or has half so much interest in settling them right.

There is one more point which must be touched with tenderness, but which cannot be honestly passed over in silence. It could nowhere be mentioned less invidiously, than under the roof of an institution, which is at once an effort to create high tastes in working men, and a proof that such tastes can be created. The period of transition from high to low wages, and from incessant toil to comparative leisure, must be one of peril to masses whom no Mechanics' Institute or Literary Society, as yet, counts among its members. It is the more so, because there is abroad in all classes a passion for sensual enjoyment and excitement, produced by the vast development of wealth, and at the same time, as I suspect, by the temporary failure of those beliefs, which combat the sensual appetites, and sustain our spiritual life. Colliers drinking champagne! The world stands aghast. Well, I see no reason why a collier should not drink champagne if he can afford

it, as well as a Duke. The collier wants, and perhaps deserves it more, if he has been working all the week underground, and at risk of his life. Hard labour naturally produces a craving for animal enjoyment, and so does the monotony of the factory, unrelieved by interest in the work. But what if the collier cannot afford the champagne, or if the whole of his increase of wages is wasted on it, while his habitation remains a hovel, everything about him is still as filthy, comfortless and barbarous as ever, and (saddest of all) his wife and children are no better off, perhaps are worse off, than before? What if his powers of work are being impaired by debauchery, and he is thus surely losing the footing which he has won on the higher round of the industrial ladder, and lapsing back into penury and despair? What if instead of gaining, he is really losing in manhood and real independence? I see nothing shocking, in the fact that a mechanic's wages are now equal to those of a clergyman, or an officer in the army, who has spent, perhaps, thousands of dollars on his education. Every man has a right to whatever his labour will fetch. But I do see something shocking in the appearance of the highly paid mechanic, whenever hard times come, as a mendicant at the door of a man really poorer than himself. Not only that English poor-law, of which we spoke, but all poor-laws, formal or informal, must cease when the labourer has the means, with proper self-control and prudence, of providing for winter as well as summer, for hard times as well as good times, for his family as well as for himself. The tradition of a by-gone state of society must be broken. The nominally rich must no longer be expected to take care of the nominally poor. The labourer has ceased to be in any sense a slave. He must learn to be, in every sense, a man.

It is much easier to recommend our neighbours to change their habits than to change our own: yet we must never forget, in discussing the question between the working man and his employer, or the community, that a slight change in the habits of our working men, in England at least, would add more to their wealth, their happiness and their hopes, than has been added by all the strikes, or by conflicts of any kind. In the life of Mr. Brassey, we are told that the British workman in Australia has great advantages, but wastes them all in drink. He does this not in Australia alone. I hate legislative interference with private habits, and I have no fancies about diet. A citizen of Maine, who has eaten too much pork, is just as full of indirect claims and everything else that is unpleasant, as if he had drunk too much whisky. But when I have seen the havoc—the ever increasing havoc, which drink is making with the industry, the vigour, the character of the British race, I have sometimes asked myself whether, if it is incumbent on legislators to stop a cattle plague by closing the ports against contagion, the most deadly of all man-plagues ought to be allowed to spread without control.

The subject is boundless. I might touch upon dangers distinct from unionism, which threaten industry, especially that growing dislike of manual labour which prevails to an alarming extent in the United States, and which some eminent economists are inclined to attribute to errors in the system of education in the common schools. I might speak of the duties of government in relation to these disturbances, and of the necessity, for this as well as other purposes, of giving ourselves a government of all and for all, capable of arbitrating impartially between conflicting interests as the recognized organ of the common good. I might speak, too, of the expediency of introducing into popular education a more social element, of teaching less rivalry and discontent, more knowledge of the mutual duties of different members of the community and of the connection of those duties with our happiness. But I must conclude. If I have thrown no new light upon the subject, I trust that I have at least

tried to speak the truth impartially, and that I have said nothing which can add to the bitterness of the industrial conflict, or lead any of my hearers to forget that above all Trade Unions, and above all combinations of every kind, there is the great union of Humanity.

THE SONNETS OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

All the poetry of Michael Angelo now extant was written after he had attained the age of sixty years. It owed its inspiration to manifold influences—the love of art, the hatred of oppression, the purely Platonic passion for all that was beautiful; above all, the intensely devotional feeling of a deeply-wrought soul. Hitherto the accepted version of the Sonnets has been based upon an edition issued by a grand-nephew of the great artist. With great reverence for the genius of his relation, this editor unfortunately endeavoured to improve and popularize the poems. Wordsworth, in his spirited translations of three of the Sonnets, had nothing before him but the revised version of the younger Buonarotti. A critical edition, however, has recently been published, by Cesare Guasti, of the poems as they passed from the master hand. From an admirable translation of twenty-three of the Sonnets, according to Guasti's version, given by Mr. J. A. Symonds, in a recent number of the *Contemporary Review*, we extract the following :—

THE WORSHIP OF BEAUTY.

AS one who will re-seek her home of light,
Thy form immortal to this prison-house
Descended like an angel piteous,
To heal all hearts and make the whole world bright:
'Tis this that thralls my heart in love's delight,
Not thy clear face of beauty glorious;
For he who harbours virtue, still will choose
To love what neither years nor death can blight:

So fares it ever with things high and rare,
Wrought in the sweat of Nature; heaven above
Showers on their birth the blessings of her prime:
Nor hath God deigned to show Himself elsewhere
More clearly than in human form sublime;
Which, since they image Him, compel my love.

LOVE—HUMAN AND DIVINE.

Bring back the time when blind desire ran free
With bit and rein too loose to curb his flight;
Give back the buried face, once angel-bright,
That hides in earth all comely things from me;

Bring back those journeys ta'en so toilsomely,
So toilsome-slow to him whose hairs are white;
Those tears and flames that in one breast unite;
If thou wilt once more take thy fill of me!

Yet Love! suppose it true that thou dost thrive
Only on bitter honey-dews of tears,
Small profit hast thou of a weak old man.
My soul that toward the other shore doth strive,
Wards off thy darts with shafts of holier fears;
And fire feeds ill on brands no breath can fan.

THE VANITY OF ART AND LOVE.

Now hath my life across a stormy sea,
Like a frail bark, reached that wide port where all
Are bidden ere the final judgment fall,
Of good and evil deeds to pay the fee.
Now know I well how that fond phantasy
Which made my soul the worshipper and thrall
Of earthly art, is vain; how criminal
Is that which all men seek unwillingly.

Those amorous thoughts which were so lightly dressed,
What are they when the double death is nigh?
The one I know for sure, the other dread.
Painting nor sculpture now can lull to rest
My soul, that turns to His great love on high,
Whose arms to clasp us on the cross were spread.

PENITENCE.

Burdened with years and full of sinfulness,
With evil custom grown inveterate,
Both deaths I dread that close before me wait,
Yet feed my heart on poisonous thoughts no less.
No strength I find in mine own feebleness
To change or life or love or use or fate,
Unless Thy heavenly guidance come, though late,
Which only helps and stays our nothingness.

'Tis not enough, dear Lord, to make me yearn
For that celestial home, where yet my soul
May be new-made, and not, as erst, of naught:
Nay, ere Thou strip her mortal vestment, turn
My steps toward the steep ascent, that whole
And pure before Thy face she may be brought.

HOPE.

'Mid weariness and woe I find some cheer
In thinking of the past, when I recall
My weakness and my sins, and reckon all
The vain expense of days that disappear:
This cheers by making, ere I die, more clear
The frailty of what men delight miscall;
But saddens me to think how rarely fall
God's grace and mercies in life's latest year.

For, though Thy promises our faith compel,
Yet, Lord, what man shall venture to maintain
That pity will condone our long neglect?
Still from Thy blood poured forth we know full well
How without measure was Thy martyr's pain,
How measureless the gifts we dare expect.

THE GAME OF CHECKERS.

(*From the French.*)

PERSONS.

MME. D'ERMEL. (*Aged sixty-two*).
MONSIEUR JACOBUS. *Physician* (*seventy*).
VICTOIRE. *Chambermaid.*

SCENE—*A country place in Normandy, in Mme d'Ermel's house. A small sitting-room adjoining a bed-chamber. Before the open fire on the hearth, a table with a checker-board. Near this table, a centre table, on which stands a waiter with two cups and a sugar bowl. A coffee-pot simmering before the fire.*

MME D'ERMEL (*Alone, looking at the clock.*) A quarter past seven, or thereabouts. . . . . It is henceforth an indisputable fact that Jacobus loses coming here, on an average, five minutes since last year. Up to last Saint Michael, ten minutes sufficed him to reach my door. His step slackens. I don't like that. But he must not know it. (*She puts the hands of the clock five minutes back.*)

VICTOIRE.—(*Opening the door.*) Monsieur Jacobus! (*She withdraws as Jacobus enters.*)

MME. D'ERMEL.—How do you do?

JACOBUS.—(*Kissing her hand.*) A cool hand—a warm heart—at least I hope so! A good evening to you, fair lady.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Why you are frozen, my good friend. Pray what sort of weather is it out?

JACOBUS.—Real spring weather — wind, rain, hail. Allow me to put my cane in my corner.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Do and pray make yourself at home.

JACOBUS.—And my hat down here. (*Pulling off his gloves.*) What a strange empire these habits of ours gain over us, my dear friend! I do verily believe that if in the course of the evening my cane stood in another corner than this one, or my hat hung elsewhere than on this bracket, I should be at a loss.

MME. D'ERMEL.—All stars, doctor, hav their fixed revolution.

JACOBUS.—Yes, yes, and you know it, my

own bright star! But! (*he looks at the clock.*) Now, that is very strange!

MME D'ERMEL.—What is strange?

JACOBUS.—Why—is your clock right?

MME. D'ERMEL.—To be sure.

JACOBUS.—Well, then I must say, that I was solidly built! Would you believe it, I left home at three minutes past seven, so that at seventy, I am able to walk nearly half a mile in seven minutes?

MME. D'ERMEL.—You are a mysterious being indeed. Time plays with you. . . Come, give me your cup, my young friend.

JACOBUS.—(*Holding out his cup.*) Real nectar,—nectar as much for its aroma, as for the divine hand that pours it out.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Any sugar, Jupiter?

JACOBUS.—(*Settling himself comfortably in his arm chair, and stirring his coffee.*) Let the pilot with his triple-brassed heart tempt in his light skiff, the Adriatic wave! . . . I feel quite comfortable here and shall remain. By the way, my dear lady, I have got some surprising news for you. Do you remember the two sickly orphans, the two little shrubs, whose life you despaired of, and whom you entrusted two months ago to my science and friendship?

MME. D'ERMEL.—My camelia and cactus? They are dead, I suppose.

JACOBUS.— Dead? no, they are in full bloom like yourself.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Indeed! Grand news truly. And when shall I see these two prodigies?

JACOBUS.—No later than to-morrow; I'll call for you, and on our way, we'll drop in at Jane Nicot's, who is sick in bed of a very dangerous fever. You know that when I cannot cure my patients, I comfort them with the promise of your presence. It is said of Hippocrates, that when he reached the end of his long career, he had but one remedy left in which he trusted; the secret of it was lost; but I think I found it again: it is the kindness of woman.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Oh, you flatterer! Well, I shall go and see Jane Nicot. But do drink your coffee, and tell me if it is good to-night. (*As the doctor is about to drink, the door opens.*)

VICTOIRE.—Monsieur le curé wishes to see Madame. (*The doctor rises, and with a frown puts his cup on the mantel.*)

(*To Victoire.*)—Ask him up stairs.

(*Victoire goes out.*)

JACOBUS.—The curé again!

MME. D'ERMEL.—The curé again! Now that is amiable, indeed! Since the good man took charge of the parish, eight months ago, he has only spent one evening here. He saw very well that he was in your way; for heaven knows, there is no mistaking your feelings by your looks. Since that time, he has been discreet enough never to call after seven in the evening. When he dines here, he leaves immediately after dinner; and in return for all this thoughtfulness, you say: "The curé again!"

JACOBUS.—Pshaw! You see he is making up for it. I just tell you that he is going to settle down here now for the rest of the evening, with his back to the fire and his cassock spread out like a fan.

VICTOIRE, (*coming back*)—The curé has but two words to say to Madame: he does not care to come up.

MME. D' ERMEL—I'll come down. Listen to that, doctor, just listen to that, and die for shame if you can. (*She goes out.*)

JACOBUS, (*alone. He walks about a few moments in silence, then begins to grumble, and the grumbling increases in proportion as his patience decreases:*—)

Humph! Humph! two words only! two words, indeed! He is going to keep her now a whole hour in the entry—and in a draught too! What selfish creatures these ecclesiastics are! Two words! The conversation has lasted long enough for a hundred. Priest's tongue, woman's tongue! Fine work for the devil! Now, I should like to know whether it is decent, proper, for a priest to be running the streets of a night to gossip in a hall with a lady. Suppose some poor wretch

on his death bed should want the comfort of his holy ministration! They will have to run first to the parsonage, then here, then back again to the parsonage, whilst the dying man in the anguish of a tormenting conscience—but what does he care—he has had his coffee.

MME. D'ERMEL (*coming back.*)—Bah! this hall is like an ice house. It was about my pew in the church; I had expressed a wish to get it stuffed, and as they are about repairing the nave, our good rector was kind enough (*noticing the doctor's cup on the mantel.*) How! you have not drunk your coffee yet?

JACOBUS.—No, I have not. You know very well that we are in the habit of drinking it together. It is not at my age a man can change his habits.

MME. D'ERMEL.—But it will be cold.

JACOBUS.—Very likely. It has had plenty of time to cool.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Oh, well, never mind! you will drink it hot, to-morrow. What does it matter after all? (*Jacobus reaches for the cup, and drinks his coffee in silence. Mme. d'Ermel continues, after a pause.*) Ah! we are thinking better of it, and are becoming reconciled to the situation, aren't we, doctor? The coffee is still drinkable, eh?

JACOBUS (*smiling*), Quite so; I should not have thought it. The reason of it is, that in going away you carry with you the wings of old Father Time, who is then left to drag himself along as well as he can. People get ill-natured when left with such a gouty fellow.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Bless me, how gallant! Now, then, doctor, let us play. (*She seats herself at the table, opposite Jacobus, and arranges the men on the board.*) You owe me more than one revenge, I believe. I was dreadfully beaten the last time.

JACOBUS.—Oh, dear! you more than make up for it, at much more inhuman games than this.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Good gracious! you are excessively sentimental, to-night. But you had better mind the game, I tell you, for I feel particularly valiant just now. . Ah, you begin with the corners for a change Very well. Just listen what an awful racket the wind is making outside! And my poor old rector, who is in the streets!

JACOBUS.—Ah well, let him wade through it for once. I don't see why he should be particularly exempt from the common annoyances of humanity.

MME. D'ERMEL.—For shame! how unkind! You get into this corner, now, if you dare.

JACOBUS, (*after a moment's reflection.*) This corner? Is it a snare? I can't see.

MME D'ERMEL.—Play on. Ah, Jacobus, old friend, I have got you.

JACOBUS.—Snare or no; I have played.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Played for good?

JACOBUS.—Yes.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Sure you stand to it?

JACOBUS.—Wait a minute . . . (*he thinks a moment.*) Yes, I have played.

MME. D'ERMEL. — Oh, you imprudent man! Look at that, now, and at that! One, two, three! was there ever a sweep got so cheap!

JACOBUS.—Oh, dear! what could I have been thinking about!

MME. D'ERMEL.—I am sure I don't know. Go on.——Do you hear the noise of the hail on the glass of my conservatory? There is one thing, doctor, one is never thankful enough to God for; and that is, to be nicely shut up in a comfortable place, in warm clothes, and in good company, while there is such dreadful weather raging outside. As a general thing, we are all very ungrateful.

JACOBUS.—Humph! humph!

MME. D'ERMEL.—Do you deny that, sir?

JACOBUS.—Oh, no, I don't deny it. . . I don't even think of it. . . I am thinking of what I am about—of my game.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Ah, well, and since you are only thinking of your game, mind this:

try to get me out of this if you can. Doctor, do you know what you look like, with your head resting thus on both your hands, and the pressure of your fingers raising the extremities of your eyebrows?

JACOBUS.—No ; what do I look like?

MME. D'ERMEL.—Why, you look like old Nick himself.

JACOBUS, (*looking up suddenly*)—Have you seen him, that you speak of him with such certainty.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Dear me, no!

JACOBUS.—Why then stop talking of what you do not know.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Oh, never mind! Compose yourself.

JACOBUS, (*pettishly*) I have no need of composing myself. I am quite composed ; only, I cannot understand how any one can be so rattling on like a clapper, when intent upon a serious game. It is your turn, Madam.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Now, you are doing it on purpose, I verily believe, one, two, three and a king, by the next move!

JACOBUS.—The deuce! but how is this? In fact it is no wonder, when one makes it a point to distract and confuse an opponent's mind. There is no sensible playing, possible, amidst such constant babble: well, go on.

MME. D'ERMEL.—A king! Now, what am I going to do with this king? It is not every thing to have a king, is it, doctor? the difficulty is to keep him. Well, I put him here. By the way, how is it your name is Jacobus? I have been meaning to ask you that for ever so long. Jacobus! 'tis not a French name, is it?

JACOBUS.—I have told you more than fifty times, that my family was of Dutch origin.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Dutch, ah, Jacobus is Dutch!

JACOBUS.—No. It is Latin.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Latin? why, but then your explanation is anything but satisfactory —it is even puzzling. Aren't you going to play on?

JACOBUS.—What is the use, I have lost the game.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Who knows! Fortune is a woman, doctor, and just now treats me too well, not to be on the point of betraying me. Try what you can do yet.

JACOBUS.—No, no, it is of no use. I have lost (*he plays*).

MME. D'ERMEL.—Ah, this time, yes! this last move kills you outright. Here, I leave you these two for seed, against the next game.

JACOBUS, (*studying the board*) Let's see, mightn't I, going there. No, no, I see, you have got it ; I have lost.

MME. D'ERMEL—To be sure, you have. Will you take another turn?

JACOBUS.—No, no, thank you. I feel too stupid to-night. I am in an unlucky mood. (*He coughs.*) I must have taken cold coming over.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Here, take my footstool, and come nearer the fire.

JACOBUS.—No, thank you. (*A pause.*)

MME. D'ERMEL.—Is Jane Nicot seriously ill?

JACOBUS.—She is likely to die one of these days. Ah, well, that is the best thing poor people can do. (*Mme. d'Ermel pokes the fire, and Jacobus goes on, after a moment's silence.*) What have you decided about your pew?

MME. D'ERMEL.—I shall not get it stuffed —it might give offence—Monsieur le Curé thinks so.

JACOBUS.—Your curé, so easily scared about what might conduce to other people's comfort, has far easier maxims at call, when the matter concerns his own. A terrible stumbling block indeed, a stuffed seat in a church. But to see Monsieur l'Abbé, a whole blessed day under the trees of a private park, tête-à-tête with one of his parishioners, like a shepherd of olden times, that's nothing ; people may talk, what of it, and who cares.

The Church has its privileges, and *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

MME. D'ERMEL, (*laughing*) Well, now, that is something new indeed! and suppose I do indulge in conversation; suppose even I should spend the night instead of the day with him in my park; what harm would there be, I should like to know?

JACOBUS.—Harm! a curé, Madam is a man to be sure—a man like any other, and this one is a young man into the bargain.

MME. d'ERMEL.—A young man forsooth; he is bordering on sixty, and I am a couple of years older still! Let me assure you, friend Jacobus, that between two persons of such experience in life, however incomplete this experience may be, a tête-à-tête is of too venerable a character to offend morality or excite envy. But, perhaps, I am mistaken. I must look into this thing.

JACOBUS.—To stop all jest, I must confess that I am totally unable to understand what kind of entertainment the continued conversations of this ecclesiastic can possibly afford you, and I should be truly obliged to you if you would explain to me the mystery.

MME. D'ERMEL.—This ecclesiastic, as you call him, it not a fount of science like you, doctor; but a woman—I do not speak of men, who probably have higher destinies—a woman, at any age, and particularly at mine, needs faith more than science. Now, in the simple and sincere soul of this old man, I can see God as clearly as I can see the sky in a mountain spring; and that is the pleasure I find in his conversation. He is as simple as a child, and as enlightened as a prophet; he is a good man and a saint; he comforts and strengthens me. He talks to one about the other world as if he had just come from it, and about this world with so good natured a shrug, that one feels more inclined to laugh than grieve. In fine, he is a dear, good old man, and I love him. . . . But you don't, and you had better kill him.

JACOBUS.—No, I don't like him—I don't like him because I don't like bigots.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Say at once that you are a socialist, and have done with it.

JACOBUS.—Well, Madam, if such an extreme is the only refuge left open to minds of a certain order, against the imbecile empire of the Church; yes, a thousand times yes, I am a socialist.

MME. D'ERMEL.—You are then, in your own estimation, a mind of a certain order, doctor? And of what order, pray? As for me, who do not consider myself altogether an idiot, either, I have yet to find out, which are the superior and really strong minds—those who doubt or those who believe. The faith of this bigot, his clear and firm insight into the mysterious end towards which every moment in our lives leads us, what is it? Simplicity or genius? I am sure, I don't know, but I know this much, that I seek and love the company of this man, just as in the darkness of some catacombs, one would keep close to him that bears the torch.

JACOBUS.—Well, well, there is a man now canonized at little expense, and if we take such ground as this, we shall not lack saints in the community! But, as I can no longer bear to see obscurity of intelligence—

MME. D'ERMEL.—Obscurantism, doctor, if you please.

JACOBUS.—Obscurity of intelligence and stupid ignorance strut around under respectable titles, I shall, without delay, and for the edification of our parish, feel the pulse of this so-called solid faith and fine genius. To-morrow, I shall ask this new father of the Church to dinner, and, between the wine and cheese, shall examine him upon his dogmas! . . You see if I don't send him back to his parsonage, singing drinking songs and kissing the girls on the way.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Do you know what you are just now most in need of? . . . Why, your night cap.

JACOBUS.—Bless my soul! If I had thought you would take the matter of this priest so to heart—

MME. D'ERMEL, (*excited.*)—This priest, sir, would have lost twenty games of checkers, and more too, rather than speak ill of one absent, grieve an old friend, and sin against the goodness of God.

JACOBUS, (*sneeringly.*)—Humph! humph! the goodness of God!

MME. D'ERMEL, (*earnestly.*)—Yes, the goodness of God! Are not you going to find fault with God too, now?

JACOBUS, (*rising, and walking up and down the room with his arms crossed.*)—The goodness of God! it is very droll, people will persist in thus calling God, good!

MME. D'ERMEL. — Jacobus, take care now!

JACOBUS.—Well, Madam, since it seems determined that a twenty years' long friendship is to make room for a fanatic lately escaped from the Seminary. . . .

MME. D'ERMEL.—Dear me!

JACOBUS.—The last word the old friend shall utter in your house shall at least be a protest against the stupid idols that drive him from it. A good God! and why not? did not the ancients call their infernal Furies good also? . . . A good God! I can understand how in the first bloom of youth, when pleasant dreams still hover over the threshold of life, when the future looks bright with hopes of love and success in life, when all that makes existence desirable, seems attainable, I can understand how the heart may indulge in dreams of a kind and protecting divinity, and pour out the incense of its youth on his altars! but—

MME. D'ERMEL, (*to herself.*)—How well he can talk!

JACOBUS.—But at our age, Madam, and with such looks as ours—

MME. D'ERMEL.—You are very polite, indeed!

JACOBUS.—I speak for myself, Madam. Come, of what special providential kindness is the old man you have now before your eyes, a living proof? Look in my face, and answer.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Look at it yourself. . . There is a mirror.

JACOBUS, (*very much excited.*)—Well, I look at myself; what do I see? I see an image whose every feature proclaims a victim and a tormentor! . . I see old age, old age hideous to itself and to others, a painful caricature, a ridiculous and sinister intruder amid the festivities of life, a trembling spectre, tired of living and afraid to die! But that which your mirror fails to show is the sombre cortège of griefs and miseries hid within the wrinkles, like a troop of ill-omened birds within a ruin; the helpless, hopeless infirmities, the only companions of the old man in his gloomy solitude. Speak, Madam, for which of these accompaniments of old age can this poor pariah find a cause to bless Providence? He is alone; the earth he walks is filled with the spoils of all that was once dear to him; he drags his burden along graves, seeking his own, and shuddering before it! Nature presents to him nothing but faded beauties; a sun no longer warm, springs that bring death. What is there in all this, I ask again, to thank God for? Is it for his having, at least, spared us the trouble of children? Be it so; our dying looks will thus, thanks to that great kindness, not fall upon the greedy eyes of heirs watching eagerly for the last breath—beloved sons impatient to be masters—that last crown usually reserved to the prolonged martyrdom—the usual death-blow that terminates the terrible chastisement for the unknown crime—human life!

MME. D'ERMEL.—This is not all, is it? You are not going to leave so generous a speech incomplete? Why don't you go on, and demonstrate to your old friend, who has painfully trodden these same paths, supporting herself on these utopias, faith and love, that her laborious journey is all vain and fruitless, that fifty years of struggles, griefs and hopes go all for nothing; a fitting end and worthy of the beginning. No, no, Jacobus, you shall not go on, you shall do

better; you shall tell me that you are sorry for what you have said, and the pain you have given me. Come, take my hand, and ask my pardon.

JACOBUS, (*crustily.*)—Not before you shall have explained to me wherein my crime or error lies.

MME. D'ERMEL, (*rising.*) Ah! this ugly pride of yours just recalls to me in time that a woman's indulgence is never repaid by anything else but ingratitude. Now, sir, I give you my word that you shall never, while I live, cross the threshold of this house, if before leaving, you do not ask my pardon, and on your knees.

JACOBUS.—That is, indeed, pushing me out by the shoulders. *(He takes his hat and cane. Mme. d'Ermel pulls the bell— Victoire enters.)*

MME. D'ERMEL.—Has the doctor's servant come for him?

VICTOIRE.—No, Madam.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Well, then, tell John to light his lantern and take Monsieur home.

VICTOIRE.—Oh! gracious, Madam.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Why, what is the matter with you?

VICTOIRE.—But, Madam, don't you hear how it storms?

MME. D'ERMEL.—And what do you suppose umbrellas were made for?

VICTOIRE.—Oh, it is not an umbrella Monsieur will want, Madam, but a boat. You do not know what ravages this tempest is making. The mill-stream has overflowed, and carries everything with it. John, who just comes from it, saw the miller's dog floating down in his kennel, with a pile of logs behind, all travelling to the sea, no doubt. There never was such weather!

JACOBUS.—No matter, no matter; I shall get across some how or other.

MME. D'ERMEL.—You are crazy. There is no use drowning yourself, especially in your present frame of mind. *(To Victoire.)* You may go. *(To Jacobus.)* When the rain stops, you have but to ring for Victoire, and John will go with you. I leave you now. I am tired, and am going to bed. (*She passes through the little door that leads into her chamber. Her bed-chamber, small, neat and fresh. A night-lamp sheds a quiet light around. The foot of the bed is close to the door. Mme. d'Ermel, leaning her head against one of the little posts of the bed.*) How wicked men are! how very wicked! May be I have asked too much of him? but it is not only my pardon I wished him to ask! If he had offended me alone, I should not have cared! (*She walks about in her room.*) Dear me; how ill I feel! Such emotions at my age! The fact is, that as long as the heart beats, it can suffer, and how easily it can be made to suffer! When I was young, I used to think that the time of life when all passions are dead must be a happy one, and longed for it, fancying the heart would then be at rest. How little we know ourselves! Human nature is surely less earthly than we think! Souls must have, like flowers, their different and sympathetic sexes—their own inclinations and attractions. Now, am I really in love with this old physician? I am sure I don't know—it seems so ridiculous! (*She wipes her eyes.*) And yet I was right—he hurt my feelings—I owed this sacrifice to my piety! . . . Well, it will probably be the last I shall have to make in this life! (*She kneels down and remains a moment engaged in prayer—Rising*): He must be gone—I hear no one in the room. Well, so be it. (*She begins to undress, and stops.*) Really, I can't—I shall just throw myself on my bed. (*She lies down.*) How glad I shall be when morning comes; night but adds to one's grief—makes darkness darker. (*The door of the room opens gently.*)

JACOBUS, *outside.*—I am going, Madam.

MME. D'ERMEL, *to herself.* He is still here! (*Aloud.*) What did you say?

JACOBUS.—I won't come in, Madam. You are in bed, I suppose.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Almost; don't come

in, but you can open the door. What were you saying?

JACOBUS, (*leaning against the door*)—I was saying that it has stopped raining, and that I am going.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Well, and shall we not meet again?

JACOBUS.—That will depend on you, Madam.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Then do as I said—just a little, Jacobus; one knee—I can see you from here.

JACOBUS.—Madam, that's impossible.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Why?

JACOBUS.—I cannot; I will not do it.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Why, then, farewell, for I mean to stand by what I have said.

JACOBUS.—Farewell. (*He makes a few steps towards the door and returns.*) You would be the first one to laugh at me.

MME. D'ERMEL.—May be; just try.

JACOBUS, *stamping on the floor.*—Never, Madam, never.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Close my door then, I wonder why you should ever have opened it, unless it be to offend me again.

JACOBUS.—As for offending you, purposely, you know very well that I am incapable of such a thing even in my dreams.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Pshaw! When you gave me to understand just now that God was the devil, and that I was hideous, did you fancy you were making yourself agreeable to me?

JACOBUS.—I simply meant to say that old age was a cursed age, and that I was ugly, that's all, and I still maintain it.

MME. D'ERMEL.—And I tell you, that old age is as good an age as another, and that you are handsome.

JACOBUS.—If you keep me here only to exercise your wit on me—

MME. D'ERMEL.—In the first place I do not keep you here, and I am in anything but a humorous mood. I say again you are handsome. I know very well that it is not quite the proper thing for a person of my sex to speak so freely to one of yours, but supposing that this conversation is the last between us, I repeat that I consider you handsome, despite my mirror, which, in showing you a moment ago, your features, disturbed by feelings unworthy of your age, slandered them. I am ready to believe you, if you assure me that you have been a charming man in your day—but I doubt, whether any of the graces of your youth were worth the dignity of character your brow exhibits now, under the scars which the combat of life and the approach of immortality leave on it. If you were not conscious of this beauty, you would not carry your grey head so high. You cannot deny feeling both pleasure and glory in exercising that patronage over others which an honoured old age, and that natural dignity that crowns the life of an honest man always give. You will never make me believe that you are indifferent to the feelings of esteem and respect and veneration your presence call forth, and that you would be willing to exchange them for the meaningless compliments of the drawing room, or the buzz of the stupid admiration that accompanies a flirtation hero.

JACOBUS.—I really don't know, Madam, what to make of so peculiarly flattering a speech.

MME. D'ERMEL.—You may take it in which way you please. It is a declaration of admiration I have the honour of making you here. As we are going to part, I see no impropriety in speaking out my mind. Your principal charge against Providence seems to have been the miseries old age brings upon us, and it suited me to set off your own face as a proof against it; I could, with the same facility, upset your other arguments, and knock out of your hand all the arms you have picked up in the same arsenal: indeed, although never game at checkers, lost or won, gave occasion for so much theology, I should take a special pleasure in carrying out my attempt at con-

version, if you did not lack the most indispensable qualification of a neophyte,—sincerity.

JACOBUS.—Oh, Madam, as for sincerity, I assure you. . . .

MME. D'ERMEL.—Pray be still; is it being sincere to judge of things and life only by their dark and painful side? I know, as well as you, sir, what is meant by the burden of life, and better than you, perhaps, what trials are; and yet I can only praise and adore the paternal hand that lays them on us so lightly! Indeed, instead of raising a single murmur against Providence in this respect, I should almost remonstrate against the many favours showered upon us—making this prison house too charming: for what else is it but a prison we ought to wish to leave!

JACOBUS.—Very true, Madam, and I should say so too if in the flower of youth.

MME. D'ERMEL.—Oh, flower of youth! nonsense! You would make me laugh at your flowers of youth, if the moment of losing one's last illusion and one's last friend were one to laugh in. I, too, Monsieur Jacobus, have had a more or less flowery youth, but there are flowers of all kinds. Those that grow around and upon tombs have their charm also, a charm I have myself not been sufficiently on my guard against.

JACOBUS.—Madam—

MME. D'ERMEL.—I am so tired, that I am talking in my sleep, I do believe. Yes, I wish this evening had found me stronger hearted, better prepared for change: but God has willed it otherwise. The heart, it seems, never wears out, and is doomed to make the whole round of experiences. After the troubled joys of early life, the disappointments of youth, it must yet feel how bitter and painful it is to see the serenity of its later days, the sweet and profound emotions of old friendships, the magic of old habits broken into, and you, yourself, who are not tender-hearted, think you you will leave nothing here that you will regret to say nothing of me, this arm-chair here at the corner of the hearth, where you have sat so many winters, listening comfortably to the outside storms; this clock, this table, these plain hangings, this unlucky checker board, even all the trifles around here that you knew and liked and depended upon, and which, for the very reason that their service is required every day, gain so great an empire over the affections. Go, to-morrow evening will avenge God and me but too well; you will find out that you were not quite so wretched, but that you had still much happiness to lose. (*She stops as if exhausted.*) Dear me! how tired I am!

JACOBUS.—You are not ill, Madam?

MME. D'ERMEL, (*sleepily.*)—What? No; I am tired. I am going to sleep. You know what you have got to do. Don't let me find you—since—I shall be glad . . to be . . . (*Jacobus endeavours in vain to hear the last words; he remains a moment motionless, then advances within the door, where he listens to Mme. d'Ermel's quiet and equal breathing.*)

JACOBUS.—She is asleep—a child's sleep; the bed of her old age has retained the calm of the cradle! Good and gentle creature! how very ready for Heaven! The God of justice and love has already healed the wound I have inflicted, but that which by the same blow I have given myself will bleed till death shall stop it. The sad victory of my pride will thus cost me dear enough! Farewell, farewell, Madam, may your good angel repeat to you every night the wishes of the friend you will hear no more! (*He bends a knee, and presses his lips on the fringe of the curtain.*)

MME. D'ERMEL, (*rising a little, and putting her hand on his head.*)—Bend thy head, old Sicambrian, and worship what thou hast destroyed.

JACOBUS, *startled.*—Ah, Madam! You were not asleep!

MME. D'ERMEL.—No, indeed—and it is

well for you! (*After a little hesitation, Jacobus kisses her hand.*) Well done, and now, that we are all right again, you had indeed better go home. It is quite late. I am almost in bed, and as, like my curé, you are a man . . . you old simpleton you! Good night! to-morrow at nine o'clock I shall be at your house, and you can take me to see your patient.

JACOBUS.—And if you like, Madam, you can take me afterwards to the parsonage.

MME D'ERMEL *thanks him with a smile, and he goes out humming a song.*

THE EMIGRANT MOUNTAINEER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

HOW doth fond memory oft return,
To that fair spot where I was born!
My sister! those were happy days
Of France!
Oh, country mine! my latest gaze
Shall turn to France.

Rememberest thou with what fond pride
Our lowly cottage hearth beside—
She clasped us to her gladsome breast,
Our mother?
While on her hair so white we pressed
Kisses together.

My sister, canst thou yet recall
Doré, that bathed the castle wall?
And that old Moorish tower war-worn
And grey,
From whence the gong struck out each morn,
The break of day?

The tranquil lake doth memory bring?
Where swallows poised on lightest wing.
The breeze by which the supple reed
Was bent?
The setting sun whose glory fills
The firmament?

Rememberest thou of that dear wife,
Tender companion of my life!
While gathering wild flowers in the grove,
So sweet!
Heart clung to heart, and Helen's love
Flew mine to meet?

Oh! give my Helen back to me!
My mountain! and my old oak tree!
Memory and pain where'er I rove,
Entwine
Dear country! with my heart's deep love
Around thy shrine!

AURORA.

CURRENT EVENTS.

FIRST in importance among current events, in relation to Canada, may be placed the sermon preached by the Jesuit Father Braun, at the golden wedding (fiftieth ordination anniversary) of Monseigneur Bourget, Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal.

In former days when the conflict respecting representation was going on, Quebec was more familiar than dear to British Canada; since Confederation she has been more dear than familiar. Many people in Ontario are scarcely conscious of the fact that, while religious equality reigns in their own Province, Quebec is under the dominion of what is virtually a Church Establishment, not only possessed of enormous wealth in the shape of real estate, but levying upon the Roman Catholic population tithes and other ecclesiastical imposts, the burden of which is severely felt by the people, and probably has almost as great an effect as the over-population or the exhaustion of the soil in inducing large numbers of French Canadians to emigrate annually into the United States.

Quebec is, ecclesiastically as well as socially and politically, a section of the Catholic and Monarchical France which existed before the Revolution; and the Church has, till recently, retained the Gallican character of the Church of Louis XIV. At least it has been national and not Ultramontane. But there has recently come, over the whole Roman Catholic Church a change which its supporters will regard as the commencement of a new life, its opponents, as the immediate precursor of dissolution. Disestablished, or stripped of the greater portion of their vast endowments in the principal Roman Catholic countries of Europe, and deprived of the political support of the old Catholic monarchies, whose thrones are now occupied by more liberal dynasties or by presidents of democratic republics, no longer able to make the powers of the world their ministers, and the civil sword their executioner, the clergy of the Church of Rome have been

more and more detaching themselves from all national connection and allegiance, rallying round their ecclesiastical centre, exalting the doctrinal supremacy of the Pope, and extending the jurisdiction of the Court of Rome. War has been waged by the Ultramontane party against every remnant of ecclesiastical independence or national character in the Churches. The old Gallican Missal has been expelled and the Roman Missal, the symbol and vehicle of Ultramontane influence has been introduced in its stead. You vainly ask at a religious bookstore in France for the ancient symbol of the National Church. A similar process has been going on in all other Roman Catholic Churches. Among the Roman Catholics of England, the party which reconciled loyalty to the British Crown with attachment to the ancient faith, and which, in former days, took up arms against the Armada has given way to the ascendancy of the party which, conspired with Spain, the party of Campion and Guy Fawkes, the party which openly avows that its allegiance is paid in the second place to England, but in the first place to Rome. This Ultramontane and centralizing movement seemed to culminate, and the highest point, either of auspicious development, or of blasphemous usurpation, appeared to have been reached, in the declation of Papal Infallibility. But there is reason to think that beyond that apparent summit there is in prospect one at least still higher—a declaration of the "hypostatic union" of the Holy Ghost with the Pope. This more than despotic centralization and the outrages to reason which the doctrinal part of it involves of necessity cause recalcitration and secession, especially in Germany, where the spirit of Teutonic independence prevails, where the Reformation was at first accepted by the whole country, though afterwards driven from portions of it by political and military force, and where even among the Roman Catholics a tendency to utraquism, or the concession of the cup to the laity and to clerical marriage has never ceased to exist. The exhibition of that most portentous relic, the Holy Coat of Trèves, some thirty years ago, offended, in like manner, the Teutonic love of truth, and produced the great secession of which Ronge was the chief. But, in spite of recalcitration and secession, the centralizing movement is desperately pushed forward, and reason and conscience are crushed beneath the wheels of the Papal car. Mr. Capes, a convert from the Church of England to Rome, but since re-converted to Protestantism, says, with special reference to the educational aspect of the movement in Ireland:—"No man who has possessed the means which I have possessed for learning the spirit in which the culture of the mind is promoted, where Roman influence is predominant, can doubt for a moment as to the untrustworthiness of all higher education, which is controlled by the priesthood of to-day. Even before the issuing of the Vatican decree, the administration of English and Continental Catholicism was an iron despotism. What is it now? Ever since I knew anything about the inner life of the Roman Church, it was rare, indeed, to find a priest or prelate who did not tremble at the very name of Rome. Now they have scarcely sufficient individual life left in them to sustain them in an active tremor. They go quietly in harness, and whatever be their secret thoughts, the most guarded silence is upon their lips. The period for national arrangements with the Roman hierarchy has therefore passed away. There are no longer any English or Irish Catholic Bishops. They are Italians, all of them; born of English or Irish parents, and calling themselves by English or Irish surnames; but they are naturalized Italians, belonging to that section of the Italian people which is settled on the Vatican side of the Tiber, and receives its orders from within the Vatican itself. The pupils, who would be taught in any colleges or schools which England might be deceived into supporting,

would be educated, not as Irishmen, but on the model of that debased Italian type which has shut itself up in the Vatican, and there exhibits itself as the perfection of Christian sanctity and truth."

The French Canadian Church has hitherto been Gallican, at least not Ultramontane, being confirmed in a moderate course perhaps by the comparative security of its political position as well as by its remoteness from the principal scene of conflict. But now its turn has come. The Jesuits, the great propagators of Papal dominion, which is, in fact, their own, have appeared in force upon the scene, and are labouring with their usual activity and cunning to suppress the ecclesiastical liberties of French Canada, and at the same time to recover the power and wealth possessed in the Province by their Order before its temporary suppression. The character of Bishop Bourget has made him a facile tool in their hands; and another tool has been found in the Bishop of Three Rivers. The Archbishop of Quebec and the other French Bishops are understood still to resist Jesuit domination and to cleave to the liberties of their national church. But the main citadel of resistance to the Jesuits, and the mark of their most strenuous and rancorous attacks is the great Sulpician Seminary, which rises over Montreal, at once the most powerful support and the most sumptuous monument of the Gallican Church. To the Seminary has hitherto been attached the sole pastoral care of the vast parish of Montreal, with the ecclesiastical revenues belonging to it. And to wrest first the pastoral jurisdiction, and then the revenues from the Seminary, is the immediate object of Jesuit intrigue. The Bishop has been instigated to divide the parish; the Seminary stands on its legal rights. In the midst of this conflict occurred the Bishop's golden wedding, which was made the occasion of a Jesuit and Ultramontane demonstration against the Sulpicians and the Gallicans generally. A deputation of Gallican gentlemen, who were most faithful and zealous sons of the Church of Rome, approaching the Bishop with their congratulations were dismissed with contumely by the prelate, inflated apparently by the flattery of his Jesuit wire-pullers, who do not scruple to apply to his Ultramontane encroachments the terms consecrated by the Gospel to the ministry of the Saviour. Addresses were presented from religious bodies under Jesuit influence tuned to the division of the parish. After an imposing service in the Church of Notre Dame, the great Jesuit preacher, Father Braun, mounted the pulpit and, under the name of a sermon, delivered the harangue against the Gallicans and Liberal Catholics to which we have specially called attention, and which was understood to have been concerted with the Bishop and the other heads of the Jesuit party. Our readers will excuse the length of the following extracts in consideration of their great importance, as revelations of the principles of the Jesuits and of the objects of their machinations, not only in French Canada but in all countries.*

"Every one knows the fatal doctrines which infect European communities, and which have penetrated into this vast continent, which they are already laying waste. These errors, whose object is to consummate the work begun by Luther and Henry VIII., bear, for the most part, upon the Church, its nature, and its rights. The Church, in the eyes of modern Governments, is no more considered as a Society complete, independent of the State, having of itsel the rights confided to it by its Divine Founder; right of self-government; right of possessing and administering property; right of making laws binding upon the conscience, and to which the State should submit; right of being the only power that can define the *invalidating impediments* to marriage, that can determine the *form* of marriage, that can judge matrimonial cases to pronounce upon the validity of the conjugal tie; right of erecting parishes independently of the State; right of superintending

* We quote from the version published at the time, it was understood by authority, in the Montreal *Herald*.

and directing education in public schools. People do not consider any more that the heads of nations and their legislalators owe submission respect and obedience to the Church, just as much as the humblest citizens, and that the more elevated they are in the eyes of men, the more formidable account will they have to render to God for their want of respect and submission to the laws of Holy Church. People do not consider any more that the State is united to the Church, only when it obeys the Church in all that is amenable to ecclesiastical authority, and that the State is in duty bound to protect the Church. Notions about the State and Government have been reduced to mere abstractions, and by this convenient process, people think they have succeeded in freeing those who govern from all responsibility before the Church and before God. But God and the Church make no account of these empty systems. In the eyes of God, the Government is *they* who govern. Each of *them* is responsible before Him, for the acts of his administration. They shall be judged, condemned and punished for everything they will have done against the sacred laws and the independence of the Church. In fine, now-a-days, God is no more looked upon as the source of right and the fountain-head of justice ; but the State, the many, the majority, claims to be the source and principle of right and of justice, and it is taken for granted that, under pretext of public utilities, the majority that governs may impose its wishes. It is the old Pagan despotism. Do not might and the majority constitute the *right* in the eyes of modern wisdom? And it must needs be said, we see Governments led astray by these false principles, commit flagrant injustices towards individuals. Every one knows what is going on in Germany. And the besotted peoples adore *Might* and the majority; behold in the modern *Right* the modern God. All that is materially useful to a society is not therefore permissible, not more to Governments than to individuals. Finally to sum up : God, as a modern politician lately said, has nothing to do with affairs of State. Gallicanism and Liberal Catholicism have powerfully contributed to propagate all these errors. Gallicanism is, in ecclesiastical affairs, insubordination towards the Holy Father, servility toward civil power, despotism towards inferiors. The Gallican refuses to obey the Pope, he arms himself against him with the protection of the powers of this earth, he grants to the civil power, that protects him in his rebellion, all the authority which he refuses to the Sovereign Pontiff. Hence it comes that everywhere Gallicans are the flatterers of civil power, and have recourse to it even in ecclesiastical cases, when the Bishop or the Sovereign Pontiff alone, should examine, judge and pronounce. It is this insubordination towards the Holy Father, and this servility towards civil power, which Pope Innocent XI. so justly stigmatized in a Brief of the 11th April, 1682, to the Bishops that composed the Assembly of the French Clergy."

* * * *

"With respect to despotism towards their inferiors, Gallicans, when there is a question of doing justice, pay no attention to the canons. Their own will, and what they call their common sense, hold the place of law for them. Arbitrary measures, such is their rule. It is well known that, in some dioceses, many Catholic writers, through obedience to the wishes of the Holy See, having handled with great talent, questions contrary to the Gallican notions of some Superiors, were exposed to severe penalties, and that the Holy Father himself was obliged to take their defence and protect them against an unjust punishment. Liberal Catholics acknowledge that the individual, in his private life, ought to profess the Catholic religion; and at the same time, they think it advisable that he should, in his public life, admit an equality of rights for truth and for error. Liberalism is a so-called generosity towards error ; it is a readiness to yield on the score of principles. Liberal Catholics grant to the State the right of requiring that parishes, bishoprics and religious orders be civilly incorporated, that they may have a right to hold property. They grant that the State has a right to limit the possessions of the Church, to make laws for regulating the administration of Church property. They grant to the State the right of taking possession of Church property and of keeping it, thus laying down the principle of Communism. Speak of restitution to these sacrilegious usurpers, their only answer will be a sneer. Liberal Catholics pretend that the State can prescribe the *form* of marriage, define *invalidating impediments*, and pronounce upon the conjugal tie

in matrimonial cases. Liberal Catholics confine to the State the superintendence and direction of primary schools, to the detriment of the Church and fathers of families. Liberal Catholics grant to the State the right of intervening in the erecting of parishes, independently of any authorization from the Holy See. These errors were gaining ground in the country, were causing the Church to lose its independence, and threatening soon to place her on the same footing as the so-called Church created by Henry VIII. And the Christian people, accustomed to the encroachments of the State, were beginning to think that all these sacrilegious encroachments were real rights of the State, and that it was a duty for the Church to recognize them. One must fight with all the arms of doctrine against these fatal errors which threaten to pervert all minds. Among the most valiant defenders of the rights of the Holy Church, we shall always see our venerable Pontiff. Whilst these false doctrines are spreading and gaining strength everywhere, the venerable Bishops of Canada assemble in Council at Quebec. What will be their first thought? their first effort? The shackles of the Church must be riven asunder, its independence must be proclaimed in the face of the country and of the Catholic world, and the Bishops, assisted by the Holy Ghost, animated with a holy zeal, burning with love for the Church, issue this decree: *De obedientiâ Summo Pontifice*, of obedience to the Sovereign Pontiff: a decree which will be to the end of time, one of the finest monuments of the history of the Catholic Church in Canada, and will be for ever the glory of the venerable Fathers of the Council who were its authors. They profess the most entire obedience to the Sovereign Pontiff, by proclaiming that the laws which they make concerning the general discipline of the Church are binding in this country, independently of the sanction of civil authority. Therefore, we adhere with our whole heart to all the Constitutions which concern—the dogma, and to each one in particular, and also to those which concern—the general discipline of the Church; and we declare and teach that, not depending on any sanction of the secular power, they must be recognized by all the faithful as the rules both of faith and conscience. His Lordship hastened to make known to his clergy and people this decree of the Council, which is to put an end to those divergences of opinion which were dividing Catholics. This decree, says he, settles this great question, to wit: whether the Apostolical Constitutions, when once published in Rome, in due form, are binding in this country. The clergy and the faithful share the Bishop's sentiments, all are unanimous in repeating the words of the Council: *Toto animo adhæremus omnibus et singulis apostolicis Constitutionibus.* In future every upright and logical man, enlightened by the zeal of the Bishop and his clergy, will say: Yes, we most heartily adhere to the Constitutions of the Church. Yes, they bind in conscience independently of the sanction of the State. Therefore the Church is an independent society. Every one admits this principle. The State is subordinate to the Church. This truth is admitted. No one now dares to deny these two Catholic dogmas. But many, for want of a logical turn of mind, do not see the consequences which flow from these principles, and dare to doubt them. But the day we trust is near at hand, when Government repudiating their errors, will at length recognise the truths proclaimed by the first Council of Quebec. The laws of the Church itself enact the ecclesiastical laws, without any recourse to the State, and it is the duty of the State to recognise those laws and submit to them. The Church can, inasmuch as it thinks proper require from the State a civil sanction for the laws. This sanction adds no new obligation to the law, but helps the execution thereof. In this case it is not a bill, a draft of a law, which the Church proposes to the examination and discussion of a Parliament, it is a law already made, and which the Church alone has a right to make, a law which is already binding on the conscience, independently of the sanction of the State, and for which the Church claims a purely civil protection and sanction. The State does not enact the law, nor does it discuss the same; this is beyond its jurisdiction. It simply sanctions it civilly, just as the Church proposes it, without having the right to change, omit or add anything. Would you pretend to submit to your judgment and discussion the legislative authority of the Holy Church. If the State is Christian it will grant to these laws this civil sanction which the Church requires. This is the only manner in which the State can interfere in

ecclesiastical laws. If the State refuses this sanction, the law will not be less binding on the State itself; but, by so doing, the State simply declines the honour of protecting the Church, and experience teaches that this will be its misfortune. As the Church which enacts its own laws, so does it also judge ecclesiastical matters independently of the State's glory, to cause the Church's decisions to be respected. The Church decides in matrimonial cases, prescribes the form of marriages, and the State is honoured by causing the decisions of the Church to be observed. The Church has the possession and administration of temporalities, independently of the State; and the State protects the Church in its possessions and administrations. The Church enjoys its immunities, and the State protects it against the sacrilegious man who would wish to violate them. The Church erects dioceses and parishes, and the State helps the Church in all its works. The Church watches over and directs the schools, and it approves the teachers that parents choose, and the State hastens freely to grant its protection and assistance. A Christian Government is far from imitating those liberal governments who arrogate to themselves all right and power in schools, which everywhere become schoolmasters, and which have perverted the education of youth. Such is the union of Church and State, and our venerable Pontiff has devoted his life to the strengthening of this union.* * *

"In old Europe these truths are beginning to be understood by true politicians. They understand the cause of the evils which overwhelm society. Nations have revolted against God, they have wished to submit God to man, the Church to the Government. Profit by their unhappy experience. If the rumblings of thunder in Europe are not sufficient to warn you, must it burst upon your heads before you will take heed? You will listen to the warnings of your Bishop, and your civil and political life will be Christian, as is your private life. Your Bishop's doctrine will have produced this happy result: "He went about doing good." A truly memorable day in the annals of the nineteenth century was that on which the Pope condemned the errors that are sweeping away all modern society. This great event rejoiced true Catholics, and renewed their strength. The Gallicans blinded themselves and sought to give explanations, and the enemies of the Church gave themselves up to a dark and threatening anger. Our venerated Pastor understood the full bearing of the Pontifical document; he rejoiced at it; and, since that day, he has not relaxed in his efforts to make it produce its legitimate fruit. Every one knows with what learning, what magnificent ideas, what conviction, his Lordship, by a pastoral dated January 1st, 1865, promulgated in his diocese the Syllabus, in which are framed and condemned all the pretensions, encroachments and usurpations of the State. The Church is independent; it has its own tribunals; it possesses and administers its property; it has schools independent of the State. Its communities have no civil origin. In Christian marriage, the contract and sacrament are inseparable, and henceforward Catholic statesmen shall not think of discussing in legislative chambers, about laws concerning divorce or the rights of the Church. One thing alone they can do, repel with indignation every attempt against the rights or independence of the Church. The State is subordinate to the Church, and in case of a conflict between them, the Church has to decide, the State to submit."

Our readers will appreciate, from what we have said, the special allusion to the division of parishes, as well as the invectives against Gallicans and Liberal Catholics in general. It is needless to comment on the good taste and the truly Christian feeling which inspired such an attack on members of the same Church, who had come to take part with the preacher and his section in a personal and religious celebration. "The devil is exercising his oppression chiefly by Gallican and Liberal errors," were gracious words to fling in the faces of those who had brought their gifts and congratulations to the common head of the Roman Catholic community of Montreal. But the zeal of the sons of Loyola outruns such trivial considerations as these. As to the principles, they are such as in Europe might be propounded in the *Univers*, or some other irresponsible counterpart of the *Nouveau Monde*, which is the Jesuit organ at Montreal. But we very much doubt whether it would have

been deemed politic to allow any responsible ecclesiastic to compromise the Church by proclaiming them from the pulpit. Of course we see the loopholes which are left for casuistical interpretation. We know that the "supremacy of the Church over the State" is to be confined to ecclesiastical questions. But what questions are ecclesiastical is to be decided by the Church; and history tells us plainly enough what the scope of her decision will be.

In the political eddies caused by the meeting of these two hostile tides of ecclesiastical opinion sank Sir George Cartier, and probably he sank to rise no more. Neither he, at least, nor any other man in his place, will ever again occupy the position of the political leader of the National Church of French Canada. The result of the conflict between the Gallicans and the Jesuits cannot be doubtful. The Jesuits have all the influences of the hour in their favour, and they will triumph in this case, as they have triumphed in all the Roman Catholic communities of Europe. Their triumph is in fact the inevitable consequence of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, proclaimed in their interest, and through their machinations. There will come, and probably at no distant time, a struggle between the Ultramontane Church of French Canada and the State.

That struggle offers a great part to any public man who is young, who is hopeful, who is strong in conviction, who is not afraid, politically speaking, to take his life in his hand, who aims at something above the prizes for which hack politicians scuffle with each other on the hustings, who desires to win the position which can be won only by becoming the champion of a great cause. The old parties have no such man. We shall see what young Canada can produce.

Turning to Ontario, we find, as a matter of course, the appointment of Mr. Mowat to the Premiership unreservedly lauded by one party organ, and condemned with equal energy by the other. If the two journalists, instead of serving their parties, were speaking the truth frankly over a dinner table, both would probably agree that the appointment in itself is a very good one—Mr. Mowat being a man of undoubted character and ability—but that the transfer of a judge from the bench to a political office, if it was necessary, was a necessity much to be deplored. In a country like ours, the integrity of the judiciary is at least as important as that of the executive or the legislature; and the integrity of the judiciary can be preserved only by keeping the bench of justice entirely distinct from the political arena. The precedents cited from the English practice by the defenders of Mr. Mowat's appointment, even if they were relevant, would be more honoured in the breach than in the observance. But they are not relevant. The combination of the office of Minister of Justice with that of Chief Judge in Equity in the person of the English Chancellor is, like the judicial function of the House of Lords, a relic of a very ancient state of things anterior to the separation of the judiciary from the executive, or of either from the legislature, and it is rather retained by the national conservatism, than approved by the national judgment. Probably a separate Ministry of Justice will be among the coming legal reforms. Meantime, the Lord Chancellor does not try controverted elections, and it is scarcely possible that any political question should ever come before him in court. That Lord Ellenborough was taken from the Chief Justiceship of a Court of Common Law into the Cabinet is true; but the measure was generally repudiated at the time, and it is certain that it will never be repeated.

The recall of Vice-Chancellor Mowat to political life is a proof, on the one hand, of the dearth of leading ability in the Ontario Legislature, caused by the narrowness of the parties, and on the other, of the inadequacy of judicial salaries, which are insufficient to retain the services of a first-rate man.

The fact is, that our official salaries generally have been depreciated to a most serious extent, from the rise of prices since the time when their scale was fixed; and their general restoration to their original amount is a pressing need of public policy, as well as of personal justice. If this is not done, we shall soon have a low class of officials, who will think themselves licensed to eke out their salaries by irregular gains in this country, as they notoriously do in the United States. Let the Government appoint a commission of inquiry into the depreciation of salaries, and act on the report.

It is gratifying to note that the proposal of the party organs to introduce faction into our municipal elections is generally repudiated by the good sense of the people, aided, perhaps, by the strategical discretion of the weaker party. The leaders of the Opposition have, however, been making strong speeches in favour of faction as the principle of government. We disclaim any approach to a sneer in saying that those who believe themselves, after a desperate party struggle, to be on the eve of a party triumph, are scarcely unbiassed in their judgment of this question. We have repeatedly recognized the fact that there are at the present time important issues between the Opposition and the Government. We also sincerely credit the leaders of the Opposition with a desire to put an end to the existing system, and introduce one purer and less injurious to national character in its place. But we, nevertheless, feel perfectly convinced that before they had themselves held power for six months on the party principle, they would be compelled ruefully to acknowledge that faction is not the antidote, but the incentive to corruption. Does any misgiving of this kind mingle with the motives which lead Mr. Blake, so strangely, and so fatally to the interests of his party, to nullify his influence as a leader by declaring that he will not accept office?

An argument used by one of the Opposition leaders, in support of the factionist doctrine, is a singular and instructive instance of the extent to which the vision, even of very able men, may be distorted by the optical peculiarities of the atmosphere in which they live. We should have thought that if there was anything as to which all men and angels were agreed, it was that the divisions of Christendom are injurious to Christianity. But this eminent factionist has persuaded himself that they are not only not injurious, but essential to the unity of the Christian Church. Without the various contending sects, he says the Church would be an anarchy. Of course he thinks that it was an anarchy in its undivided state under its Founder and the Apostles. Had he been in the place of St. Paul, instead of lamenting the growth of divisions, he would have rejoiced over them as the rudiments of incipient order, emerging out of the religious chaos. Had he sat in the Council of the Apostles at Jerusalem, he would have enjoined the Jewish Chrisians to adhere to their Judaism, and the Gentile Christians to persevere in eating things sacrificed to idols, because they would thereby keep up a Conservative and a Liberal party, a perpetual conflict between which, with abundance of rancour and abuse, was so necessary, in order to prevent an anarchy in the Church.

Another orator says that though he rejoices that Ontario gave the Opposition a majority, it would have been a great misfortune if the vote had been "solid." In other words, it would be a great misfortune if the people of Ontario were of one mind as to their own interests. Such are the axi oms upon which, literally, Government is at present founded.

The result of the Welland election looks like a heavy blow to the Administration, though its significance is somewhat reduced by the local and personal circumstances of the contest. We cannot lament that the appearance of several Cabinet Ministers brawling and bandying foul language on the

hustings, in company with more than one confederate of questionable character, failed to secure the victory for their party. It is time that Ministers in general, and the Prime Minister in particular, should be reminded that they are entrusted with the honour as well as with the interests of the country. A moderate amount of mis-government and jobbery, if carried on with decency, would be preferable to the injury inflicted on national character by some scenes at the late elections. We doubt whether anything so bad ever occurs in the United States. If Conservatism in this country means anything, it means the maintenance of the respect due to Government; but the respect due to Government cannot be maintained, unless the members of the Government will do their part. That self-degradation, either on the part of public men, or of the press, is necessitated by the character and tastes of our people is, we are persuaded, an unfounded notion, if it is not a mere pretence. The necessity may be created, but at present it does not exist. In the late elections corruption was only too efficacious; but ruffianism, we are convinced, only recoiled upon those who were guilty of it.

In the loss of San Juan, we have drunk the last drop of bitterness which can flow, for the present at least, from the Treaty of Washington. It is idle to deny the gravity of this decision, or to attempt to conceal from ourselves the fact that it may impair the value of British Columbia as a Province of the Dominion. But like the decision on the Alabama Claims, it was, in effect rendered inevitable by the Treaty, and there is no ground for impeaching the impartiality of the award. On the other hand, the evident eagerness to condemn Great Britain exhibited by certain of the Judges, in the Genevan arbitration, warns us that Great Britain, in going before European arbitrators, is going before enemies or rivals, while the American Republic, remote from European complications, is sure of meeting with neutrals at least, and will often meet with partisans.

The Treaty of Washington, construed with reference to its real intent, can hardly be regarded as an instance of international arbitration, or as proving anything for or against that mode of settling the differences of nations. It was, in fact, a purchase by England of peace at the close of a moral war, caused by the depredations of the Alabama and her consorts, the fisheries dispute, and still more, by the sympathy exhibited for the South by certain classes in Great Britain and the colonies. The price paid was the pre-arranged condemnation of Great Britain to the payment of damages for the Alabama, the equally pre-arranged adjudication of San Juan to the United States, and certain concessions with respect to the Fishery and other rights of Canada, the exact import of which is the subject of violent controversy among the organs of our party press, but, in fact, yet remains to be seen. As to the arbitrators, they were something like the sugar-tongs which the old Scotchwoman held in her hand for politeness' sake, while she took up the sugar through them, in primitive fashion, with her fingers. A smouldering quarrel which, though the Americans never intended to go to war, might have been fanned by any chance gust of wind into actual hostilities, has thus, we trust, been finally extinguished; and we are ready to recognize the value of this result, and to give the British Ministers full credit for having done what they sincerely believed to be best for the Empire as a whole, and for Canada as a part of it. However high may be the spirit of our people, and however willing they may be to share the fortunes of the mother country in war (though they can contribute nothing to her regular forces), it is obvious that our exposed situation must always be an element in her councils on our behalf; and that we must be prepared to make sacrifices for her as she,

undoubtedly, has made sacrifices for us. The appointment of our Prime Minister, the elect of our people, at least of a majority of them, as one of the Commissioners, was the strongest proof of regard for our interests that we could require; and if, as his opponents allege, he was capable of selling the interest and honour of his country for pecuniary assistance to a party job, the fault is ours alone. On the other hand, if England expected from the Treaty any greater advantage than the termination of the existing quarrel—if she imagined that it would annul the moral peculiarities which make every New Englander crave for the humiliation of the land of his fathers, that it would charm the Pennsylvanian protectionist into foregoing his commercial hostility to the great exporting nation, that it would eradicate from the breasts of Americans generally the hatred implanted there by all the lessons of their childhood—the menacing abuse levelled at her the other day by the American press, under the ridiculous impression that she was intriguing against the San Juan decision, as well as the slanderous malignity of that imputation itself, must have awakened her from her dream. Could any counsel from this side of the Atlantic reach the ears of British statesmen, they would learn henceforth to treat the Americans in the only way in which people so disposed can be safely treated, either in public or private life, amicably and with courtesy, but at the same time with reserve, studiously avoiding offence, but at the same time abstaining from unreciprocated cordiality, and from ignominious attempts to fling England into the arms of her one implacable and unappeasable foe. The Atlantic will be the best mediator if statesmen will not interfere.

We are bound to add in qualification of what we have said in defence of the conduct of the British Government, that notwithstanding the arguments of Professor Bernard and everything else that has been said upon the subject, we remain unshaken in our conviction that the failure to seek reparation for the blood of our citizens shed by Fenian hordes organized for the invasion of this country on American soil, with the full knowledge and connivance, not to say approbation, of the American Government, was a desertion of the national honour, which will prove to have been bad policy in the end. We say deliberately that there is no citizen of the United States, who is not conscious that his Government did us a wrong, and intended to do us a wrong; or who believes that the withdrawal of our claim proceeded from any doubt of its validity or from any motive but fear.

The St. Juan decision called forth a curious little spurt of Anti-Colonial cynicism from the London *Times*. Immediately Canadian journalism is in a fluster, and gives us columns of extracts from the fugitive pieces of all the Bohemians in London, on the value of Colonies and the virtues of their inhabitants. '*Nescis mî fili*'—how editorials are composed. 'What *does* the article in the *Times* mean? What *can* it mean?'—is the universal cry. In one of the trials of clergymen for heterodoxy, before the Privy Council in England, the counsel for the prosecution was vehemently insisting on his interpretation of a particular passage in the impugned work. "If this is not its meaning, it has no meaning?" "I am no theologian, Mr. Blank," interrupted one of the judges—"I am no theologian, but may not the passage have *no* meaning." It is truly lamentable to see the anxiety with which our people study, as oracles of our destiny, the random and capricious utterances of the London Press. The *Times* is the organ of the best informed if not the wisest or most virtuous section of English society, and might be supposed to represent settled convictions on the Colonial question: yet in the course of a few years it has swung round half a dozen times from the Colonial to the Anti-Colonial side and back again; always in its Colonial moods denouncing Anti-Colonial-

ists as traitors and in its Anti-Colonial moods denouncing Colonialists as fools. We might as well hang our destinies on a weather-cock as allow them to depend upon this journal, or upon any other indicator of the gusts which sweep backwards and forwards over the surface of English opinion without stirring the placid depths of ignorance and indifference that sleep below. By ourselves our destinies must be shaped; in our own forecast, our own energy and self-reliance, in the frankness and manliness of our own councils lies our hope for the future, whatever that future is to be. This is language un-familiar perhaps to the generation of Canadians which is passing away, but more familiar to the generation which is coming on.

We have already answered, in effect, so much of the *Times* article as relates to the consequences to Canada of the Washington Treaty and the San Juan decision. But we do not question the fact that Canada has suffered in various ways, both from the geographical ignorance of British statesmen, and from their diplomatic weakness. The best and most appropriate compensation for the loss of Portland and San Juan would be a full concession of commercial liberty and self-government, with authority to make commercial treaties for the extension of our commerce in any quarter to which our interest may point. Probably it will not be long before a movement in this direction is made.

A few months ago we ventured to predict, with reference to the heavy demand on our labour fund likely to be made by the Pacific Railroad, that that time would soon come when the Colonies, instead of being regarded by the mother country with complacency, as outlets for her surplus population, would begin to be viewed with jealousy as competitors for a limited stock of labour. That time has come already. Lord Derby is a statesman, who has achieved a high reputation mainly by the prudence of his speeches, which are generally so well poised and guarded, that in case two and two should ever turn out to be five, his prescience would remain unimpeached. If it were conceivable that hereditary qualities should be transmitted through four centuries, we should say that he was the genuine descendant of the discreet chief, who, on Bosworth Field, hovered on the flanks of both armies, till fortune had declared in favour of the right. But now the great landowner has come out against emigration as straight as Pharaoh. Our journals reply with respectful solemnity to his economical arguments; courtesy, no doubt, forbidding them to tell him that the great argument in favour of emigration in the eyes of British peasants and mechanics, is his own existence. So, however, it is; emigration is socially—we do not say politically—democratic. The emigrant wishes to find, in the new country, not the social institutions of the old country over again, but something as unlike them as possible; and as we always take pains to assure him that Canada is another England, he prefers the United States to Canada. The tune piped by our emigration agents is in harmony, perhaps, with our own sentiments, but as anybody who is familiar with the poorer classes in England can tell them, it will not bring that bird off the bough. We will venture to add, as another hint to our Government in the selection of its organs, that the British mechanic and peasant resemble the rest of their species in being indisposed to confide in perfect strangers, about whom the only thing certainly known is that their advice is not disinterested. One word from a man whom the emigrating classes of England have reason, personally, to trust, would bring more emigrants than all that can be said by emigration agents of the ordinary kind.

A December Session of the British Parliament has been announced, we presume, for the purpose of voting the Alabama indemnity and the Pacific Railway guarantee. The Government will meet it without apprehension, if the health of the Premier is not

breaking down under the enormous load of work which he insists upon carrying upon his own shoulders from an unfortunate incapacity for making sufficient use of the services of subordinates. Conservative reaction appears, from the result of the last elections, to have nearly reached its limit. Its elements were not of a very durable kind, the smell of the Paris petroleum going for a good deal, and the ire of the Nonconformists, on account of Mr. Forster's practically Anglican Education Bill, which deprived the Government for a time of their votes, being also an important factor. The smell of the Paris petroleum has now gone off; that of the Conservative Republic of Thiers is rather fragrant than otherwise in the popular nostrils, and the Nonconformists have probably vented their indignation, and are returning to the standard. What is still more momentous, and not with reference to the fate of the Gladstone Government alone, the movement among the agricultural labourers has placed in the hands of the Liberals the weapon of county household suffrage, sharpened by the policy to which Mr. Disraeli committed his party in the case of the boroughs, for the sake of outbidding the Moderate Liberal Government of Lord Russell, and obtaining a lease—brief, as it proved—of power. Mr. Bright returns to Parliament, and he is in perfect harmony with Mr. Gladstone.

In one respect the Government is weakened, and it is a circumstance to which we beg leave to call the particular attention of the advocates of faction. Intemperance has now become a malady in England, scarcely inferior in virulence to the plague in Turkey, or to the disease which is undermining Mexico. The Government has passed a sanitary measure, in the shape of a Licensing Act, of a very moderate, not to say feeble, kind. Thereupon the whole body of publicans fling their influence, which is immense, into the scale of the Opposition, and in strange conjunction with the landed gentry, and still stranger conjunction with the clergy of the Established Church, threaten the existence of an Administration which has simply shown itself not regardless of the physical and moral salvation of the people.

The appointment of Sir Roundell Palmer, (now Lord Selborne) as Lord High Chancellor, amidst universal applause, is worthy of special notice, not only because it places a lawyer of singular ability, learning and probity at the head of British and Imperial law; but on account of the manner in which the promotion has been won. The Chancellorship was offered to Sir Roundell, on the formation of Mr. Gladstone's Government, but was then declined by him because, though a general supporter of the Government, he could not conscientiously concur in the disestablishment of the Irish Church: it now comes to him again with honour multiplied ten-fold. Amidst such a state of things as is revealed by the *Silver Islet* transaction—or transactions—it is pleasant to see that integrity still exists in public life, and that the world still distinguishes it from its opposite. As Lord Selborne is a strong churchman, his accession to the Cabinet indicates that the Government meditates nothing more in the way of ecclesiastical change.

We can take no credit to ourselves for foresight in predicting the collapse of the Greeley coalition and the consequent re-election of President Grant. The coalition was more than heterogeneous: its candidate, selected for their own purposes by a knot of low wire-pullers, was absurd. We mourn for the South, once more consigned to the Dominion of the carpet-bagger, supported by the party bayonets of Washington; but the South will find a more complete and speedy deliverance from oppression in internal union for the recovery of its own liberties than in alliance with any Northern combination. Of General Grant's qualities as a ruler we have already spoken. With him as their figure-head, the "Cameron Ring," and all the Mortons, Forneys and Murphys, will recommence their auspicious

reign. The only measure of personal policy with which any one credits him is the annexation of San Domingo, which will now, probably, be revived, and may possibly lead to trouble. It is announced that he signalized his re-election as the head of the nation by boasting to his lieges of the craftiness with which he had employed "pickets," in plain English, spies, and spies of the most infamous kind, to betray to him the councils of his opponents. Lincoln was not made of the very finest clay of humanity; but he had grace, on his re-election, to speak with modesty and dignity of his own exalted trust, and with generosity of his defeated opponents. However, if General Grant is, in most respects, inferior to General Washington, there seems to be a bare possibility that in the most important respect of all, he may turn out immeasurably his superior. General Washington was the first of the elective Presidents; it seems just possible that General Grant may be the last. The great fact that the institution is perfectly needless, and a vast political nuisance, appears to have dawned at last upon the minds of a certain number of American citizens, who have begun to agitate for its abolition. The organizations and interests connected with this quadrennial prize of faction and corruption are so strong that the attempt seems almost hopeless; but should it ever succeed, the benefit would be unspeakable to the United States, and to all countries which are affected by the policy of the Republic. The elective Presidency was a principal source of the indirect claims, as well as of the civil war.

A CHRISTMAS ODE.

(*From the German of Friedrich Rückert.*)

IN Bethlehem the Lord was born
Whose birth has brought us life and light,
On Calvary that death of scorn
He died, that broke Death's cruel might:
I wandered from a western strand
And sought through many an Eastern land,
Yet found I greater nought than ye,
O Bethlehem and Calvary!

Ye wonders of the ancient world,
How hath your pomp been swept away,
And earthly strength to ruin hurled
By power that knows not of decay!
I saw them scattered far and wide,
The ruined heaps on every side;
But lowly glory still I see
Round Bethlehem and Calvary.

Ye Pyramids are but a tomb
  Wherein did toiling mortals build
Death's utter darkness ; 'tis his gloom,
  Not peace, wherewith your depths are filled.
Ye Sphinxes, to the world of old
Could Life's enigma ne'er unfold ;
'Tis solved for ages yet to be
In Bethlehem and Calvary !

O Syria's earthly Paradise,
  Fair Schiraz' gardens of the rose,
Ye palmy plains 'neath Indian skies,
  Ye shores where soft the spice-wind blows,
Death stalks through all that looks so fair,
I trace his shadow everywhere ;
Look up, and Life's true Fountain see
In Bethlehem and Calvary !

Thou Kaabá, black desert-stone,
  Against which half the world to-day
Still stumbles, strive to keep thy throne
  Lit by Thy Crescent's pallid ray ;
The moon before the sun must pale,
That brighter Sign shall yet prevail,
Of Him whose cry of victory
Is Bethlehem and Calvary !

O Thou, who didst not once disdain
  The childish form, the Manger poor ;
Who once to take from us our pain
  All pain didst on the Cross endure ;
Pride to Thy Manger cannot bend,
Thy Cross doth haughty minds offend,
But lowly hearts draw close to Thee
In Bethlehem and Calvary !

The Kings approach, to worship there
  The Paschal Lamb, the Shepherd race ;
And thitherwards the nations fare
  As pilgrims to the Holy Place ;
The storm of warfare on them breaks,
The World but not the Cross it shakes,
When East and West in strife ye see
For Bethlehem and Calvary !

O not like those, with weaponed hand,
But with the Spirit let us go
To conquer back the Holy Land,
As Christ is conquering still below;
Let beams of light on ev'ry side
Speed as Apostles far and wide,
Till all the Earth draws light from thee,
O Bethlehem, O Calvary!

With pilgrim hat and staff I went
Afar through Orient lands to roam,
My years of pilgrimage are spent,
And this the word I bring you home;
The pilgrim's staff ye need not crave
To seek God's Cradle or His Grave,
But seek within you, there shall be
His Bethlehem and Calvary!

O Heart, what helps it to adore
His Cradle where the sunrise glows?
Or what avail to kneel before
The Grave whence long ago He rose?
That He should find in thee a birth,
That thou shouldst seek to die to earth
And live to Him;—this, this must be
Thy Bethlehem and Calvary!

SELECTIONS.

STANLEY'S DISCOVERY OF LIVINGSTONE.

The following brief extracts are taken from early sheets of "How I Found Livingstone," Travels and Adventures in Central Africa, including an account of four months' residence with Dr. Livingstone. By Henry M. Stanley. With maps and illustrations after drawings by the author. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co., 1872. Toronto: (A special Canadian edition) Adam, Stevenson & Co.

CHARACTER OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

DR. KIRK, pitying the wearisomeness under which I was labouring, called me aside to submit to my inspection a magnif cent elephant rifle, which he said was a present from a Governor of Bombay. Then I heard eulogies upon its deadly powers and its fatal accuracy; I heard anecdotes of jungle life, adventures experienced while hunting, and incidents of his travels with Livingstone.

"Ah, yes, Dr. Kirk," I asked carelessly, "about Livingstone—where is he, do you think, now?

"Well, really," he replied, "you know that is very difficult to answer; he may be dead; there is nothing positive whereon we can base sufficient reliance. Of one thing I am sure, nobody has heard anything definite of him for over two years. I should fancy, though, he must be alive. We are continually sending something up for him. There is a small expedition even now at Bagamoyo about starting shortly. I really think the old man should come home now; he is growing old, you know, and if he died, the world would lose the benefit of his discoveries. He keeps neither notes nor journals; it is very seldom he takes observations. He simply makes a note or dot, or something, on a map, which nobody could understand but himself. Oh, yes, by all means if he is alive he should come home, and let a younger man take his place."

"What kind of a man is he to get along with, Doctor?" I asked, feeling now quite interested in his conversation.

"Well, I think he is a very difficult man to deal with generally. Personally, I have never had a quarrel with him, but I have seen him in hot water with fellows so often, and that is principally the reason, I think, he hates to have any one with him."

"I am told he is a very modest man; is he?" I asked.

"Oh, he knows the value of his own discoveries; no man better. He is not quite an angel," said he, with a laugh.

"Well now, supposing I met him in my travels—I might possibly stumble across him if he travels anywhere in the direction I am going—how would he conduct himself towards me?"

"To tell you the truth," said he, "I do not think he would like it very well. I know if Burton, or Grant, or Baker, or any of those fellows were going after him, and he heard of their coming, Livingstone would put a hundred miles of swamp in a very short time between himself and them. I do, upon my word I do."

This was the tenor of the interview I held with Dr. Kirk—former companion of Livingstone—as well as my journal and memory can recall it to me.

Need I say this information from a gentleman known to be well acquainted with Dr. Livingstone, rather had the effect of damping my ardour for the search, than adding vigour to it. I felt very much depressed, and would have willingly resigned my commission; but then the order was "GO AND FIND LIVINGSTONE." Besides, I did not suppose, though I had so readily consented to search for the Doctor, that the path to Central Africa was strewn with roses. What though I were rebuked, as an impertinent interloper in the domain of Discovery, as a meddler in things that concerned not myself; as one whose absence would be far more acceptable to him than my presence—had I not been commanded to find him? Well find him I would, if he were above ground; if not, then I would bring what concerned people to know, and keep.

ORGANIZATION OF THE EXPEDITION.

I was totally ignorant of the interior, and it was difficult at first to know what I needed, in order to take an expedition into Central Africa. Time was precious, also, and much of it could not be devoted to inquiry and investigation. In a case like this, it would have been a godsend, I thought, had either of the three gentlemen, Captains Burton, Speke, or Grant, given some information on these points; had they devoted a chapter upon, "How to get ready an Expedition for Central Africa." The purpose of this chapter, then, is to relate how I set about it, that other travellers coming after me may have the benefit of my experience.

These are some of the questions I asked myself, as I tossed on my bed at night:—

"How much money is required?"

"How many pagazis, or carriers?"

"How many soldiers?"

"How much cloth?"

"How many beads?"

"How much wire?"

"What kinds of cloths are required for the different tribes?"

Ever so many questions to myself brought me no nearer the exact point I wished to arrive at. I scribbled over scores of sheets of paper, making estimates, drawing out lists of material, calculating the cost of keeping one hundred men for one year, at so many yards of different kinds of cloth, etc. I studied Burton, Speke, and Grant in vain. A good deal of geographical, ethnological, and other information apper-

taining to the study of Inner Africa was obtainable, but information respecting the organization of an expedition requisite before proceeding to Africa, was not in any book. I threw the books from me in disgust. The Europeans at Zanzibar knew as little as possible about this particular point. There was not one white man at Zanzibar, who could tell how many dotis a day a force of one hundred men required for food on the road. Neither, indeed, was it their business to know. But what should I do at all, at all? This was a grand question.

I decided it were best to hunt up an Arab merchant who had been engaged in the ivory trade, or who was fresh from the interior.

Sheikh Hashid was a man of note and wealth in Zanzibar. He had himself despatched several caravans into the interior, and was necessarily acquainted with several prominent traders who came to his house to gossip about their adventures and gains. He was also the proprietor of the large house Capt. Webb occupied; besides, he lived across the narrow street which separated his house from the Consulate. Of all men Sheikh Hashid was the man to be consulted, and he was accordingly invited to visit me at the Consulate.

From the grey-bearded and venerable-looking Sheikh, I elicited more information about African currency, the mode of procedure, the quantity and quality of stuffs I required, than I had obtained from three months' study of books upon Central Africa; and from other Arab merchants to whom the ancient Sheikh introduced me, I received most valuable suggestions and hints, which enabled me at last to organize an expedition.

The reader must bear in mind that a traveller requires only that which is sufficient for travel and exploration; that a superfluity of goods or means will prove as fatal to him as poverty of supplies. It is on this question of quality and quantity that the traveller has first to exercise his judgment and discretion.

My informants gave me to understand that for one hundred men, 10 doti, or 40 yards of cloth per diem, would suffice for food. The proper course to pursue, I found, was to purchase 2,000 doti of American sheeting, 1,000 doti of Kaniki and 650 doti of the coloured cloths, such as Barsati, a great favourite in Unyamwezi; Sohari, taken in Ugogo; Ismahili, Taujiri, Joho, Shash, Rehani, Jamdani or Kunguru-Cutch, blue and pink. These were deemed amply sufficient for the subsistence of one hundred men for twelve months. Two years at this rate would require 4,000 doti = 16,000 yards of American sheeting; 2,000 doti = 8,000 yards of Kaniki; 1,300 doti = 5,200 yards of mixed coloured cloths. This was definite and valuable information to me, and excepting the lack of some suggestions as to the quality of the sheeting, Kaniki, and coloured cloths, I had obtained all I desired upon this point. Second in importance to the amount of cloth required was the quantity and quality of the beads necessary. Beads, I was told, took the place of cloth currency among some tribes of the interior. One tribe preferred white to black beads, brown to yellow, red to green, green to white and so on. Thus, in Unyamwezi, red (sami-sami) beads would readily be taken, where all other kinds would be refused; black (bubu) beads, though currency in Ugogo, were positively worthless with all other tribes; the egg (sungomazzi) beads, though valuable in Ujiji and Uguhha, would be refused in all other countries; the white (Merikani) beads, though good in Ufipa, and some parts of Usagara and Ugogo, would certainly be despised in Useguhha, and Ukonongo. Such being the case, I was obliged to study closely, and calculate the probable stay of an expedition in the several countries, so as to be sure to provide a sufficiency of each kind, and guard against any great overplus. Burton and Speke, for instance, were obliged to throw away as worthless several hundred fundo of beads.

For example, supposing the several nations of Europe had each its own currency, without the means of exchange, and supposing a man was about to travel through Europe on foot, before starting he would be apt to calculate how many days it would take him to travel through France; how many through Prussia, Austria, and Russia, then to reckon the expense he would be likely to incur per day. If the expense be set down at a napoleon per day, and his journey through France would occupy thirty days, the sum required for going and returning might be properly set down at sixty napoleons, in which case, napoleons not being current money in Prussia, Austria, or Russia, it would be utterly useless for him to burden himself with the weight of a couple of thousand napoleons in gold.

My anxiety on this point was most excruciating. Over and over I studied the hard names and measures, conned again and again the polysyllables, hoping to be able to arrive some time at an intelligible definition of the terms. I revolved in my mind the words Mukunguru, Ghulabio, Sungomazzi, Kadunduguru, Mutunda, Sami-sami, Bubu, Merikani, Hafde, Lunghio-Rega, and Lakhio, until I was fairly beside myself. Finally, however, I came to the conclusion that if I reckoned my requirements at fifty khete, or five fundo per day for two years, and if I purchased only eleven varieties, I might consider myself safe enough. The purchase was accordingly made, and twenty-two sacks of the best species were packed and brought to Capt. Webb's house, ready for transportation to Bagamoyo.

After the beads came the wire question. I discovered, after considerable trouble, that Nos. 5 and 6—almost of the thickness of telegraph wire—were considered the best numbers for trading purposes. While beads stand for copper coins in Africa, cloth measures for silver; wire is reckoned as gold in the countries beyond the Tan-ga-ni-ka.* Ten frasilah, or 350 lbs., of brass-wire, my Arab adviser thought, would be ample.

Having purchased the cloth, the beads, and the wire, it was with no little pride that I surveyed the comely bales and packages lying piled up, row above row, in Capt. Webb's capacious store-room. Yet my work was not ended, it was but beginning; there were provisions, cooking utensils, boats, rope, twine, tents, donkeys, saddles, bagging, canvas, tar, needles, tools, ammunition, guns, equipments, hatchets, medicines, bedding, presents for chiefs--in short, a thousand things not yet purchased. The ordeal of chaffering and haggling with steel-hearted Banyans, Hindis, Arabs, and half-castes was most trying. For instance, I purchased twenty-two donkeys at Zanzibar: $40 and $50 were asked, which I had to reduce to $15 or $20 by an infinite amount of argument, worthy, I think, of a nobler cause. As was my experience with the ass-dealers so it was with the petty merchants; even a paper of pins was not purchased without a five per cent. reduction from the price demanded, involving, of course, a loss of much time and patience.

After collecting the donkeys, I discovered there were no pack-saddles to be obtained in Zanzibar. Donkeys without pack-saddles were of no use whatever. I invented a saddle to be manufactured by myself and my white man Farquhar, wholly from canvas, rope and cotton.

Three or four frasilahs of cotton, and ten bolts of canvas were required for the saddles. A specimen saddle was made by myself in order to test its efficiency. A donkey was taken and saddled, and a load of 140 lbs., was fastened to it, and though the animal—a wild creature of Unyamewezi—struggled and reared frantically, not a particle gave way. After this experiment, Farquhar was set to work to manufacture twenty-one more after the same pattern. Woollen pads were also purchased to protect the animals from being galled. It ought to be mentioned here, perhaps, that the idea of such a saddle as I manufactured, was first derived from the Otago saddle, in use among the transport-trains of the English army in Abyssinia.

A man named John William Shaw—a native of London, England, lately third mate of the American ship 'Nevada'—applied to me for work. Though his discharge from the 'Nevada' was rather suspicious, yet he possessed all the requirements of such a man as I needed, and was an experienced hand with the palm and needle, could cut canvas to fit anything, was a pretty good navigator, ready and willing, so far as his profession went. I saw no reason to refuse his services, and he was accordingly engaged at $300 per annum, to rank second to William L. Farquhar.

Farquhar was a capital navigator and excellent mathematician; was strong, energetic and clever; but, I am sorry to say, a hard drinker. Every day, while we lived at Zanzibar, he was in a muddled condition, and the dissipated, vicious life he led at this place proved fatal to him, as will be seen, shortly after penetrating into the interior.

The next thing I was engaged upon was to enlist, arm, and equip, a faithful escort of twenty men for the road. Johari, the chief dragoman of the American Consulate, informed me that he knew where certain of Speke's "Faithfuls" were yet to be found. The idea had struck me before, that if I could obtain the services of a

* It will be seen that I differ from Capt. Burton in his spelling of this word, as I deem the letter "y" superfluous.

few men acquainted with the ways of white men, and who could induce other good men to join the expedition I was organizing, I might consider myself fortunate. More especially had I thought of Seedy Mbarak Mombay, commonly called "Bombay," who, though his head was "woodeny," and his hands "clumsy," was considered the "faithfulest" of the "Faithfuls."

With the aid of the dragoman Johari, I secured in a few hours the services of Uledi (Capt. Grant's former valet), Ulimengo, Baruti, Ambaria, Mabruki (Muinyi Mabruki—Bull-headed Mabruki, Capt. Burton's former unhappy valet) —five of Speke's "Faithfuls." When I asked them if they were willing to join another white man's expedition to Ujiji, they replied very readily that they were willing to join any brother of "Speke's." Dr. John Kirk, Her Majesty's Consul, at Zanzibar, who was present, told them that though I was no brother of "Speke's," I spoke his language. This distinction mattered little to them, and I heard them, with great delight, declare their readiness to go anywhere with me, or do anything I wished.

Mombay, as they called him, or Bombay, as we Wasungu knew him, had gone to Pemba, an island lying north of Zanzibar. Uledi was sure Mombay would jump with joy at the prospect of another expedition. Johari was therefore commissioned to write to him at Pemba, to inform him of the good fortune in store for him.

On the fourth morning after the letter had been despatched, the famous Bombay made his appearance, followed in decent order and due rank by the "Faithfuls" of "Speke." I looked in vain for the "woodeny head" and "alligator teeth" with which his former master had endowed him. I saw a slender short man of fifty or thereabouts, with a grizzled head, an uncommonly high, narrow forehead, with a very large mouth, showing teeth very irregular, and wide apart. An ugly rent in the upper front row of Bombay's teeth was made with the clenched fist of Capt. Speke in Uganda, when his master's patience was worn out, and prompt punishment became necessary. That Capt. Speke had spoiled him with kindness was evident, from the fact that Bombay had the audacity to stand up for a boxing match with him. But these things I only found out when, months afterwards, I was called upon to administer punishment to him myself. But, at his first appearance, I was favourably impressed with Bombay, though his face was rugged, his mouth large, his eyes small, and his nose flat.

"Salaam aleikum," were the words he greeted me with.

"Aleikum salaam," I replied, with all the gravity I could muster. I then informed him I required him as captain of my soldiers to Ujiji. His reply was that he was ready to do whatever I told him, go wherever I liked—in short, be a pattern to servants, and a model to soldiers. He hoped I would give him a uniform, and a good gun, both of which were promised.

Upon inquiring for the rest of the "Faithfuls" who accompanied Speke into Egypt, I was told that at Zanzibar there were but six. Ferrajji, Maktub, Sadik, Sunguru, Manyu, Matajari, Mkata, and Almas, were dead; Uledi and Mtamani were in Unyanyembe; Hassan had gone to Kilwa, and Ferahan was supposed to be in Ujiji.

Out of the six "Faithfuls" each of whom still retained his medal for assisting in the "Discovery of the Sources of the Nile," one, poor Mabruki, had met with a sad misfortune which I feared would incapacitate him from active usefulness.

Mabruki, the "Bull-headed," owned a shamba (or a house with a garden attached to it), of which he was very proud. Close to him lived a neighbour in similar circumstances, who was a soldier of Syed Majid, with whom Mabruki, who was of a quarrelsome disposition, had a feud, which culminated in the soldier inducing two or three of his comrades to assist him in punishing the malevolent Mabruki, and this was done in a manner that only the heart of an African could conceive. They tied the unfortunate fellow by his wrists to a branch of a tree, and after indulging their brutal appetite for revenge in torturing him, left him to hang in that position for two days. At the expiration of the second day, he was accidentally discovered in a most pitiable condition. His hands had swollen to an immense size, and the veins of one hand having been ruptured, he had lost its use. It is needless to say that, when the affair came to Syed Majid's ears, the miscreants were severely punished. Dr. Kirk, who attended the poor fellow, succeeded in restoring one hand to something of a resemblance of its for-

mer shape, but the other hand is sadly marred, and its former usefulness gone for ever.

However, I engaged Mabruki, despite his deformed hands, his ugliness and vanity, despite Burton's bad report of him, because he was one of Speke's "Faithfuls." For if he but wagged his tongue in my service, kept his eyes open, and opened his mouth at the proper time, I assured myself I could make him useful.

Bombay, my captain of escort, succeeded in getting eighteen more free men to volunteer as "askari" (soldiers), men whom he knew would not desert, and for whom he declared himself responsible. They were an exceedingly fine-looking body of men, far more intelligent in appearance than I could ever have believed African barbarians could be. They hailed principally from Uhiyow, others from Unyamwezi, some came from Useguhha and Ugindo.

Their wages were set down at $36 each man per annum, or $3 each per month. Each soldier was provided with a flint-lock musket, powder horn, bullet, pouch, knife, and hatchet, besides enough powder and ball for 200 rounds.

Bombay, in consideration of his rank, and previous faithful service to Burton, Speke, and Grant, was engaged at $80 a year, half that sum in advance, a good muzzle-loading rifle, besides a pistol, knife, and hatchet were given to him, while the other five "Faithfuls," Ambari, Mabruki, Ulimengo, Baruti, and Uledi, were engaged at $40 a year, with proper equipments as soldiers.

VISIT TO THE JESUITS AT BAGAMOYO.

I selected a house near the western outskirts of the town, where there is a large open square through which the road from Unyanyembe enters. Had I been at Bagamoyo a month, I could not have bettered my location. My tents were pitched fronting the tembe (house) I had chosen, enclosing a small square, where business could be transacted, bales looked over, examined, and marked, free from the intrusion of curious sight-seers. After driving the twenty-seven animals of the Expedition into the enclosure in the rear of the house, storing the bales of goods, and placing a cordon of soldiers round, I proceeded to the Jesuit Mission, to a late dinner, being tired and ravenous, leaving the newly-formed camp in charge of the white men and Capt. Bombay.

The Mission is distant from the town a good half mile, to the north of it; it is quite a village of itself, numbering some fifteen or sixteen houses. There are some ten padres engaged in the establishment, and as many sisters, and all find plenty of occupation in educing from native crania the fire of intelligence. Truth compels me to state that they are very successful, having over two hundred pupils, boys and girls, in the Mission, and from the oldest to the youngest, they show the impress of the useful education they have received.

The dinner furnished to the padres and their guest consisted of as many plats as a first-class hotel in Paris usually supplies, and cooked with nearly as much skill, though the surroundings were by no means equal. I feel assured also that the padres, besides being tasteful in their potages and entrées, do not stultify their ideas for lack of that element which Horace, Hafiz, and Byron have praised so much. The champagne—think of champagne Cliquot in East Africa!—Lafitte, La Rose, Burgundy, and Bordeaux were of first-rate quality, and the meek and lowly eyes of the fathers were not a little brightened under the vinous influence. Ah! those fathers understand life, and appreciate its duration. Their festive board drives the Mukunguru (African jungle fever) from their doors, while it soothes the gloom and isolation which strike one with awe, as one emerges from the lighted room and plunges into the depths of the darkness of an African night, enlivened only by the wearying monotone of the frogs and crickets, and the distant ululation of the hyæna. It requires somewhat above human effort, unaided by the ruby liquid that cheers, to be always suave and polite amid the dismalities of native life in Africa.

After the evening meal, which replenished my failing strength, and for which I felt the intensest gratitude, the most advanced of the pupils came forward, to the number of twenty, with brass instruments, thus forming a full band of music. It rather astonished me to hear the sounds issue forth in such harmony from such woolly-headed youngsters; to hear well-known French music at this isolated port, to hear negro boys, that a few months ago knew nothing beyond the traditions of their ignorant mothers, stand forth and chant Parisian songs about French valour and glory, with all the

sang-froid of gamins from the purlieus of Saint-Antoine.

ON THE MARCH.

After a march of a mile through the tall grass of the open, we gained the glades between the jungles. Unsuccessful here, after ever so much prying into fine hiding-places and lurking corners, I struck a trail well traversed by small antelope and hartebeest, which we followed. It led me into a jungle, and down a water-course bisecting it; but, after following it for an hour, I lost it, and, in endeavouring to retrace it, lost my way. However, my pocket-compass stood me in good stead; and by it I steered for the open plain, in the centre of which stood the camp. But it was terribly hard work—this of plunging through an African jungle, ruinous to clothes, and trying to the cuticle. In order to travel quickly, I had donned a pair of flannel pyjamas, and my feet were encased in canvas shoes. As might be expected, before I had gone a few paces a branch of the *acacia horrida*—only one of a hundred such annoyances—caught the right leg of my pyjamas at the knee, and ripped it almost clean off; succeeding which a stumpy kolquall caught me by the shoulder, and another rip was the inevitable consequence. A few yards farther on, a prickly aloëtic plant disfigured by a wide tear the other leg of my pyjamas, and almost immediately I tripped against a convolvulus strong as ratline, and was made to measure my length on a bed of thorns. It was on all fours, like a hound on a scent, that I was compelled to travel; my solar topee getting the worse for wear every minute; my skin getting more and more wounded; my clothes at each step becoming more and more tattered. Besides these discomforts, there was a pungent, acrid plant, which, apart from its strong odorous emissions struck me smartly on the face, leaving a burning effect similar to cayenne; and the atmosphere, pent in by the density of the jungle, was hot and stifling, and the perspiration transuded through every pore, making my flannel tatters feel as if I had been through a shower. When I had finally regained the plain and could breathe free, I mentally vowed that the penetralia of an African jungle should not be visited by me again, save under most urgent necessity.

Notwithstanding the ruthless rents in my clothes and my epidermal wounds, as I looked over the grandly undulating plain, lovely with its coat of green verdure, with its boundaries of noble woods, heavy with vernal leafage, and regarded the pretty bosky islets amid its wide expanse, I could not but award it its meed of high praise. Daily the country advanced in my estimation, for hitherto I felt that I was but obeying orders; and sickly as it might be, I was in duty bound to go on; but, for fear of the terrible fever, made more terrible by the feverish perspective created in my imagination by the embitterment of Capt. Burton's book, I vowed I would not step one foot out of my way. Shall I inform you, reader, what "The Lake Regions of Central Africa," and subsequently the reports of European merchants of Zanzibar, caused me to imagine the interior was like? It was that of an immense swamp, curtained round about with the fever—"a species of Yellow Jack," which was sure, if it did not kill me outright, so to weaken body and brain as to render me for the future a helpless imbecile. In this swamp, which extended over two hundred miles into the interior, sported an immense number of hippopotami, crocodiles, alligators, lizards, tortoises, and toads; and the miasma rising from this vast cataclysm of mud, corruption, and putrescence, was as thick and sorely depressing as the gloomy and suicidal fog of London. Ever in my mind in the foreground of this bitter picture were the figures of poor Burton and Speke, "the former a confirmed invalid, and the other permanently affected" in the brain by this fever. The wormwood and fever tone of Capt. Burton's book I regarded as the result of African disease. But ever since my arrival on the mainland, day by day the pall-like curtain had been clearing away, and the cheerless perspective was brightening. We had been now two months on the East African soil, and not one of my men had been sick. The Europeans had gained in flesh, and their appetites were always in prime order.

The second and third days passed without any news of Maganga. Accordingly, Shaw and Bombay were sent to hurry him up by all means. On the fourth morning Shaw and Bombay returned, followed by the procrastinating Maganga and his laggard people. Questions only elicited an excuse that his men had been too sick, and he had feared to tax their strength

before they were quite equal to stand the fatigue. Moreover, he suggested that as they would be compelled to stay one day more at the Camp, I might push on to Kingaru and camp there, until his arrival. Acting upon which suggestion I broke camp and started for Kingaru, distant five miles.

On this march the land was more broken, and the caravan first encountered jungle, which gave considerable trouble to our cart. Pisolitic limestone cropped out in boulders and sheets, and we began to imagine ourselves approaching healthy highlands, and, as if to give confirmation to the thought, to the north and north-west loomed the purple cones of Udoe, and topmost of all Dilima Peak, about 1,500 feet in height above the sea level. But soon after sinking into a bowl-like valley, green, with tall corn, the road slightly deviated from north-west to west, the country still rolling before us in wavy undulations.

In one of the depressions between these lengthy landswells stood the village of Kingaru, with surroundings significant in their aspect of ague and fever. Perhaps the clouds surcharged with rain, and the overhanging ridges and their dense forests dulled by the gloom, made the place more than usually disagreeable, but my first impressions of the sodden hollow, pent in by those dull woods, with the deep gully close by containing pools of stagnant water, were by no means agreeable.

Before we could arrange our camp and set the tents up, down poured the furious harbinger of the Masika season, in torrents sufficient to damp the ardour and new-born love for East Africa I had lately manifested. However, despite rain, we worked on until our camp was finished and the property was safely stored from weather and thieves, and we could regard with resignation the raindrops beating the soil into mud of a very tenacious kind, and forming lakelets and rivers of our camp-ground.

Towards night, the scene having reached its acme of unpleasantness, the rain ceased, and the natives poured into camp from the villages in the woods with their vendibles. Foremost among these, as if in duty bound, came the village sultan—lord, chief, or head—bearing three measures of matama and half a measure of rice, of which he begged, with paternal smiles, my acceptance. But under the smiling mask, bleared eyes, and wrinkled front of him was visible the soul of trickery, which was of the cunningest kind. Responding under the same mask adopted by this knavish elder, I said, "The chief of Kingaru has called me a rich sultan. If I am a rich sultan why comes not the chief with a rich present to me that he might get a rich return?" Said he, with another leer of his wrinkled visage, "Kingaru is poor, there is no matama in the village." To which I replied that since there was no matama in the village I would pay him half a shukka, or a yard of cloth, which would be exactly equivalent to his present; that if he preferred to call his small basketful a present, I should be content to call my yard of cloth a present. With which logic he was fain to be satisfied.

ON THE LAW OF PROGRESS.

The following discourse is taken from a volume by the Rev. H. R. Haweis M.A., Incumbent of St. James, Westmoreland St., Marylebone, London, and author of "Music and Morals." The discourses are entitled "Thoughts for the Times." It is right to mention that Mr. Haweis is a clergyman of the "Broad Church" School. He says "now when I look for some light to guide me; when I see not without anxiety, yet with a firm faith in the future, how the old things are passing away, while all things are becoming new; when I awaken to the consciousness that we are in the midst of one of those great transition periods which came upon the world about the time of Christ, or again about the time of the Reformation, shall I not look anxiously for some steady principle of belief—some sure method of inquiry? What is that method? What is that principle? I answer this: The principle is the love of truth; and the only sane method of inquiry must be one which is founded upon that principle."

THERE never has been a time when there was such an intense anxiety to know something certain about God and about His relations with man. Formerly these questions were settled by dogmatism, and by the assertions of so-called Revelation. The utterances

which we still call Revelation contain indeed the germs of the most precious truths upon which the heart and intellect of man can feed; but in so far as the words of Revelation are dogmatic assertions put forward for you to believe, whether you can understand and appropriate them or not, in so far as they represent merely dogmatic as opposed to living truth, our age seems to have grown somewhat impatient with them, because man, constantly striving to make his religion, such as it is, bear upon his life, when he finds religious truth stated in such a manner as to obscure its connection with life and ordinary experience, then I say a man is tempted to become either a shallow formularist or an infidel.

There are, I have no doubt, numbers here present who are very much dissatisfied with many old forms of religious truth; but I believe there are few here present who would not be willing to believe in God, and willing, even eager, to believe in a certain communion with Him, if they could only discover any rational grounds for such a belief. People sometimes accuse me of sowing doubt broadcast; on the contrary, I sow belief broadcast. I acknowledge doubt; if I did not acknowledge it I could not root it up. It is of no use to go up and down the world and pretend not to see the weeds, yet this is what some religious people want us to do. "Thoughts for the Times" are not for them.

When the mind has once been thoroughly shaken in its simple reliance on traditional assertion, I see no way out of the difficulty but one; and that is, to take the facts of the world, to take the history of the world, to take the knowledge we have acquired about the world and human nature, and then to reason from these obvious standpoints to the Author of the world, and the relations which may subsist between that invisible and mysterious Author, Framer, Architect, Co-ordinator — call Him what you will—and the intelligent beings by whom we are surrounded. St. Paul guides us to such a method when he says, "the invisible things of Him, from the creation are clearly seen,"—that is, seen by the lowliest as well as by the most advanced intelligence—"the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." Thus we have an appeal from the visible universe to the mysterious invisible world, in order that we may get back again from the unseen to the seen, and grasp the hidden connection between this world and another.

Now I intend to speak to-day on "The Law of Progress," because it is in grasping this fact, that all things progress and develop, that we infer the beneficent nature of God, regarded as the intelligent source of order and progress.

If I could believe that, although God's ways are not our ways, and His thoughts are not our thoughts, nevertheless they are only dissimilar because they are so much more vast—not different in relations of thought and feeling, only immensely superior—then I should have no great difficulty in believing in a sympathy between God and man; or, in other words, in bringing intelligent and sympathetic man into contact with some boundless source of intelligence and sympathy. Supposing that I see around me principles of most profound intelligence, an intelligence not different in kind, but immensely superior in degree to my intelligence,—then I say God is the seat of that intelligence; and supposing I perceive that intelligence, unfolding itself in a certain order of progress, tends towards the improvement of the human race; that such development tends also towards the multiplication of the objects of this progress, that it increases the well-being and elevates the felicity of those who are the subjects of it;—may I not say I have got one step nearer to a Beneficent Principle, and may I not, by observing this sublime law of progress, come to some conclusion as to the intelligence, the beneficence, and the love of God? I think it will be seen before the conclusion of this discourse that no great stretch of imagination is required, in connection with the constitution of our nature, and with the impulses of man's heart and the aspirations of his whole being, to believe that God sympathizes with man, and watches over his development, and guides his progress towards the land of everlasting life.

I will ask you then to fix your minds upon the Law of Progress. What do you mean by progress? What is the Law of Progress? Lend me your close attention. It is *this* principle, that from one simple cause come many changes, and that from each one of those many changes

many other changes proceed.* The Law of Progress is a procession from the simple to the complex; from what is homogeneous, *i. e.*, from what is of the same kind, to what is heterogeneous, or, to what is of a different kind; complexity coming out of simplicity, heterogeneity coming from what is homogeneous. That is the principle of the Law of Progress. I will give an illustration; first, of organic progress. I take a little seed. I cut it open and find it is all over very much alike, the same kind of pulp or matter—it is homogeneous. This seed is planted in the earth, when a change takes place in the seed; a little germ comes forth. It is evident that there has been a differentiation or action of separation at work, and now the seed, but lately all one pulp, is seen no longer to be homogeneous, but heterogeneous. This seed grows, and so long as it grows it develops, let us say into the sap of the tree, the bark of the tree, the branches of the tree, the leaves of the tree, and the fruit of the tree; and so long as that goes on, this seed is progressing from the simple state to the complex state. That is the law of organic progress.

Now this law rules throughout the universe; and may I not infer the great, orderly and overwhelming intelligence of God, when I see one simple law like this running through the whole of the universe? It is my intention to-day to unfold to you in some further detail this thought, which I trust may make us sensible of the divinely active and intelligent beneficence of God, and give us a better hold over the principles of divine and human life.

I will now dwell upon (1) Progress, as it is seen in the stages of creation; (2) Progress, as it is seen in the fundamental developments of Human Nature; (3) Progress, as it is seen in the secular and religious aspects of society; (4) and Progress as it is seen in the individual developments of the human spirit.

Now try and carry your thoughts far back into the past, to a time when the whole of this universe which we see, these stars, these planets, this earth, formed but one immense fiery mist. Astronomers tell us—and I believe the speculation is accepted by our best scientific men—that this universe was once nothing but a fiery homogeneous mass, or matter reduced to a state of vapour by intense heat. As time goes on this mass begins to cool, and as it cools, a motion, a rotatory motion is set up, and from that motion, the vapour condensing into solidifying masses, the planets are thrown off in rings; and thus, we have the planets, the sun being the centre of what is known as our solar system. This theory is called, "The nebula hypothesis.' Then, I say, in the first beginning of things, we find this law of progress—what is homogeneous, all of one kind, becoming complex; and so from this one fiery mist, we get the complexity of many worlds. That is one illustration of the law.

Let us now single out the earth. Go back to the world's beginning as described in the Book of Genesis. I am not likely to plead for the exact correspondence of the Bible, as a statement of scientific truth, with fact. I believe we may discover a great many important discrepancies in some parts of the Bible, between the Bible and science; but for all that, I do not think sufficient justice has been done to the account given in Genesis, as unfolding practically the kind of order in which this world came to be developed.† Substantially what do we read? We read of the earth being "without form and void," a great mass of homogeneous pulp, or whatever you like to call it, "without form and void;" in fact, very much the state in which science tells us that the world has certainly been at some remote time. Then the next thing we read is, that "the Spirit of God *moved* upon the face of the waters." Now the latest researches of science tell us that *motion* is the beginning of all progress, the source of all development. Then we find *light* and *heat* mentioned in connection with fertility and vegetation, differentiation of life, and we now know that *heat* and *light* are only modes of motion. I need not point out how the progress is traced up through the organization of species, reptiles, fishes, birds, and beasts, culminating in man, and taking what are called so many days or ages, for we need not suppose ordinary days to be meant; just as when we speak of "the present day," we do not mean to-day, but the present age.

But at last we come to man. Again, modern

* Herbert Spencer.

† Mr. Capes has pointed this out in his *Reasons for Returning to the Church of England.*

science tells us that he was not the exalted creature who lived in a grand and perfect state, but that he was originally a naked savage. That was his first state. Nobody can read the first chapter of Genesis, without the glosses of Milton's "Paradise Lost" and the delusive myths of popular teaching, without seeing that what is described there is not the ideal creature which we have put together out of our imagination and devout fancy, but an uncultivated savage, of low intelligence and feebler will, giving way to the first temptation that crossed his path, worshipping a fetish in the form of a serpent, such as the lowest savages worship to this day. Adam, as a man, was very much the kind of being which Mr. Darwin and Mr. Herbert Spencer have described. I do not lay any particular stress upon this correspondence between the Bible and Science. I do not think that the Bible is a repository of scientific truth, its value is of another description; at the same time it is only fair, when we hear the Bible held up to ridicule by men of science, to point out that the practical and substantial order of progress indicated in Genesis is, after all, not so very far wide of the mark. We read there an account of human nature, as we know it must originally have existed; and we have there an account, and a very detailed account, given of a progression from the simple to the complex, roughly similar to what we now know must have taken place.

Then I come to human society, and I am able to trace the same law of progressive development at work. Look over the surface of the globe, and you will see Agriculturists, Shepherds, Commerce, States, and Nations, a state of things very complex.† How did all this come about? It came from a simple beginning. It was developed in accordance with the Law of Progress, by a differentiation taking place in the race. Men were first hunters. They spent their time in capturing and slaying animals for food—"Nimrod was a mighty hunter before the Lord,"—and in procuring furs and skins for clothing: "the Lord God made coats of skins and clothed them." Then followed the domestication of certain animals. Man kept flocks and tended them. "Jacob came into the land of the people of the east, and he looked. and behold a well in a field, and lo, there were three flocks of sheep lying by it, for out of the well they watered the flocks." That was a higher and more complex state of society. Then they learned the arts of agriculture, because their flocks led them a wandering life in search of pasture, and so they began systematically to cultivate the ground. "Seed time and harvest" became of importance to them, and we find such injunctions as, "Thou shalt not sow thy vineyard with divers seeds." This was a much more complex state of society. Next, people congregated together in towns. In Deuteronomy we read of "fenced cities," as well as "folds for sheep," and from town-life and country-life we get commerce. "Zebulon dwelt at the haven of the sea, and was a haven of ships," and as early as Genesis xxxvii. 28, we read of "the Midianitish merchant men who passed by." Life is growing more and more complex as time goes on, until we get the organization of tribes into states, or whole bodies of people living in different parts of the world called Egyptians, Assyrians, Hebrews, all having spread and separated, apparently, from one centre, developing step by step under the law of Divine order, which is the Law of Progress.

When we have arrived at that point, what a grand, what a stupendous panorama, what a map of the world's history opens before our eyes! Once get this wonderful human race so far advanced as to break up into distinct nations, and you see the still more startling and definite action of an intelligent and beneficent principle at work. We have something very positive and simple to tell about the history of nations, and the more we know about their history the more we can see the marvellous intelligence that has presided over the development of the race, and the beneficence with which this has been conducted, through the Law of Progress, for the good of the world at large. I look abroad and see so many great names, Egypt, Chaldea, China, India, Persia, Greece, Rome. And what do these names stand for? In my mind, each one of them stands for some gigantic step in the progress of civilization.

†Egypt speaks to us from the past, and impresses itself upon the mind even now—by those

† See Mr. J. S. Mill's *Representative Government*, chap. i.

† See Professor Maurice's *Moral Philosophy*.

great pyramids which we still see rising amidst the sands of the desert, she gives us the conception of *material force;* that is, the one thing which mastered the Egyptian mind more than anything else. Now, material force is an important element in every stage of the world's history and civilization. But to the Egyptians was given the power of realizing, of elaborating, and of being thrilled by this vast conception. To this day we wonder at the masses of masonry erected by them, and speculate upon the sort of mechanicial agencies which they must have had at their disposal.

If I glance at India, I find something quite different. India is the *seat of intellectual speculation*, the *source of thought;* and let me remind you that intellectual speculation has given many of the greatest and best things to the world. There is no important invention or discovery which does not owe much to the imagination and more to patient and deep thought.

In China I find the *source of regulating action*, and you all know the benefit of practical application. You know what a flimsy and hollow thing a sermon is, for instance, unless there is something to lay hold of, something practical, which helps us in the regulation of our lives.

To Persia belongs the perception of those mighty influences of *good* and *evil*, which in one form or another have fascinated and bewildered the world.

To Chaldea we must attribute the birth of astrology and astronomy.

When I come to Phœnicia I see that spirit of commerce and enterprise—a thing the value of which we appreciate in England above all places in the world; and we should look back with awe and reverence to those who first taught men to feel at home on what we call our native element, the sea, and made commerce the great work of a great national life.

Later on in the history of the world, we find in Greece the *source of mind governing matter;* Greece, the father and the mother of the arts; Greece, to whom was given that intense perception of the loveliness of the human form, and of all the artistic capacities in man. To Greece belongs that, and from Greece comes that gift of seeing beauty to the whole world.

In Rome, we discover the world's legislator. Rome gave law to all the nations of the earth. The Justinian code of Roman Law lies at the root of half the European legislation of to-day. What a nation once does thoroughly she does for all time.

Then there is a mysterious nation which I have not mentioned yet; I allude to that Semitic nation, that missionary race, that race to whom was given the power of keeping alive a consciousness of the spiritual in the midst of crushing material forces. The gift of the moral law and the grace of the spiritual life comes from the Jews. This nation, as I pointed out elsewhere, seems to have been brought in contact with all the great nations of the world, at the time when those nations had reached their highest degree of civilization; and this strange and wonderful Semitic people, as we know, gave to those nations a moral law and a spiritual life, taking from them at the same time a good deal, but never losing their own individuality. And I cannot be unmoved when I remember that from this people came Jesus Christ, the Author of our religion—came Christianity, which was, as it were, the concentrated essence of all that was most highly spiritual in the world at that time,—came Christianity, which has watched over the development of the modern nations of Europe and America—Christianity, which has been most mighty, and planted itself with the tread of onward civilization, and which is at this moment developing, and only kept back by the unwillingness of man to accept the new aspects of divine truth, and the determination of religious people not to allow the free spirit of religion to incarnate itself in all the more modern forms of thought.

Brethren, standing thus between the Past and the Future, can I look back without a certain awe and conviction of Divine superintendence and purpose upon the development of the world? May I not say there has been one and the same mighty spirit at work here, a spirit not only of intelligence, but a spirit of beneficence? We are the heirs of all the ages. We, in our complex civilization, in our superior skill of maintaining the health of the body and regulating man's social happiness and stamping out disease, in discovering the laws of the mind, in using the forces of nature, in lightening the burdens of life, in legislating for the welfare of society—we are living witnesses that the Law of Progress has been going on, creating many de-

velopments out of the most simple things, until all things tend to grow into a more grand and complex unity; and we are not at the end even now. As I look forward into the future, I can see a time when men will point back to this age, and call it the infancy of the world. The arcana of nature have still to be revealed, the supremacy of justice and love has still to be vindicated, the palm-branch of universal peace has still to blossom and to bear fruit, and give its leaves for the healing of the nations.

I will ask you to rest your minds by a short pause, before I proceed rapidly to survey the history of the Christian Church.

When Jesus Christ came, He founded an outward and visible kingdom resting upon two great laws; one law was the *universal brotherhood of man*, not as a theory, for as a theory that universal brotherhood had been long known; but as an active principle, making every one acknowledge that there was something common between man and his fellow-man, upon which a commonwealth of love might be founded. Another law was the *communion between God and man*, that dream which all religions have shadowed forth, and which Jesus Christ proclaimed with a voice of thunder, which has resounded through the ages and still rings in our ears. Jesus made men feel that it was possible to pray to God, that it was possible for God to pour Himself into the soul of man, that it was possible for the development of every individual to be carried on under the superintendence of a Divine love.

Upon these two great principles the Christian Church was founded, and as long as the Christian Church adhered to them it went on conquering and to conquer. As long as it accepted this law of love, moulding it about new social and political modes of life, as long as it could shape the future, by adopting and consecrating the Law of Progress, it continued to rule, and by ruling, to bless the world. The interest of man in men, and of God in all men, shown by deeds of love, and the irresistible power of a holy life; that, I make bold to say, is the heart and marrow of Christianity, as it is sketched lightly but firmly by the Master's own hand in the Sermon on the Mount; and that was, and ever must be, the only life, and heat, and radiance which the Christian Church ever had or ever can have.

The Apostles knew that and taught that, and the Church of the Fathers entered into their labours.

From A.D. 400 to A.D. 1208, the Christian Church was almost an unmixed blessing to humanity. It was not widely at variance with the intellectual state of the times; it was, perhaps, a little in advance of it. It was the conservator of literature, the patron of the arts, the friend of science, and the censor of morals. About 1208 the Church made up its mind that it was a great deal of trouble to go on with the age, and stood still. About 1208 the Inquisition was established at Rome, and fixed dogmatic truth, thus erecting an immovable standard of belief and stopping progress; and all the strength, intellectual and spiritual, in the world has been struggling ever since with this dogmatic theology and these immovable forms.* Whether they be forms doctrinal, or forms ceremonial, forms belonging to Rome or any other branch of the Christian Church, it matters little. It is the principle more than the thing which is deplorable. Immovable expressions of truth must yield to common-sense and to matters of fact. We must accept the development of knowledge, we must admit that the free spirit of Christianity will appear and re-appear under different forms. We must not attempt to check human progress or obstruct modern civilization, or silence the voice of modern science. We cannot do it. About 1208 science began to revive, began—I had almost said—to be founded. A little further on, in the following century, the conscience of man began to rebel against the forms of the Roman Church, until at the time of the Protestant Reformation, the yoke of ecclesiasticism became altogether too heavy for our fathers to bear, and they cast it off. The times were fatal to the old theology, there was a great retrogression on the part of Rome, for the Roman Church could not see that the Divine Law of Progress was daily and hourly forcing religion into new forms. And as it was in those days, so it is in ours. Even now the voice of science is ringing in our ears, which is none other than the voice of God, for it is the discovery of the laws of God; and even at this moment, we

* See Introductory Discourse, "On the Liberal Clergy.

are, as a religious people, timid and terrified like the startled hare of the forest. We are closing our ears to the new revelation, as the old world closed its ears to the revelation which God made by the mouth of Luther, and Zuingle and Calvin.

But still, in spite of us, the majestic wave of progress moves on, submerging the worn-out beliefs and crumbling superstitions of the past. Strong and irresistible as the rolling tides of the sea come the new impulses, and we may not stay them. We deem them wild and lying spirits; they care not, they pass us by, they are full of holy scorn; they speak to their own and their own receive them, and we may go hence and mutter our threats, and tremble in the darkness and spiritual gloom of our empty churches; but outside our churches the bright light is shining, and the blessed winds of heaven are full of songs from the open gates of paradise, and men hear them and rejoice. How many are there, religious people, who never go to church, who despise Christianity, because they have only known it in connection with the forms of a barren worship, who despise Christianity, and yet are living high Christian lives. Thus we begin to see that although man has tried to imprison this glorious and free spirit in his Creeds and Articles, yet he cannot do it. There is a Christian spirit—be it said to our shame—working outside the Christian Church, an unacknowledged and anathematized Christianity still going on its triumphant way, leaving us alone in our orthodox sepulchres with the bones and ashes of bigotry and formalism.

But whose is still the figure that inspires all that is best and wisest in modern philanthropy and modern faith? The ideal form of the Christ still moves before us, and still we struggle after the forever attainable yet unattained. His life doctrine of the universal brotherhood of man is still the latest cry. Have we not but just now (1871) had a hideous parody of it in the Communism of the late revolution in Paris? Do not our own legislators begin to feel that peace and good-will can only be established between workmen and masters, between rich and poor, between learned and ignorant, by caring for all alike, by rescuing class from the oppression of class and then binding all classes together by common interests as members of a sacred polity of justice and mercy? What is the most characteristic form of the religious spirit in the present age? If I look at the bright side I should say it is Philanthropy; and where do we get this word "Philanthropy?" Men used to care for themselves, their own family, their own society, and their own nation, but Jesus Christ revealed a moral tie and a spiritual communion which was superior even to the bond which bound together the members of one family. He told us that there were no bars between nations, that we were all of one blood, and one in the sight of God. Every philanthropic movement, every hospital that rises, every church erected in this great and populous city, has its roots deep down in the principle, announced by Jesus Christ, of the constraining love of our brother men. That philanthropy is the great principle upon which the Church of Jesus Christ is founded; we can say literally, with regard to all deeds of mercy, love, self-sacrifice, "the love of Christ constraineth us." This survives, the spirit of a Divine life is still operative.

Christianity has survived many shocks. Let me once more remind you how many. It has survived the metaphysical speculations of the Alexandrine school and the subtleties of a mongrel Greek and Asian philosophy,—those speculations which were so true to their authors, and which are so unintelligible to us; it has survived the winking of saints, and the mediæval Mariolatry, and the handkerchiefs of St. Veronica, and all kinds of silly visions and foolish revelations; it has survived historical criticism, and it will survive what are called the attacks of modern science. It will go on still as it has gone on; you never can annihilate the principles upon which the Christian Church is founded. Reduced to their simplest terms, stripped of casuistry, priestcraft, and superstition, they are seen to be the ultimate principles upon which human society depends for its happiness, I had almost said for its prolonged existence. Therefore, He who is Himself the incarnation of these principles, He who loved His fellowman as never man loved another, He who spake as never man spake, He who was at one with God as man has never been since, He is still the Way, the Life, and the Truth to us; "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

And, lastly, I come to trace the Law of Pro-

gress in the development of the human soul. I need only ask you to contemplate yourselves, body and soul; our very complex bodies having various attributes, our mind various attributes, our spirit various and manifold aspirations, yet bound together in one communion. How has this come about? It has come in the order of nature: first, an unintelligent infant; then a self-conscious child; then a being with varied powers and fecund activities; and ever a higher unity has been reached, as beneath our eyes the simple has passed into the complex existence. You, too, are one with the same great law which reaches through all organic and inorganic beings, from the beginning of time until time shall be no more; it is your privilege, consciously and willingly, to become one with that Spirit who fills the universe with the breath of His life. But there is this difference; when we speak of the progress of society or of organic progress, we speak of an unconscious progress; but in individual progress a man is, or may be, conscious of getting better or getting worse, his eyes are opened to see the good and the evil, he may ally himself with a power and a law which make for righteousness, or he may forbear, he may foster or blight his own progress.

Into what circle of Divine affinities art thou come, O my soul! to what principalities and powers, to what majesty and beneficence! Let God henceforward be thy friend, let the voice be heard that is even now whispering in thy ears, "This is the way, walk ye therein, when thou turnest to the right hand and when thou turnest to the left." "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come," the Master Himself is calling you to go up higher out of the dregs of your own carnality. He makes you sit down with Him in heavenly places, He enlightens your mind; you no longer see men as trees walking; you no more see through a glass darkly, you put away childish things; and rapt from the fickle and the frail you enter daily more and more into the joy of your Lord!

And now, my brethren, to conclude; the Law of Progress carries us on the wings of the spirit beyond the grave and gate of death and the barriers of things seen and temporal. When you have once realized the intelligence of God lifting up your intelligence, and His beneficence calling out your aspirations, and keeping your love alive under unfavourable circumstances, can you ever lose the dream of an eternal life? Can you ever give up the immortality of the soul, and the individual consciousness of man after death? If you feel, although you have not got hold of God, He has got hold of you; do you think He will ever let you go? Shall any one pluck you out of His hand? Is there any question when the disintegration of the body takes place, and terminates the present mode of your existence, as to the permanence of *you* in your own individuality? I know you will point to the countless millions who have gone down to the dust, to the tribes of savages who seem never to have been the subject of any progress at all, to "the back-waters of civilization," or again to the thousands of promising and gifted men who have been cut off in the flower of their age. Do you suppose that with the superior intelligence we have seen to exist, and with the traces of a beneficence such as we may deem does exist—do you think that all these really have ceased to be? and that they have been called into life, been neglected or cared for, as the case may be; have withered here, or developed power and sublime consciousness of an infinite beyond, simply to be extinguished in the foulest corruption.

When the heart rises in prayer to God, there is an end of all such doubts, only the evil in the heart and in the world comes in and sweeps away the good influences; but when the good influences come back, you rise again out of the mists of doubt and disconsolation, because your mind has been taken possession of, and you can say breathing that divine air, "Lord, I am surrounded by an atmosphere of love, though it be also one of mystery; I cannot see clearly, through the dim telescope of the soul, those worlds on worlds that are beyond. Yet now Thou art with me—close beside me—encompassing me with a love most personal; in that love let me live and move and have being, content to be led like a child, not knowing whither I may go, yet content—able to say with the sublime indifference of the apostle, 'It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.'" And, "Every man that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself even as He is pure."

BOOK REVIEWS.

CALIBAN: THE MISSING LINK. By Daniel Wilson, LL.D., Professor of English Literature and History in University College, Toronto. London: MacMillan & Co.

Dr. Wilson's new work is an admirable example of how two apparently diverse and disconnected departments of human knowledge may be brought together and welded into a homogeneous whole, by one who has an equally far-reaching knowledge of both subjects. Equally eminent in literature and science, Dr. Wilson has achieved in the present work the intellectual feat of bringing his knowledge of an apparently purely literary subject to bear in a most effective manner upon a doctrine which has hitherto been regarded as belonging exclusively to the domain of science. "Caliban" treats of two entirely different subjects; and yet the two are so artfully interwoven, that it might find a place with equal propriety in the library of the literary student or in that of the more scientific observer. The work, therefore, may be regarded from two points of view: 1st, as a powerful and cogent piece of argumentation against the modern Theory of Evolution as applied to man, and, 2ndly, as an elaborate literary criticism of Shakespeare's "Tempest," and Browning's "Caliban on Setebos." From the first point of view, the author endeavours to show that Shakespeare "had presented, in the clear mirror of his matchless realizations alike of the natural and supernatural, the vivid conception of 'that amphibious piece between corporal and spiritual essence,' by which, according to modern hypothesis, the human mind is conjoined in nature and origin with the very lowest forms of vital organism." He shows that Shakespeare has thus left for us "materials not without their value in discussing, even prosaically and literally, the imaginary perfectability of the irrational brute; the imaginable degradation of rational man." Side by side with the Caliban of Shakespeare, he places the Caliban of Browning; and he shows us how "the new ideal of the same intermediate being" has been altered, almost beyond recognition, by the mighty change in thought and belief which has swept over the civilized world since the Elizabethan era. From the second point of view, the author devotes himself to a careful exposition of "the literary excellences and the textual difficulties of the two dramas of Shakespeare chiefly appealed to in illustration of the scientific element of enquiry."

It is needless to remark that it is next to impossible for a critic to do adequate justice to such a many-sided work as the present one. We shall, therefore, deal with it exclusively as a very important contribution to the ever increasing literature of "Darwinisms." Of the literary merits of the work it is quite unnecessary for us to pass any judgment, since the author is dealing with a subject which he has made peculiarly his own.

Dr. Wilson begins by pointing out that the most eminent zoologists agree in the statement that man is separated from the Anthropoid Apes as regards his physical and merely anatomical peculiarities, by a gulf less wide than that which separates the latter from the lower Quadrumana. This is certainly true, as far as mere brain-characters are concerned; but in other respects man *does* differ anatomically from the higher apes more than these do from the lower ones; and, as the author pertinently remarks, the acceptance of the above dictum "may well raise a doubt as to the fitness of a test which admits of such close affinities physically, and such enormous diversities morally and intellectually." On the Darwinian hypothesis, man is descended from the same stock as the higher apes; these from still lower mammals; these again from more degraded types of vertebrate life; and so downwards, till the vertebrata are found to take their rise in some marine groups of invertebrates, probably nearly allied to the existing sea-squirts or ascidians. The immediate progenitors of man, according to Darwin, "were no doubt once covered with hair, both sexes having beards: their ears were pointed and capable of movement, and their bodies were provided with a tail having the proper muscles." They are supposed to have lived mainly in trees in "some warm, forest-clad land," and the males must have been provided with great canine teeth which served as formidable weapons of offence and defence. This product of the imagination of the evolutionist is, however, not as yet man: he "is still irrational and dumb, or at best only entering on the threshold of that transitional stage of anthropomorphism which is to transform him into the rational being endowed with speech." The vastness of the transformation demanded by the Darwinian theory is thus described by Dr. Wilson:—On the one hand we have "the irrational creature naturally provided with clothing—hairy, woolly, feathery or the like, armed and furnished in its own

structure with every needful tool; and endowed with the requisite weaving, cell-making, mining, nest-building instincts, independent of all instruction, experience, or accumulated knowledge. On the other hand is man, naked, unarmed, unprovided with tools, naturally the most helpless, defenceless of all animals; but by means of his reason, clothing, arming, housing himself, and assuming the mastery over the whole irrational creation, as well as over inanimate nature. With the aid of fire he can adapt not only the products but the climates of the most widely severed latitudes to his requirements. He cooks, and the ample range of animal and vegetable life in every climate yields him wholesome nutriment. Wood, bone, flint, shells, stone, and at length the native and unwrought metals, arm him, furnish him with tools—with steamships, railroads, telegraphic cables. He is lord of all this nether world."

The enormous difficulty presented by this supposed transition is laid bare by Dr. Wilson, in the most convincing and masterly manner. He points out that "it is not merely that intermediate transitional forms are wanting: the far greater difficulty remains by any legitimate process of induction to realise that evolution which consistently links, by natural gradations, the brute in absolute subjection to the laws of matter, and the rational being ruling over animate and inanimate nature by force of intellect." He points out that "the difficulty is not to conceive of the transitional *form*, but of the transitional *mind*;" and he strongly expresses the opinion, which his great ethnological knowledge renders of special value, that the lowest savage can be regarded as nothing less than man, and that "it can with no propriety be said of him that he has only doubtfully attained the rank of manhood." The savage, however degraded, is in no stage of transition; he is not half brute and half man; and "his mental faculties are only dormant, not undeveloped." All his mental energies are expended in maintaining a precarious existence, in keeping up a daily fight against the forces of nature and his living enemies. Nevertheless, "the infant, even of the savage, ere it has completed its third year, does daily and hourly, without attracting notice, what surpasses every marvel of the 'half-reasoning' elephant or dog. In truth, the difference between the Australian savage and a Shakespeare or a Newton is trifling, compared with the unbridged gulf which separates him from the very wisest of dogs or apes."

Dr. Wilson again lays great stress upon an argument which, to our mind, is extremely weighty, though it has been wholly ignored by the advocates of evolution. He points out, namely, that the savage is not to be regarded as being the nearest approach which we have to man in a state of nature; but that the very degradation which makes him a savage, removes him far from the normal, natural man on the one hand, and still further from the brute on the other hand. On the contrary, the savage "exhibits just such an abnormal deterioration from his true condition as is consistent with the perverted free-will of the rational free agent that he is. He is controlled by motives and impulses radically diverse from any brute instinct. This very capacity for moral degradation is one of the distinctions which separate man by a no less impassable barrier than his latent aptitude for highest intellectual development, from all other living creatures."

Developing his argument still further, the author points out that, in constructing their hypothetical ladder between man and the higher mammals, the disciples of Darwin have to face the almost insuperable difficulty, that their imaginary semi-human transition form would necessarily have a worse chance of surviving in "the struggle for existence" than either the fully developed man or the fully developed brute. The transition can only be effected by the medium of some form in which neither the mental powers of the man nor the physical powers of the brute are present to an extent sufficient for the exigences of bare existence. In the supposed process "of exchanging native instincts and weapons, strength of muscle, and natural clothing for the compensating intellect, the transmuted brute must have reached a stage in which it was inferior in intellect to the very lowest existing savages, and in brute force to the lower animals." It has yet to be shown by the advocates of evolution how any imaginable process of "selection" could have preserved a being so helpless.

The scientific man has hitherto failed to depict in sufficiently bold outlines, the form and mental character of the hypothetical being which is supposed to have formed the intermediate link between the man and the brute. Dr. Wilson, however, points out that the genius of Shakespeare has "dealt with the very conception which now seems so difficult to realize, and, untrammelled alike by Darwinian theories, or anti-Darwinian prejudices, gave the 'airy nothing a local habitation and a name.'" Caliban is the "missing link."

Reluctantly leaving the subtle analysis and brilliant reasoning of the first two chapters of this fascinating work, we are introduced in Chapter III. to "Caliban's Island." The curtain rises, and we see "the ocean tides rise and fall upon the yellow sands of Prospero's Island," as yet unmarked in any sailor's chart. If space permitted, we would gladly linger a while upon the enchanted isle; we would study Caliban, first as the monster of Shakespeare's drama,

then as the metaphysician and theologian of Browning's poem. We will not, however, do Dr. Wilson the injustice of attempting to give in brief what must be read in his own graceful and eloquent words to be properly appreciated. We will only say that no cultivated mind can fail to feel the living charm of our author's analysis of the poetical conceptions of Shakespeare and Browning; whilst the work will be welcomed by every scientific man who believes in the ultimate victory of the Spiritual as opposed to the Materialistic Philosophy. The world has to thank Dr. Wilson for a work which is in itself both a poem and a valuable contribution to science.

LITERARY NOTES.

One of the subjects connected with colonial affairs which has been long pressing for consideration and settlement in England is the question of Literary Copyright, and the right of Colonies to traffic in foreign reprints of English copyright works.

Without opening the subject of the nature of Copyright, or desiring to question the right claimed for property so intangible—but which, fortunately, is limited by law in its privilege and operation—we, however, cannot refer to this matter without expressing our disapproval of the policy of the publishing trade in its management of that property.

As the trade regard the character of the property, it is a serious injury to the public, and a mistake in their business administration. Antagonistic to the principle of free trade, it is open to objection on that account; and as a monopoly, especially as it concerns education and intelligence, its policy is the more questionable.

Particularly, however, in regard to Colonial Copyright the action of British publishers, together with the Imperial Authorities, has been most impolitic and injurious to all interests. In the absence of an universal Copyright Act, and especially while with the United States Government no international treaty existed, how short-sighted has been the conduct of the Mother Country in forcing, by its legislation, the conventionalities and conservative restrictions of a huge monopoly on the Colonial book trade, which is legally free, at the same time, to buy the untaxed reprint of American producers.

The position of Canada in regard to this subject, as our readers well know, has been most anomalous; and the fetters which have been placed upon the publishing trade of the country has been a serious check to the intellectual advancement of the community.

That this has been the case, while neither the British author or publisher has profited by the legal restrictions imposed upon the trade, shows the absurdity of the present state of things. We have had all the license to trade in cheap reprints of British copyrights, but we have not had the license to do that justice to the copyright owner which our native publishers would have willingly rendered, had they had the privilege extended to them of producing for their own market, even in competition with the American reprinter. Compensate the author, has always been the cry. But an embargo has always lain upon the native publisher to do justice, under legal penalties, while the American has had it left to his honour to give such remuneration as he might, from the sales in both his own and the Colonial market. Verily, a strange policy! The Act our Parliament passed last session to remove the disabilities under which the native trade lie, and to protect the author, has been disallowed by the Home authorities, and the situation seems disheartening. The obtuseness and perversity of the official mind at Downing Street is proverbial, but it was hardly to have been expected that, after pressing the matter upon the attention of the Colonial Office for years, as has been done, in the interest of the author, and in justice to our native producing trade, so decided a repression of the liberty of self-government should be advised us. The impolicy of this course is the more apparent when it is considered that, while aiding our own industries, as against those of an alien people, we were, by the Act, making due provision for the author's remuneration, which has been disregarded hitherto. We understand that at last the subject has been referred by the Imperial authorities to the London Board of Trade, and we trust that the practical minds at the head of that Bureau will see the advantage and policy of adapting legislation to meet the exceptional circumstances of the case. Very modified opinions are now held by the British publishers in regard to the question, and we believe that, while conceding local publication of English copyrights in the Colonies—to compete with the American unauthorized reprints, which enter the Colonies under impracticable restrictions,—all that the British publisher now insists upon is to have the privilege, for a short period after publication of a copyright, of placing a popular English edition on the market so as to conserve the Colonial fields to himself. This privilege, we need not say, will be readily granted in the Colonies; and surely there should be no difficulty now in framing such legislation as will continue to the Colonial markets the boon of popular editions—of English or native manufacture, rather than American,—and which compensate the author in proportion to the extended fields secured to him.

The author, we dare say, will find it to his advantage to exchange in England the system of limited high-priced editions for extensive cheap ones; and thus remove the occasion for the charge that the English reader is taxed for himself and the Colonist, while literature would be made a more incalculable blessing to all than has hitherto been dreamt of.

By the time the present number reaches our read-

ers, we doubt not, most of them will be in possession of Mr. H. M. Stanley's narrative, "How I found Livingstone." This work promises to be the book of the season ; and whatever it may or may not contribute to the literature of geographical science, it will certainly possess attractions, in its story of 'the lone man' and his self-imposed exile in Central Africa, and in its details of an expedition which, however much the Royal Geographers of Saville Row may scoff at, is one of the most plucky achievements of modern times.

The literature of travel is always an interesting study ; and we will be much surprised if, in the forthcoming book, and with such a story to tell, the intrepid journalist fails to enthral the most indifferent reader. The work is to appear simultaneously in London and New York ; and Canadian editions, drawn from both English and American plates, have been arranged for and will, doubtless, be put upon the market at the earliest momcnt.

In noticing here the work of this young American correspondent who has so signally distinguished himself, it is not out of place to refer to the veteran New York Journalist whose labours are now ended forever, and upon whose ear the tumult of this world, with its fickle changes of applause and censure, fall now unheeded. So prominently figuring in the recent Presidential campaign, the death of Mr. Horace Greeley comes with a startling suddenness. And in this it has its lesson to public men, who may be tempted to disregard, in the excitements of political contests, what is due to their own health and physical well-being, as well as, in the reckless license of these contests, to do such injury to the health of the State. Of course now, all political rancour and hostility will be forgotten, and we doubt not that Mr. Greeley's memory will be long kept green in the hearts of the American people. Forgetting the faults and many inconsistencies of the man, they will, we feel sure, remember his many virtues and his long and earnest struggles in the cause of human brotherhood.

The book next in order of interest this month, perhaps, is the eagerly looked-for work of Mr. Darwin on "The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals." The work, which is nearly ready, will come before readers at the period of the year—the holiday season—when the emotions in the younger specimens of the genus homo, at all events, are unusually active ; and just after the prevalence of an extended epizootic epidemic, when the recollcctions of the 'emotional affections' of the equine race must be fresh in the memory of every reader of the book. Seriously, however, the book will be a curious and interesting study, and bids fair to be more popular in its character than any of the learned author's previous works. The volume commences with a statement of the general principles of expression, we understand,—that actions and expressions become habitual in association with certain states of mind. It proceeds to discuss the means of expression in animals, and then the various physiognomical expressions of emotion in man—such as the depression of the corners of the mouth in grief, frowning, the cause of blushing, the firm closure of the mouth to express determination, gestures of contempt, the dilation of the pupils from terror, &c.,&c. —all of which are fully illustrated. The bearing of the subject is then handled, on the specific unity of the races of man, and the part the will plays in the acquirement of various expressions, the question of their acquisition by our ancestors, &c.

We pass from this, however, to chronicle the appearanee of a work of some novelty and interest, viz: Dr. Wyville Thomson's record of the investigations conducted on board H.M.'s ships Lightning and Porcupine on "The Depths of the Sea." The work, we believe, mainly interests itself in the subject of the character of the sea bottom, and the results of the dredging exploration along the floor of the North Sea.

The appearance of this work recalls the commission of the Ontario Government to Prof. Nicholson of University College, to dredge and explore the bottom of Lake Ontario this summer. We should be glad to know that the results of that undertaking will be made public at an early day.

We find also in this department, as worthy of notice, two new works in Astronomical Science, from the pen of Mr. R. A. Proctor, viz : "The orbs around us "—a series of familiar essays on the moon and planets, meteors and comets, the sun and coloured pairs of stars, etc., and "The Star Depths ; or, other suns than ours "—a treatise on stars and star-systems. In Physical Science, the completion of two works from the French may be noted ; the one, "The Forces of Nature," a popular introduction to the study of physical phenomena, by A. Guillemin, translated by Norman Lockyer ; and the other, the completed work of M. Deschanel on "Natural Philosophy." The latter is an admirable advanced text book on the subject, and is profusely illustrated by excellent wood cuts.

As we have dealt with announcements mainly, in the above brief notes, and the exigencies of our limited space in this department preventing our dealing in any extended shape with current literature, we confine our further notices to the enumeration of the following forthcoming books.

Prominent among these are the new works of two distinguished Professors in our National University, viz :—Prof. Wilson's "Caliban ; or the Missing Link," a work reviewed elsewhere in these pages, from early sheets ; and Prof. Nicholson's "Manual of Palæontology." Both of these books will be soon ready, and will certainly meet with considerable sale. Dr. Nicholson's work is, with the exception of Prof. Owen's, the only important work on the principles of Palæontology. The Rev. Dr. Scadding's forthcoming book, on "Toronto of Old—a series of Collections and Recollections" is advancing in the press, and may be looked for early in the year. It will be replete with delightful topographical gossip, and most entertaining in its early historical annals of the city. Another Canadian work, soon to make its appearance is the Rev. Mr. Withrow's book on "The Catacombs of Rome "—a work on their history, structure and epitaphs, as illustrating the Early Christian Centuries.

We understand Dr. McCaul has given the author much assistance in the preparation of this work : few men living, it is admitted, are more at home on this subject than the president of University College, and hence the book will have more importance.

It is gratifying to find our native scholars entering the lists of authorship, and asserting a no feeble claim for literary honours.

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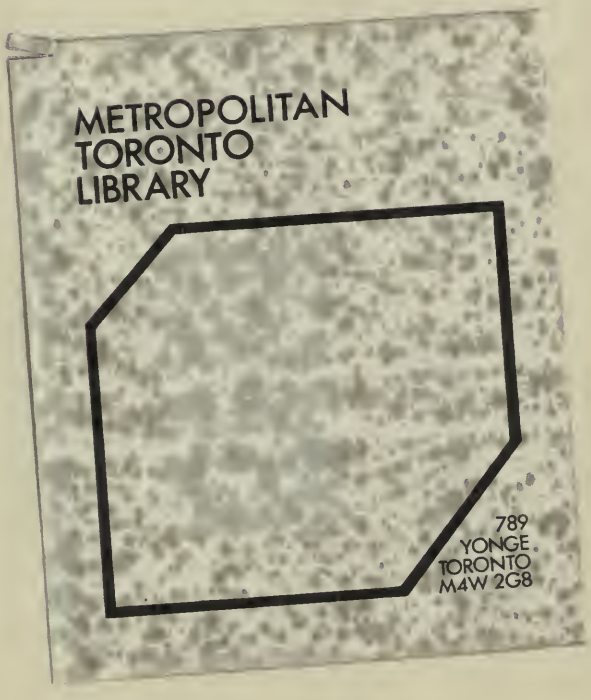
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